Dr. Powell's Curious Book

(By Bertram A. Koblegard, of Weston.)

Since all the principals in the strange case of Dr. Powell's Curious Book, as it was called more than a decade ago, have departed this life, the following facts, with deductions based upon an accidental discovery by myself, may serve as a solution of its mystery—a mystery so absolute that many men were driven by its glamour to attempt desperate deeds to provide a solution, and always with the same result—failure.

Joseph Powell, a Virginian, was a noted surgeon during the Civil war, at the close of which he retired with a fortune. His wealth, however, was not acquired through his profession, but by a single deal or investment in real estate—not an extraordinary thing, indeed, but one that, when all the circumstances of his lucky deal are cited, will be found to bear most strangely and startlingly upon this narrative of the man and his wonderful hobby, his book.

The volume was commonplace enough in outward appearance, being rather large and stoutly bound in sheep, adorned with heavy clasps of silver. The story of its manufacture was as unknown as its purpose and contents.

Throughout the war and after the close of hostilities, Dr. Powell and his book were inseparable. The leathern bag, swung from the shoulder by a strap, and containing the precious volume, became recognized as an essential part of the eminent surgeon's raiment wherever and whenever he appeared. During social intercourse the surgical case was laid aside; the book never left his hands. Whenever he opened the volume, he first made sure that no prying eyes were close enough to scan its contents. The fact that Dr. Powell always carried the book with him, guarding it zealously and giving it the tender care and solicitude of a mother to her babe, invested it with deep mystery and rendered the public most curious concerning its nature. At first this inordinate curiosity had led the bolder ones to make direct inquiries, but their experience had been an everlasting warning to others. Dr. Powell was a reserved man; his disposition bordering on the morose; besides, his tongue was as sharp and as cutting as his instruments. Therefore, while no one but himself was permitted even a glance at the forbidden pages of the book, many conjectures were advanced about it—and conjecture was the only recourse at hand. That it was a private text on surgery was hardly plausible, since he was wholly self-reliant on his science. It was not a Bible, for he was known to be a skeptic on religious subjects. But, he had investigated the claims of Spiritualism, and, while not a believer, was fond of occult studies. Consequently some insisted that it must be a rare work on an esoteric theme.

These facts and conjectures tended to spread the book's fame, which was distinctly displeasing to Dr. Powell. Men laid traps to get possession of the volume, as they would something of known worth, but in every instance failed. On one occasion two masked men planned to waylay Dr. Powell in a secluded spot for the purpose of stealing his book, but they quickly realized that this strange man had in some mysterious manner forestalled their appearance and design, by going to his home by another and more circuitous route. This and other happenings caused the book to be regarded as a talisman, or bizarre amulet. Incidentally, when in the field, Dr. Powell's life had been preserved on two occasions by the book's interception of bullets which pierced but did not penetrate its mysterious contents. But, whether the odd tome possessed talismanic power or not, its owner certainly bore a charmed life; as, for instance, in two duels he fought and adroitly won. One of these in particular, which has to do with the narrative, was the result of a challenge issued by Dr. Powell to a wealthy New Yorker, Jason Poe, whom Dr. Powell alleged had atrociously affronted him. The weapons used were pistols, and Poe received a wound in the left arm, which soon afterward made amputation necessary. Poe's physician being ill at the time, and none other being available, Dr. Powell offered to perform the operation that was to save, and did save, the life of his enemy. Poe, in spite of this act, never acknowledged the wrong he had committed, or seemed in the least grateful.

Several months after this episode, Poe, who had regained his former health, made a purchase of a considerable tract of land near New York City, which was then regarded as commonplace, but which soon afterward became immensely valuable by reason of a sudden demand of commerce. Whereupon, Poe sold his property for a fortune, when it had cost him but a mere pittance in comparison. At the time he bought this tract, he wanted also the one adjoining, which was of equal size, but was informed that it was sold. He did not take the time or trouble to find out to whom the sale had been made, but had he, he would have been more than surprised, as he was when its owner also sold out his piece, simultaneously, and to the same concern, for a similar sum of money—and this other speculator was none other than Dr. Joseph Powell. On making the discovery that Dr. Powell shared in his clever deal, Poe was first dumbfounded; then enraged. He would rather have divided his reward with any one living than Joseph Powell. Powell was a stranger to New York and its environs—in fact, he had never visited that city before this purchase. As to shrewdness in business he possessed none, being rated a very poor manager. Yet, he had figured in the coup with one of the shrewdest financiers in the country—but how, was inexplicable. Of course, he would not explain how he had done it, and none could explain for him. The word "luck" did not seem to fit the circumstance. Fantastic as it was, it was inadequate. And somehow, the affair was ascribed—unaccountably, of course—to the book.

