

LOST AND FOUND.

New York Evening Post. The following manuscript came into my hands about 50 years ago. My friend John Williams, the writer of it, was at my house on a visit. I should rather call him the friend of my father, as he belonged to a generation previous to my own. He took a great fancy to me when I was a boy and often told me his story. One day, when he was in a peculiarly communicative mood, I persuaded him to write it out, which he did, on condition that it was not to be published during his lifetime. As he has been dead now 40 years and all the members of his immediate family have passed away, there can be no impropriety in offering it to the public. It is scarcely necessary for me to say that, after a lapse of 50 years, it was necessary to make a copy of it, as the original ink had faded very much.

I, John Williams, had just completed my college career, which had been neither better nor worse than that of thousands of others. A slow, plodding mind was all that nature had given me within, and red hair, a freckled face and a rather ungainly figure were what she had bestowed upon me without. John will never see the river again, was what my father had once said to me. Dear, kind old man, he did not know that I was within hearing distance or he never would have said it. But, although the remark was gall and wormwood to me at the time, it spurred me on to exertion, and I made much better use of my time at college than I would otherwise have done.

Mary Mercer, a daughter of a near neighbor and intimate friend of my father, had been my lifelong companion and friend. We were opposites in every particular. She was graceful, and I was not; but, owing to our secluded lives, we had been thrown much together, and her charitable disposition had been accustomed to overlook many of my imperfections. An admiration amounting almost to worship had risen in my mind when I saw her after my four years' absence at college. I had left her a sweet, attractive child, and I found her on my return a woman such as my fancy had never pictured.

Of course there could be but one result. If I had never been in love before, I certainly was now, and I was not long in making known to Mary my feelings. Mary's conduct on the occasion afforded the first instance in which I had known her to swerve in the least from what was the obvious truth. She was confused, blushed slightly and declared that I had taken her so much by surprise that she did not know what to say; she had never thought of me in that light, and I must really give her a little time to think the matter over. I knew at the time that Mary was fibbing.

No woman was ever born with one-half of her sense without finding out such things long before they were ever spoken to her. But there was no help for it. She had the game in her own hands and evidently intended to play it to suit herself. She asked for a week to consider the matter. I insisted that two days were enough but she was resolute, and with a wry face I had to submit.

One stipulation was that I should not attempt to see her during that time. I thought this was rather hard and said so, but she was even more positive than before and I yielded with the best grace I could.

In order to give her no excuse for further delay I set off the next day to visit a college friend and staid at his house five days. It took a day to reach his house and a day to return. Thus the week passed away, slowly enough for me, and I am afraid my friend found me a dull companion. Promptly at the end of the specified time I presented myself at Mary's house. To my dismay I found it full of company. I had been there only a few minutes when I learned that the friends had been there ever since the day after I left. I scanned Mary's face, actions, manner and reception, but could make out nothing. She was kind and agreeable, but that had been her ordinary manner, and no conclusions could be drawn therefrom.

I found no opportunity to say a word to her in private until my visit was over. As I went to the front door on my way out to my house, she came out on the porch with me, as had been her habit on previous occasions. As I bade her goodbye I asked, as calmly as I could, though heaven knows my heart was beating so loud that I knew she must hear it: "Well, Mary, what is my fate to be?" "Really, John," she said, "you must give me one day more, and I promise you to give you my final answer then. The house has been full of company and my time has been so fully occupied that I have scarcely had time to sleep. Every night since you were here I have gone to bed so weary that I went to sleep as soon as my head touched the pillow. My mother has been sick, too, most of the time, and my hands have been full, I assure you."

I suppose she must have seen my blank look of disappointment, for she added in her softest tones—and no voice could be softer than hers: "Come, John, be a good boy now, and I will send you my answer to-morrow by letter." And thus we parted. I went home with hope deferred. The next day came and went and I heard nothing. The sun sank in the West, and my

heart sank with it. My heart was in my boots for many a day, but pride finally came to the rescue, and I determined to try to forget Mary and the whole female sex.

