

Superintendent McMillan of the Park Department of Buffalo, N. Y., objected to the name "Scajaquada" for one of the new boulevards of the city, but the Commissioners overruled him, and the citizens will have to endure the verbal outrage as best they may.

North Carolina's strange people of the swamps have counterparts in the mysterious race of so-called Indians in southern Delaware. They are a swarthy people, with strong traits of the redmen, though there are contradictory stories as to their origin. They are fully civilized, however, and follow the ordinary occupations of the region to which they are native, though according to the New York Sun, they mingle little with the whites and the colored people.

Chaney M. Depew advocates "the Greater New York," and in a recent speech said: "With the Greater New York an accomplished fact, the metropolitan center of this republic and of these two hemispheres is fixed forever. In the future, as in the past, only in a larger degree, the banking houses of the world will have their agencies in New York; the thrift and the energies of the country will concentrate in New York. In twenty years the office next to the President of the United States in the eyes of the world will be Mayor of Greater New York."

The spirit of socialism is pervading all the middle class and lower walks of life in Germany. It is not a silly aspiration for a Utopia that has taken hold of the Germans, or a desire to upset society as it now exists, explains the San Francisco Chronicle. The Germans have too much sense to lend themselves to such leveling ideas as those contained in the symmetrical conception of socialism. The term socialistic does not really designate the movement now in progress. It is rather a revolt against autocracy and a struggle for a recognition of the theory that all just government must derive its consent from the governed. The growth of militarism is stimulating this feeling and making it so general that autocracy must bend before it.

Locomotive building is shown to have fallen off tremendously in the past year, according to reports in the New York Railroad Gazette of the output of the various contracting works. The decrease in the number built is fully two-thirds, as compared with the previous year. Reports from 13 companies make the total 695 locomotives for 1894, against 2,011 locomotives built in 1893. The record of the car-builders is even worse than that of the locomotive builders. In 1894, only 27 companies have reported as having built any freight cars, the output being 17,029 cars. In 1893, 51,216 freight cars were built by 43 companies. There were 45 important car-building companies which did not turn out a single car in 1894, ten of these having built about 3,000 freight cars and over 300 passenger cars in 1893.

Official reports to the Bureau of Roads show that increased interest is being taken in the good roads movement. General Roy Stone, in charge of the bureau, said: "Nearly all of the Southern States are taking some steps in road building, either by increased use of convict labor or by county bonding. Michigan will take some important steps this winter to make its county road law more successful. A very energetic movement is in progress in Wisconsin. In New Jersey state aid probably will be doubled in amount this year. The Massachusetts state commission has asked for \$1,000,000 to expend in the construction of state roads. There is some opposition to this, but the appropriation will be granted. General opinion favors convict and tramp labor for road improvement. The main idea is to use state prison convicts in quarters where they can be guarded and to use tramps, county prisoners, and short term convicts in macadamizing roads."

Rev. Conrad Haney's name has been stricken from the "blue book"; his morals were too yellow.

A PAINTER RUNS AMUCK

With His Throat Cut He Wrecks Three Flats.

Business Loses Unbalance His Mind. He Climbs to the Roof by the Air Shaft Where He Threw Snowballs Dipped in Blood—Desperate Fight with the Police.

New York, Feb. 18.—Otto Blady, a painter, 28 years old, while insane, late yesterday afternoon, cut his throat from ear to ear with a razor, then wrecked three flats at 1,712 Second avenue, and kept the police at bay for almost an hour in a fight on the roof of a five story house.

Until about a month ago, Blady was in business with his brother, Adolph, at 492 Amsterdam avenue. They failed, and Otto accused Adolph of having cheated him out of the money—he put into the business. He went to board with a former employer named Richard Palintee, who lives with his wife on the second floor of the Second avenue house.

He was unable to get work, and although he seemed to have money enough for all his needs, Blady grieved constantly about the loss of his money in the painting business, and at times appeared to be losing his mind.

Yesterday afternoon Blady started out to see a man about a job. He returned shortly after 5 o'clock. He looked wild, and acted so strangely that Mrs. Palintee, who was alone, became frightened, but tried to soothe him by kind words.