Despite the unsociable, secluded existence of this man of mystery, devoted to his book and science, he was a lover once—but it was a tragic love, which no supposed charm of the book could assuage. Here was an instance wherein its talismanic influence failed to reach. The woman of his heart—a mere girl—died. He had seen her fall on the battlefield,—at Gettysburg, I believe it was,—a stray bullet from the enemy having shattered her wrist as she held a canteen of water to the lips of a wounded soldier. At the moment Powell was in the midst of his official duties, but forsaking everything he rushed to her aid, and lifted her swooning form to a nearby house, which happened to be her home. The girl's name was Helen Keith, and the emotion of love which Powell had experienced as he looked into her pale, unconscious face was requitted him when her eyelids finally fluttered apart. The disparity in their ages was meaningless and spanned in that unspoken message of the eyes. And when Helen, a few days later, gave Powell her heart, she also gave him her hand. It was cruel, Powell, himself, said it was ruthlessly cruel. Thus once he was known to speak resentfully of his surgery. To him the amputation of Helen's useless hand was necessary; but his love for this stricken girl; his heroine and martyr, made the operation more painful to him than it could have possibly been to her. But Helen did not convalesce satisfactorily. Dr. Powell despaired of the girl's life. One day he was overheard to lament: "My poor, poor Helen, you are doomed!"

Powell was a dauntless surgeon—one of the most successful of his day—he reckoned his courage and confidence on the prognosis of each case he undertood, unerringly; but it was a dreaded token whenever he shook his head in a certain characteristic way, that his patient and the latter's friends might as well give up hope. So, in the case of his beloved Helen, he saw no hope. While her immediate condition suggested no unfavorable symptoms in his practised mind, yet he seemed to always see the outstretched hand of fate. Hence, his opinion was dreaded, yet morbidly sought; for it had the quality of inspiring hope or despair. In this way, he became the apotheosis of hope toward grateful patients and a nemesis of evil for certain of his patients who, in after years, may have aroused his enmity. Upon the heads of the latter he grimly heaped disaster in divers forms.

So, in the case of Helen he had bitterly acknowledged the inevitable—the end came when a fever suddenly appeared and carried her off after a few days of patient suffering. Her last breath was a whisper of love to the man who had felt himself powerless to save her life for his own.

Shortly after the loss of the only woman he had ever loved, Dr. Powell was notified of an accident to a favorite nephew, his namesake, Joseph. The message said that the boy's arm had been crushed in a cane-mill on his father's farm, and the doctor lost no time in reaching the boy's side. Upon his arrival, a hasty examination told him that his surgical skill was in demand. The amputation was successful and the youthful patient doing well,—well enough, in fact, to have warranted Dr. Powell in departing, but he chose to stay awhile with his kinfolks and enjoy daily rambles, of which he was fond.

One day during his uncle's absence, young Joseph complained to his father that his dismembered arm troubled him. "Father," he said, "the skin on my fingers is peeling off,—come and see it." The father at once understood, and tried to convince his son that he merely imagined the annoyance. But his assurances were ineffectual, the boy insisting that he spoke the truth. His father then decided to examine the member, which was buried in a box down in the field, recalling the similar experience of a friend whose foot had been amputated and who complained that his toes were bent into the sole of his foot. In that case an old man present volunteered to relieve the sufferer; so, procuring a lantern, it being night, he went with a couple of others out into the lot back of the house and dug up the box containing the troublesome foot. The toes were found on opening the box to be turned back toward the sole, as their former owner had declared. The old fellow set down the lantern and straightened out the inverted toes. When the party returned to the house, the man said: "What did you do out there to straighten my toes?"

As the father approached the spot to unearth the box, Dr. Powell appeared coming across the field. He seemed to note his relative's purpose, and held up his hand restrainingly. "Come back to the house," he said, coming up; "if the boy is complaining, I can ease him."

When Dr. Powell, leading the way, reached the house, he went forthwith without a word to his own room, and after remaining there a minute or two, he emerged and entered his nephew's chamber, a faint smile of triumph overspreading his face.

"How are the fingers now, my boy?" he asked.

