

Jasper Weekly Courier

VOL. 49.

JASPER, INDIANA, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1907.

No. 23.



THE BLACK CAT.

(Continued from last week.)

I continued my caresses, and, when I prepared to go home, the animal evinced a disposition to accompany me. I permitted it to do so; occasionally stooping and patting it as I proceeded. When it reached the house it domesticated itself at once, and became immediately a great favorite with my wife.

For my own part I soon found a dislike to it arising within me. This was just the reverse of what I had anticipated; but—I know not how or why it was—its evident fondness for myself rather disgusted and annoyed. By slow degrees, these feelings of disgust and annoyance rose into the bitterness of hatred, I avoided the creature; a certain sense of shame, and the remembrance of my former deed of cruelty, preventing me from physically abusing it. I did not for some weeks, strike or otherwise violently ill use it; but gradually—very gradually—I came to look upon it with unutterable loathing, and to flee silently from its odious presence, as from the breath of a pestilence.

What added no doubt, to my hatred of the beast, was the discovery, on the morning after I brought it home that like Pluto, it also had been deprived of one of its eyes. This circumstance, however only endeared it to my wife, who, as I have already said, possessed in a high degree, that humanity of feeling which had once been my distinguishing trait and the source of many of my simplest and purest pleasures.

With my aversion to this cat, however, its partiality for myself seemed to increase. It followed my footsteps with a pertinacity which it would be difficult to make the reader comprehend. Whenever I sat, it would crouch beneath my chair, or spring upon my knees covering me with its loathsome caresses. If I arose to walk, it would get between my feet and thus nearly throw me down, or fastening its long and sharp claws in my dress, clamber in this manner to my breast. At such times, although I longed to destroy it with a blow, I was yet withheld from so doing, partly by a memory of my former crime, but chiefly, let me confess it at once, by absolute dread of the beast.

This dread was not only a dread of physical evil, but yet I should be at a loss how otherwise to define it. I am almost ashamed to own—yes even in this felon's cell, I am almost ashamed to own—that the terror and horror with which the animal inspired me, had been heightened by one of the merest chimeras it would be possible to conceive. My wife had called my attention, more than once, to the character of the mark of white hair, of which I have spoken, and which constituted the sole visible difference between the strange beast and the one I had destroyed. The reader will remember that this mark, although large, had been originally very indefinite; but by slow degrees—degrees nearly imperceptible, and which for a long time my Reason struggled to reject as fanciful—it had at length assumed a rigorous distinctness of outline. It was now the representation of an object that I shudder to name; and for this, above all, I loathed, and dreaded, and would have rid myself of the monster, had I dared; it was now I say, the image of a hideous—of a ghastly thing—of the GALLOWS!—oh, mournful and terrible engine of Horror and of Crime, of Agony and of Death!

And now was I indeed wretched beyond the wretchedness of mere humanity. And a brute beast—whose fellow I had contemptuously destroyed—a brute beast to work out for me; for me a man, fashioned in the image of the High God; so much of insufferable woe! Alas! neither by day or by night knew I the blessing of rest any more! During the former the creature left me no moment alone; and in the latter I started, hourly from my dreams of unutterable fear, to find the hot breath of the thing upon my face, and its vast weight, an incarnate Night Mare that I had no power to shake off, incumbent, eternally upon my heart!

Beneath the pressure of torments such as these, the feeble remnant of the good within me succumbed. Evil thoughts became my soul intimates, the darkest and most evil of thoughts. The moodiness of my usual temper increased to hatred of all things and of all mankind, while, from the sudden, frequent, and ungovernable outbursts of a fury to which I now blindly abandoned myself, my uncomplaining wife, alas! was the most usual and the most patient of sufferers.

One day she accompanied me, upon some household errand, into the cellar of the old building which our poverty compelled us to inhabit. The cat followed me down the steep stairs, and nearly throwing me headlong exasperated me to madness. Uplifting an axe, and forgetting in my wrath, the childish dread which had hitherto stayed my hand, I aimed a blow at the animal, which would have proved instantly fatal had it descended as I wished. But this blow was arrested by the hand of my wife. Goaded, by the interference, into a rage more than demoniacal, I withdrew my arm from her grasp and buried the axe in her brain. She fell dead upon the spot, without a groan.

