

Professional Cards.

Cards inserted under this head as follows: 1 inch, per year...

DENTISTS, HILLSBORO, O. OFFICE—In McKibben block, S. High street.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, HILLSBORO, O. OFFICE—Corner of Main and High streets, Mercantile National Bank Building.

DENTIST, HILLSBORO, O. OFFICE—Hibben block, formerly Herald office.

ATTORNEY AT LAW, HILLSBORO, O. OFFICE—Corner of Main and High streets, Mercantile National Bank Building.

ATTORNEY AT LAW, HILLSBORO, O. OFFICE—Over Febel's Clothing Store.

DENTIST, HILLSBORO, O. OFFICE—Over Febel's Clothing Store, Main street, first door to the right, up-stairs.

ATTORNEY AT LAW, HILLSBORO, O. OFFICE—Southeast corner Main and High streets, room up-stairs.

DENTIST, HILLSBORO, O. OFFICE—Opposite Dr. Hoyt's, W. Main street.

Physicians and Surgeons, HILLSBORO, O. OFFICE—No. 36 West Main street, above McGuire's Tobacco Factory.

Attorney at Law and Notary Public, HILLSBORO, O. OFFICE—In Strauss Building, over Febel's Clothing Store.

Attorney at Law, HILLSBORO, O. OFFICE—Smith Block, S. W. Cor. Main and High Streets.

Attorney at Law, HILLSBORO, O. OFFICE—Smith Block, corner Main and High Streets.

Physician and Surgeon, HILLSBORO, O. OFFICE—Over Quinn Brothers' drug-store, opposite Court-house.

Physician and Surgeon, HILLSBORO, O. OFFICE—Over Quinn Brothers' drug-store, opposite Court-house.

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DOWN TO CALICO.

A Story in Six Chapters.

BY JANIE DIMPLE CHIN.

CHAPTER V.

On the morning of the third day after Dick Fossenden left his uncle's home...

The police watched everybody suspiciously, as they are wont to do when some great crime has been committed...

Little groups of men here and there, talking in low earnest tones, indicated that something extraordinary had recently happened...

Richard Y. Fossenden had been found dead in his room that morning, and the surrounding circumstances gave evidence that he had been murdered...

The body when discovered lay before the hearth, face downwards. A bullet hole in the back, near the spinal column, must have caused death...

There was also an ugly wound in the back of the head, about an inch and a half long and a quarter of an inch wide...

The instrument must have been round, as the gash was deeper in the center than at the sides...

The fact that both wounds were in the back pointed to murder, because, although a man might be able to shoot himself in the back, he could not well make a gash in the back of his head with any weapon...

When found the dead man was attired in a shirt and pantaloons, and having on no coat or vest, people at once concluded that he must have gotten out of bed just before he was attacked...

To substantiate this view the bed-clothes appeared as if some one had just gotten out. A rusty Colt pistol, with a discharged cap on the tube under the hammer, lay near the body...

A pool of blood had dried on the hearth, and the shirt he wore as well as the carpet near him were dyed red. The body was perfectly cold and rigid.

The first to discover the tragedy and set the news of it going was Peter Crowley. Peter lived a short distance away, boarding in his sister's family...

He kept a small garden for Mr. Fossenden, attended to the horses, and did chores about the house. Since the departure of Mr. Fossenden's nephew and the housekeeper Peter had been sleeping in the house in a room adjoining Mr. Fossenden's bed-room...

He did so at the request of his employer, who seemed a little lonely. But he had not seen Mr. Fossenden since a short time before noon of the day before, when the old gentleman came home, somewhat unwell...

Peter had been working at the stable during the afternoon, and at night went to the home of his sister to sit up with a sick child, having previously told his employer that he would be absent...

When he returned in the morning Mr. Fossenden was lying before the fireplace, having been dead some time, as circumstances proved.

The coroner's inquest did not reveal anything startling. A doctor testified that Mr. Fossenden had been slightly indisposed, and he had prescribed something for him, and the druggist identified the half-filled medicine bottle on the mantel-piece...

A restaurant proprietor testified that Mr. Fossenden had made arrangements to take meals at his tables, and that he had not been there since dinner on the day before the report was circulated...

