GONE.

By J. H. CONNELLY.

[illegible]

CHAPTER IV

[illegible] of Mr. Benjamin [illegible] far from being the [illegible] independent [illegible] he made [illegible] with [illegible] speaking. [illegible] day after I paid him off he re[illegible] my hand and said earnestly: "I've seen Margaret, and she tells me all about it. She says I don't know how you got the money you paid me yesterday, and I've at least a pretty good idea of what you have left to carry on business with. I like your pluck and mean to stand by you, for you don't deserve as hard a time as I see before you in trying to run this concern alone with insufficient capital. I can just as well as not put in $5,000, or at most be generous, to not only run it, but to stand it, and if you are willing I'm with you."

Well we came to an agreement. I would not consent to take my old partner's name off the sign, for I knew how it would hurt Celia to miss it, but Mr. Bunker said he did not care, as he had no desire to figure in the business in any way. "Money talks," he remarked, "and all it has to say in the present case is, 'Here I am, as much of me as you require, and every six months you pay me my wages for my work on the old lot.'"

So I accepted "money's" proposition, and we ran along on that arrangement over a year, doing splendidly. I have no doubt our profits might have been larger if I had been bolder and willing to trust myself with the management of such sums as Mr. Bunker wanted me to handle, but I may as well frankly confess the old man had more nerve than I possessed in financial and speculative matters.

In all that time not another word had any of us heard about Harold Linden, and the impression generally prevailed that he must be dead. Even Mr. Bunker seemed to have come around to that view, for he ceased altogether saying any hard words about the unfortunate young man. But Celia was no more to be won over to marriage now than a year ago. "I said I would not marry until Harold came back, and I will not," was her unvarying reply to all my persuasions. Loving and gentle as she was in all else, upon that point she was as obstinate as a—woman. And Annie Bunker was equally faithful to the memory of her lost lover. She would accept no young man's attentions, went into society very reluctantly and rarely, scorned her father's hints that it was "about time to marry if she had not made up her mind to die an old maid," and, in short, comported herself like the ideal widow—the one we read of, but so seldom see.

In September of the year following my partner's disappearance Mr. Bunker persuaded me to go with him out to Ohio to look at a woolen mill near the city of Hamilton which was for sale on tempting terms. He had an idea that if restricted to a certain line of products and properly managed it could be made to pay well, and I may say events proved his views correct.

We reached Hamilton on a Friday. The man we were to meet, not expecting us before the next week, had gone to Cincinnati, but was due to return on Saturday. He did not do so, however, and time hung heavily on our hands. On Sunday we drove out to a big camp meeting which was being held in a splendid grove a little way from the town. That morning, for the first time in weeks, rain threatened, and its coming was anxiously hoped for by every one, for the country was suffering from a severe and protracted drought. Streams were dried up, wells empty, meadows sere and brown, roads deep in dust and over all glowing brazen skies cruelly cloudless. But that Sunday there was a change for the better. Dark clouds were banking up on the northwestern horizon, wind was rising faintly in puffs, and one could feel the electricity in the air.

I believe there were not less than 5,000 persons in the grove that day when Mr. Bunker and I reached it. Every seat was occupied in the great quadrangle of benches before the rough stand erected for the preachers and exhorters, yet hundreds were left standing, like a wide fringe about the seated congregation. Bunker and I, getting there a little late, were in the fringe. Two enormous tents flanked the central square, but nothing was going on in them. An unendurable heat seemed to have collected itself under the canvas. Several wall tents, temporary residences of "presiding elders," preachers or managers of some sort, as we presumed, were clustered in a group a little distance back of the open air pulpit. Overhead giant trees spread their great boughs, making a thick canopy of foliage through which only here and there the sun's rays shot down like diaphanous bars of gold. Altogether the scene was a brilliant, beautiful and impressive one, even if only regarded as a mere spectacle.