Feeling that it would be impossible to have any peace of mind with Mary so soon, I planned a long trip to Europe. It had always been my father's wish that I, his only son, should take this trip, but I had always opposed it, thinking that he could not afford it, for he had two daughters, both younger than myself, and I longed to see them take that position in society which a good education only can give. And, while this European trip would not have seriously interfered with my wishes for my sisters' advancement, I knew that it would entail an amount of economy at home that I did not like to think of. But, seeing my depressed spirits and perhaps guessing the cause, my father renewed his persuasions, set forth in glowing terms the advantages to be gained, which none knew better than he himself, as he had been quite a traveler in his youth, and finally overcome all my objections.

My trunk was packed; passport and guidebooks were provided; arrangements were made for the necessary funds to meet my expenses, but not a word came from Mary, although she must have heard that I was ready to go. Father, mother and sisters bade me a sad goodbye, and I was gone.

A few days after leaving home I sailed from New York and in due time landed in Ireland. It took me a month to see all that I wanted to see of that country, and I spent two months in Scotland, three months in England and proceeded to Paris, determined to stay long enough in France to learn the language thoroughly. I spent six months in Paris and the rest of France, and I might have spent six more if I had thought my father could afford it. But I knew his resources were not abundant, and so I hurried on into Germany, devoting a year to that country, Switzerland and Italy. I was on the point of winding up my trip with a few months in Spain, when a slight incident caused me to turn my face toward home with as much haste as if a legion of devils was behind me.

Preparatory to going into Spain, I had taken a Spanish grammar out of my trunk with the intention of brushing up my knowledge of Spanish, which had become quite rusty from long disuse. As I opened the book a small letter addressed to me in Mary's well known handwriting fell out. It was without postmark and was sealed.

I tore it open, with a beating heart, for her image was as fresh in my memory as on the day I parted with her at her door. It was very short, and I observed that the date was on the next day after I had last seen her. This was the whole letter:—

DEAR JOHN—Yes, MARY. Only four words besides the date. I then remembered that I had been looking over my Spanish grammar on the very day this letter was written, had dozed off into a nap of a few minutes' duration and had left the book open on the table beside me. I had been roused up suddenly by some one calling me, and, as it was nearly dark when I awoke, I must have shut up the letter in the book without seeing it.

Everything was now clear, and Mary had done all that I could have wished. I took the first steamer for New York, and never did a man cross the Atlantic ocean with greater anxiety. Well might Mary have remained silent after such a note. I reproached myself a hundred times for never making any inquiries as to the causes of her silence and cursed my foolish pride along with my reproaches.

As soon as I got to the end of my journey I went directly to Mary's house, even before going to my own home. She was decidedly cool toward me, though it had been years since we had seen each other. But when I explained the matter she seemed fully satisfied, and we were married in a few weeks.

I afterward heard that the letter had been duly sent by a trustworthy messenger, who had come into my room, and, finding me asleep, had left it at my elbow, supposing, of course, that I would see it when I awoke. Many years have passed away since these events took place, and there is a little Mary now running in and out as I write, who bids fair to equal her mother in beauty. And nothing pleases her so much as when I tell her the story of my finding mamma's letter in my Spanish book on the borders of Spain. Said letter is now framed and glazed and hangs above me. It has often been taken down and hidden by my wife, and many threats have been made to burn it up, but I always manage to find it and bring it back.

WILL WORK TOGETHER.
So Declares Mr. Hartman, Who Will Lead the Silver Forces in the House.
Representative Hartman, of Montana who followed Senator Teller out of the Republican Convention at St. Louis, and will be the leader of the independent silver forces in the House for the next two years, said lately: "If tariff legislation is proposed, the course of the silver men will be determined by caucuses by the silver men of all parties. The caucuses will be non-political in view of the fact that the cause of bimetalism is not a political question. It would seem to me only reciprocity, now that the Republican party has indorsed the

financial views of President Cleveland, that Mr. Cleveland should be willing to sign their tariff legislation if they should pass at the coming session. Whatever course the silver forces may pursue relative to financial legislation I am sure they will work together, and will, according to their judgment, adopt the most effective plans to aid the cause of bimetalism.

