# GONE.

By J. H. COWELLY

[illegible] Press Association.

CHAPTER I.

[illegible] Farmers' Club, [illegible] agricultural [illegible] and [illegible] satisfaction [illegible] "BANK." [illegible] Very [illegible]

[illegible] Bunker, Cashier.

[illegible] was a thing in that to awaken the liveliest apprehension of trouble. Mr. Harris and myself constituted the committee on behalf of the "various general committee" already preparing for the Fourth of July celebration, and that, I said, I saw it was useless what he wanted to see me about. So as trade was at its slack that hot day and I had plenty of time [illegible] my hat and strolled across the bank at once, feeling a little pleased at the prospect of rendering a service to the community in so doing.

Single I am never anybody's more [illegible] than she had been [illegible] of the Farmers and Mechanics' bank. A gentler, truer, kinder and more [illegible] Bretaman I never knew, and yet he was named Hogg. When I think of how many cashiers and paying tellers I have known who in it would have tried to tap paper on the [illegible] I was occupied it, coincidences seem to me like dreams—to "go by contraries."

"Indeed, Mr. Merrivale," he greeted me in a deprecatory tone and with the most conciliatory manner, "I am very sorry to have had to give you the slight [illegible] I open so trivial a matter, but a rigid adherance to system is compulsory in me, and it was my duty to notify you at once."

I looked at him blankly, wondering what he could be driving at in such a roundabout fashion. He went on:

"The fact is the rules of the bank are very strict in requiring immediate notification of a depositor when his account is overdrawn."

Well, that did make me jump. "Overdrawn!" I echoed.

"Yes. Your check for $127 presented this morning overdrew your account $9.34. Of course I paid it without question, but I had to notify you at once, you understand."

"Understand! Well, no. I guess I don't understand," I gasped. "Do you mean to tell me the bank balance of the firm of Merrivale & Linden is $9.34 on the wrong side of the ledger?"

"Yes, sir. That is correct if I recall the figures rightly," and turning to his desk he picked up a little memorandum slip which confirmed his recollection.

I saw the figures. They were written in blood—which subsequently appeared under less excited observation to be simply red ink. "But, Mr. Hogg," I protested, "I myself examined our account the morning of the day before yesterday, and our bank balance was something over $15,000."

"Quite correct, sir. But in the afternoon of the day before yesterday your partner, Mr. Harold Linden, drew out $15,000."

I do not say you "could have knocked me down with a feather" just then, for nobody ever could have done that, but I felt myself in the state of mental and physical collapse of which persons mean to convey an idea when they say they could be prostrated so easily. The thought had not yet occurred to me of my partner's having done or intended to do any wrong; my reflections had not got so far along; my mind remained stunned at the starting point—the realization that our bank balance had been wiped out! Mr. Hogg gently pushed it further by the suggestion, "It is strange Mr. Linden should not have said anything about it to you."

"He went to New York that same evening," I replied.

"Indeed!"

It was only one little word softly uttered, a mere exclamation, but in its almost whispered tone seemed pages of astonishment and misgiving, in instant response to which the fires of suspicion blazed up brightly in my soul.

"You will pardon me the observation, I trust, Mr. Merrivale," purred the cashier, "but when you opened the account I took the liberty of suggesting the authority to sign checks should be restricted to the senior member of the firm."

"Why?" I exclaimed. "You surely did not suspect then that Mr. Linden"——

"Oh, dear, no! Not at all!" he interrupted in a frightened, protesting way, fluttering his little white hands aimlessly. "God bless me! Not at all. I never allow myself to suspect anything. But I always endeavor to adopt such precautions as shall preclude occasion for suspicion."