Though the clouds continued to gather higher and higher in the northwest, and the intermittent gusts, swaying the tree tops and rustling their myriad leaves, caused sounds like tremendous expectant sighs to sweep through the forest, the rain still seemed to be far off, and some fear was entertained that it might "blow over" or "pass around." About noon the air grew cool and humid with the breath of the coming storm, but it was not until the middle of the afternoon that the tempest burst upon the camp. Then it seemed as sudden as the firing of a gun. In an instant darkness like that of night fell upon us, and for a few seconds the wind ceased, stillness reigned, and all nature seemed hushed and waiting. Then a fierce glare of electric fire flashed forth, lighting up all the vistas of the forest, a deafening crash of thunder shook the firmament, and the welcome rain came down not by drops, but in masses like the fall of cataracts.

Screaming, laughing, shouting, racing, struggling and tumbling over each other, the instantly drenched multitude ran to the two great tents, crowding them to repletion. Many, hopeless of getting under cover there, sought other temporary shelters, some even imprudently taking refuge close to the trunks of the big trees. Lamps fixed on square frames about the center poles of the tents were lighted, and services recommenced immediately. Never have I been a participant in anything so thrilling and awe inspiring as that combination of worship and tempest. Outside the monarchs of the forest were lashed to and fro like whips by the might of the gale, occasionally breaking and falling with sounds like detonations that could be heard even through the tremendous roars of thunder reverberating constantly, peal upon peal. The vast volumes of descending rain seemed to have a choral voice of their own, vieing with the thunder's intensity, and in successive moments alternated Cimmerian gloom and the lightning's blinding glare. Inside a thousand voices, vibrant with excitement, joined in that thrilling hymn:

The chariot! the chariot! Its wheels roll in fire
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire.
Lo! self moving it drives on its pathway of cloud,
And the heavens with the burden of Godhead are bowed.

The selection of the hymn was surely an inspiration, for no other could have seemed so fitting in the midst of that grand and awful battle of the elements.

In a brief lull of the storm some one near the tent opening in which Mr. Bunker and I stood was called to by a man outside, who said lightning had struck a tree near by and killed several persons who were standing under it. The interest of the tragic incident was a good excuse for getting away from the steamy, offensive atmosphere of the tent, and we [illegible] already, so [illegible] and [illegible] stepped forth into the still falling rain and went to where the accident had occurred. Three men and two women, all young, lay upon the ground apparently dead under a tree not 50 yards from the tent we had left.

Mr. Bunker suddenly uttered a loud exclamation of astonishment.

As we moved about them, looking upon their calm white faces with curious, sorrowful interest, Mr. Bunker suddenly uttered a loud exclamation of astonishment. One of those placid countenances was that of Harold Linden!

CHAPTER V.

The suddenness of that wholly unhoped for an, I amazing discovery seemed to paralyze us both. We stared at him and then dumbly at each other. There could be no mistake. We knew him too well for an error, or identification to be possible. But, though he was found, the mystery was now as far from solution as it had ever been, indeed past all hope of explanation apparently.

Out of the throng by this time gathered bustled two doctors, who after careful and critical examination of the lightning's victims determined that one of the men and one woman were dead, but life still lingered in the other three, and one of those for whom resuscitation might yet be possible was my former partner. A stout, elderly gentleman of kindly face and hearty manner received this verdict with evident pleasure and immediately began giving orders for Harold's removal. At this point Mr. Bunker seemed to wake up and asked the stout gentleman, "Are you acquainted with this young man?"

"Acquainted with Henry Lessing! I should say so. He has been in my employ, and a worthier young man never lived."

"May I ask what is to be done with him?"

"Certainly. I'm going to take him to my house and carry Dr. Harris here along with me to fetch him around."

"I have also known the young man and would like to know if he recovers."

"Well, come and see him. Here's my card. I shall be glad to have you call. Any one who is a friend of Henry's will be welcome in my house."

By that time an old fashioned "dearborn" wagon had been brought up, its seat taken out and Harold slid in upon the floor. The gentleman referred to as Dr. Harris got in with him; the stout gentleman took the reins and drove rapidly away. We read upon the card Mr. Bunker had received, "H. E. Trimble, commission merchant," with a business address, and penciled upon its back his residence.

"What do you think now?" demanded Mr. Bunker as we started back to town.

I never saw a face more expressive of sorrow and sympathy than his was when he believed my old partner dead, but the altered conditions had altogether changed it now, and I saw at a glance all his suspicions were again fully awake.

