

PERSONALS

Mr. J. M. H. Beale returned from Baltimore, Md., yesterday, where he has been receiving medical treatment at The Johns-Hopkins hospital. His many friends will be glad to learn that he is very much improved in health.

Mr. Nat Bloom left yesterday for Parkersburg on his regular business trip to that city.

Mr. Kirby Holloway clerk in a shoe store in Huntington, visited his mother here Sunday.

Verne Filson, Chas. Alexander Gene Armstrong, went to Parkersburg last Sunday on the excursion.

Everything the best and the cheapest, at Mrs. L. J. Williamson's.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Roush, of Ten-mile, visited at the home of L. A. McMillin Sunday.

Mr. C. L. Whaley who has been employed at Newport News, for several months, returned home to spend the summer with his family at this place.

We extend our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Somerville - its a boy.

Mrs. Frodeveaux and daughter of Wyoma, will leave today for Seattle to visit relatives and to attend the Exposition.

Summer underwear and hose for ladies, Misses and children, at Mrs. L. J. Williamson's.

Mr. F. G. Musgrave and wife, of North Point Pleasant, are visiting relatives in the Flats.

Mr. V. O. Smith, of East Liverpool, Ohio, is visiting at the home of his sister, Mrs. Charles Buxton.

Mr. R. E. Hughes, Prosecuting Attorney of Jackson county, was in town Saturday attending to some legal matters.

Attorney John M. Baker, of Ripley, was here Saturday on legal business.

The best corsets are at Mrs. L. J. Williamson's.

Mr. George Bruestle is making some needed repairs on his building on the corner of Fifth and Main streets.

Try Polar Sherbet, the new drink at Bryan's; a hot weather delight.

We are glad to learn that Mrs. Henry Holloway, who has been sick, is very much improved.

Mr. E. C. Winger spent Sunday in the country with his mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Eranklin, Jr., spent Sunday at South Side with her parents.

Mr. L. C. Somerville visited his father and mother at Ten-mile Sunday.

Mrs. A. C. Cox is on the sick list.

Mr. Elmer Davis, of Middleport, was visiting friends of this city last week.

Mr. M. M. Kirby, of Scott Depot, W. Va., was in town last Wednesday.

Miss Dela Castor, of Huntington, was visiting the Misses Comstock last week.

Mr. Charley Cox and mother-in-law, of Flaxton, W. Va., was calling on his mother Mrs. A. C. Cox last week.

Mrs. James C. Sterrett, from up Kanawha, called at our office last week and renewed her subscription to the Register.

Mr. Jas. L. Knight, of Maggie, one of the Register's old-time friends, called last week and renewed his subscription.

Mr. W. E. Allen left Saturday afternoon for Belpre, O., being called there on account of the death of his brother, which occurred Friday.

Rev. E. R. Meyer, of Gallipolis, was in town last Wednesday, the guest of Rev. J. Howard Gibbons. He preached the same night at the Episcopal church.

Miss L. E. Shober, of Gallipolis, was a visitor here last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Tyler, of Spilman, were in town Sunday.

Mr. C. K. Blackwood spent Sunday at Ben Lomond.

Mrs. Otie Kincaid, at Huntington for the last two years as a stenographer, has resigned her position there and accepted a similar one with the West Virginia Malleable Iron Co., this place.

Miss Kate Steinback has resigned her position with the West Virginia Malleable Iron Co.

Mr. B. F. Menke, advance agent for the "Cotton" Floating Theatre, was here Monday advertising his company.

Mr. Oscar Douglass, of Buffalo, was in town Thursday.

Mr. Asa Musgrave, one of the leading farmers of Robinson district, was in town Saturday.

Mr. Fred Sullivan, a merchant of Leon, was here on business Saturday.

Squire J. B. McKibben, of Veranda, was a visitor in Point Pleasant Saturday.

Dr. C. B. Waggener, of Arbuckle, was here Saturday.

Mr. B. K. Bell, of Leon, was a business visitor here Saturday.

Try a box of those fine, large strawberries at Bryan's.

Mr. John M. Westfall, employed by Lewis Hubbard & Co., Charleston, spent Sunday here with friends.

Mr. Will Bryan made a business trip to Huntington Monday.

Mr. Jasper Riffe, of Beech Hill, was in town Monday, after a visit to his relatives in the Flats.

Mr. J. S. Spencer returned from Huntington Sunday.