From my limited private account I transferred enough to make the account good and something over. Then I went out from the bank dazedly, like one in a bad dream. It seemed a thing almost impossible of belief that my partner, a young man whose sense of honor was exceptionally high, my friend from boyhood, the brother of the girl I was engaged to marry, should have seized upon all the funds of our firm and run away. Yet if that was not just what he had intended to do and done, why had he not told me anything about that extraordinary draft? Why had he waited until my back was turned, then clutched the money and gone off as he had? Surely he must have been mad. Our business was good and steadily growing. His future in the firm was certainly worth more than $15,000 to him—or, properly speaking, more than $7,500, for half the sum he had carried off was his rightfully. And his surroundings had always seemed congenial to him, and his prospects—including marriage, probably that summer, with a charming girl, daughter of one of the richest men in Bridgton—were such as a young man would be little likely to cast away for petty immediate plunder. His conduct seemed hopelessly inexplicable.

Instinctively I wandered toward his house, yielding to the attraction of the dear magnet who always had for me a loving welcome there. Hope and cheer seemed most likely to be where she was. She saw me approach and came down the shrub bordered gravel walk to the gate, meeting me there. Together we went up to the pretty little porch curtained in by clematis and wistaria vines, and there I set myself to finding out with such gentle artifice as I could command something upon which I might base a reasonable hypothesis for her brother's action.

"No," she responded to a question of mine, "I saw nothing unusual in Harold's manner. He said nothing to me about his business, merely that he was going to New York by the 6.53 train, and seemed in his usual good spirits. I asked him when he would return, and he replied lightly, 'Oh, in a few days.' I am sure he was all right. Don't you think so?"

"I hope so," I assented doubtfully.

"You 'hope' so?" she exclaimed, turning pale. "Why, you don't think anything has happened to Harold, do you?"

I had not the heart to tell her what was in my mind—that it was to me something had happened, and my anxiety was more about the firm's money than for her brother. Her innocence and trust were so perfect that not even a shadow of suspected wrong clouded her pure and gentle soul, and weakly temporizing, though I knew a full explanation was inevitable, I replied confusedly:

"Well—I had a sort of vague impression—it is very hot weather in which to travel by rail. I did not see him before he left, you know—and have not heard from him since."

"Can we not learn at once by telegraph if he arrived safely and is all right?"

"Certainly. An excellent idea. He went to the Astor House, you said?"

"I suppose so."

While she scribbled in a blanked manner to carry the message to the telegraph office I hastily wrote two dispatches, one to Harold Linden and the other to the clerk of the hotel. For Celia did not observe my sudden start the second. When Dick had gone my heart seemed I tried for a time at least to banish my gloomy forebodings and allay Celia's apprehensions by diverting our conversation to a happier theme—our love and happy wedding marriage. Time always slipped away unheeded when our attention was engrossed by that subject, and I was really surprised by the apparent suddenness of a [illegible] to my telegrams, [illegible] by a messenger from the store, where it had first been delivered. It was the hotel clerk who answered:

Mr. Linden registered yesterday morning, breakfasted, went out. Nothing known of him since. Values still in room.

Involuntarily and even unconscious that my thought voiced itself, I ejaculated "Skipped!"

Celia uttered a little cry of pained surprise and responded appealingly: "Oh, Ransom! You surely don't mean he has done anything he should not?"

Manlike I sought to defend the attitude in which I had placed myself, but endeavored to do so as gently as I could, consistently with facts.

"Before leaving he drew our bank balance of $15,000 and took it with him. He did not tell me why. He even left me to find it out for myself."

She fell back in her chair as if about to faint, but recovered quickly and declared very earnestly, "I am sure, as of my own existence, that Harold Linden never in his life harbored a dishonest thought or did a questionable deed."

I avoided direct reply, for if I had spoken what I thought—a bad habit to which I am much addicted when in serious earnest about anything—I would have had to say I regarded his carrying off of the firm's bank balance as decidedly a questionable deed, however honest his thoughts might have been. Instead of that, however, I replied with assumed cheerfulness:

"I dare say you are right, dear. We are no doubt worrying ourselves over an imaginary mystery which he may at any moment clear up by half a dozen words over the wire."