Mr. Morton, of the firm of brokers, Morton & King, swore that Mr. Fossenden was in his office Monday morning, and while there casually mentioned that he was unwell. The firm held some notes on Mr. Fossenden, one of which was due on the previous Saturday...

Mr. Fossenden insisted on paying it off, and promised to call that afternoon. The brokers also wished to purchase some railroad stock from Mr. Fossenden, and were very anxious to get it into their hands...

As the market made excellent offers to that line of speculators. When Mr. Fossenden failed to appear in the afternoon, Morton made out a check in part payment of the amount agreed upon for the railroad stock and sent it to Mr. Fossenden's house, with the note which was due...

The clerk who performed that errand was Fred Seymour, and his testimony was waited for by the public with a good deal of anxiety.

Fred told his story very clearly and without hesitation. He found Mr. Fossenden peevish and fretful. His business with him occupied but a few minutes. Fred accurately described the position in which he sat in a room next to Mr. Fossenden's bed-room...

When he produced the note Mr. Fossenden went into the bed-room, leaving the door ajar. Fred saw him unlock the three pad-locks on the box, and count out five hundred dollars—fifty ten-dollar gold pieces. These Fred tied up in his handkerchief and carried back...

Fred said the gold must have been in the bottom of the box, as Mr. Fossenden had to remove several sacks to get at it. Among the things piled upon the floor from the box was a large rusty pistol. On receiving the note and the check Mr. Fossenden thrust them into his outside coat pocket...

Fred's ease and freedom of manner under examination lifted the suspicion which the public had placed against him. Peter Crowley was also suspected of knowing more about the crime than he cared to tell...

Peter said that when he found Mr. Fossenden dead in the bed-

room, the lid of the box was standing open, and Mr. Fossenden's bunch of keys was hanging on the ring, which was attached to the key in the third pad-lock. There was no money in the box. He got into the house by means of a key to the night-lock, which Mr. Fossenden had given him on Saturday...

He had seen Fred Seymour go in at the front gate some time Monday afternoon, but did not recollect of his going out. He had found two silver dollars on a table near the front door to the alley on the north side of the yard. The ground being frozen, he could see no tracks. Peter was an excitable fellow and when he got started, told most of his story without being questioned...

Dick Fossenden was placed on the stand, but out of respect to his feelings, he was not detained long. He told of the difficulty with his uncle a few days before. This was also testified to by Jimmie Brown. The testimony brought out at the inquest had been in substance made public before, and when the coroner found that Richard Y. Fossenden came to his death by means of a deadly weapon or weapons at the hands of some person or persons unknown, the public was not satisfied...

Dick first heard of the tragedy when Peter Crowley came into his office and gave him the key to the night-lock. It was the same key that Dick had returned to his uncle on leaving the house. Peter hurried out the news in his impulsive way, and told all he knew about the circumstances. Of course Dick was astounded. It was a severe shock. When Dick went to the late home of his uncle, he found that the neighbors had congregated and a bunch of crepe hung from the door-knob. That was Tuesday afternoon, the same day the murder had been reported. The undertaker was preparing the body for burial. Dick moved quietly about, speaking to one and another, whom he knew. He recognized one or two reporters in the gathering. He went up stairs to his own old room, and a sound of weeping in the next room attracted his attention. It was Jimmie, crying as if her heart would break. It was a sad sight, one that brought the moisture to Dick's eyes. He tried to soothe her, but his efforts and kindness only made the tender-hearted house-keeper sob the harder. She had looked on the old man, cold and motionless, and the hard-set features now distorted by the agonies of a cruel death, roused emotions which she could not suppress. Dick gave her the key which Peter had left with him, and asked her to look after the house for a few days, and this Jimmie promised to do.

Returning to his boarding house, Dick passed the Marine Bank, and noticed that crepe was displayed there also in memory of the dead president. The cashier was standing on the great stone steps, and called to him as he passed. Mr. Seymour showed Dick into a cozy room in the rear of the building, gave him a chair and then left him for a moment. A door opened into the counting-room, from which came a low hum of voices and a faint odor of cigar smoke. The employees were busy, even though the president was dead, and the shutters were closed, and the crepe appeared at the entrance. When Mr. Seymour returned, he closed the door and handed Dick a folded paper.

