

HIS SISTER PAID IT.

MINA DE BARRIL RETURNS EVERY CENT THAT HER BROTHER STOLE.

A NOBLE WOMAN HAS BORNE

HER SORROW AND DISGRACE ALONE—MOTHER AND BROTHER KEPT IN IGNORANCE OF THE BANK CASHIER'S FALL—DE BARRIL STILL MISSING—UNPLEASANT SITUATION OF THE BANK'S PRESIDENT.

New York, Sept. 9.—The day after Cashier Charles De Barril disappeared a woman called at the Lenox Hill Bank. She inquired for the cashier and was told that he was missing. This information did not suffice. She was an earnest woman and would not be dismissed by the brief replies of the busy bank officials to her eager questions.

Something was wrong. She knew this with a woman's intuition. What of Cashier De Barril; why was he missing from the bank? Finally they told her. De Barril was a defaulter. She shuddered and turned pale. It was a stunning blow, but she bore it bravely. She must see President Wolff; she must know the sum De Barril had stolen from the bank.

No, she would not go away until she knew; knew just how many dollars, how many cents was due the bank. President Wolff knew. There was a memorandum handy that showed the financial extent of Charles De Barril's disgrace. The anxious woman was satisfied then.

She went away, but before the sun went down she was back again and had paid to President Wolff every dollar that had been stolen.

This woman was Nina De Barril, the defaulter's noble sister. The next morning this personal appeared in the morning newspapers: CHARLES De Barril is settled satisfactorily; let me hear from you. Nina.

To all inquiring friends she has said that her brother had not headed her appeal and that she had not the slightest idea where he is. Her tear-stained face confirms her statement. If the defaulter knew the depth of her grief he would come home if he had any manhood left.

Nina De Barril has borne all this sorrow alone, not even confiding in her mother and brothers. Although one brother lives in the same house he knew nothing of the defalcation until last Sunday, and the other only knew that there was some difficulty at the bank and that Charles had gone away.

Among those who have searched most vigorously for some trace of the defaulter is Mat Noonan, who keeps a saloon in the Bowery, and until two weeks ago had another at the corner of Thirty-ninth street and Sixth avenue. De Barril was his silent partner, and had been more than kind in loaning him bank money. They were almost inseparable friends, and Noonan still has a locket dangling from his watch chain in which is a portrait of De Barril and a lock of hair. The latter was given to De Barril by his betrothed, who was killed by being thrown from a horse. De Barril thought so much of the saloon keeper that he gave him the lock of hair.

Noonan and De Barril were driving a day or two before De Barril ran away. The latter must have known then that his thefts would soon be found out for he was in a very despondent mood, and made Noonan promise that if anything happened to him, Noonan would "be good to his friends." The morning after De Barril disappeared, Noonan received a letter from him telling him he was in trouble, and intimating that he was going to kill himself. A similar letter was received by a Mrs. Powers.

As soon as he learned that De Barril had fled and that he was a defaulter at the bank, Noonan sold the Sixth avenue saloon. He paid the bank \$1,000 the day following De Barril's departure. He says he will take up two more notes at the bank to-day.

It will be interesting to hear Charles M. Preston's explanation of the rotten condition in which the stockholders find the affairs of the Lenox Hill bank. Mr. Preston is State Superintendent of Banking, and he is supposed to keep a sharp watch over the management of every bank in New York that is not under the immediate jurisdiction of the National Bank Examiner.

One would naturally suppose that Mr. Preston would have been unusually vigilant in his official supervision of the Lenox Hill. Almost from its inception there had been corruption of some kind associated with its management. The gang of thieves into whose hands it fell in 1880 are now serving long terms in prison. Ever since Conrad R. Jordan raised the bank from the dead and tolled day and night to put it on a sound foundation it has not been free from scandal.

ent and gave him control. Just before his departure for Europe Mr. Jordan told a party of friends that one of the proudest works of his life was lifting the Lenox Hill Bank from ruin to prosperity. He will be disappointed when he comes home and finds that the bank is dead.

A FATAL "CIRCUS" RIDE.

A Child's Ride to Death on His Drunken Father's Shoulder.

New York, Sept. 9.—Just as night was falling last evening people living in the streets adjacent to the Brooklyn end of the Bridge were startled at the spectacle of a man, intoxicated, on horseback, riding around in an aimless way. Perched upon his shoulders was a child about two years old. The little fellow, young as he was, seemed to realize his peril for he cried frantically, appealing for some one to rescue him.

The reckless rider, who turned out to be the child's father, lurching to and fro, and it seemed as if he would fall to the pavement and crush the child under him at any moment. The animal which seemed half frantic, turned into Adams street on a brick center. In turning the corner the man almost fell off the horse's back. At the corner of Plymouth street the animal, fagged out by incessant running and frightened by the yells of some rowdies, stopped short, throwing the man headforemost into the street, with the child under him.

Several persons who witnessed the accident ran up to render assistance. Before they reached the spot the man arose, lifted the child on his shoulders and mounted the horse again. He started off on a trot. Blood was streaming from the child's head, staining his gown and his father's garments. He had gone but a short distance when Detective Kearney and Officer McLaughlin, who had heard of the occurrence, caught up with him.

The officers stopped the horse and lifted the child from his perilous position. The little fellow's head was hanging to one side and his eyes were closed. He apparently was in a dying condition. The policeman ordered the man to dismount. The rider refused to obey orders and the officers dragged him off the horse.