"Yes, or he may return home tonight or in the morning."

"I hope so. I would gladly sacrifice a fatted calf to welcome him."

So I went away to the store, carrying with me a haunting remembrance of her sweet face clouded by a look of anxiety and, I fancied, a little reproach.

CHAPTER II.

In my own heart I was not all expectant of any telegram from Harold Linden setting matters straight. On the contrary, I had an intuitive sense of serious trouble coming to me before this mystery would ever be cleared up. And I expected it to begin with Mr. Benjamin Bunker, a sort of silent partner of ours, who had put $5,000 into the business and stood a good chance of losing it all if we were swamped by my partner's action. He could have afforded to lose it—yes, or 10 times as much—but, as I well knew, was not the man to take any pride in standing such a loss with Christian resignation. And the situation with him would be complicated by the fact that Harold and his only child, Annie Bunker, were lovers, and he had given his consent to their marriage within a couple of months. Would that consideration mollify him and dispose him to hush things and prevent a scandal for Annie's sake? Well, it might have that effect on some men, but not those of the Benjamin Bunker type. He would be much more likely to see in Harold's action a flight from matrimony and an intended slight cast upon his daughter, which would make him ferociously vindictive. And yet he would have to be informed of it. All things considered, I believed it would be pleasantest to break the news to him by letter, and I was still cogitating upon the phrases I should employ in such a communication when upon reaching the store the first person to present himself to my sight was Mr. Benjamin Bunker.

He was sitting on a plow beam in the open extension where we kept the larger agricultural implements, mopping his brow and fanning himself with his wide straw hat.

"Hello!" he shouted cheerily as I entered, "you've got the coolest place in town. I'm glad I've found it this early in the season, for if this weather keeps on in the way it has started it will be hotter than hades by the Fourth. Putting up this addition was a grand idea. The through draft is glorious. How's business? Pretty dull just now, I suppose. Where's Harold?"

I answered his questions in their order, feeling it prudent to give the best news first. And fortunately I could truthfully speak well of our trade. He was much pleased by my report. Then, as a cautious and gradual leader in the direction of the inevitable trouble, which I had now fully made up my mind to face at once without trying to employ a letter as a lightning rod, I said:

"Oh, by the way, I am daily expecting a sight draft for some cultivators and plows and may have to call on you for some ready cash to meet it if it comes this week."

He looked astonished and demanded, "What's the matter with your bank account?"

"Simply that it was overdrawn $9.34 this forenoon. I have of course made it good and deposited enough to meet any small necessary checks, but the draft will be for $785."

"But Harold told me last week there were over $15,000 standing to the firm's credit, which you expected to use in wool and hops."

"Yes. Quite true. But the day before yesterday he drew $15,000, went to New York and has not been heard from since."

"What did he draw that amount for?"

"I don't know."

"Did he not tell you anything about it?"

"No."

"Did you know he was going to New York?"

"No. I was out of town from early in the morning until evening, when I called on Miss Linden and there found a note from him saying he had gone, but I did not know he had drawn the money until today."

I was not disappointed in the way Mr. Bunker rose to the occasion. He never looked so big, red and vigorous before in my knowledge or demonstrated such an untrammeled freedom of language—mainly of objurgatory varieties. That my partner had "cleaned out the firm and run off to Europe with his plunder" he took for granted, and his rage culminated when he recollected the fugitive's engagement to his daughter. Both as a "thief" and a "fool" he anathematized the young man, and it would not have been easy to determine in which light he regarded him with most disfavor. Finally he seemed to get it into his head that I was somehow to blame, enough at least to deserve some part of the cursing Harold escaped by absence, but I stopped him pretty abruptly when he took that tone, and we parted in no good humor with each other. I fancied he would be an unpleasing person at the family table that evening, and he was, as I subsequently learned, but after all he was a much better hearted old fellow than I gave him credit for being, as events soon showed.