Mr. Will Kenny, daughter Anora and son Charles spent Sunday in Parkersburg with his sister Mrs. Elmer Withee and father Prof. W. J. Kenny, who makes his home with Mrs. Withee. Prof. Kenny who has many friends here, has recently suffered a stroke of paralysis which has greatly impaired his health, but we are glad to announce that he is much better, being able to walk about.

Work on the monument is progressing nicely under the supervision of Capt. Fritz Hess.

Mrs. Dave Price has been quite ill at her home on First street.

Mr. Robert Woods, of Charleston, was a visitor here Monday.

The new cement dwelling being erected by Mr. Geo. Hooff, on Viand street, is up to the first story.

Bad luck attended the base ball fans and others who went on the Cincinnati excursion last Saturday. The train ran off the track this side of Dundas and went into Cincinnati several hours late. On top of that it rained Sunday and the ball game had to be called off.

Our crack base ball team will go to Parkersburg a week from next Sunday, for a game. Parkersburg had better begin strengthening up.

The concrete pedestals for the bridge approach are nearly all completed and the grading is going on rapidly.

The boat Genievie, built by Capt. Robt. Haptonstall, of this city, was examined by the U. S. Inspectors yesterday.

Stop at Bryan's for Cline's Famous Ice Cream. None better.

Mr. Dennis Park went to Cincinnati Saturday night.

Work was resumed on the Waggener oil well yesterday morning after a few days delay awaiting the arrival of casing. They have reached a depth of about 850 feet.

The steamer M. D. Wayman, of Pittsburg, is on the Kanawha docks here for repairs.

The Alumni of the Point Pleasant High School are requested to meet at the High School Thursday evening at 8 o'clock for the purpose of organizing an Alumni Association.

Mr. R. B. Knopp, of Robinson District, was in town yesterday.

Capt. S. L. Parsons, of Hern, was here Monday.

General John McCausland and daughter of Grimm's Landing, returned Monday from a trip to Virginia, where they attended a celebration of the battle of Floyd's Mountain.

We are sorry to learn that Rev. Fearbaugh, of Henderson, is quite sick.

Kabo Corsets one of the best on the market, at Mrs. L. J. Williamson's.

Col. Hiram Reece Howard, of Point Pleasant, Masonic Grand Secretary for West Virginia, was at Guyandotte last night for the purpose of inspecting Guyandotte Chapter No. 10 A. F. & A. M. Col. Howard was one of the men who instituted this chapter almost forty years ago. -Huntington Advertiser.

Dr. W. S. Reece, of Beale, was in town Monday.

Mr. M. Condee visited friends at Parkersburg last Sunday.

Prosecuting Attorney B. H. Blagg, was a business visitor to Parkersburg Monday.

Miss Rosa Vickers, of Huntington, was visiting her parent here Sunday.

J. Price Miller was advertising the E. B. Sisler & Co. store in Henderson Tuesday.

About the proudest "young" man in Henderson is Mr. John Calloway, who announces the arrival of a daughter at his home. He has many years of experience in other responsible matters, and is now glad that he can be called Papa.

Rev. Pullin of Henderson will begin a series of meetings at Lone Oak M. E. Church tonight.

Miss Emma Aumiller, employed at the Reform School at Pruntytown, W. Va., is spending her vacation with relatives in Point Pleasant.

Grif. T. Smith returned from Huntington yesterday.

General Manager W. C. Whaley, of this paper, who has been quite ill for several weeks, is now much better and is able to go about his room.

There will be a song service at the Presbyterian church Sunday night.

Rev. Pullen will deliver a talk on Charity and Help Departments at the M. E. Church South, Friday evening, May 14th.

Mr. James George, of Ashton, one of the leading farmers of that section is in town today.

"WETS" VICTORIOUS.

"DRYS" BADLY WORSTED IN MUNICIPAL ELECTION, HELD MAY 8TH.

Berkeley Springs, May. 8.—The "drys" were badly worsted in the municipal election held here. The whole "wet" ticket was elected by large majorities. The saloon men did not participate in the actual part of the fight.

The successful ticket is composed of the following: Mayor, Raymond Hunter; Recorder, Edward Blake; Councilmen, John W. Trimble, C. E. Casler, N. H. Hunter, J. W. Hovermale, Jr., and D. H. Phillips. W. F. Disher led the Citizens' ticket for Mayor.

TO THE COUNTRY.