"All right, Uncle Joe," the boy replied; "that feeling just left them."

It was obvious that Powell had kept his word and relieved the boy of his distress—but how? Here was another phase of the man's mysterious nature, but experience had taught Powell's relatives and his acquaintances generally, that it was a waste of time to attempt to solve what he himself would not disclose. The boy's father, however, was much puzzled over the affair. He wanted to satisfy his curiousity concerning the exact condition of his son's amputated hand lying down in the field; so, after dusk, he stole down to the particular spot and unearthed the box. By the aid of some matches he examined the member, and found it simply in a natural state of decomposition, the flesh of the fingers being smooth and unabraded. His curiosity thus being satisfied, yet perplexed of mind, he restored the box to the ground and returned to the house.

Dr. Powell educated his nephew in the best schools of this country and Europe. Young Joseph afterward married and took up his residence at Washington, close to that of his uncle. The former's affection for his namesake lasted until his death, which came suddenly, and for the most part, unexpectedly, at midnight, in his library. He was found next morning by his servant, his head resting upon his precious book, which he had closed, no doubt, with his hands, as the sense of death came upon him. For years it had been his habit—against which his nephew had repeatedy warned him, lest a sudden attack of heart affection should take him off, alone—to burn the midnight oil as he poured over his book. But the old man paid no heed to these protests; always smiling his saturnine smile and wisely shaking his head, saying, that when the summons came he wished to be with his book, so that with the close of his life he might close it also.

When Joseph responded to the fatal announcement and beheld the pathetic spectacle of his dead uncle in the library, he said: "Poor uncle, your wish has been granted; the book is closed, Amen!"

The body and the book were properly taken care of, the former by the undertaker, and the latter by the attorneys of the deceased man. In Dr. Powell's will it was devised that the entire estate should go to his nephew, Joseph; except his book, which was to be burned, unopened, by his attorneys within a brief period after his death. This disposition of the book was a great disappointment to the public, which had hoped that its secrets would be revealed at that time.

After Dr. Powell's death I left the city on a short business journey. I also shared in the public disappointment that the contents of the book would never be revealed, yet feeling the force of the conviction that a man, as secretive as the book's former owner was, would certainly have provided that its secrets should be preserved inviolate after his death. But I could not help thinking during my trip of this strange man and his curious hobby. When I returned a few days later, at night, my way home led me past the large four story brick building, on the top floor of which was located the office of Powell's executors. Arriving in the poorly lighted vicinity, I instinctively glanced toward their windows, and found that the office was lighted up, with the shades pulled down. I wondered if Powell's command to destroy his book by fire had been executed yet. Perhaps it was being carried out at that very moment in the room above. The novelty of the thought caused me to pause. Suddenly, as I watched, my attention was drawn in the direction of a madly approaching cab which had just turned the distant corner of the darkened street. Had it not been for the apparent recklessness of the driver, the incident would perhaps have been unnoticed. However, as the cab neared the spot where I stood, the lamps, shining like a pair of monstrous eyes through the gloom, veered to the curb. The next instant the driver had stopped his horses with great effort, the cab door opened, and a man, whom I instantly recognized to be Joseph Powell, the dead man's heir, sprang out and hurried toward the entrance of the building, evidently bound on some urgent mission to the office of his uncle's attorneys.

But as he cleared the distance between the curb and the entrance, over which hung a grimy lamp, I noted his singular behavior. His face was grimaced with pain, seemingly produced by his artificial hand, enclosed in its customary glove of black, which he held tightly compressed in his good right hand. What strange phenomenon was this? I asked myself. How could a dead hand, decayed and gone, trouble him now? I had heard that such things sometimes happened, but I did not expect to witness so striking an exhibition of the grewsome phenomenon. Moreover, if true, what had this extraordinary night visit to the attorneys to do with the agony he suffered?