When he left me, I was not only sorely troubled about my financial position, but very angry with him and determined that at all costs I would be quit of him forever, and that in a way which would leave him no excuse for saying anything disagreeable about me. So I went to my lawyer, Mr. McQuillop, and directed him to procure for me by mortgaging my homestead, a fine farm near the town, a sum which would enable me to wipe out Mr. Bunker's by no means "silent" interest in my affairs and enable me to continue the business alone.

Imagine if you can my surprise when on returning to the store I found a note from Mr. Bunker:

My Dear Boy: Don't be riled over hasty words spoken in anger. You are all right, I know, and a worse sufferer than I shall be by the fellow's [illegible]ness, but I was rattled when you spring it on me. I inclose check to meet draft. Call on me if you want any more.

And in the note was his check for $785.

My ill feeling melted away like fog in the sunshine. Still I did not send word to the lawyer to stop on the task I had given him.

That evening when the store was closed I set myself to examining the books, which Harold had kept. Of course I did not expect to find anything wrong in them, but it always seems to be the correct thing when anything unexpected occurs in commercial life to examine the books. As I expected, they were all right—not a cent out of the way. While I was just nearing that comforting conclusion there came a gentle tapping at the door, and when I opened it there, to my surprise, stood Annie Bunker. She was flushed and almost breathless from the haste she made in coming, no doubt, but I thought she never looked prettier than then, and Annie always was a pretty girl. As I opened the door she glided in quickly and laid on the counter a little bundle she had been carrying.

"Oh, Mr. Merrivale!" she exclaimed. "What is the truth about it? Papa has been saying such dreadful things, you've no idea! And I'm sure poor Harold never did anything of the sort, but he won't listen to reason at all and says he will hunt him down and put him in state's prison if it costs him $20,000, and surely something must have happened to him, don't you think so?"

I simply replied "Yes."

Long, intimate and happy association with my dear Celia had familiarized me with the way excited young women talk, and taught me what is sufficient in responding to them at such times. All one needs to do is to agree with them, or at least seem to do so, in order to get along admirably. That affirmative word was all Annie wanted, for to her it seemed perfect assent to all that was affirmation in her mind, and, as she imagined, committed me to looking with her eyes upon her lover's delinquency.

"I want you," she went on, unwrapping the bundle and exposing an old fashioned jewel box, "to do something for me. I don't know enough about business to say how it is to be done, but you can fix all that if I provide the means, as I will. Papa is furious, says he is going to lose a whole lot of money by Harold's going away, and it is for that, I understand, he is going to have him put in prison. Now, I rely on you to stop that. I don't care how appearances may be against him, I'm sure Harold has never done anything wrong. He never intended to rob anybody, did he?"

Of course I said "No." Catch me arguing with her!

"I have here the diamonds my mother left me. They have been handed down from mother to daughter in our family for hundreds of years, and no doubt Providence intended them to be preserved until now to save an innocent man from undeserved shame. Papa said he was going to the city to 'catch'—that was his very word, Mr. Merrivale, to 'catch'—Harold and would take you with him. I want you to carry these diamonds along, sell them and have imitation stones put in the settings. I never wear them, you know, and papa will never stop to see whether the real ones are there if he just sees something in the case when he looks, as he sometimes does. And I want you to use the money they bring to somehow deprive my father of an excuse for sending Harold Linden to prison."

From the jewels when she opened the case flashed such a flood of scintillant light as almost dazzled me. I do not profess to be an expert on diamonds, but something of their value is known to me, and I am sure those little white stones Annie was so willing to give to save her lover were worth more money than he carried away with him.

"You must think a good deal of Harold," I said banteringly, "to make a sacrifice like this for him."