Now is the season that hearts hold dear, the bud time, spring time, life of the year, when winter's frown turns to spring time smile, and childhood romps without fear or guile. The office is now a place to shun (except Taft's job to the favored one), and the street, the shop, the bank—away! and let all nature get out to play. The robin, cat-bird, martin and thrush, make cymbals of trees and harp of brush; the rabbit leaps o'er daisies and ferns; the smoke smells sweet as the brush pile burns. The dogwood welcomes in purest white, the grass and clover mellow the light; trees are in leaf, flowers in bloom, and in the woods there's plenty of room.

Voice of Despair.
In a St. Petersburg newspaper there recently appeared the following advertisement: "The wife of a present member of the douma, having given up all hope of getting intelligent occupation, seeks a place as chambermaid."

The Philosopher of Folly.
"Wine is a mocker," says the philosopher of folly. "And even coffee is likely to be a Java. But please don't put this down as one of my sayings. It doesn't mean anything, really."

For Cash Down.

(Copyright, 1908, by T. C. McChure.)

One June day a tin peddler came alone to the farmhouse of Joe Pinchly and baited for a drink of water. He didn't stop because he had any idea that he could sell as much as a nutmeg grater. The house was a frame, unpainted, weather beaten and gloomy, while the barn and sheds were of logs, the fences gone to decay, the fields grown up to weeds, and the whole outfit spoke of poverty and shiftlessness. Years before the house had been built for a roadside inn, but travel had been diverted to another road, and its owner had abandoned the place. Shiftless Joe Pinchly had come along with his slatternly wife and "squatted" there and raised just enough corn and turkeys to keep going. They were sitting on the rotting veranda smoking as the peddler drove up.

"If you had any gumption about you, you could make \$1,000 out of this place this summer," he said.

"I've broke my back here for four years and almost starved to death," replied Joe.

"But you lack gumption, you see. Gumption means knowing how to let up on farming and take hold of something better when it's right at your door. Lord, man, but what a chance you have missed!"

"I've allus told Joe there was money buried somewhere around here," observed Mrs. Pinchly as she removed her pipe from her mouth.

"Buried money be hanged! It's right on top of the ground. It's right before your eyes. It's in the house. It's lying around loose and waiting to be picked up. If you'd had gumption you'd be riding in your own carriage today. You didn't have it. You had to wait until I came along to show you where the money is."

"And you'll show us!" exclaimed husband and wife in chorus as they rose up and looked around.

"That's to be seen. First I want to look this old house over. I want to see every room in it. Then I want to have a square talk with you. You are sick of staying here, and I am sick of tin peddling—not but what it's a noble profession, but it doesn't furnish the opportunities for a hustling man."

There was a talk lasting for two hours. The peddler drew up a paper, and the three signed it. When he departed Joe Pinchly and wife were feeling quite balmly. They hadn't found any money, but they were nodding their heads at each other and grinning. There was a village five miles to the east of them and another six miles to the west, and in both of them weekly newspapers were published. Before night next day the peddler had interviewed the editors. The editors had a hair raising story of a haunted house. There were a score of other papers in the county. The peddler didn't stop until he had called upon half of them. He also stopped travelers on the highway and talked, and he talked to people in villages, and inside of two weeks 10,000 people had heard the news that Joe Pinchly's old farmhouse was haunted. The reports were awesome and grewsome and hair raising.

People are never satisfied to simply talk about a haunted house if within reaching distance of it. The peddler had provided for their coming. He had sunk his cash capital in buying provisions. When the rush set in he was there to welcome it. All Pinchly and his wife had to do was to shake their heads and look mysterious and sell pies and sandwiches to hungry sight-seers. Boiled eggs and hot tea and coffee could also be had at a price. There were twenty different rooms and a cellar and garret to the old house, and the charge for taking a visitor through them all was 50 cents. They were taken in groups of six at a time. If they merely desired to see the family bedroom, where a score of mysterious noises had been heard at night, together with the room where the peddler had been hauled out of bed by a ghost, it was only 25 cents. The night noises, as the peddler stated and the Pinchlys affirmed by nods of the head, consisted of groans, sighs, footfalls, tappings, whispings and a large and well selected stock of other hair raisers.

In one week 200 people came in wagons. Some brought their food, and some bought it. They camped about the house and paid their money to be conducted over it and then drove away to send others. During the second week they began to come by rail and were driven over from the village. The fare was \$1 each. The peddler had seen to that; also to his divvy. Some of those who wished to remain all night and watch the outside of the house paid a quarter apiece for a bed on the hay in the barn and bought supper and breakfast. Those who wished to pass the night in rooms in groups of three sat on the floor in the darkness and paid 50 cents apiece for the privilege. They heard ghostly noises and got their money's worth. Next morning they paid a whooping big price for boiled eggs, coffee and sandwiches.