"That," said he, "is your uncle's will. It has been locked up in the vault of the bank for three months past." Dick took the paper and read it slowly, while Mr. Seymour watched him closely. The document bequeathed all the wealth of the murdered man to the person who was reading it.

"Well," said the cashier expectantly, when Dick had refolded the paper. But Dick was silent.

"The reason I was so hasty about this matter," the cashier said, "is that whatever is done toward hunting down the person or persons who murdered Mr. Fossenden, should be done quickly. As you see I am the one chosen by your uncle, in that document to execute his will and, naturally, I feel a responsibility under the existing circumstances. Besides, suspicion rests heavily on my son, and I feel very anxious that he shall be cleared before the public, and that the guilty one be brought to justice."

"It is needless for me to say," Dick replied calmly, "that I am intensely desirous of bringing my uncle's murderer to justice, and of righting any false impressions as to anybody's guilt, but at present I have no plan in mind. I heard the testimony at the coroner's inquest this morning, but I have not had time to consider it. If you wish to make a move in any direction, go ahead and I will support you. I think it would hardly seem proper for me to be chief in the investigation, just now. I think it would be well to have the will probated, so that your action may be correctly understood."

"You are right, there," Mr. Seymour answered, "I had thought of employing a detective to go to work on the case immediately. Every minute that passes unimproved lessens the chances of catching the criminal."

"That is true," said Dick.

"Then acting on your suggestion and partly in your behalf, I shall take the will to court and employ a detective," said Mr. Seymour with a rising inflection.

Dick assented.

"Well, I will see you again, when we can talk longer," the cashier added, when Dick rose to go, "and in the mean-

time I shall prosecute the case as vigorously as possible."

The procession which followed Richard Y. Fossenden's remains to their final resting place, was a large one, though the peculiarity of his death may have caused it, more than respect for his life. Some people expressed sympathy for Dick in his unnatural bereavement, while others, with more blunt sensibilities, congratulated him upon falling heir to so handsome a fortune. There always are people who think the chief end of man is his bank account.

Detective Moore entered upon the investigation of the murder with few clues that he might follow with certainty. He had the impression of the gash in the back of the head, but he had not the weapon which produced it. He had also the ball which had penetrated the lung and lodged in the heart, but it was a long way from that to the hand which fired the shot. The detective spent much of his time studying the circumstance at the rickety writing-desk in Mr. Fossenden's bed-room. He had engaged boarding near by, in order to study the habits of the neighbors. No announcements were made and the public grew impatient. The only person with whom Mr. Moore conversed at any length was Mr. Seymour. Day after day the newspapers were filled with floating rumors, and what appeared one day was contradicted the next. Yet the columns were eagerly perused to see what developments had been made. Everybody was exasperated by the dilatory detective, but nothing could be done but to wait.

Some held one theory about the murder, some another. A large number accused Peter Crowley, some suspected Fred Seymour, a few believed Dick Fossenden was implicated, and a very few thought the old man had committed suicide. Still Mr. Moore remained silent and consulted Mr. Seymour, and a wag-gish punster remarked that if Moore could see a little more he would not need to see Mr. Seymour so much. The detective satisfied himself of Peter Crowley's innocence by personally examining the simple-minded gardener. Then he thought it possible that the man had committed suicide, but the bold robbery instantly drove away that view of the case. Once his suspicions rested on Jimmie, but so horrible a murder could hardly be carried out by a woman, especially an unobtrusive one like the housekeeper. Her duties about the house, which had been assigned to her by Dick, sometimes brought her in contact with the taciturn detective.

From her he learned something of the ill-feeling that existed between her employer and the banker who had been so much despised of finding the murderer. He pondered over the case day after day, but he finally arrived at a conclusion, when a week had passed. He made Mr. Seymour acquainted with his plan, and the banker was convinced of their correctness. It was a desperate course the detective determined to follow, but it might accomplish something, and it would prove or disprove his suspicions. Mr. Moore confidentially told a few of his neighbors what he had thought of the case, feeling sure that the news would magnify and spread and get into the newspapers, where he desired it to go. True to his expectations, the papers of the next morning came out with a flashing headline, announcing that the murder was no longer a mystery. Richard Y. Fossenden had been murdered by his nephew. The article went on to recite the facts, laying due stress on Dick's quarrels with his uncle, and his refusing to take any part in the investigation, when Mr. Seymour requested him to do so. It also stated that Dick had been vainly trying to borrow money, and had taken this method to secure the contents of his uncle's box. The article did not leave a deep impression on those who were reading and hearing, but it was prominent. The only difference between this and the false reports that preceded it, was that it purported to come "direct from Detective Moore."