She colored deeply, but raising her eyes with courage to mine replied firmly: "Yes. Why should I not admit it? I love him and was to have been his wife, but that dream is past. Papa swears I shall never marry him, and he can prevent me. But he also swears to ruin Harold, and I can prevent him. Will you take the diamonds?"

*"Will you take the diamonds?"*

"Yes," I replied. There was a big difference between taking them in charge and disposing of them as she wanted me to. When she had gone away, after warmly expressing her gratitude to me, I carefully locked those diamonds up in my safe to wait until I could deposit them in the bank vault the next morning, there to be kept in security until the present storm should have blown over. If that good, true little girl ever lost her diamonds, it would not be through any connivance of mine, that I was resolved upon.

And so, I reflected, Mr. Bunker was going to take me to New York. He had settled it without bothering himself to consult me—I was just to be taken, like a valise perhaps—but I doubted it.

Just then another knock called me to the door.

My dear Celia, with a most distressful countenance, had sought me to share her anxieties. Again she had telegraphed to the hotel clerk, and his reply, just received, was that nothing had yet been learned of Mr. Linden.

"And now," she said, "I feel sure something awful has happened to Harold. He may have been robbed and murdered. No one knows what may occur to anybody in New York. And I want you, Ransom, dear, if you love me, to go there tomorrow and try to find him."

"Certainly I will, my love," I replied. "Mr. Bunker and I will go together."

CHAPTER III.

The next afternoon I put the store in charge of Mr. Cobley, my assistant—a well meaning but grievously pimpled young man—arranged my affairs for two or three days' absence and set out for New York with Mr. Bunker.

I do not deem it necessary to relate the details of our two days of wearisome but futile search for some trace of the missing man. We enlisted the police in the hunt, scoured the hospitals, visited the morgue, did anything and everything we could think of or anybody suggested, but so far as we could learn Harold Linden, when he went out of the Astor House after breakfast on the morning of his arrival in the city, might have stepped right off the planet into space. The weather was abominably hot; our feet—unused to such continuous walking on hot stone sidewalks—were like big boils in tenderness, and we were pretty thoroughly discouraged when late on the afternoon of the second day, just at our hotel door, we met a young fellow named Alvin Rutledge, who had come to this city a year before to read law.

"Hello!" he exclaimed at sight of us. "What has happened up at Bridgton that she is sending so many delegates to this convention?"

*"Hello" he exclaimed at sight of us.*

"Two ain't much of a crowd," replied Mr. Bunker laughingly.

"Two! Why, Willoughby, the dentist, and Colville, the harness maker, were down last week, Linden only two or three days ago, and now"——

"Hold on!" we both interrupted him. "Did you meet him?"

"Linden? Yes. Why?"

"Because we're looking for him," answered Mr. Bunker quite fiercely.

"Oh! Well, I'm afraid I can't help you much in finding him. I only saw him a minute. Met him on Cortlandt street going in haste to the Jersey City ferry."

"What day was that?"

"I don't remember, only he said he had just got to town that morning. It was about 11 o'clock when I met him, I guess. He just shook hands and galloped on. Said he had to catch a train."

And that was all Alvin knew. The next day we went over to Jersey City and ransacked it as we had New York, but accomplished nothing.

"We can do nothing more," said Mr. Bunker. "Not here at all events. I shall offer $1,000 reward for him and put the case in the hands of both the regular police and a detective agency for a still hunt. I don't believe in blowing it through newspapers. Then we may as well go home, and I'm thinking that is where we will be likely to soonest get on his track. He is pretty certain to write to Annie or his sister, and if we watch their letters we will probably catch him before long."

"You will of course do as you please about watching your daughter's correspondence," I said, "and your proceedings will doubtless demonstrate characteristic delicacy and nice perception of propriety, but you need not count on my spying upon Miss Linden to learn what communication she may have with her erring brother. I would be glad if she could have the relief of knowing him alive and would not feel myself at liberty if she told me where he was hidden to use the knowledge to procure his arrest. Indeed I would blush to think myself capable of such an action."