"I don't think I feel like expressing an opinion just yet," I said, "for beyond the possibility of his being alive we know no more than we did yesterday."

"We know at all events that he has been here a year under a false name—and I have a thunderation curiosity to learn why."

When we reached our hotel, he went to his room, as I supposed, to change his clothing and lie down; but, as I subsequently learned, no such supine self indulgence was on his programme. Whatever he did I saw him no more until breakfast time next morning, when he said to me:

"Merrivale, I'm going up to Columbus this morning to get from the governor the necessary papers for Harold's return to Bridgton. Last night I hunted up a magistrate, got a warrant, and this morning if the young man woke up I guess he found an officer by his bed waiting to arrest him on a charge of embezzling $7,500 from Ransom Merrivale. They won't let him get away again before I return. What's the matter with you? You look dumfounded?"

"So I am," I replied, "by your unholy energy in this matter. Why in thunder couldn't you wait even to know if he was alive or dead? Why didn't you let me know what you were up to?"

I couldn't afford to take any chances. Now, see here. I have that doctor's assurance he can pull him through and take it for granted he will. Suppose he does. What will Mr. Linden do when he wakes up and finds somebody has identified him? Skip again. Of course he will. But I say 'No.' I've too much at stake. That mystery has got to be cleared up. My daughter Annie—and she's all I've got in the world—thinks just as much of that rascal as she ever did, and I've got to have him straightened out definitely one way or another for her sake. And I should fancy your interest is a pretty strong one, too, if, as you have more than hinted to me, his sister will not marry you until he turns up again. So I'm going to take him back by the scruff of the neck with my own hand if there's no other way, but I won't trust even my hand when I can make use of a bigger and stronger one—that of the law. I didn't tell you because I know you have a sentimental nature which is apt to get the better of your practicality, and I meant to protect myself and you, too, against it. There's the card. Go and see him while I'm gone if you choose and sympathize with him as much as you like, but I go with the comforting assurance I shall be able to put my hand on him all the same when I get back."

I could not get angry at the old fellow, for his view of the situation was undeniably practical, but neither could I approve his radical measures, so I said nothing and pocketed the card he gave me. But when a train had carried him off toward Columbus I did something he had not thought of, I believe. I telegraphed to Celia:

"Come immediately. Take first train. Harold is here. Needs you greatly. Do not lose a minute."

Perhaps I repeated my insistance upon haste more than was necessary, but I have always deemed it best to be so explicit in giving directions to a woman that she shall not imagine herself required to use any judgment of her own. That dispatch had more effect than I anticipated. Celia and Annie Bunker were closer friends than I knew. Their common love as sister and sweetheart for the same man—and he the core of a seemingly insoluble mystery—had brought about a bond of more than sisterly affection between them. Consequently when I went to the depot to meet my dear girl I was electrified by the sight of Annie in her company and felicitated myself not a little that my colleague had not yet returned from Columbus.

Some good news I had for the girls. Dr. Harris had reported to me that, though Harold's consciousness had not yet been fully restored, his recovery was assured and in a few hours more probably his narrow escape from death would be simply a memory. Incidentally I learned that a policeman was indeed, as Mr. Bunker had declared, sitting by the young man's bedside to arrest him when he awoke, to the indignant bewilderment of worthy Mr. Trimble.

While taking the girls in a carriage to Mr. Trimble's house I narrated the remarkable circumstances of our discovery, so preparing them against the shock of finding Harold an invalid, and, last of all, gave them the gratifying intelligence I have just repeated from Dr. Harris. By that time we had reached our destination. Mr. Trimble met us at the door, and it appeared to me his expression of angry surprise—induced by the unwelcome presence—had been supplanted by one of dejection mingled with disgust. When I had introduced him to Miss Linden and Miss Bunker, he requested them to be seated in the parlor and conducted me to another room and said gloomily:

"I guess you've got him right. He has waked up, and of all the cheeky cusses I ever met he is the worst. And all the while he lay there like a wax image, when you and I were talking by his bed yesterday afternoon, he must have known what was going on. Yes, sir. He knew he was caught and never let on until he had rolled it over in his mind and laid out his new game. Oh, I tell you, he is a deep one! And to think he has been with me a year and I never suspected it!"