An ambulance was summoned and the doctor who responded discovered that the child's skull had been fractured at the base; his face and one of his ears were cut. He was taken to the city hospital. His condition is critical. The father was taken to the Fulton street station. There he said he was Thomas Lanigan, 35, a cooper, and lived at No. 406 Water street, this city. The child was his son John, aged 2. Lanigan's brother called at the station house last night. He said the prisoner left his house for a ride across the bridge early in the day.

Panic at a Circus.

MARSHALLS, Sept. 9.—A serious panic occurred yesterday evening at a circus giving performances at this city. As the audience was dispersing a staircase leading from the upper tiers of seats collapsed and threw over a hundred people, straggling and shouting into a heap below. When order was finally restored it was found that twenty-three persons were suffering from broken limbs and injuries of a serious nature.

THEY MAY GO BACK.

The Chicago Board of Trade Making Negotiations With the Western Union.

Chicago, Sept. 9.—Negotiations of importance to boards of trade throughout the country are in progress between the Chicago board of trade and the Western Union Telegraph Company. A year or more ago the directors of the board of trade caused the removal of all the telegraph wires from the board and placed them on the floor below. The management was at that time waging war on bucket shops and this was one of the lines of attack. It being claimed that the bucket shops were receiving information from the companies. The removal necessitated the hiring of messengers to carry the dispatches between the exchange floor and the new offices, consequently the specially low rates which prevailed before the removal was withdrawn. This bore rather heavily upon traders who did not have private wires, while at the same time the bucket shops continued to flourish. In fact it is said that there are more of them now than ever before. Finally as the fight on bucket shops proved futile, a petition was put in circulation among the members for the restoration of the wires to the floors of the exchange. The result has been the present negotiations. Speaking of the matter this morning Col. Clowry, general manager of the Western Union Telegraph company, said to a reporter: "Yes, negotiations are going on to that end and I think we will go back soon. We will go if we can get the terms and accommodations we want. I went down there yesterday and marked off the space we will require. I am free to say, however, that I don't care whether we go back or not."

Have used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for cramp and colds, and declare it a positive cure. Contributed by Wm. Kay, 570 Plymouth Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

Prove it Before Leaving Home.

Dr. M. J. Davis is a prominent physician of Lewis, Cass county, Iowa, and has been actively engaged in the practice of medicine at that place for the past thirty-five years. On the 26th of last May, while in Des Moines, en route to Chicago, he was suddenly taken with an attack of diarrhoea. Having sold Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for the past seventeen years, and knowing its reliability, he procured a 25 cent bottle, two doses of which completely cured him.

"I see Jack and Mollie have made up again. Why was the engagement ever broken?" "They had a quarrel as to which loved the other the most."—Life.

VAN DOREN GOSSIP

And Miss Jacobs, Whipped Him—Then Her Father Did Likewise.

New Haven, Conn., Sept. 8.—Mary Jacobs, a good looking country girl of twenty-one summers, residing in the town of North Haven, which is a northern suburb of this city, severely horse-whipped William Van Doren, an aged wealthy neighbor, yesterday morning. To emphasize Van Doren's humiliation, the girl's father supplemented her work with the whip when she was tired, and gave the old farmer another wholesale drubbing. A neighbor interfered or the whipping might be still in progress.

Miss Jacobs is a dressmaker and lives with her parents about two miles from the centre of the village. Van Doren, who is sixty years old and rich, resides not far away. One of the friends of the Jacobs family is Henry Brackett, a young married man. Van Doren has moralized and gossiped to some extent about the girl's friendship for the married Mr. Brackett, perhaps because he was jealous and perhaps on account of a keen sense of propriety, but at any rate to the dissatisfaction of the girl and her parents.

A SUNRISE SURPRISE.

Early yesterday morning Miss Jacobs and her father appeared at Van Doren's home just as he was going into his barn, shortly after sunrise. He was hitching up his team and the pair waited patiently until he had accomplished his task and came out. When he emerged Miss Jacobs at once proceeded to interrogate him as to whether he had made the remarks about her which had been attributed to him. The old farmer attempted to explain his conduct on the ground that "it was somewhat strange for a girl to be seen with a married man so much." He was not allowed to proceed. Miss Jacobs, suddenly producing a big horse-whip, began to apply it vigorously to the aged censor. She aimed at his face and her aim was true to the mark, for every lash cut a furrow across his features.

The girl's rage increased as she punished him, every cut seeming to fan the flame of her passion, while old Van Doren yelled pitifully with pain. Neither his entreaties to spare him nor his efforts to protect his face were of any avail, and before the enraged girl was through with him his countenance was raw.

THRASHED BY THE FATHER, TOO.

Then Jacobs poked a hand. Van Doren was thrown on his back and severely punnished. Where the punishment would have stopped had not Seth J. Shares, foreman of the New Haven brick yards, arrived on the scene and insisted that hostilities cease, it is impossible to conjecture. The father and daughter then separated, he going to his business and she walking down to her dressmaking shop. Old Mr. Van Doren talks about having the Jacobses arrested. The whole town is divided on the case, some thinking that the Jacobses are very unjust, while others, who call Van Doren an old gossip, think the whipping served him right.

Miss Jacobs's friends defy any one to point to any impropriety in her behavior.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss  
LUCAS COUNTY, }

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, Ohio and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

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