Otto sat in the dining room and Mrs. Palintee went into the kitchen to get him something to eat.

Mrs. Palintee had scarcely turned her back upon her eccentric boarder when she heard a groan, and running back into the dining room saw Blady sitting where she had left him beside the table, with blood running down his forehead from a great gash in his throat. In his hand, he still held the razor with which he had cut himself.

Three Flats Wrecked. Mrs. Palintee uttered a shriek, and ran into the hallway to call for help.

Her cries seemed to arouse Blady to frenzy, as he seized a hatchet, he rushed about the flat, wrecking everything in it. He smashed windows and doors, broke everything breakable, and turned the place upside down. Then he climbed into the air shaft through a small window in the bed room, and mounted by means of the cross beams to the flat on the third floor.

Into this he gained entrance by kicking out the window, and surprised John Shea, a truckman, and his bride of three weeks at dinner.

Fight with a Bloody Intruder. The appearance of the man, covered with blood and his throat gaping, threw Mrs. Shea into hysterics, but the husband grappled with his ghastly intruder. For ten minutes they fought in a small room used as the family larder, and after the fray the Shea family produce was unfit for use.

Blady then broke away from Shea and climbed to the fourth floor, and played havoc in the flat occupied by Mrs. Vieth. Again Blady climbed up the air shaft, with his head broke the skylight covering it and climbed out on the roof.

Here he stood on the coping at the front of the building and amused himself by pelting the crowd in the street with snow that he first saturated with the blood running from his throat.

The whole house and the neighborhood were in a state of panic by this time, and Policemen Reilly and McManus, of the East Eighty-eighth street station, were attracted to the scene.

Police Held at Bay. The policemen made their way to the roof, but Blady declared he would kill the first man that came near him, and he waived his hatchet in a way that made Reilly and McManus recoil from their attack.

The crazed man ran along the coping of the houses for half a block, pursued by the policemen, one of whom had drawn his revolver, but neither relished tackling their man.

By a misstep Blady stumbled and fell, the hatchet flying from his grasp. In a moment the two policemen were upon him, but it took fifteen minutes of hard fighting to overpower the maniac, although he had lost a great amount of blood.

Bound hand and foot, he was taken to the Presbyterian hospital, where the doctors do not think he can live. It was more than an hour between the time Blady cut his throat and the time he was overpowered and taken to the hospital.

Murdered by Toughs. Logansport, Ind., Feb. 18.—Barnard Hamel who has been missing since last Monday was found last night dead in an abandoned well in the rear of Amon's carriage shop. The dead man drew \$80 pension money last Monday and was seen in company with some toughs, who it is believed, murdered him and threw the body in the well, head down. No arrests have yet been made.

The Elbe's Dead. London, Feb. 18.—The body of Wilhelm Murt, a fireman on the steamship Elbe, was washed ashore at Deal yesterday. A Hibernian was fastened to it. The dead, which was found near by. The dead, which was found near by. The dead, which was found near by.

Death on a Roll-sled. New Brighton, S. I., Feb. 18.—Fourteen year old Thomas Burke was steering a big bob-sled, on which were about a dozen of his friends, down the Monroe avenue hill, when the sled struck a truck and Burke's head hit a wheel with force enough to fracture the skull. The boy died within a few minutes. None of the others was hurt.

Cattle Die from Exposure. Houston, Tex., Feb. 18.—The cold effect on cattle is said by stockmen to be disastrous. Texas live stockmen estimate the loss above 25 per cent. One member of the Texas Live Stock association says that the loss is greater to-day than it would have been ten or fifteen years ago, because the wire fencing has cut the cattle off from the bottoms.

ONE KILLED, MANY INJURED. A Misunderstanding of Orders the Cause of This Week.

GUTHRIE, O. T., Feb. 18.—Through a misunderstanding of orders the south-bound Galveston express, on the Atchafalaya, Topeka & Santa Fe railroad, heavily loaded with day excursionists and a north-bound livestock extra collided at 11:45 o'clock last night while rounding a curve five miles south of this city. One man was instantly killed, two fatally injured and eighteen received serious wounds.