A circumstance which seemed to lend credence to the report, was that Dick Fossenden could not be seen on the street. He was not in his office and could not be found. That was what the detective had expected. If the accused fled, it would prove his guilt, and he had prepared to intercept his flight, so he had a sharp eye for him. He had seen Dick to be the murderer were triumphant, and even the most incredulous could not be sure of his innocence.

Mr. Fisher read the newspaper article before breakfast, and a family conference lasted two hours. Sympathy for the bereft mother was not wanting. The banker had flowed freely, but with this critical turn in the case, doubts arose in the minds of Mr. and Mrs. Fisher. There were no doubts in Florence's mind, and a brigade of detectives could not have convinced her of Dick's guilt. Mr. Fisher was the motor of ideas in the home circle, and she thought Florence had better discontinue Dick's attentions until he had gotten out of this embarrassing situation. Mr. Fisher sided with his wife. He regretted that Dick had been thrown in such a dilemma, but he thought Florence should wait till Dick had extricated himself. Florence could furnish no reason but her unwillingness, and that was doubly convincing for her. Mr. Fisher insisted, and Florence, poor appetite, her eyes swelled. But her prudent parents did not desert. Florence admitted that it might be wiser to let Dick explain his innocence publicly, before expressing her confidence in him, but that did not convince her of her duty. The older heads conquered, however, and Florence took her pen to write—a she hardly knew what. One sheet was blotted by a great big tear, and when she had begun on another one, she shielded it with her hands. Florence was a girl who cared nothing for society customs, and time-honored usages were heeded but little when they conflicted with convenience or common sense. She could not see why it would not be as prudent to wait till she heard Dick's story, before enforcing the harsh edict of her parents.

The boy who carried the note to Dick's office returned, saying that Dick was

not there, and that he had pushed the envelope under the door. Oh how Florence wished the boy had brought the letter back with him! But could it be possible that Dick had run away? Dick had no notion of emigrating to Canada. He had gone to bed with an aching head the night before, and slept late that morning. When he started to his office he noticed that passersby stared at him, and he wondered why. Turning a corner he heard a familiar voice utter a halloo.

"Nquire, C'mercial 'G'zette—all about th' Fess'nd'n murder!"

Dick was greeted by a vision of a new-boy in a short-sleeved coat.

"Hey there, Buckles!"

Buckles turned and came back, grinning.

"I want a paper," Dick said, extending a coin. The boy evidently expected a recognition from his kind friend, but Dick had caught sight of the sensational headlines. He went to his office, where he read the chain of evidence, which connected him with his uncle's murder. At a time when excitement was at fever heat, he was not surprised that such a report should find its way into the newspapers, but it chagrined him to see that the statement originated with Detective Moore. When Dick was about to lay the paper aside, he caught sight of the tinted envelope under the door. Truly, Dick was receiving the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. But the latter missile made a deeper wound than the newspaper's false report.

"Fickle flirt," Dick muttered, as he tossed the letter from him. "A fellow might scrape the sea of society with an oyster-rod, and catch nothing but barnacles. Having relieved himself of this uncouth figure, Dick closed the door with a bang and started off to see the doughty detective. Within a square of his uncle's late residence, Dick met Jimmie, wiping her eyes with her apron and crying bitterly. She recognized Dick before they met and stopped, and when Dick came up she gave him the key to the night-lock.

"Why, Jimmie," Dick exclaimed, "what's the matter?"

"Oh, the awful man!" Jimmie replied, sobbing.

"What man?" Dick queried.

"Mr. Moore. I just come from there," said she, pointing back. "And he says, you killed your uncle, and you didn't, do you, Dick?" Jimmie fixed her grey eyes on Dick and the tears streamed down her cheeks.

