

THE WITHRINGTON MYSTERY

Was There Nothing in It, or Was It a Scientific Wonder?

By P. A. MITCHEL

At Newport, R. I., is a house which three-quarters of a century ago was the finest of all the "cottages," as the dwellings of summer residents were then called, in the town. Even then it was an old house and full of old furniture, such as four post beds, tables with three legs and claw feet, high bureaus with small mirrors on top and other seventeenth and eighteenth century articles.

From the settlement of Newport the property had belonged to the Withrington family, the original Withrington having come out from England with a patent from the government of lands in Rhode Island.

There was one Withrington—he was the heir to the estate, including the Newport manor house—who went abroad and was never heard of afterward. This was in the year 1857. Ralph Withrington, the person referred to, had a passion for science and went to Germany to study under the then famous Professor Hinkel-



"PARDON WHAT MAY SEEM AN INTRUSION," SAID THE VISITOR.

schneider of the University of Bonn. Withrington was often seen by various persons entering and leaving the professor's laboratory. On the 10th of November, 1858, he was seen to make such entrance. He was not seen to depart at the usual time; nor was he ever seen again—at least in Bonn.

Samuel Withrington, a cousin in America, being informed that Ralph had disappeared, went to Germany to investigate the matter, but received no satisfaction. Professor Hinkel-schneider was so universally respected that no charge of his having made way with his pupil would be received by the authorities. Samuel Withrington returned to America and laid claim to Ralph's estate, but since nothing could be transferred to him without proof of the owner's death the courts retained charge of it. The Newport manor house remained vacant for many years, when it was purchased by a family of the name of Puscharth. They used a crest on certain of their belongings, but the only crest to which they were entitled was a cart, with a handle to be grasped by a human being, for the founder of the family had in 1742 been a peddler in New York city and was called first the pushcart man, then Old Puscharth, and when his family came into possession of a large fortune which he had accumulated the name became Puscharth, and later, after the family had become respectable, it was changed to Withrington. A genius for accumulation had been the family talent, and they were now very rich. They were also very aristocratic and preferred the Withrington manor house with its old furniture, because they said it reminded them of the original Puscharth chateau in France from which the original Puscharth had been sent out to Canada by King Louis XIV.

Professor Hinkel-schneider died in an insane asylum. He had made some wonderful scientific discoveries and was said to have been half a century ahead of his time, having arrived at results that he did not give to the world, but which have recently been brought out by a famous institution for original research. His son, Gustav, inherited his scientific tastes and his laboratory. It was noticed that after the father's death the son would not permit any other person than himself to enter the laboratory.

Gustav was succeeded by his son Heinrich, who did not inherit the genius of his grandfather or even the tastes of his father. He tore down the laboratory to make room for a building that would afford him an income.

Fifty years after the disappearance of Ralph Withrington it was reported in Bonn that Heinrich Hinkel-schneider had uncovered a vault in the laboratory from which he had taken an oblong box, such as is used for inclosing turgid caskets, that the box contained a shriveled leatherlike body, that a paper was found stating that the contents of the box was a desiccated body, which might be brought to life by a certain process, that was given in minute detail and lastly that it had been

turned over to a corps of scientists, who had applied the process given and brought the leathery substance to a living human being.

There were a few persons in Bonn who attached some credence to this story. No one else paid any attention to it, and it passed away, as a Munchausen tale.

During the first decade of the twentieth century, when the Withrington property had long ago passed into the Puscharth family, a man apparently about twenty-five years of age entered the place and, advancing to the house, rang the bell, sent up his card—Ralph H. Withrington—with the word that he belonged to the family that had formerly owned the property.

The butler took the card, ushered the visitor into a drawing room and after a brief absence returned, saying that the only person who could see Mr. Withrington was Miss Puscharth, who would be down directly. A young lady of haughty mien appeared, who maintained that reserve to be expected from one of high degree. But no sooner had she taken a fair look at her caller than she started. There was an unwholesome leathery look about him that appalled her. She knew all about the family from whom her father had obtained the place; that since one named Ralph Withrington, the owner, had not given a deed to the property the title was defective, and a dreadful idea came to her that he had returned from the dead to claim his own.