Engineer Uppley of the stock train, who lost his life, had orders to stop at Seward, three miles south of the wreck, to allow the passenger to pass, but it probably will never be known why the orders were not obeyed. The trains met on a sharp curve, in a deep cut in a bend of the Cottonwood river.

Passenger Engineer Frey saw a shower of sparks thrown into the air across the bluff near the end of the curve. He realized in an instant the sparks were from another engine, and reversing his machine, he leaped into the darkness against the side of the cut, calling to his fireman to jump also, but before the latter could comply the extra came around the curve at the rate of forty miles an hour and the two engines came together in a terrible crash, and were buried into each other one third of their lengths; a dozen freight cars piled into a great heap and the baggage, express and mails of the passenger train completely telescoped and demolished all in an instant. Added to the terrific noise was the escaping steam and the following and plunging of hundreds of cattle injured or maddened by the cries of the badly frightened passengers. The passenger coaches remained on the track, but many of the gigantic Texas steers breaking loose from the wreckage, plunged into the darkness making it dangerous for anyone to venture out to assist the injured.

Buried beneath the engines and crushed to death was Freight Engineer Charles Uppley. Lying beside his engine, terribly burned and scalded, was Passenger Fireman Patrick Coldron, who was picked up for dead, but after several hours revived and now lies suffering terribly but with no chance to live.

Many passengers were badly bruised and cut by broken glass, but none fatally. The injured were brought to this city and are receiving the best of treatment. Seventy head of cattle were killed. The loss to the railroad company will exceed \$50,000.

GHOULS AT WORK. Under the Cover of Dr. Kross Many Graves Are Opened.

Indianapolis, Feb. 18.—Yesterday morning Sexton Kelley, of the Hebrew cemetery, discovered that ghouls had invaded his charge during the night and a hasty examination revealed the fact that several graves had been opened and the bodies carried away. Friends of the deceased were notified and a further examination showed that three bodies had been taken.

A warrant was sworn out on an affidavit charging that the body of Benjamin Fallender had been stolen, and on this authority the police made the round of the colleges but could not find Fallender's body or that of any one else whom the Hebrews recognized. It is now believed that the other graves were robbed several days ago and that the names are being withheld to keep friends in ignorance of the affair.

200 PRISONERS TORTURED. Armenian Outrages Still Continue. Women Carricad on.

London, Feb. 18.—Prof. Minas Tcherez, editor of the Armenians, says he has letters from Turkey telling of more outrages. The Turks have seized several parties of peasants who were leaving the disturbed districts for the frontier, he says, have killed the men and have carried off the women. His correspondents report that elsewhere the Kurds have killed all the Armenians of any local reputations.

Another story is to the effect that some 200 Armenians, held as political prisoners in Van, are tortured periodically with the bastinado and hot irons and during the recent cold weather were obliged to go outdoors without clothes.

Japan Orders Battleships. Washington, Feb. 18.—The navy department has information that Japan has ordered two first-class battleships in England to be built on the Thames, one at Blackwall and the other at London. They are to be of 12,350 tons displacement, length 370 feet, breadth 73 feet; to have armor for 226 feet of their length of from 10 to 18 inches thickness, and an indicated horse power of 4,000. Their armament will be 12-inch breechloading rifles behind 14-inch armor and ten 6-inch rapid fire guns. The armor plates are to be harveized, 6,000 tons having been ordered.

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WOMEN IN CONVENTION. Thousands of the Fair Sex Gather at the Capital.

Many Important Feminine Matters To Be Discussed—Nobility Adorn Washington—Social Parity in New York City May Be One of the Themes for Discussion.

Washington, Feb. 18.—To-day will witness the beginning of the greatest gathering of representative women ever held in the United States, or for the matter of that, in the world, and Washington hotels and boarding houses are filled with those who will be in attendance. The second triennial session of women of the United States convocation and it includes all the national organizations of a peculiarly feminine character. Every sphere of female effort will be represented and there will be female ministers of the gospel, politicians, lawyers, physicians, authors, editors, educators, dress reformers, social purists, prohibitionists, missionaries, church workers, stenographers, publishers, and many other classes, not to speak of women famous as millionaires, or as society leaders. Religious effort will have its representation in the National Baptist Woman's Missionary society.