"Why, certainly I didn't," Dick answered, stupidly. He hardly knew what to say to her. "But you mustn't worry, Jimmie, I'm going to see him."

"Oh, are you though?" said Jimmie, brightening.

"Yes, Jimmie. Now, don't worry about that."

Dick nodded a "good-day," and passed on. The detective had told Jimmie that he believed Dick was guilty, and she was surprised that so terrible a charge should be made against her faithful friend, and once refuted it. The detective argued and Jimmie contradicted, and when Mr. Moore furnished the proofs for his belief, Jimmie was unable to prove Dick's innocence, but into tears.

Dick closed the front gate when he had gone in, and as the latch clicked behind him, a man opened the front door, came out on the step and closed the door behind him, and Dick and Detective Moore stood facing each other, at opposite ends of the stoek walk.

[To be continued.]

Indigestion can be successfully treated by the regular use of Dr. Bull's Baltimore Pills.

Keep your horses healthy. For horses, distemper, founder, and worms, use Day's Horse Powder.

Babies cry because they suffer. The most reliable remedy for the relief of their discomfort is Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. It is pure and pure. 25 cts. per bottle.

Real Estate Transfers.

Huston Barr to Sarah Frances Clinter, 5 acres, 14 poles, \$110.

James H. Gustin to John W. Parshall, Madison township, 110 1/2 acres, \$4000.

Wm. W. Parsons to Margaret E. Gustin, Madison township, 110 1/2 acres, \$4000.

Noah Swinsham and son to Frederick Moore, Boston, Iowa, \$75.

W. B. Hallie E. Cochran to Quinton Williams, Marshall township, 64 acres, \$1000.

"The best on earth" can truly be said of Griggs' Glycerine Salve—a speedy cure for cuts, bruises, scalds, burns, sores, piles, tetter and all skin eruptions. Try this wonder healer. 25 cents. Guaranteed.

Probate Court.

Will of W. H. Rees filed.

Will of John Bunyon filed.

Will of William H. Rees admitted to probate. Jolly, filed final account.

D. M. Fairley, guardian of J. Y. Fairley, filed inventory.

Will of William H. Rees admitted to probate. Samuel B. Rees, appointed executor of Wm. H. Rees, bond, \$6500.

J. A. W. Sparger, administrator of the estate of J. A. W. Sparger, filed inventory and appraisal.

J. A. W. Sparger, administrator of the estate of Abigail W. Sparger, filed sale bill.

MANAGER LISTS.

Charles L. Daniels and Estlin G. Miller, George W. Leonard and Victoria Robb. John Hudson and Martha Robinson.

A 50 cent bottle of Dr. Bigelow's Positive Cure will promptly and thoroughly cure the worst case of recent cough, cold or throat or lung trouble. Buy the dollar bottle for chronic cases. Pleasant to take. All druggists.

SHACKELTON.

Rev. Smith, of Seneca, Ohio, will commence preaching at Mt. Zion Reform Church and Mt. Calvary on the 16th of May, where he will officiate as pastor for the year.

Two more old pioneers have passed away. John Bunyon died at his home near this place, on the 29th of April, and was buried in the Mt. Zion cemetery. Jesse Keeler died at his home, near Hoopland's Crossing, on the 1st of May, and was also buried at the Mt. Zion cemetery.

To err is human, but you make no mistake if you use Dr. Jones' Kidney and Bladder Cure, which will promptly and thoroughly cure the worst case of recent cough, cold or throat or lung trouble. Buy the dollar bottle for chronic cases. Pleasant to take. All druggists.

Resolutions of Thanks.

WHEREAS, It has pleased certain kind friends in Hillsboro to contribute so liberally to the support of the Hillsboro Normal and Teachers' Training School, therefore be it resolved, that we, the undersigned, do hereby return our heartfelt thanks for the kindness that has thus been shown to us.

Resolved, that you have hereby conferred a favor, not only upon us, but also upon the Hillsboro Normal and Teachers' Training School, and that we will endeavor to do our best to sustain the same.

Resolved, that we, as members of the Hillsboro Normal and Teachers' Training School, return our heartfelt thanks for the kindness that has thus been shown to us.

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