My first impulse was to follow the young man into the building, but my prominence making this course out of the question, I immediately decided, instead to cross the street for a better scrutiny of the windows above. In acting upon this plan I felt vaguely that when Powell arrived at the attorneys' room, something would happen to give me an explanation of his strange visit. I had barely lifted my eyes to the window, when the drawn shades flapped fitfully as if moved by a sudden rush of air on the opening of a door, which action I took to indicate Powell's entrance. Then, as I looked, one of the shades shot up in the hand of one of the attorneys, who also raised the sash and darted back into the room, from which I could hear no sounds to accompany his evident sudden excitement. Had Powell fainted with pain on being admitted to the room and the window been opened to give him air? In a moment or two, however, the attorney returned to the window and pulled down the sash with a vicious jerk, and again darted back out of sight. He had evidently been in too much hurry to close the shade—all of which, and my inability to see more than the bright ceiling through the window, caused my curiosity to grow apace. But suddenly a large bat like object floated down from the eaves into the light outside the window. This queer apparition, however, seemed to move more with the wind than with the eccentricity of a bat; and when it was almost immediately followed by two others, which, to my increasing astonishment, seemed to proceed from the smoking chimney above, the suspicion flashed into my mind that these objects might have come from the lawyers' office—that they had escaped in the draft of the chimney flue when the window was opened to give Powell air; and that it was to prevent the escape of similar objects in this manner that the attorney who had created the mischievous draft by opening the window had to close it quickly, as I had seen him do. If these impressions were correct, the black objects circling overhead were not animate, but inanimate, and floating with the wind.

But happily their descent indicated that they would not alight out of my reach, and when the first alighted I ran forward and picked it up—then the second, and the third, at distant points in the street. They were pieces of paper—pages from a book—and represented all I could have sought that night. They were pages from Dr. Powell's curious book, and had escaped in the manner supposed from the attorneys' office. I made the discovery of the character of my find by a glance at the first as I picked it up. Without delay, I tucked my possessions under my coat and started homeward. A hasty glance at the cabman, as I left the spot, told me that he had been unconscious of my scurry after the wind tossed objects, being in a doze on his box.

When I reached my room and had locked the door, I carefully laid the leaves, which were yellow with age and much handling, upon my table. They bore evidence of recent scorching by fire around the edges. The contents represented the palms of three human hands— the epidermis only—one palm being attached to each leaf. Beneath each palm, which was covered with a light varnish, or some preservative preparation, was the name of its former owner. The palm smaller than the two others, and first in order, bore the name of Joseph Powell, Jr. I noted that the ends of the fingers were scorched. The next palm was a woman's, and was subscribed with the name of Helen Keith, remembered as Powell's dead sweetheart. The third was the largest and belonged to the millionaire, Poe, whose arm Powell had wounded in the duel and afterward amputated.

I had solved the mystery of Dr. Powell's book and his career. I understood the secret of his success. Fate had given me these three leaves which, of the entire book, were the most significant to me.

Dr. Powell, being fond of occult philosophy, he had studied palmistry, and being als oa surgeon, he had conceived an original idea to preserve the palms of those of his patients whose injuries necessitated the amputation of an arm or a part thereof, for study. This he had done. By having his book with him he could constantly add to his grewsome collection. With the palms thus preserved he could at his leisure read the lives of his patients, or subjects, both past and present, by an inspection of the infinite lineations of their hands. As he prosecuted his labors for these queer trophies, he must have been fascinated with the great possibilities of his plan. How potent was his power for good or evil; how easily he might multiply the joys or sorrows of his unwary subjects; how might he share in their fortunes, by blending his destiny with theirs, if a combination of interests should thereby profit him. Such bizarre knowledge or power possessed by a wicked person could be the means of infinite misery. Thus, with the hand of a president in the possession of an anarchist, who, being a palmist, might, by skillfully dominating its represented forces, which, according to the law of destiny, would shape the political policies of its owner in governmental affairs, be able to wreck the republic. As somewhat conversant with palmistry myself, I comprehended all these possibilities at a glance.

By an examination of Helen's palm I saw where her "life line" terminated at about her eighteenth year, according to the palmistic chronology. At this age she did die; and of her death Dr. Powell had been forewarned by an observation of the fatal indication. In Poe's palm I recognized the supreme test of Powell's genius as a palmist, when he linked his fortunes with Poe's, much to the latter's consternation and the people's. When Dr. Powell gained possession of the palm, Poe was in his forty-seventh year—that was the year of the duel. The next, the forty-eighth, was the one in which Poe made his fortunate investment in real estate. As coming events cast their shadows before in the "lines" of the palm, Powell was forewarned. He saw the sign as I saw it, and marked it with his pen in the year forty-eight. The sign was peculiarly favorable and practicable to Powell. It signified good fortune by intelligent speculation and not from blind luck, being represented in a little line connecting the lines of the head and the sun at the year aforementioned. Therefore, Powell had a working basis for his plans. His plans were to watch Poe's moves during that year—he may have gotten a confidential agent to help him in this—and as Poe made one investment—the one in real estate—Powell had no difficulty in determining upon his course. And the result proved that he had reckoned well against his enemy, whose cupidity was thereby partly baffled; and this realization—a specias of revenge for base ingratitude—was a reward in itself, aside from the fortune Powell made.