"You are too durned sentimental in business matters," said Mr. Bunker in disgust. "But I don't see that sentiment has any place in this case now anyhow. Annie tells me you were engaged to Harold's sister, but of course that is all off after his making such a break as this."

"No, Mr. Bunker. It is not 'off.' Harold does seem to have been a rascal and to have got away with my money, but I do not see how his sister is responsible for that. She no more has his possible turpitude than she has his mustache."

My companion looked at me with scornful pity, but debated the subject no further, and that night we returned home.

In a couple of days, thanks to the successful issue of McQuillop's negotiations, I was in a position to approach Mr. Bunker with a proposition for a final settlement on a cash basis, to his manifest surprise.

"I was under the impression that your partner had practically bankrupted you, but am gratified to know I was mistaken," he remarked dryly.

I offered no explanation, for I was still angry with the old fellow for thinking I would play the spy on Celia Linden. He took his invested capital, his percentage of the profits up to date and his check for $785, which I had not used, pocketed all without a word, nodded "Good day" and went away. In his face I could read the expression as plain as could be: "You and your partner are up to some deep game. I don't know what it is; but, thank God, I'm safely out of it." But what did I care for what he thought? To his daughter I sent a note at once:

DEAR MISS BUNKER—Your father's possible reason for prosecuting Mr. Linden no longer exists, and it has not been necessary to use your diamonds. You will find them at the bank in charge of Mr. Hogg, who will deliver them to you personally upon your presentation of the inclosed receipt for them.

The capital I had left after paying off Bunker was small, but enough for me to go ahead on, though in a rather circumscribed way compared with what I had hoped for less than a fortnight since. No matter, I said to myself; I shall have to keep my nose to the grindstone pretty closely a year or two, and then I will be all right. And I shall have compensative happiness meanwhile, for Celia and I will now marry at once, double our joys and halve our expenses. But when I so proposed to her that same evening she replied:

"No, Ransom, I shall never be your wife until my brother's name is cleared from the suspicions which now tarnish it."

"But," I argued, "Harold's name is not tarnished at all. His case is simply one of mysterious disappearance. Nobody knows anything more than that about it."

"You are wrong," she replied, with tears in her beautiful eyes. "Mrs. Witherwell called this afternoon and asked me where my brother was. I could see by the malicious gleam in her eyes that she believed herself in possession of a scandal, which she was doing her utmost to spread, as she always does whatever will bring pain or shame to any one."

"Oh, you only imagined so!"

"No, for she had the audacity to ask me if it was true that he had gone off with a large sum of money belonging to the firm."

"Venomous old hag!" I could not refrain from exclaiming.

"Yes, she is, and as such is generally known. Still she gives body and color to vague rumors, and people remember her stories when they forget her as their authority."

"Well, granting all that," I reasoned, "what better answer could we give to such a scandal affecting your brother than our marriage? Would not that practically say to the world, 'We, who have the best knowledge, know Harold is not guilty of any wrong?'"

"But that would not be true."

"Not true! What do you mean?"

"We do not know it, and you do not believe it even. I would stake my soul on my brother's innocence, but you believe him guilty. In your heart you know you do, Ransom. Admit it."

"I—no—why, certainly not," I stammered, for the directness of the charge confused me for a moment. "We have no real proof against him, and, at worst, I don't believe any ground for legal action for anything more serious than breach of trust could be found."

"Ah, love and confidence ignore such nice distinctions. I speak to you of my brother, and you answer me like a lawyer."

"But, my darling!" I remonstrated, "this is all irrelevant. Here is all that really concerns you and me: I love you with all my heart, and believe you love me. We wish to marry, and now is the best of all times for us to do so. Harold does not enter into the question. We have simply to decide whether we love each other well enough to marry."