Eighteen organizations will meet having a membership estimated at between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000 women. The president of the National council is Mrs. May Wright Sewall of Indianapolis, who has declined re-election and wants Mrs. Rachael Foster Avery, the corresponding secretary to be elected as her successor.

Nobility Attend. Many women of national and even international reputation will be in attendance. Some of them are the Countess of Aberdeen, Lady Henry Somerset, Mrs. Russell Sage, Miss Susan B. Anthony, Mrs. Elizabeth B. Grannis, well known in connection with the social purity crusade in New York city; Dr. Jennie de la Lozier, the New York physician; Mrs. Laura C. Bulard, of Brooklyn, the millionaire, the female minister of the gospel, Rev. Anna Shaw; Miss Frances E. Willard; Mrs. French Sheldon, the African explorer and Madame Alberti, the dramatist. Organizations of women in Germany, France, England, Canada, and many other countries will also be present.

The meeting of the council, beginning to-day, will last fourteen days, and during this period thirty-two sessions will be held. Papers on a multitude of subjects will be read and action will be taken on questions of national interest in which women are concerned. Religion, dress, politics, morality and other pertinent topics will be considered.

Mrs. Sewall Talks. Mrs. Sewall, the president of the National council, told a United Press reporter something about the council and what it expected to accomplish. She said its practical work was conducted through the agency of four standing committees namely: The committee on dress, the committee on "Equal Pay for Equal Work," the committee on divorce, and the committee on patriotism. Mrs. Sewall suggested that to the male mind this might seem a curious assortment, both very feminine and very masculine, and in explanation she said:

"In proportion as a thing is perfect you know it must contain both feminine and masculine elements. But I do not know that dress is really more feminine than it is masculine. Men and women alike need to be clothed. The dress of women undoubtedly affects the health and the financial circumstances of men even more than the dress of men does. However, I suppose it is patriotism which men may think masculine. Certainly it cannot be divorce reform, since as it is impossible for any divorce to be granted that does not affect one man and one woman, that subject must be of equal masculine and feminine interest. We are sometimes told that patriotism is on the decline. I do not believe it. The highest test of patriotism that the world has hitherto demanded of a man is that he should be ready to die for his country. I am sure that day is dawning when a test superior to this will be the willingness of the men to live for their country; and in the development of this patriotism, women must bear their share. The new patriotism must mean such an interest in the daily affairs of one's country that one will be willing to forego some ease, some pecuniary emolument in order to give his personal attention to public affairs."

Must Not Collect Evidence. Constantinople, Feb. 18.—The commission sent to investigate the Armenian outrages is still at Moonch. The Europeans wished to visit the villages in the neighborhood, but the authorities decline to let them, saying that the foreign delegates were entitled to watch the proceedings but not to collect evidence.

Killed While Coasting. New Brighton, Feb. 18.—A bob-sled coming down Ninth street hit a truck and a dairy wagon. David Prenger, aged 17, was so badly hurt that he died in a few hours. The other six people on the sled were injured, but none seriously.

Not a Newspaper Man. Gorham, Me., Feb. 18.—Captain Sau C. Higgins died yesterday of old age. He was 107 years old and was in good health until his death.

PORTRAITS BY WIRE. Successful Test of a Rapid and Accurate Telegraphic Grammatograph.

Chicago, Feb. 18.—W. V. Young, inventor of the Northern Pacific telegraph, gave a successful exhibition of his invention for transmitting pictures by telegraph. The test was made in the presence of a number of railroad officials. One of the pictures sent over the wire was that of a boy and the reproduction was exact. Later drawings showed the faintest details of the features of a person, a smile or a scowl. A cut was sent over the wire showing a collision between the Elbe and the Grathie. Mr. Young has his device in the patent office and until the patent is secured he does not intend to explain the method of his invention. There may be a possible question as to the right of Mr. Young, as this invention has already been patented by a man named Strutzky, who calls it the orograph.