"Pardon what may seem an intrusion," said the visitor. "You have seen by my card that I am a Withrington. I have been spending some time in Germany and since my return have felt a desire to visit the home of my boyhood."

Miss Puscharth shuddered the moment Mr. Withrington began to speak, for his voice had something of the sound of a pair of leather bellows. His throat appeared to be dry and the vocal organs stiff. When he spoke of the home of his boyhood she interrupted him:

"Excuse me. You have mistaken the place. I was born and have lived here all my life, and I must be nearly your age."

"My ancestors, I should have said," hastily replied the visitor.

"I have heard," the lady continued, "that one of the Withrington family named Ralph disappeared a great many years ago. Indeed, I understand that he was the owner of this property at the time of his disappearance, therefore you are a descendant of this Ralph Withrington and can supply the deficiency."

A singular expression came over the young man's face. As Miss Puscharth looked at him in the light dimmed by the heavy curtains it seemed to her that she saw in him the soul of a very old man. As to his body, it was neither old nor young. There was something about it to remind her of a certain bachelor she knew of seventy-five who kept his position as a bean in society. He was so artistically made up that one could scarcely tell whether he was seventy-five or twenty-five. Without making a direct reply, her guest, in the courtly manner of half a century before, assured her that he could make good the title to the place and asked her if she would inherit it.

"It is mine already," she said. "My mother died when I was a child and my father a year ago. There is nothing to trouble me in the settlement of the estate except the outstanding interest of this namesake of yours. Doubtless he is dead long ago and will never trouble us, but I wish the defect could be supplied."

Glancing at Withrington, she noticed another expression on his face that startled her. It was or resembled the look of one who was thinking of love, of marriage—marriage with her. But it was not the look a young man would have given her with such intent; it was more like a leer from a septuagenarian.

Without directly pursuing the matter her visitor broke out in an impassioned manner, telling her that he found himself in a world from which all who had loved him and whom he had loved had departed and left him alone. He was hungry for affection. If no new attachment came to him, nothing to fill the frightful void, he would go mad. If such an affection could be purchased he would give for it, his family homestead, were it still his.

During this address at times he seemed to be an attractive young man offering her his devotion, at times a broken down antiquated piece of dried flesh, begging for some one to take care of him in his old age. Suddenly recovering himself he arose and said:

"But I will inflict no more of this on you. I may see you again, and I may not. At any rate, I will see that you have a clear title to this manor house."

Without waiting for a reply he hurried away.

That was the last time Miss Puscharth saw her visitor. A few days later there came to her through the mail a document got up in proper legal form which, if the signature was genuine, removed the flaw from the title to her home. It was signed Ralph Howard Withrington. No letter accompanied it. Miss Puscharth immediately sent for her attorney and turned the document over to him with instructions to look into the matter. Within a week he returned it with a statement that he had found a number of signatures on different records of Ralph Howard Withrington, had referred the signature she had given him to experts who had compared it with those he had found, and one and all had pronounced it genuine.

The above is a record of all that is known of the Withrington mystery that a few years ago caused such a stir in the Puscharth family and their intimate associates.

A Wild Man

He Was Tamed at Christmas Time

By F. A. MITCHEL

Enoch Cory was a wild sort of a man simply because he had never been tamed, though heredity had something to do with it. His parents were pioneers in the far west, who, as fast as the country filled up, moved on farther into the wilderness. Finally they were killed by Indians and their house reduced to ashes. Enoch, then a little boy, was carried off by the redskins, with whom he lived till he was old enough to know that he was of a different race, when he joined a wagon train, then turned buffalo hunter, and, after floating about till he became a man, following instincts derived from his father, settled in a region far from any abode. There he built his cabin and supplied his wants by hunting.

The country was filling up as it had been in the days of his parents, but Enoch, instead of moving on as they had done, pursued a different course. Whenever settlers squatted within a distance of ten or a dozen miles from him he moved the apron aside, and there lay two little children asleep in each other's arms. The slight awakened the first spark of gentleness in Enoch's breast. No man is good who can look upon a sleeping child and not be moved to tenderness, and no man is irretrievably bad who at such a slight feels softened.