This hideous murder accomplished, I set myself forthwith, and with entire deliberation, to the task of concealing the body. I knew that I could not remove it from the house either by day or by night, without the risk of being

observed by the neighbors. Many projects entered my mind. At one period I thought of cutting the corpse into minute fragments, and destroying them by fire. At another I resolved to dig a grave for it in the floor of the cellar. Again, I deliberated about casting it in the well in the yard—about packing it in a box, as if merchandise, with the usual arrangements, and so getting a porter to take it from the house. Finally I hit upon what I considered a far better expedient than either of these. I determined to wall it up in the cellar—as the monks of the middle ages are recorded to have walled up their victims.

For such a purpose as this the cellar was well adapted. Its walls were loosely constructed and had lately been plastered throughout, with a rough plaster, which the dampness of the atmosphere had prevented from hardening. Moreover, in one of the walls was a projection caused by a false chimney or fireplace, that had been filled up and made to resemble the rest of the cellar. I made no doubt that I could readily displace the bricks at this point, insert the corpse, and wail up the whole as before, so that no eye could detect anything suspicious.

And in this calculation I was not deceived. By means of a crowbar I easily dislodged the bricks and having carefully deposited the body against the inner wall, I propped it in that position, while, with little trouble, I re-laid the whole structure as it originally stood. Having procured mortar, sand and hair, with every possible precaution, I prepared a plaster which could not be distinguished from the old, and with this I very carefully went over the new brick-work. When I had finished, I felt satisfied, that all was right. The wall did not present the slightest appearance of having been disturbed. The rubbish on the floor was picked up with the minutest care. I looked around triumphantly, and said to myself—"Here at least, then my labor has not been in vain."

My next step was to look for the beast which had been the cause of so much wretchedness; for I had at length firmly resolved to put it to death. Had I been able to meet with it, at the moment, there could have been no doubt of its fate; but it appeared that the crafty animal had been alarmed at the violence of my previous anger, and forbore to present itself in my present mood. It is impossible to describe, or to imagine, the deep, the blissful sense of relief which the absence of the detested creature occasioned in my bosom. It did not make its appearance during the night, and thus for one night at least, since its introduction into the house, I soundly and tranquilly slept; aye, slept even with the burden of murder upon my soul!

The second and the third day passed, and still my tormentor came not. Once again I breathed as a free man. The monster, in terror, had fled the premises forever! I should behold it no more! My happiness was supreme! The guilt of my dark deed disturbed me but little. Some few inquiries had been made, but these had been readily answered. Even a search had been instituted—but of course nothing was to be discovered. I looked upon my future felicity as secured.

Upon the fourth day of the assassination, a party of the police came, very unexpectedly, into the house, and proceeded again to make rigorous investigation of the premises. Secure, however, in the inscrutability of my place of concealment, I felt no embarrassment whatever. The officers bade me accompany them in their search. They left no nook or corner unexplored. At length, for the third or fourth time, they descended into the cellar. I quivered not in a muscle. My heart beat calmly as that of one who slumbers in innocence. I walked the cellar from end to end. I folded my arms upon my bosom, and roamed easily to and fro. The police were thoroughly satisfied and prepared to depart. The glee at my heart was too strong to be restrained. I burned to say if but one word, by way of triumph and to render doubly sure their assurance of my guiltlessness.

"Gentlemen," I said at last, as the party ascended the steps. I delight to have allayed your suspicions, I wish you all health and a little more courtesy. By the bye, gentlemen, this--this is a very well constructed house." (In the rabid desire to say something easily, I scarcely knew what I uttered at all) "I may say an excellently well constructed house. These walls--are you going gentlemen?--these walls are solidly put together;" and here, through the mere frenzy of bravado, I rapped heavily, with a cane which I held in my hand, upon that very portion of the brick work behind which stood the corpse of the wife of my bosom.

But may God shield and deliver me from the fangs of the Arch Fiend! No sooner had the reverberation of my blows sunk into silence, than I was answered from a voice within the tomb!--by a cry, at first muffled and broken, like the sobbing of a child, and then quickly swelling into one long, loud, and continuous scream, utterly anomalous and inhuman--a howl--a wailing shriek, half of horror and half of triumph, such as might have arisen only out of hell, conjointly from the throats of the damned in their agony and of the demons that exult in the damnation.

Of my own thoughts it is folly to speak. Swoning, I staggered to the opposite wall. For one instant the party upon the stairs remained motionless, through extremity of terror and of awe. In the next, a dozen stout arms were toiling at the wall. It fell bodily. The corpse already greatly decayed and clotted with gore, stood erect before the eyes of the spectators. Upon its head with red extended mouth and solitary eye of fire, sat the hideous

beast whose craft had seduced me into murder, and whose informing voice had consigned me to the hangman. I had walled the monster up within the tomb!