Concerning Powell, Jr's., singular behavior that night, I proved by an actual experiment that it was an instance of those peculiar psychical sensations, whether real or wholly imaginary, that sometimes exist between a subject and an amputated limb, creating the impression that the limb is still a natural adjunct of the body; but had not Powell been an extraordinary exponent of this peculiar instinct, my experiment would never have been a success. But before describing it, it will be advisable for me to cite the facts with my deductions in the case. In the instance in young Powell's childhood when soon after his hand, or arm, had been amputated, he complained that the flesh on the fingers of the shorn hand was "peeling off", I found corroborated the appearance of the palm on the page before me. This discovery explained the elder Powell's singular procedure in the matter, which had so mystified the boy's father at the time. Examining the page, I could easily see that in attaching the boy's palm to its page the adhesive substance had not been quite effective, and the epidermis had "peeled" or rumpled, and had been re-adhered and smoothed out by a second application of the glue, this being the time when Dr. Powell had magically, as it seemed, relieved his nephew's distress.

On the night I gained possession of the pages I noted, as I have already said, that the burns on the finger ends were fresh, which servation, as will be seen, greatly assisted my growing conclusions in the matter. That night, therefore, was the one when the attorneys consigned Powell's book to the flames of their grate. The book being large, is burned slowly. Suddenly a hurried knock sounded at the door. When it was opened, Joseph Powell staggered into the room, and fell to the floor in a faint. (That Powell fainted was afterward told by the janitor who assisted in carrying him into another room for medical attention.) The room being close and hot at this time, a window was raised to let in the cool air, which instantly created a strong draft up the chimney, and before the attorneys noted its mischief perhaps, the leaves from the burning book were carried up the flue and later fell into my hands. Then, as other leaves in the book fluttered to escape, one of the attorneys took notice and closed the window.

Now, as to the motives of Powell's going to the lawyers' office that night I reasoned thus: The young man sat at his home several blocks away awaiting the telephonic announcement from the attorneys that his uncle's book had been disposed of in the way he intended, when suddenly, a pain seemed to tringle in the finger tips of his artificial hand, or where his natural fingers would have been. While such experiences were not exactly new to him, they were always uncanny. He remembered that one of his youth when he imagined that the flesh of his fingers was "peeling off." But the present sensation was most startlingly different from any he had ever had—the realization that it stimulated a burning sensation forced a terrible suspicion of the situation into his mind. This suspicion had probably been growing in the past, having taken root naturally in the knowledge which his long and intimate associations with his uncle had afforded him of the latter's habits. Having been his uncle's constant companion for years, it is not unlikely that young Powell, as would any one of fair intelligence so associated, had from time to time received unexpectedly, and therefore, unpryingly, glimpses of his uncle's inmost life—in other words, his book. Therefore with a grotesque movement he gripped the ends of his artificial fingers as if to benumb the slowly increasing pain, but to no avail. The pain increased to agony, extended from the tips, where it had so strangely originated, toward the base. The very nature and direction of the pain were sufficient to establish his evident conclusion in the matter. He may have decided to bear the misery until the book had been consumed, but the slowness of the process by fire finally making the pain unbearable, he summoned his cab and started at high speed for the lawyer's office, presumably to urge them to finish their task, if his impression as to the source of his predicament were correct. But when he arrived at the room, he fainted; and with the opening of the window to give him air, the leaf containing his singeing palm swept up the chimney into the cooling night wind.

And now having given these facts and deductions, I shall describe the effects of my experiment, which was both audacious and cruel; but otherwise, it would hardly have been practicable. A week after the night of my extraordinary discovery, I called up the Powell residence on the telephone and asked for the master. When he responded, I introduced myself by a fictitious name as an old medical friend of his dead uncle, of whose death, I said, I had just heard with deep sorrow. He seemed at once friendly, and cheerfully answered all my questions about my dead "friend." Meantime I was prepared for my experiment. On a table at my side was a brazier heaped with live coals, on which rested a small iron with a wood handle; beside this on the table was the page from Powell's book containing his nephew's palm. I lifted the iron from the coals, and held it in readiness above the palm. Suddenly I changed the conversation.