Enoch stood for awhile looking down at the children, their rosy cheeks contrasting with their fair, tumbled locks, and saw something, felt something, that he had never experienced before. The idea of turning these innocents out of their nest in the dead of winter seemed horrible to him.

He turned away at last and went on to his cabin. What had come in there since he had gone out? It was the spirit of loneliness, though he did not know it. It had been born with the sight of two sleeping children, had come home with him and had slipped in before him. He threw the turkey down and, sinking into a chair he had made out of a barrel, gave himself up to a reverie upon what he had encountered.

The next day Enoch met with an additional surprise. Going to the newly constructed cabin at the same hour as before he found the children again slumbering and no one with them. He inferred that whoever had them in charge put them to sleep at this hour and went out on some duty. But the surprise Enoch met with was that the evergreen tree in the corner had blossomed with all sorts of gewgaws. At least this was his first impression. The occupants of the cabin must have had in their effects or had obtained some of those baubles that are used for the decoration of Christmas trees. Enoch's curiosity was excited. What did it mean? He exercised his faculties for an explanation, but none came.

A little hand lay open, and something impelled Enoch to place his huge finger in the palm. The tiny fingers closed upon it, bringing to the wild man a sensation he had never felt before. Somehow he couldn't repress a smile, and yet he didn't know what he was smiling at. It was rather in his heart than on his lips. He left his finger in the waxen clasp till, fancying he heard a twig crack without, he suddenly withdrew it lest he should be caught displaying a weakness.

He was mistaken as to some one coming, but he did not care to meet the occupant just then, for he had not yet entirely let go of his habit of driving every one away from him and did not wish to meet the settler while in an uncertain condition. Returning to his cabin he again gave himself up to thought about the strangers, but his finger was still wrapped in the tiny hand of the child, and he could not get rid of it.

Suddenly a face—a woman's face—appeared at the door of his cabin. It was an ordinary countenance; but to Enoch in his new departure it appeared very comely. At any rate, it was young and there was a fearlessness about it that impressed the wild man.

"Stranger," she said, "Christmas is coming, and though I've been out every day trying to shoot a deer, I haven't been able to do so. I haven't got even a bear. I don't know what I'm going to do for a Christmas dinner. The children don't need meat, and I can get on without it, but I've never in my life been without a good dinner on Christmas. In fact, I've never been without a turkey, and I don't like to begin now."

Enoch looked and listened while a struggle between the habit of his life and a new birth within him were struggling for mastery. Then he turned and pointed to the turkey hanging from a peg on the wall.

"Would that do?" he asked.

"Well, I should think it would. But if I should take it what would you do?"

"I don't need a dinner on Christmas. I wouldn't miss not having one, for I don't know anything about Christmas."

"Don't know about Christmas? Well, I declare, I tell you what you do. I'll cook your turkey for you, and you come and eat your Christmas dinner with us."

"Are you the person who has settled near here with the two children?"

"Yes."

"How did you come to do it?"

"I married a man with a restless spirit. He kept me moving away from other people as long as he lived, and when he died left me with nothing. I squatted as best I could down there and am waiting for something to turn up."

It required some time for Enoch to digest this brief statement, and when he had done so he took down the turkey and handed it to the woman. It represented what was intended by Lord Cornwallis when he handed his sword to Washington at Yorktown.

"Will you eat it with us tomorrow?" she asked.

"Yes, I will."

Christmas at noon Cory went to the widow's cabin and found her neatly dressed, the children in clean pinafores and their hair carefully combed and curled. He knew nothing of Christmas gifts, but he had whittled out a couple of toys for the children which they received with sparkling eyes. The turkey was swinging on an extemporized spit before the fire, and other viands were being prepared.

That was a day of regeneration to Enoch Cory. Instead of requiring the family to move off, he set himself to work to build a new cabin for them, and when he had finished it and they had moved in he mustered up courage to ask the widow if he might not move in, too, as her husband. She consented, and that was the end of the moving that had been the curse of two families, an end accomplished on Christmas day.