THE END.

CATARRH

and

CATARRHAL HEADACHE

are quickly relieved by NOSENA. It soothes the congested membranes allays inflammations and thoroughly heals and cleanses. It keeps moist all the passages whose tendency is to thicken and become dry. Cures colds, throat troubles, hoarseness, hay fever, "stopped up" nose breathing through mouth while sleeping offensive breath etc. It is antiseptic and contains no chemicals or drugs having a narcotic effect, or that can cause the drug habit. Sold at all druggists.

We Guarantee Satisfactory.

J. A. Brogden of the national sign Co., Dayton Ohio, writes under date of Oct. 12, 1906: "Nosena is the only preparation I have ever used that relieves my affection so speedily and pleasantly. I am getting the first real pleasure out of breathing that I have experienced since I contracted catarrh six years ago. Money would not buy my tube of Nosena if I could not get another."

Buy NOSENA from all druggists get your money back if not satisfied. Sample tube and booklet by mail 10cts.

Brown Mfg. Co.

Greenville Tenn., St. Louis, Mo.

A POOR ORGAN

Dams the bile. That's what your liver does if its torpid. Then the bile overflows into the blood--poisons your system, causing sick headache, biliousness, sallow skin, coated tongue, sick stomach, dizziness, fainting spells, etc., Ramon's treatment of Liver Pills and Tonic Pellets strengthens the liver and makes it do its own work. Prevent and cures these troubles. It aids, doesn't force. Entire treatment 25c. At Flick and Pfau's drug store.

PREVENT HEADACHES.

Force them? No--aid them. Ramon's treatment of liver pills and Tonic Pellets strengthens the Liver and digestive organs so that they do their own work and fortifies your constitution against future trouble. Entire treatment 25c at all druggists.

RAMON'S BONE OIL
FOR NERVE & BONE
CUTS, SORES, BURNS
& RHEUMATISM 25c

At Flick and Pfau's drug store.

John Casper, M. D.

Physician & Surgeon.

Office:—9th and Main sts.
JASPER, INDIANA.

Both Phones.
April 20, 1905—1yr.

Madison Township Trustee Notice.

Notice is given that hereafter the Trustee of Madison township will be at his office each Saturday at his residence, one mile southwest of Irland, Ind., for the purpose of attending to township business, and all persons having business with the township are expected to confine it to those days. The township library is kept at Sam'l Keane's in Irland, where all may obtain the books. The Indiana School books will be found at Henry Summer's store at all times. SAMUEL A. GLEZEN, Jan. 5, 1907—y Trustee Madison Tp.

Harbison Trustee's Notice

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned Trustee of Harbison township, will attend to township business on each Monday of the year, at my office, and persons having township business to transact are required to present it to him on Mondays. The township library will be kept at my home near Dubois. JOHN L. HARDER, Trustee. Jan. 5, 1905—y.

Boone Township Trustee's Notice.

The undersigned, Trustee of Boone township, Dubois county, hereby gives notice that he will attend to all business pertaining to the office of Trustee, at his residence, four miles southwest of Portersville, on Saturdays of each week, and requests all persons having township business to present it on Saturday. Citizens desiring books from the Township Library, are notified that the Library is kept at my residence. School books at James Mulkey's Portersville. PETER J. SCHNAB, Trustee Boone Tp. Jan. 5, 1905—y.

Jefferson Tp. Notice.

The undersigned trustee of Jefferson township, Dubois county hereby gives notice that he will attend to all business pertaining to the office of Trustee at his residence one mile north of Birdseye on the Tuesdays of each week and requests all persons having township business to present it on office days. JOHN W. ENLOW, Trustee. Jan. 5, 05—1yr.

A Bargain for our Subscribers

The New Idea Woman's Magazine

JASPER COURIER

These two together For Only \$1.35

The New Idea Woman's Magazine contains over 100 pages each month of fashions, guidance for making clothes and household helps.

Each number is divided somewhat as follows:

The Fashions
15 pages of reading and description; also nine full-page fashion plates—many of them in color.

Fiction and Informational Articles
50 pages by the best writers. Beautifully illustrated.

The Children's Department
From 5 to 10 pages of styles and stories.

Needlework
10 Pages.

Good Housekeeping
12 Pages.

ACT RIGHT NOW

Send along the Money and Secure this Bargain in a Year's Reading.