"Tell me what makes you think so now?"

"Well, this morning, when he judged the time had come to declare himself, he opened his eyes, stared around and sprung on us that ancient chestnut, 'Where am I?' just as if he hadn't slept in that room 50 times before. From that minute I had a cold eye on him, but I never let on. 'You are in bed in my house, Henry,' says I, 'and you've had a close call.' Says he: 'Why do you call me Henry? Who are you, and what close call have I had?' I don't know what I might have answered him when I got my breath, but just then the policeman chipped in with the question, 'Your name is Harold Linden, isn't it?' 'Yes,' says he, without a blush, promptly. 'Then,' says the policeman with a satisfied grin, 'I arrest you for embezzlement.' 'The devil you do!' exclaims the young fellow, affecting surprise. 'By what authority?' The officer showed him the warrant, and he read it

"The devil you do!"

over as if he had been wool gathering in his mind instead of getting the sense of it. 'Hamilton, Butler county, O., September, 1883,' he reads off, slow and doubtfullike. 'I don't understand this at all. Why, this is June, 1882. And I suppose I'm in the Astor House, though I cannot remember how I got to bed last night, and this doesn't look like my room.' I came forward again and gave him one more chance. Says I, 'Henry, don't you know me?' He seemed to hesitate about throwing me over after being the friend to him I have been and looked at my face a minute before he answered, but finally said, 'I really am not aware of having met you before, sir, and I don't know why you persist in calling me Henry.' That made me mad, and I said, 'I call you Henry because you said that was your name when you came here, and it is the name you have drawn a good salary under in my employ for a year past, and if you were able to stand up I'd kick you for your impudence.' 'I don't stand up for the sake of being kicked,' says he quite deliberately, 'but it seems to me I've got to stand up even at that risk in order to find out something of what and where and who I am.' And with that he tried to get out of bed, but though his head was clear enough the electricity hadn't all got out of his legs yet, I guess, for he couldn't stand and would have tumbled in a heap if the policeman and I had not grabbed him and put him back in bed. Then we sent for the doctor, who came and rubbed some stuff on him and gave him something to take every half hour. That was only about an hour ago. The doctor has just gone away, saying he will be all right tomorrow at the furthest. Then I shall kick him."

I did not think he would when he knew all, but wasted no time in argument. Harold was conscious and in the mood to acknowledge his identity, so no time was to be lost. I conducted his sister to where he lay.

CHAPTER VI.

What a scream of joy the dear girl gave when she caught sight of him, and with what a glad shout he answered it! And his next "hurrah" was for me as I entered the door behind her.

"Is it indeed you, dear sister?" he exclaimed. "And you, too, Ranse? How on earth did you find me? And where in heaven's name am I? It seems to me I'm in either a hive of mild lunaties or a den of practical jokers, and I'm not sure which."

"Oh, Harold," she replied earnestly. "How I thank God that I see you alive again! Alive! Alive! And almost well. And, oh, I've mourned you so long as dead. And you so near it too."

I never saw so puzzled a face as his was then.

"Mourned me a long time? I nearly dead? Why, you dear little goose, it was only yesterday I left you to come to the city."

"Ah, brother, it was 15 long, weary months ago."

He turned very pale, passed his hand over his brow slowly and moaned: "Good God! Am I mad and dreaming all this?"

Taking his sister by the shoulders and raising her from his shoulder, where she had hidden her weeping face, he fixed his gaze intently upon her countenance, muttering to himself: "Yes, it is Celia; it is Celia. Yet she said '15 months!'"

Suddenly a look of anxiety swept over his expressive countenance, and he cried: "And Annie—my Annie! Tell me about her!"

"She is here, Harold," answered Celia.

"Here!" he exclaimed, attempting to rise.

She put her hand upon his breast and pressed him down, while I opened the door for Miss Bunker, who had been waiting outside. Then there were two more rapturous cries, and again the lucky young fellow was folded in the arms of a beautiful girl, who murmured in his ear, indifferent to our presence:

"Oh, Harold, my darling, how good God is to bring you to my arms again, my love! How could you be so cruel as to stay away from me all this while?"