"Did your uncle amputate a hand or an arm for you when a child?" I asked.

He asserted, and told me briefly how the accident had happened.

"As a matter of professional curiosity," I continued. "I should like to know if the amputated member ever bothers you by any of those disagreeable sensations that sometimes occur in such cases."

"Yes," he responded, evidently surprised at my impertinence.

"How recently?" I persisted.

"My last experience of the kind occurred last Monday night."

This frank confession startled me, in spite of my previous knowledge of the circumstance. I hesitated a moment, purposely, and as he did not describe the experience, I deemed that it would be a too personal matter for me to press further and not be found out; so I placed the point of the hot iron on the third phalange of the third finger and bore it through.

"Ouch!" was the simultaneous ejaculation that came to my expectant ear over the wire.

"What did you say?" I exclaimed, removing the singeing iron.

"O, nothing, only I had another of those singular sensations of last Monday night with my missing hand."

"That's a very strange phenomenon indeed," I responded; then added, "where was the pain supposedly located?"

"On the third finger," was his unconscious corroboration of the success of my experiment.

I might have been satisfied with this, but I ruthlessly conducted my experiment further.

"How does that feel?" Whereupon I trailed the burning iron about the palm, leaving a dark tracery.

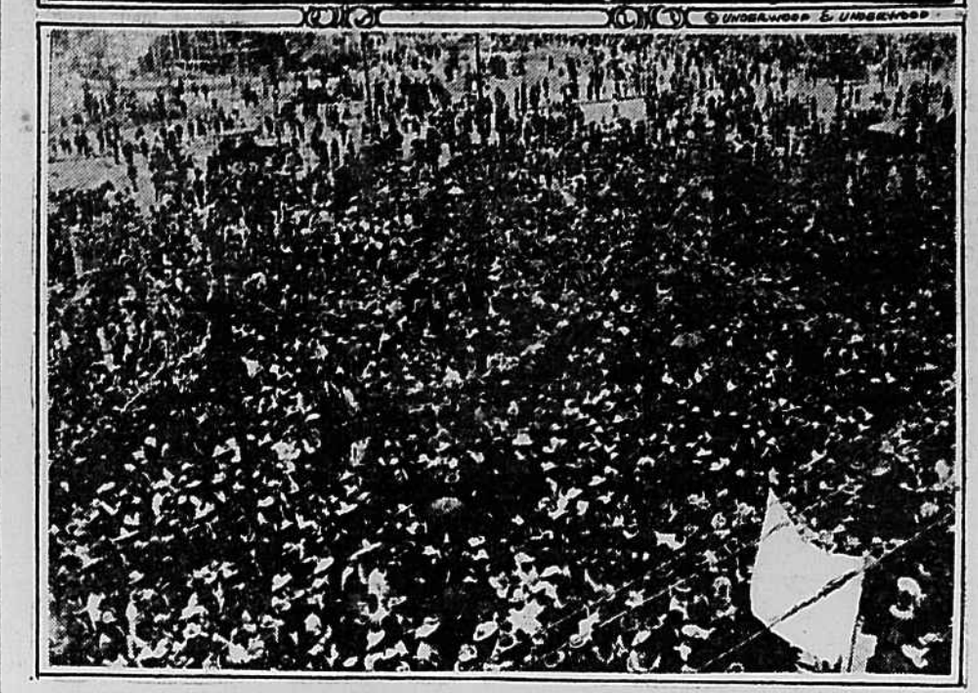
"Oh, oh!" he cried, "What is wrong now? Say, who are you, anyway?"

I put up the receiver quickly, not caring to answer his question or to listen to his sufferings, and thrust the whole page into the brazier, where it burned quickly, thus perhaps giving its victim peace forever afterward from that source. In this I was at least humane. I then took the other two pages with their grewsome objects and burned them, and as the fingers of the palms writhed and pointed in flame, I shuddered as if the finger of fate were directed upon me.

Having studied Joseph, Jr.'s, palm closely before I consigned it to ashes, I found an indication of fire in the sign of the square, with a dot at each corner, on the line of the sun, close to the mount of the same name. This sign accounted, as I believed, for the elder Powell's frequent warnings to his nephew to beware of sleeping in the top rooms of hotels, for fear of fire. This sign he had misunderstood, its real significance having been the pain his nephew would suffer when his book should be burned. As a rule, however, it must be believed that Powell was most accurate in his cheiromantic readings. Of course the indications in his own hands helped him, as was shown on the occasion of his forestalling the twe men who would rob him of his book. Powell had been warned of this happening at about the time it did happen by an indication in his hand.