A WOMAN APPEARED AT THE DOOR OF HIS CABIN.

him be showed by his manner that the newcomers were unwelcome, and the matter always ended by their moving on instead of Enoch.

One day in December it occurred to Cory that his larder, so far as meat was concerned, was getting low and he had better shoot something. He preferred that his meat should hang for awhile after being killed that it might lose its toughness. Christmas was coming on, but this was not a consideration in his case, because he knew nothing about the day or what it was intended to celebrate, for during that period when one takes a direct interest in Christmas he had been living with Indians. Nevertheless it happened that on the coming 25th of December he would need meat.

Taking his rifle and his other paraphernalia, he started forth in search of deer. He found none, but got a fine wild turkey. Slinging it over his shoulder, he started back to his cabin, taking a different route from the one by which he had come. Passing from a thicket, he came upon a natural opening, and in the space was a dome of adobe or dried clay, part log and part board. The chimney, built of stone and mud, was not much higher than his head. There were a couple of windows in the shanty, in each of which a single glass had been put without a sash. In lieu of a door three planks had been nailed together.

Enoch awoke. He had not long before made it hot for a family who had settled in the neighborhood, and they had left for other parts. He had seen a father and a mother dragging half a dozen children from quarters that they had made comparatively comfortable at their disturber as she plodded on, and he had not liked it. He was not a bad man at heart—he was simply a wild man. And now the necessity—as he regarded it—for turning out another family troubled him.

He went to the door of the hut, pulled it open and looked in. There were coals on the hearth, which glowed brightly and threw out a comfortable warmth. Though everything was rough and uncouth there was cleanliness. Enoch could not but contrast it with his own dirty cabin. But what especially attracted his attention was a pair of evergreen boughs bound together in ropes and hung in festoons from the ceiling or, rather, the roof. He had never seen Christmas decorations and did not know what they were for. In one corner an evergreen tree four or five feet high had been propped up on a bit of board. What in the world did the occupants want with so much evergreen? Did they think that the tree would preserve its freshness set up on a board and without roots?

Suddenly Enoch started. What was that? It was like a sound from a human being. Going to a bunk before which a calico apron had been hung,

he moved the apron aside, and there lay two little children asleep in each other's arms. The slight awakened the first spark of gentleness in Enoch's breast. No man is good who can look upon a sleeping child and not be moved to tenderness, and no man is irretrievably bad who at such a slight feels softened.

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Head of the Family

By GROVER J. GRIFFIN

"As soon as I go into a family," said my bachelor uncle, "I can tell which is the head of the house, the husband or the wife."

I sat up and took notice of this. I was to be married within a few weeks to a young lady who thus far had given way before my slightest wish.

"Can you tell that with an engaged couple, Uncle George?"

"Only on general principles."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Nine women in ten are sharp enough before marriage to make their husbands think they're dying to be mastered. As soon as the ceremony has been performed they begin to get on under."

"Hey! I felt myself turning pale at the prospect before me. 'What would you do,' I asked, 'if you had been married and your wife commenced the get-him-under racket?'

"I wouldn't be married in the first place. Ask your father. He knows."

"How is it, father?"

"All husbands must give in to their wives sooner or later, my boy."

Here were two men of experience of whom I should have learned. But the experience of age is of no consequence to youth. It occurred to me that I would bring on a trial as soon as I had returned from the honeymoon to determine which had the stronger will, my wife or I.

I tried in various ways to get up a wrangle between my wife and myself, but in everything I required she gave up so cheerfully that I began to think if my father was right my case was an exception. If my wife announced that we would have lamb for dinner and I insisted on beef, beef it was. If I wished to go to the theater and she wished to stay at home we went to the theater, and if the wishes were reversed I still had my way. I invited my uncle to dinner just to show him that it was I who was head of the house. He came, I undertook to do a bit of training by way of illustration, and it succeeded beyond my expectations till a matter came up of very little consequence, but upon which my wife seemed to have set her heart upon having her own way. She wore a dress with a trimming which I did not like, and during the dinner chat I suggested that she change it. She made no reply, and I said nothing more at the time.

When my uncle departed while helping him on with his overcoat I said, "Well, Uncle George, who's boss in my house, my wife or I?"