"My joy in our reunion is no less than yours, my angel," he replied, "but somebody else will have to answer your question. Only yesterday, as it seems to me, I bade you 'goodby' at the garden gate, and yet you, like Celia, speak as if I had been away from you a long time. I do not understand you: upon my soul I do not."

Intent as we were upon him and standing with our backs to the door, neither of us noticed Mr. Bunker's entrance, but he had come upon the scene, and standing in the background was listening intently.

"Let us see," I interposed, "if we cannot make some progress toward straightening out this tangle by taking hold of the string at one end and following it up. Begin at the point marked by both your knowledge and Miss Bunker's—her garden gate yesterday, as you say—and tell us exactly what you did, step by step, as far as you can remember."

"That's easy enough, old fellow," he answered, with a laugh. "I went back to the store and got out $15,000, which I had drawn from the bank before 3 o'clock and temporarily locked up there in the safe. I took the money home with me and packed it in my valise, with some things I would want in the city during in absence of a day or two. Then Celia and I took an early dinner. I hurried to the depot, caught the train, got a sleeping car berth, went to bed and woke up in New York. There I took a room at the Astor House, fixed up a little, breakfasted and then went down to the offices of Douglas & Jones, brokers, with whom I deposited the $15,000 as a margin on the purchase of 2,000 shares of Memphis and Charleston Air Line stock, which they took in before I left there at 30½. I put a stop order on it for sale at 40 and started over to Newark to get manufacturers' terms on that enameled leather we were talking about laying in a stock of. I landed at the Broad street depot, went up Market street, and—and—that's all I remember. I don't know how I got to bed last night."

"What in the name of all that is incomprehensible put it into your head to make that break on Wall street," I demanded.

"It wasn't a break, my dear fellow," he replied confidently. "It was a make. I'm sure of it. I had private information from an old friend, who was on the inside, that the stock was to be put on the market that morning, with a strong pool behind it pledged not to let it get below 30, and manipulation all provided for to force it up to 40 anyway, and perhaps higher The safe 40 was good enough for me. And I meant to give you a joyous surprise by doubling our bank account without your knowing how it was done. And I have."

"Wouldn't it be as well to wire to those brokers and find out if you have," suggested Mr. Bunker, pushing himself forward.

"Hello, Bunker! You here too! Well, this is a reunion. Why, certainly, wire them if you want to, though it is not probable there is much of a rise yet."

"What! In 15 months?"

"Ah! Fifteen months! There you go again," exclaimed Harold, with the troubled look coming back in his face, "and yet I could swear you are all real."

Well, to make a long story short, the message of inquiry was sent to Douglas & Jones, who promptly replied they had sold his stock out at 40, as ordered, netting him $18,500 by the deal, which, with his deposit of $15,000, had been for 15 months lying in bank awaiting his order.

As may readily be supposed, Mr. Bunker made no use of his extradition papers, the policeman was sent about his business, and Mr. Trimble's good humor, when he was taken into the general confidence, was fully restored. The next day we all set off together for home, but went out of our way to investigate at Newark the hypothesis suggested by Dr. Harris, which we found perfectly correct. While hurrying along Market street, going to the leather manufacturers, Harold had been prostrated by sunstroke and was carried by the police to a hospital. There he soon recovered physically, but with the entire loss of his identity until his memory was restored in the sudden and mysterious way already described by a no less severe shock, that of the lightning stroke at the camp meeting. That he had suffered such a loss was not suspected by the doctors or nurses at the hospital, who upon referring to their records remembered his case perfectly. He had no papers or anything else upon him to give him an identity when he was picked up by the police, so went down on the register simply as "Unknown man."

One of the nurses, however, noticed the initials "H. L." on his cuff buttons and invented the name "Henry Lessing" for him, which he when he was able to go out placidly accepted as his and thenceforth wore. How he strayed away off to Ohio nobody ever knew, but there was nothing to prevent his going anywhere and getting along very well. His physical condition was good and his mind all right, with the exception that he had lost his past, in finding which once more, I am glad to be able to record, he also found a happy future.

THE END

Schwatka and His Servant.