"I do not feel at all discouraged by the result of the election, although I admit that I was greatly disappointed. The splendid address given to the public by Mr. Bryan on Nov. 6 will be responded to by the millions of bimetalists in the United States, and the battle of standards will again be fought in 1900 after the preliminary fight of 1898."

FARM NOTES.
Bees do their own ventilating, by standing about the entrance at such a distance apart as will allow a free outflow of their wings, and by working them, produce a current of air through the hive.

Spread the onions on shelves in thin layers and do not disturb them until they are wanted for use. Onions may freeze and thaw several times during the winter without injury if they are not handled.

In Russia sunflowers are made special crops, the seed being ground and used for cattle, the same as cottonseed meal, and such food is not only wholesome, but gives excellent results in milk and butter.

Beets, carrots and turnips keep in good condition in winter if stored in mounds, and apples should remain in good condition all through the winter in a dry cellar. The chief obstacle is not the cold, but usually too much warmth.

Cleanliness may not be a cholera cure, says a writer, but if the hog growers of the country would come to recognize and act upon the fact that the hog neither enjoys nor thrives upon filth, it would do much toward reducing the losses of hogs by disease.

Professor Blount, of the Colorado Station, says a bushel of clean, sound wheat of average size contains 822,000 kernels, and that half this number, or half a bushel, is ample seedling for an acre under irrigation, which insures perfect germination. He finds larger yields of finer wheat from this amount than from any thicker seeding.

The fine grass of the hills is especially attractive to sheep, but the longwool breeds are at home in the rich, level pastures, and do well if the soil is dry. They are not such rovers as the merinos, but are content to fill up, lie down and fatten and let their wool grow. They make wool and mutton rapidly and profitably.

STATE NEWS.
A good many children in Walla Walla are down with the measles.

Nearly all the bridges on the roads leading to the Swauk and Peshastin mines were carried out by the high water the first of the week. The town of Blevett is short on provisions, the supply on hand being scarcely sufficient to last six weeks. The roads are impassable for wagons, and the prospects are they will be for some time.

The house of Mrs. Houlton, on Quinault lake, was carried away by the big freshet, and in attempting to get out, Mrs. Houlton ran into the woods, and while taking shelter under a tree was struck by another and received serious injuries, besides a broken arm. In this condition she lay from Friday until Sunday of last week before she was found.

There have been shipped out of Aberdeen by express since the first of August 315,000 pounds of fresh fish, which brings the value of the season's output of salmon up to almost \$100,000, or 1,000 per day. During the closed season the Quinault salmon will be the only kind handled. After the 15th of December, steelheads will take the trade for the winter.

A winter muskmelon or casaba is a peculiar variety of fruit that is being exhibited by Robert Secrest. The seed was brought to Oakesdale by J. J. Durant, from the Yakima county. The seed was planted in the spring and melons were picked this fall. The fruit looks like the ordinary melon, the only difference being that the winter melon will not ripen until it has been laid away for a considerable time.

The massive jam of logs which has been wedged in between the narrow walls of the mountains on the Kalama river and known as the "jam," is finally gone. The recent high water took it out clean and deposited it safe in the boom at the mouth of the river. This mass of logs has been in there for years, making a perfect and safe bridge over the river, and had been a hindrance to logging on the Upper Kalama.

Ed. Thompson, of New Whatcom, while on his ranch, near Linden, learned of the killing of a preacher a short distance over the line in British Columbia. The preacher was out hunting with two companions. They separated, and his companions started to look him up. He had shot a bear, and the enraged animal had turned on him before he had time to shoot again, and killed him. His body was found, and from the indications, the fight had been a terrific one.