"Your wife."

"What makes you think so?" I asked in surprise.

"Oh, I know their tricks and their manners."

I followed him out to the stoop, trying to get him to tell me why he had set me down as second in the family, especially after I had furnished such excellent proof that I was playing the first violin. He would not satisfy me, but finally said, "Let me know whether your wife changes the trimming you spoke of at dinner."

A week after that I was at my father's home when Uncle George came in. "Hello, Bob!" was his cheery greeting. "What are you doing here? One would suppose so soon after marriage you would be billing and cooing in your own domicile."

If I had known I was to meet him there I would never have gone myself. If I had had warning of his coming I would have slipped out the back door. As it was he caught me in a trap, I suppose I looked embarrassed. At any rate he continued:

"How are you getting on at home, my boy? Everything serene? No tiffs yet?"

"Nothing serious?"

"How about that trimming? Has she changed it?"

"No, but she will, or by the by—"

"Oh! Has it become necessary for you to put your foot down?"

What was the use of keeping up any pretense of deception? He had me in a corner, and I might as well out with it.

"That trimming," I said, "has become the test as to which is head of the house, my wife or I. We're fighting it out now."

"You don't mean it! But you're not fighting it out here, are you?"

"I am."

"And Belle?"

"Oh, Belle; she's at her mother's."

"That's too bad."

"We've been having a monkey and a parrot time of it. By the by, Uncle, how did you know that there was likely to be trouble on the score of that trimming?"

"Happened to be looking at Belle and saw a small store in her eye."

"She didn't say anything?"

"That's just it. When a woman rages, fear nothing. When she doesn't say anything, look out."

"How do you know all this? You've never been married."

My uncle made no reply to this. He changed his tone to one of fatherly advice. "Go home, my boy, and give in. Though a bachelor and called a woman hater, I am not the latter. I've watched husbands and wives for twenty years, and my observations have taught me that the man is head of the family in certain things, the woman in other things. It's piggyish in a man to wish to have his way in everything. What's a bit of trimming to you?"

That was the end of my trying to be the head of the family in anything except that for which nature intended me to be head.

HILLSBORO MARKETS

HILLSBORO, Dec. 26, 1912.
Retail Grocers
BUYING PRICES

Wheat, bushels	50
Corn, new	30
Oats	25
Potatoes	30
White Beans, bushels	40
Butter	30
Eggs, dozen	30
Young Chickens	10
Chickens, per lb.	9
Turkeys, per lb.	10
Ducks, per lb.	8
Bacon Hams, per lb.	18
Bacon Sides	11
Bacon Shoulders	11
Lard	25
Hay, ton	25

RETAIL PRICES

White Sugar	10 1/2
Granulated Sugar	10 1/2
Cornstarch and Powdered Sugar	10
Coffee, Rio	35
Tea, Black	70
Tea, Green	70
Cheese, factory	20
Flour, good family brand, cwt.	2 20
Molasses, N. O. gallon	40
Sorghum	40
Golden Syrup	35
Old Oil	10
Salt	10
Hams, city sugar cured, lb.	17 1/2

LIVE STOCK

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7	Headache, Sick Headache, Vertigo	25
8	Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weak Stomach	25
9	Croup, Hoarseness, Laryngitis	25
10	Sore Throat, Tonsillitis	25
11	Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel	25
12	Sciatica, Neuralgia	25
13	Sciatica, Neuralgia	25
14	Sciatica, Neuralgia	25
15	Sciatica, Neuralgia	25
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WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. G, Tyroce, Pa.

Dawson—I hear that Blank has dropped a hundred thousand in the stock market. It must be hard to lose so much money.

De Broke—Hard? Impossible for me.—Boston Transcript.

A Des Moines man had an attack of muscular rheumatism in the shoulder. A friend advised him to go to Hot Springs. That meant an expense of \$150 or more. He sought for a quicker and cheaper way to cure it and found it in Chamberlain's Liniment. Three days after the first application of this liniment he was well. For sale by all dealers.

American chewing gum is now being sold in all large cities in Germany.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give you three dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for our circular.

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Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.