While in garrison at Fort Sheridan, S. D., Lieutenant Schwatka had an Irish servant whom he had taken from the ranks, and who, like his commanding officer and employer, was subject to occasional sprees. One morning after Schwatka had been sitting up with some visiting comrades he left orders with his servant that he should be promptly awakened at 9 o'clock. About noon the lieutenant arose without having been called, and opening the door leading from his bedroom to the dining room in the log quarters which he occupied discovered his servant lying dead drunk on the floor before him.

Schwatka raised him from the floor and shook him as a mastiff would a terrier, exclaiming to him: "You infernal scoundrel, don't you know that I ordered you to wake me at 9 o'clock? Here I find you drunk in violation of your agreement that you would never get under the influence of liquor while I was on a drunk." The Irishman straightened himself up for attention, saluted and replied:

"Yes, sor, but you niver give me no chance. You've kept me sober for three weeks by staying dhrunk yerself, ye have."

Schwatka forgave him.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Good Shoes Nowadays.

There has probably not been since the war so little "shoddy" used in shoes as now. There are numerous imitations of calf, kangaroo, dongola, goat, etc., made from a cowhide, and by the skill of mechanism they are remarkably close imitations, but they are generally sold for what they purport to be, and cannot be classified as substitutes. The pancake or pasted sole and heel is still used in the manufacture of low grade shoes, but to a less extent than formerly. Leather is so cheap that a good button boot can be made solid throughout at ninety-five cents and one dollar, and perhaps less.

The consumer secures more value than ever in the modern medium priced shoes; genuine materials are put into everything except such low priced shoes that it is impossible to make them of actual leather. There is no deception about these. Manufacturers make no secret of the fact that they are composed of pasted soles and heels, split insoles and the like. Buyers know what they are getting.—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

Georgia's "Earthquake Well."

In Oconee county, Ga., a circular hole ten feet in diameter suddenly appeared on the night of the great earthquake in September, 1886. It is locally known as the "earthquake well," and there are hundreds of intelligent people in that section who believe that it extends to the very "fountains of the deep." Although regarded as a great natural curiosity, no attempts were made to give it an accurate measurement until quite recently, when all the ropes, clotheslines and halter straps in the neighborhood were let into its depth without touching bottom. Another sounding scheme is now on foot.—St. Louis Republic.

A Change of Opinion.

A Mississippi Valley Churchman—that is the name now given to the western ritualists—in talking about the Episcopalians of Massachusetts one evening, summed them up in this way: "In the old days of Bishop Eastburn, when the Churchmen of the Bay State were a select remnant, they thought they were too good for God to damn; now they think that God is too good to damn them, thus proving that the hard Churchman and the loose Churchman finally reach the same point."—New York Tribune.

A Sure Cure for Piles.

Itching Piles are known by moisture like perspiration, causing intense itching when warm. This form as well as Blind, Bleeding or Protruding, yield at once to Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy, which acts directly on parts effected, aborbs tumors, allays itching and effects a permanent cure. 50 cts. Druggists or mail. Circulars free. Dr. Bosanka, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by Acme Drug Store, Marr & Ross Proprietors, Olympia, Washington.

BIGGEST MAN ON EARTH.

John Hanson Craig, Who Weighs Over 900 Pounds.

Citizens of this vicinity yesterday had an opportunity to behold the greatest living man in avoirdupois, says the Frankfort correspondent of the Indianapolis *Journal*. John Hanson Craig, with his wife and three-year-old child, was visiting James Anderson and James McPherson, relatives. Craig's home is in Danville, Hendricks county, but he has been in the show business since babyhood. In answer to questions he said:

"I now weigh 907 pounds and am 37 years old. At birth I weighed 11 pounds; at 11 months old I weighed 77 pounds; at 2 years, 206 pounds. At that time I took the $1,000 premium at Barnum's baby show in New York city, in the year 1858. At five years I weighed 302 pounds; at 22, 725 pounds; at 27, 758 pounds; at 28, 774 pounds; at 29, 791 pounds; at 30, 806 pounds; at 31, 836 pounds, and my present weight is just 907 pounds. I am 6 feet 5 inches high, measure 8 feet and 4 inches around the hips, 18 inches around the ankle, 29 inches around the knee, 66 inches around the thigh next to the body. I require 41 yards for a suit of clothes, and three pounds of yarn for stockings."