The Chehalis Bee says that Joseph Greuner, of Alpha, Lewis county, and his neighbors have raised, this year, about 120 tons of (green) chickery upon 15 acres of land. Mr. Greuner has imported machinery from Germany and built and equipped a factory

It has been held that consumption is hereditary, and the fact that one person of a family had died of consumption is a sure sign that others of that family will not escape it. This is partly true and partly untrue. Weak lungs are likely to transmit that weakness to his children. But there is no reason in the world why the weakness should be allowed to develop. There is no reason why the lungs should remain weak. Weak lungs are a disease, and a disease should be cured. There is a place for germs to settle. That is all that is necessary. Once let the germs of disease gain a foothold, and they increase with a deadly rapidity. Pretty soon the blood is full of them, and so low is its healthfulness and its strength-giving qualities. If the weakness is in some other organ, the disease will show itself in that organ. The germs will get into the blood, just the same, and the body will begin to lose strength. We speak particularly of consumption because it is most common—because it causes more than one-sixth of all deaths in this country.

If there is a weak and crumbly spot in the foundation of a house, the owner clears out the decaying material, supplants it with new, strong stuff. That's all there is to do. That's exactly the thing to do with the lungs. Keep them full of rich, red, wholesome blood, and the weakness will disappear. Decaying tissues will be thrown off, and new material will be added until the lungs are well and powerful again. This is the thing that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery does. This is what makes it so successful in all cases of consumption where it is taken according to directions. It searches out disease germs wherever they may be in the body. It exterminates them completely and forces them out of the system. It supplies the blood with the elements of strength. It makes the appetite good, digestion perfect. It supplies the needed nutriment to all the tissues and makes the system healthy.

There are some interesting facts about it told in one chapter of Dr. Pierce's great work, "Common Sense Medical Advice." This book of 200 pages will be sent free on receipt of twenty-cent postage. Address: Dr. J. C. Rorer, Medical Association, No. 63 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

capable of handling the product of 70 acres. The consumption of chickery on the Pacific Coast is said to require the product of 200 acres, and, so far as is known, there is only one factory besides Mr. Greuner's on the Coast.

Two strangers, giving their name as James Smith and George Sutter, attempted to pass a forged check upon Schwabacher & Co., at Walla Walla last Saturday evening. After purchasing a bill of goods they tendered in payment two checks, one for \$45 and one for \$39, signed "H. Adams," whom they represented to be a large sheep-owner. Their trial came off Monday at which they both pleaded guilty. Judge Upton sentenced them each to pay a fine of \$50 and to serve 18 months in the State Penitentiary.

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No. 6 East—
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In the Superior Court of King county, State of Washington.
American Loan and Trust Company, Plaintiff,
vs.
Investors Trust Company, Defendant.
Milan and James McIntyre, co-defendants.
The firm name and style of McIntyre & McIntyre, Defendants.

SUMMONS BY PUBLICATION.
The State of Washington to the said Investors Trust Company.
You are hereby summoned to appear within sixty (60) days after the date of the first publication of this summons, to answer the complaint of the plaintiff, and serve a copy of your answer upon the undersigned attorney at the office hereinafter stated; and, in case of your failure so to do, judgment will be rendered against you according to the demand of the complaint, which has been filed with the Clerk of this Court. The object of said action, set forth in the complaint, is as follows: To foreclose a certain mortgage, dated the 21st day of May, 1900, made by Henry B. Beard and Sarah B. Beard, his wife upon block 10 of East 24th street in the county of King, State of Washington, and to secure the payment of a certain promissory note for \$2,000.00, the said mortgage and promissory note being attached, made by said Henry B. Beard and payable to the order of the Northern Pacific Loan and Trust Company.
BURKE, SHEPARD & McWHIRRA,
Attorneys.
Postoffice address: Seattle, King county, Washington.
Date of first publication, Nov. 13, 1903.

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