"Dear Ransom," she answered, fairly breaking down and crying on my shoulder, "I love you as dearly as you love me, I am sure, too well by far to join a dishonored name to yours, and not until my brother reappears and clears himself from the suspicions now attaching to him will I ever be your wife."

"But—good heavens, Celia, suppose he never comes back?"

"Then I shall never be your wife."

*(To be Continued.)*

## ABOUT ONIONS.

**The Good Qualities of the Loud Smelling Bulb are Explained.**

"Onions are looked upon with disfavor by many Americans," began Frank F. Seigel, who is at the Lindell, says the St. Louis *Globe-Demorat.*

"Onions are too vociferous in their odor and too self-assertive to be liked any one possessed of a strong will. They offer too much opposition. There is more of the onion, however, than its mere odor.

"Onions are of a kind of all-around good medicine and every housewife knows this without knowing why. She knows that a red solid onion, eaten at bedtime will by the next morning break the severest cold. She also knows that onions make a good plaster to remove hoarseness and inflammation. But she does not know why. If anyone would take an onion and mash it so as to get all the juice in it he would have a most remarkable smelling salts—an oder that would quiet the most nervous person in no time.

"The strength of it inhaled for a few moments will dull the sense of smell and weaken the nerves until sleep is produced from sheer exhaustion. It all comes from one property possessed by the onion and that is a form of opium.

"Onions are narcotic in their tendencies, and for that reason the very best kind of food. Any one who eats a late supper and imagines that he will not be able to sleep, had better order a dish of friend onions and close his meal with them. There will be no danger of wakefulness then.

"The amount of opium in a saucerful of fried onions will overpower the most sensitive digestive organs, even when disturbed by a late meal, and one can sleep just as well as though no medal had been eaten. The Chinese understand the onion better than the other nations of the earth. A Chinese will mix dried onion sprigs with tobacco and smoke them. They probably find it lends additional charm to a genial pipe and brings on that condition of dreamy wakefulness which is the final end of all smoking."

**Where Billiards Originated.**

London Figaro.

The English are very fond of the curious game of billiards and a letter has been found in the British Museum which gives the origin of the national sport. It was invented by a London pawnbroker, whose name was William Kew. Kew not only lent money, but he sold cloth, and for the latter purpose had a yard measure with which he used to compute the amounts. One day to distract himself he took the three round balls which are the emblems of his trade—they may still be seen in front of certain shops in London—and, placing them on his counter, began to hit them about with the yard measure. He found it make a pretty game. He got a kind of skill in making one ball glance off the other, and his friends who saw him thus engaged called the game Bill's yard. It was soon shortened into billiards. But the yard was the instrument with which the balls were knocked about and the difficulty arose what to call it. They called it after the name of the pawnbroker—a Kew.

**Why a Cemetery is so Called**

Webster says a cemetery is "a place where the dead bodies of human beings are buried." But that is all he says, and there is not a 5-year-old child in the land that could not tell as much without referring to his "Unabridged." In tracing the derivation of the word I find that the root is in an old Jewish word "caemeteria," meaning dormitories or sleeping places. Later on the form of expression was changed to "requietorium." In that section of "Camden's Remains" which has the heading of "Concerning British Epitaphs," I find the following: "The place of burial was called by St. Paul 'semenatoria,' in the respect of a sure hope of a resurrection." The Greeks call it "Caemeterion," which means "a sleeping place until the resurrection." The old Hebrew word for cemetery means "the house for the living," the idea being that death is only a protracted sleep that will terminate on the day that Gabriel blows his trumpet.—*St. Louis Republic.*

**HELP! HELP! THE LADY FAINTS.**

"'Tis the twink of an eye,
'Tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health,
To the paleness of death."

When sudden fainting spells come upon a lady, you may always suspect some uterine disturbances or trouble, or some great disorder in the circulation and nerve centers. A remedy that has always proved successful in warding off and removing the tendency to a recurrence of fainting spells—that removes the cause of them, corrects the circulation of blood, and gives to the system that even running nervous energy so essential, is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

The "Prescription" is *guaranteed* to give satisfaction in every case, or money refunded. Nothing else does as much. You only pay for the good you get. Can you ask more?