TOO MUCH WHISKEY. A Pitched Battle in a Saloon Which a Safe is Robbed of \$1,000. Wilkesbarre, Pa., Feb. 18.—The village of Midvale was the scene of a riot last night. Saturday night pay day at the mines, and the Hungarians and Poles engaged in a pitched battle in the saloon of Michael Canfield. The Poles drove the Hungarians from the place and then assaulted the proprietor.

They wrecked everything in the place and carried the safe out into the street where they broke it open. The proprietor says it contained over \$1,600, which he drew from a bank on Friday to make a payment on a property. Eight men were seriously wounded in the fight. John Moinski, it is believed, will die.

MASKED MEN ENTER THE JAIL. Unable to Get Into the Cell They Fire a Volley at Their Victim. Kingston, N. Y., Feb. 18.—Yesterday morning a mob of masked men, supposed to be negroes from Hamilton, surrounded Sheriff Goldworthy's home, took the keys from him and gained entrance to the jail corridor with the avowed purpose of taking out the hanging George Tracy, a negro, who shot and killed his wife at Hamilton in this county, in January. The mob was unable to get into the steel cell in which Tracy was confined with two other negroes. Tracy crawled under his bed and the mob began shooting through the bars of the cell door and succeeded in putting six bullets into his body, killing him instantly. The two prisoners confined in the cell with Tracy escaped unhurt.

WRECK ON THE SANTA FE ROAD. Caused by Mistaken Signals—Many Passengers Injured. Kansas City, Mo., Feb. 18.—A passenger train on the Santa Fe road was wrecked near Pittsburg, Kan., last night and eight passengers injured. They are:

Sheriff Hiram Adsett, of Pittsburg, both legs broken and badly bruised; George Davis, leg crushed; Joseph E. Smith, leg broken and injured internally; Miss Bertha Garver, side lacerated; Fred G. Ramsey, conductor, injured internally; Mrs. Dr. Johnson and son, both badly bruised; Miss Laura James, leg and both arms broken.

The wreck occurred at the crossing of the Missouri Pacific and was caused by a mistake in signals. Every passenger on the Santa Fe train was more or less injured.

To Protect Life from Trolley Cars. Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 18.—The Home Manufacturing company of New Jersey has an appliance called the Home wheel fender and safety attachment for street cars, which covers all the requirements necessary for the preservation of life and limb to those coming in contact with the dangerous trolley cars. The appliance, besides having a take-up device in front, has a netting which extends entirely around the bottom of the car, covering the wheels, making it impossible for anything to come in contact with them. The inventor is Frank H. Homan of 140 Madison street.

This Brute Must Hang. Cleveland, Feb. 18.—Lafayette Prince, the wife murderer, has been sentenced by Judge Noble to be hanged on March 23. Prince's crime was one of the most brutal on record. His wife had left him because of his ill-treatment and upon her refusal to return to him Prince secured an axe and after decaying his wife to the street, literally chopped her to pieces.

Their Last Hunt. Parkersburg, W. Va., Feb. 18.—James and Samuel Arbogast, brothers, who lived in Pendleton county, were in the Cheat mountains hunting when the blizzard struck that section. They had killed a deer and were carrying it to camp. The cold became so intense that the men were forced to leave their game and make their way back to camp. Before they could reach camp James was overcome and fell and froze to death. His brother succeeded in getting back to camp but was so terribly frozen that he died the next day.

Claims \$1,000 for a Kiss. Alabama, Ala., Feb. 18.—An extraordinary suit was filed in this city. A young woman, Louisville, Ky., in a train from Louisville, Ky., to New York, was carried away by a young man, a newly married couple. The bridegroom having left his wife's side for a moment, returned while the train was passing through a tunnel, and in the darkness kissed the widow in his take for his wife. The lady would believe that it was a mistake, or an accident, and claims \$1,000 from the young husband as a solace to her ruined feelings.

Deal in Wild Lands

OR, THE Fight for the Musselshell Millions.

BY LEON LEWIS.

CHAPTER X. AT BATTLESAKE RANCH.