Mrs. Craig is a good-looking blonde, weighs 130 pounds and formerly accompanied her husband in the role of snake charmer as "Zola Ayres." When asked how long they had been married, she laughingly remarked that they were first married in 1882, but they were just now enjoying their second honeymoon, as they were divorced in January and remarried but a couple of weeks ago. Mr. Craig explained the trouble, stating that his wife had expressed a desire to learn fashionable dressmaking, and that he objected. She applied for a divorce; it was granted, and she went to Terra Haute and learned her trade. She then returned home and they were remarried. Mr. Craig has been all over Europe and in every important city in the world. They went from here to Dayton, where Mrs. Craig was born and raised.

The Church and the Chinese.

The S. F. *Examiner's* appeal to the churches on this Coast to enlighten their Eastern brethren on the evils of Chinese immigration has met with occasional responses, although not as many as we could have wished. One of the best was published in that paper over the signature of Rev. C. A. Buckbee. Mr. Buckbee takes a thoroughly enlightened American and Christian view of the situation. "The Geary law," he says, "was a measure of the highest patriotism; its enactment, I believe was never intended by Congress to be a hardship to those Chinese now here, but rather a protection. They had a whole year to become registered; they refused to respect the law, and now they are here on sufferance only. If it depended on me I would make the law effective by deporting the known bad men among them. That would show to the better class of Chinese that our laws *must be obeyed*. Then as an act of grace I would recommend Congress to extend the time for those to register who have not done so, and further, I would ask Congress to set aside $1,000,000, more or less, to deport any who might finally prove recreant."

Mr. Buckbee's conclusions are the result of an experience of a quarter of a century among the Chinese. We commend them to those Eastern apostles of righteousness whose knowledge of the subject they dogmatise about is derived from each other's sermons.

A MAD POET

rushed into a newspaper office recently, and threatened to "clean out" the establishment, because they printed his verses wrong. Said he: "I wrote, 'To dwell forever in a grot of peace,' and you idiots put it 'a pot of grease.'" The mortified editor presented him with a vial of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, a year's subscription and an apology.

The little "Pellets" positively cure sick and nervous headache, biliousness, costiveness, and all derangements of the stomach, bowels and liver. It's a large contract, but the smallest things in the world do the business—Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They're the smallest, but the most effective. They go to work in the right way. They cleanse and renovate the liver, stomach and bowels thoroughly—but they do it mildly and gently. You feel the good they do—but you don't feel them doing it.

They're the *cheapest* pill you can buy, because they're *guaranteed* to give satisfaction, or your money is returned.

You only pay for *the good* you get.

That's the *peculiar* plan all Dr. Pierce's medicines are sold on, through druggists.

It is estimated that Yakima county has $100,000 tied up in wool, for which there is no present market. It is stated there are no local quotations whatever, and that it is doubtful if 8 cents would induce buyers to come down with the coin. This is due, says the Yakima *Herald*, to the present financial stress, on account of which manufacturers are buying very closely and only as their needs demand. This is true also in respect to beef and hops, although the value of the latter remaining in the county is only about $15,000.

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.

City Jailer D. R. Noble, of Seattle, had a parrot of which he was very fond. The bird was quite talkative and used his stereotyped phrases generally at appropriate times. While outside of her cage, a dog made a jump for Polly. The bird uttered a scream, yelled "good-bye" to her master and flew away across some stables, and has not since been seen.

A Hoquiam farmer found a setting of eggs growing cold. He examined one to see if it had life, breaking off a portion of one end of the shell. Holding the broken egg to the light, he detected light within. Breaking a fresh egg, he placed the corresponding end portion over the break and secured it there. Not only this egg, but all the others hatched thrifty chickens.

B. Brown, a farmer in Wahkiakum county, objected to his neighbors building a public road across his farm. When he put up a fence they tore it down, and when he got in their way they took hold of him, rolled him in the mud, blacked both of his eyes, and then had him arrested for obstructing a highway.

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.

Olympia, June 1, 1890

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Aug. 19, 1892. Manager.

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