As a regulator and promoter of functional action, at the critical period of change from girlhood to womanhood, "Favorite Prescription" is a perfectly safe remedial agent, and can produce only good results. It is equally efficacious and valuable in its effects when taken for those disorders and derangements incident to that later and most critical period, known as "The change of Life."

Hon. Hugh C. Wallace, of Tacoma, has been confined to his bed for several days by illness. He is not yet able to be at his office.


When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.


Garwood Green, an old and well-known farmer, dropped dead at the farm of George W. Ford, a few miles west of Pullman, about noon on Monday last. He was quite well-to-do, owning a 40-acre tract of land three miles west of Pullman, well improved, and having an abundance of farm machinery. In addition, he owned valuable horses and cattle.


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FRANCIS HENRY,

**Attorney-at-Law**

AND PROPRIETOR OF

**THURSTON COUNTY ABSTRACT.**

Olympic Block, Cor. Fourth and Main.

MY Abstract, and an experience of more than twenty years in searching the records of Thurston county in regard to title enables me to give prompt attention in regard to same.

I have a complete and the only abstract of the Records of the Probate Court of said county, prepared during the eight years that I was Judge of said Court.

I have the only abstract that was ever attempted to be made of sales of property for taxes in said county.

I negotiate loans for those wishing to borrow or lend on real estate security. (In the matter of loans, I represent only such local capitalists as are my clients.)

I have for many years represented, and at this time represent, as agent of residents and non-residents, a large holding of real estate in the city of Olympia, and in Thurston county, for the sale of which negotiations can be made through me.

I also have upon sale, for fixed prices, a large amount of real estate, both city and country, which I am ready to show up on call.

I am ready and equipped by the labor and experience of more than twenty years for the transaction of a general real estate business, in which line I respectfully offer my services to those who desire, either to purchase or sell, to borrow or loan.

To those who think of investing, I have no hesitation in saying that money put into real estate in Olympia and Thurston county at this time would be a good investment.

To those who wish to sell, I have to say that my connections in this line of business will enable me to find purchasers for their property among the many strangers constantly coming and going through the country in search of chances for investment, who would otherwise know nothing of the opportunity.

I have a large amount of city property, both improved and unimproved for sale. Also, some very desirable farms.

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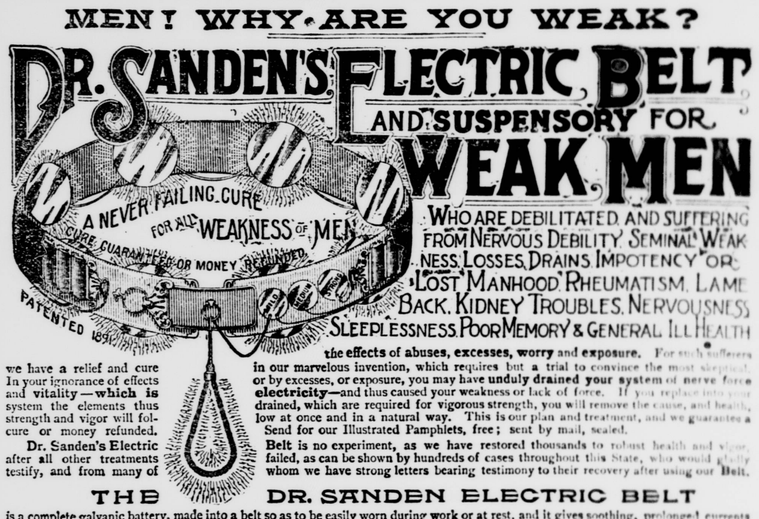


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the effects of abuses, excesses, worry and exposure. For such sufferers

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