Let us now take a long step forward and see what was doing in Montana. At about 8 o'clock on a fine summer morning, Col. Harvey Whipsaw, of Battle Lake Ranch, sat in an easy chair on the front veranda, engaged in looking over a somewhat bulky mail of letters and newspapers, which had just been brought him from the nearest postoffice.

"It's strange," he muttered, "that I do not hear from Hiram Skidder. Can he be failed to get my letter? Or have I failed to allow sufficient time for it to reach him?"

A troubled look crept into his countenance as he continued his task. The appearance of the Colonel was as striking as his name, he being one of those hardy, clean-limbed pioneers who were seen nowhere in greater perfection than in the Rockies.

He was not only a renowned Indian fighter and scout, with an excellent record, but he was also a high-toned and cultured gentleman, despite his plain features and his still more primitive way of living.

He had even been more renowned as a magistrate than as an officer of the army, and this fact will attest that he was highly intelligent and many-sided.

"I asked him to telegraph me the moment my letter reached him," added the Colonel, gaining his feet and beginning to walk to and fro on the veranda, "and must have heard from me some days ago. My arrangements to get his telegram are certainly perfect. Why don't I hear an answer? At this rate, I shall not get any of those mines on any terms. What can be done?"

A letter of hoofs suddenly falling upon his hearing from the adjacent hill, he turned his gaze in that direction.

"At last!" he could not help ejaculating. "There is my answer now." He hardly stirred or drew a long breath until the horseman had ridden to the ranch, drawing rein.

"A telegram for you, Colonel," announced the messenger, with the air of one who believes he is the bearer of very good intelligence. "I hope it will answer to your wishes."

"A thousand thanks, Tommy," replied the Colonel, receiving the missive. "You've come in and have a lemonade or something?"

"No, thank you, Colonel," was the reply. "I expect to carry an hour with my brother on Golden Creek, and need not bother you."

And, with a polite movement of his hand the messenger rode away at the pace by which he had come.

"And now to know my fate," muttered the Colonel, after turning the telegram over two or three times in his hands. "I wonder if I am destined to build up those Musselshell millions? It may be. I am bound to make a good thing for them."

Breaking the seal, he began reading the somewhat lengthy communication with a look of surprise which deepened rapidly to amazement.

"It's not from Hiram Skidder at all," he ejaculated. "It's from Perry-Wykes."

He looked deeply puzzled. "And who on earth can Perry Wykes be?" he demanded. "The name sounds familiar. Let me see—ah! I have it! It's that clever young clerk from Chicago who passed a couple of days with me some weeks ago. Well, well, he's the end of my dream. This Perry Wykes, it seems, is the owner of those wild lands, and is on his way out here to take possession."

He read the telegram again, and gradually the shade lifted from his features.

"How true it is," he resumed, "that there's no great loss without a gain. If I am disappointed about the mines, I have the less hope of soon possessing an excellent neighbor, and one whose presence will be a sort of indemnity for all the annoyance Jerry Skidder has caused me. Yes, yes, I remember how strange our meeting was. He seemed to me at the time to be no common man."

Another clatter of hoofs arose at this moment, and there was a ring about it which at once fixed the Colonel's attention.

"Hello!" he ejaculated, gathering up his letters and papers and stepping into the house with them. "That man rides in for dear life. From the direction of the mines, too. Can it be that Sam Gadaway, or any of his devils would dare come here to make an attack upon me?"

Seizing a fine double-barreled rifle from the wall, he stood it just within the door of his sitting-room, and then stepped out upon the lawn, giving his attention to the approaching party.

The man, who had now appeared to his view, about a hundred rods distant, "Thunder! What can that rascal mean?" exclaimed the Colonel. "And who can he be?"

The Colonel's ranch was situated near the mouth of a branch of the Musselshell, and was one of the finest in Montana. It comprised the whole peninsula between the two rivers, and consisted partly of bottom lands and partly of those highlands which are esteemed so highly by the miners.

The Colonel's acreage was one of those holdings of squared logs, which are so valuable in an extensive frontier settlement. It was winter, they had now appeared to his view, about a hundred rods distant, "Thunder! What can that rascal mean?" exclaimed the Colonel. "And who can he be?"

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