It is a matter of fact and history that the excitement was maintained for a long eight weeks and that scores of people came at least a hundred miles to see for themselves. Then there was a let-up, and the peddler and the Pinchlys showed their wisdom. They left the old house one night in a thunderstorm when the ghosts were playing tag through all the rooms and the sighers and groaners were sighing and groaning their loudest, and no one around there ever heard of them again. Some folks said they carried away \$2,000 in the long green. Even if they raked in half that sum it was better than peddling or farming among the dead stumps.

M. QUAD.

A New Way of Settling Accounts.

(Copyright, 1908, by American Press Association.)

John and Martin Stokes, brothers, were in business together for many years. They made money, but when John died Martin found great difficulty in settling up the business. John's oldest son Peter, fearing that his uncle would absorb the dead partner's interest, bothered and delayed his uncle in such fashion that a financial panic coming on, what was left of the firm's assets was so entangled that it could only be liquidated after a patient management. Martin Stokes, breaking down in health, turned the whole matter over to his nephew and left for parts unknown.

Ten years later he reappeared, a sickly looking old man, but with some appearance of having prospered. Peter Stokes had meanwhile saved some \$20,000 from the wreck, half of which, of course, belonged to his uncle. But Peter furnished accounts to show that the firm had been insolvent. His uncle looked them over, studied them and handed them back to his nephew with the remark:

"I'm sorry, Peter, that you got nothing out of it. But, after all, I may not have been away so long for nothing. I have no children to enjoy what I have accumulated and have determined to leave it to you and your sisters. I will place it in a safety deposit company's vault and tell you where I keep the key. After my death you can unlock the box containing the securities, and they will be yours without any will and testament on my part. All I ask from you is a bare plittance so long as I live, which will be at most but a few years."

He took a long, fat envelope from his pocket sealed with his own seal and wrote on it, "I give this property to my nephew, Peter Stokes, and his sisters, Lydia and Grace Stokes." The words bore that day's date and was signed by the donor.

"This plan," he said, "leaves at my death nothing to be settled. By a will an estate must be liquidated the same as a business. And you know that in winding up a business there is a lot of shrinkage. You have done all the work in settling the affairs of John & Martin Stokes with no pay. Whatever there may be between us of a business nature connected with these affairs is settled now by this transaction. The envelope goes into a box of the Fidelity Trust company, and here is the key to my ring."

The nephews and nieces accepted the gift and the conditions with alacrity. The envelope was fat enough to contain some twenty or thirty bonds, or if the property was in stocks there might be twice as many certificates.

Those to whom the gift was made desired their uncle to come and live with them. This he declined to do. He rented a little cottage, where he kept house by himself. He said nothing to his nephew or nieces about the payment of the rent, but it was paid by them. He said nothing about supplies, but they opened accounts for him at provision stores, though they secretly instructed the tradesmen to keep them posted as to the amount the old man was being credited with. At the end of the first year Peter Stokes figured up the amount expended at about \$600. But the owners of the estate, which could not be used till after the donor's death, fearing that if they appeared niggardly the donor might take back his gift, expended for him an additional \$400, making a total of \$1,000. This they considered keeping within bounds.

The old man remained for a time very delicate. Indeed, the doctor's bills amounted to several hundred dollars. His loving nephew and nieces begged him to come and live with them, that they might the better administer to his comfort. But he said he didn't wish to be a burden on any one, assuring them that they would not be the loser by a cent for what money they expended upon him. After the first five years his health became very good and remained so for three years, when he died rather suddenly. Before the old man breathed his last Peter Stokes figured up that the amount expended upon him had amounted to exactly \$9,850. But there were funeral expenses to be paid amounting to about \$150. However, since his uncle was dead, there would be no need to be extravagant in this respect, and he resolved to cut the amount down to \$75.

The first thing Peter did when his uncle was pronounced dead was to take his key ring from his pocket and, detaching the safety deposit key, start for the trust company. His sisters exacted a promise that he would not open the envelope till the day after the funeral, the same as in case of wills. Bringing the packet home, he locked it in his desk and waited.

The morning after the funeral the family gathered in the library, locked the door, took out the envelope and tore it open. Within were folded pieces of blank parchment, on one of which was written:

Martin Stokes in account with Peter Stokes: To expenditures for said Martin Stokes, \$10,000; to amount due from settlement of the business of John & Martin Stokes, \$10,000. Account balanced and closed.