Thus my narrative of the strangest and most potent hobby ever practiced is finished. Its significance can be naught but startlingly suggestive to posterity.

HUGE CROWDS CHEER CARRANZA AT PALACE IN MEXICO CITY



Carranza and his generals (top) viewing cheering multitude (bottom) from National Palace, Mexico City.

Like a conquering hero Carranza was received in Mexico City on his recent visit there. These pictures were taken on that occasion from the balcony of the National Palace. Upper photo shows Carranza (arrow) flanked on the left by General Alvaro Obregon, minister of war, and on the right by General Candido Aguilar, secretary for foreign relations, acknowledging the cheers of the crowd gathered below. The lower photo shows a closer view of the cheering multitude.

LEAVES UPSHUR WHEN A BOY, NOW RICH

Worth $40,000,000, He Visits Old Friends in the City of Buckhannon.

BUCKHANNON, April 29—P. F. Davis an son, of Lometa, Tex., were here recently visiting Mr. Davis's uncle, Dr. T. G. Farnsworth. He was born and spent his boyhood days here, but going to Texas when a mere strip of a, boy, and this is his only visit to Buckhannon in twenty-five years. Mr. Davis is reputed to be very wealth, having amassed the enormous sum of $40,000,000. He is a ranchman and personally supervises two ranches, one containing 180,000 acres and a smaller one of 11,000 acres both well equipped and stocked with thoroughbred cattle, hogs and horses.

Taken to Hospital.

Simon H. Hamner, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Hamner, was taken to the Forman hospital and operated on for appendicitis. He is getting along nicely.

To Attend Meeting.

C. W. Flesher and family have gone to Saratoga Springs, N. Y., where they will spend a month attending the quadrennial meeting of the general conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, to which Mr. Flesher is a lay delegate.

McWhorter Funeral Held.

The funeral of L. D. McWhorter, who died at a Baltimore hospital, was held here the Masons having charge of the obsequies. The Rev. Mr. Pollock was in charge of the funeral and made a sympathetic talk to the large number of friends present. All of the ten children were present and the funeral was one of the most largely attended here in recent years. Mr. McWhorter had a large number of friends and acquaintances all over the state, and he will be greatly missed. The floral tributes were beautiful.

Parsonage Wedding.

Mrs. Mary Trussler, widow of the late James Trussler, was married to Stephen Smith, of Sistersville. The ceremony was performed at the Methodist Episcopal parsonage by the Rev. H. C. Howard. They will reside here.

Hennon-Black.

A quiet wedding was solemnized by the Rev. Curtis Robinson at the Pnited Brethren parsonage in the city, which united in the holy bonds of wedlock William Russell Hennon and Miss Mamie Black, both of this city. The bridegroom is a son of the Rev. W. R. Hennon, of the Methodist denomination, and the bride is a daughter of Isaac N. Black, well known lumber inspector of this city. The principals to the affair kept it very quiet and only the immediate members of both families were aware of their intentions. They expect to make their future home in Charleston, where the bridegroom has a lucrative position and will go there shortly after May 1.

Personals.

Paul Forman, after spending the spring vacation with his parents, Dr. and Mrs. L. H. Forman, has returned to his studies at Carnegie Tech, at Pittsburg.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Fleming have moved to Barnsville, O., where he has employment.

Miss Jeane Downs, who is teaching school at Farmington, was at home over Sunday.

Virgil Bond is spending the week in Pittsburg.

Statistics show that there are fewer suicides among miners than among any other class of workers.

DANDRUFF QUICKLY STOPPED

There is only one way to cure dandruff and that is to kill the germs. There is only one hair preparation that will kill the germs and that is Mildredina Hair Remedy. This unusual hair restorer with its record of thousands of cures will grow hair on any head where there is any life left; it cures dandruff, stops falling hair and itching of the scalp in three weeks or your money back.

It is the most pleasant and invigorating tonic, is not sticky or greasy and is used extensively by ladies of refinement who desire to have and to keep their hair soft, lustrous and luxuriant. 50c and $1.00 a bottle at druggists everywhere.

FREE—We wil send a large trial bottle free by return mail to anyone sending this coupon to Mildred Louise Co., Boson, Mass., with name and address and 10c in silver to pay postage.

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