Peter read this posthumous message and, exclaiming: "Sold!" tore up the parchment, threw it on the floor and stamped on it. His sisters, exclaiming: "The old ingrate, the old fraud!" wept a few bitter tears of chagrin. But that was the end of the matter, for they could not recover any of the money they had spent on their uncle, whose selfishness had given him his own, which he needed in his old age.

HELOISE AMES.

HOW A MUTINY WAS AVERTED.

(Copyright, 1908, by American Press Association.)

We were on our way from San Francisco to Bering sea for seals. Never did I sail with such forebodings. I was late in the season, and we had picked up a crew in San Francisco such as no officer would be pleased to sail with even in fair weather. My first mate I trusted implicitly, but my second was new to me, and I knew little of his antecedents. The men had been spending some time ashore between cruises, frequenting the lowest dives in the city, and when they came aboard they were drunk.

It was a bleak day that we sailed and the weather didn't improve on acquaintance. My ship was a sloop and required constant handling aloft. A fine mist or a sleet fell most of the time, and the rigging was thick with ice. The consequence was that every time a man was ordered aloft he either went with a growl or refused to go at all. My first mate, Whittemore, and I were kept busy most of the time threatening, cursing or even knocking them down with any implement that came handy. As for Hadden, the second mate, if he gave a man an order and it wasn't obeyed he gave it to some one else.

One day, when we were beating against a biting northeast wind and the clouds were spitting snow, while standing on the after deck I saw the men gathering on the forecabin. I knew trouble was brewing and, giving Whittemore a meaningful look, directed his attention forward. As for Hadden, he was below, though had been on deck I should not have placed any reliance on him. Next I saw a man of the crew of the name of Billings urging his shipmates to follow him aft, starting himself, going a few steps and returning for more argument. A few followed him on some of these ineffectual advances, but the bulk of the crew hung back. Finally, after a harangue that I could not hear, he made another move, and all but two or three of them went with him.

It's not a pleasant sight for one man with no support but a single comrade out on a blustery ocean to see a knot of men, doubtless with arms concealed, coming to murder him. I made up my mind to sell my life as dearly as possible and uncovered a revolver I had carried ever since setting sail. Whittemore came and stood beside me.

The men had reached the companionway when one of them caught sight of something on the port quarter. Others turned to look, and one by one they stopped. Thinking it safe to do so, I turned my own eye in the direction they were looking and saw a ship coming athwart our course. It was she that had arrested the men. Those bent on mutiny don't want any witnesses. They stood peering at her, and as she drew nearer it was plain that she had suffered rough usage. Her masts, all except her foremast, were gone, and that had a single sail set. No one was to be distinguished on deck until she came within halting distance, when through the flying snowflakes one person was discoverable.

At the wheel stood a helmsman. The ship scudded across our course not a hundred yards in advance of us, and only the one man was to be seen. He was motionless except for the rolling of the ship. I hailed, but he neither answered nor turned even to look at us. He was not plainly visible and only so for a few moments, for no sooner did he reach the nearest point to us than a snow squall hid both him and his ship, and when it thinned the vessel was but a few indistinct lines.

Sailors are the most superstitious people in the world, and my crew was of the lowest and most superstitious type of sailors. I could see by their appearance that they considered the passing vessel a phantom and the wheelman a ghost.

Here was my opportunity. Drawing my revolver and motioning Whittemore to follow me, I walked briskly forward. On reaching the forecabin I covered Billings with my revolver and ordered him to walk aft. He looked at the men for help, but saw that they were cowed and obeyed the order. I marched him down the gangway, and in a few minutes my mates had him disarmed and in irons. Then I went again on deck and told the crew that if they wished to escape a hanging when we reached port they had better return to duty at once. Most of them obeyed with alacrity. Those who showed signs of giving further trouble I had put in irons by the very men they had been influencing to mutiny.

The wind howled that night, and the next day we got an observation. Finding that I was far out of my course, I put her off considerably, sailing in the direction of the phantom. In another day we overhauled her. As we came up astern of her we saw her name, the Alida of Tacoma, Wash. There was the man still at the wheel, but not another person in sight. I drew up beside her, as bold as I dared, and, examining the helmsman through a glass, saw that he was dead.

I sent a boat crew aboard, who found that the ship had been dismasted in a gale and deserted by her crew. The man at the wheel was her captain, who had undoubtedly refused to abandon his ship. Finding his strength failing, he had lashed himself to the wheel, steering his vessel for hundreds of miles through icy storms and had frozen at his post.

The only good his heroism and sufferings accomplished was the saving of my life.

HOBACE B. BAYLORD.