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A NICE ARRANGEMENT.

BY CONSTANCE SMITH.

(Copyright, 1917.)

"I don't want him at all," said Mrs. St. Julian.

"Then why not tell him so?" returned her husband, from behind the outspread Times. "Sincerely you needn't stand upon ceremony with Ted!"

"But I should be sorry to disoblige him—and, unluckily, he seems really anxious to come. He says"—referring to a letter which lay open beside her plate—"that the Morrises have put him off on account of their mourning, and he can't go to Mary, because her children are down with scarletina—"

"Then he must e'en make the best of things here. I don't suppose he'll find Harding and his boys very congenial company."

"Congenial! Eleven cricketers youths who will describe everything in heaven and earth as 'rippin'.' And half a dozen girls to match—I chose them to suit the boys' taste."

"Well, Alleyne comes—if he does come—rather for his own convenience than to please you. So you needn't take the matter greatly to heart."

"But I must get some one to talk to him, Tom. I can't have him on my hands all day. Let me see. Maud Affleck's at home—I think I'll ask her over. She knows nearly as much about the Mongols as he does. I will write to her at once. She must come on Monday afternoon. Ted proposes to arrive by the 7:15."

The house party assembled for the Cumberland cricket week—consisting of the famous Cambridge Double Blue Norman Harding, and his eleven; the maidens invited to admire the prowess of those heroes; Miss Affleck; and the St. Julians themselves—was gathered together in the long library when Prof. Alleyne entered it at eight o'clock on Monday evening. His entry—very quietly made—was followed by a general sensation of disappointment. The youthful company hungrily awaiting his appearance to adjourn to its dinner had expected to find in him a more typical specimen of the professional genius; it had looked for a long-haired scholar of 50, who should have stooped, and worn spectacles, and an ill-fitting coat. Now Alleyne (who appeared to be about five-and-thirty, and was by no means ill-looking) had a singularly upright figure; his clothes were perfectly well cut; he used no glasses, and actually boasted a mustache. Maud Affleck, who had been promising herself deep draughts at the fountains of his erudition, reflected sadly that his profound knowledge of all things Mongolian had probably been much exaggerated by report.

Two hours later, on the men coming into the drawing-room, Mrs. St. Julian beckoned the professor to her side.

"Well, how did you get on at dinner? I saw your partner seemed to be enjoying herself. Clever girl, isn't she?"

"Why on earth did you tell her who I was?" demanded the professor in return.

"My dear Ted, I didn't tell her anything. She knew all that was to be known about you, beforehand. Most people seem to know you beforehand. That's the penalty you pay for being famous." Mrs. St. Julian showed her pretty teeth in an engaging smile.

"I did not suppose," he began, in a mollified tone, "that a young lady—"

"But Maud is no ordinary young lady. Surely you must have discovered that for yourself. She was educated at Girton—"

"I felt sure of it," murmured the professor.

"—And she took a first-class in history. (Not that that's anything, compared with what she's done since. Dr. Dunstan told me, only last week, that something she wrote a little while ago had made two bigwigs in Berlin 'sit up' as he expressed it.) Won't you go and talk to her? I'm sure she's dying to ask you questions about the Mongols."

"Thank you—I had quite enough of that interesting subject during dinner. Besides, you mistake. These tripos heroines never have anything left to learn. It is enough for them to get an opportunity of airing their own opinions."

"Maud isn't at all that sort of girl, I assure you. She is most anxious to improve herself. Have you noticed her hair? Isn't it odd and pretty?"

The professor looked again. The hair in question—a dusky red, set off to admiration by the girl's white satin gown, was undeniably curious, and—yes, it was pretty.

"Miss Affleck seems to hold aloof from your other guests," he remarked. "If you think she would really prefer talking to me to—"

"Spending the evening by herself? Oh, I am sure of it."

Mrs. St. Julian's eyes were innocently itself. But the professor did not like her tone. He rose, and sauntered across the room in the direction of Miss Affleck's corner.

"Ted, how could you be so horrid to that poor girl about her book?"

"I suppose you are speaking of Miss Affleck? I gave her all the assistance she asked."

"Yes, and refused to discuss the subject any further. Let her performance be ever so contemptible—"

"I did not say it was contemptible."

"—You might have condescended to speak of it, one would think! What has Maud done that you should snub her so unmercifully? If she were a rival authority on—what do you call them?—Mongols, you could hardly treat her worse."

The professor was silent.

"Ted, do you consider her a rival authority?"

"An 'authority!' My dear Laura! It's

impossible for any young woman of Miss Affleck's age to have more than the most superficial acquaintance with such a large subject. But a novice occasionally stumbles—by chance—on a solution of some difficulty that has long been a puzzle to experts."

"And that is what Maud has done! I understand. Forgive me for laughing; but, really, this is too funny."

"I do not see—to use your friend Mr. Harding's favorite expression—where the fun comes in, exactly, Laura. The labor of two years rendered vain by a girl's random guess, which it probably took her a couple of mornings to elaborate!" muttered the poor professor, casting dignity to the winds in his irritation.

Mrs. St. Julian heroically stifled her amusement.

"There is only one thing for it, that I can think of. You two must marry, and—"

"—and fuse your wandering books into one."

"Laura!"

"Why not? She is very pretty and well-bred. Eventually she will come into a good deal of money."

"If this is intended for a joke, Laura," the professor interposed, severely, "excuse me for saying that it is an extremely bad one."

"I never was more serious in my life!" his cousin protested. "It would be an admirable arrangement. Do think about it!"

But this the professor indignantly declined to do.

By the end of the week Alleyne had serious thoughts of going back to Oxford. He made up his mind to this step on Monday morning (Mr. Harding having shown himself peculiarly inane, and Miss Affleck more than ordinarily tolerant of his inanity on the preceding Sunday), as he smoked his after-breakfast pipe in the shrubbery. And he had no sooner done so than a sudden winding of the shrubbery path brought him plump upon Miss Affleck, seated upon a rustic bench. She had a writing board on her knee and a pencil in her hand.

"The book?" inquired the professor, with a sickly smile.

She nodded. "My poor little book!—"



"I DIDN'T FEEL COMPETENT," STAMMERED THE PROFESSOR.

The professor's tone had grown quite cordial. It seemed this girl did know something of the Mongolian problem, after all, and had opinions of her own on certain vexed points connected with it. He turned the page with some curiosity.

"Very good. Very good, indeed. Remarkably well worked out." The professor read on, ignoring the misspelt proper names, and was covered with confusion when the owner of the manuscript returned to claim it.

"I'm afraid," he stammered, "that there are still some corrections to make. The truth is, I grew interested in the subject matter. Perhaps you will leave the sheets with me a little longer?"

Maud accepted this kind offer with alacrity and went in to get ready for luncheon. The professor remained behind and took out his note book. That hint about the Ostyaks wanderings had set him thinking, and he felt that his thoughts were worth setting down.

Suddenly the pencil fell from his hand. Good heavens! What was he about? This train of ideas was absolutely new; but for Miss Affleck's manuscript it would never have arisen in his mind. The professor was a man of honor; a cold sweat of dismay broke out upon his forehead as he realized the nature of the crime he had been near committing. He, to pick a girl's brains! He shuddered at himself.

He shuddered. Yet was he sorely tempted to look again at that half-read chapter. For, if the theory put forward in it would hold water, well, the best half of his second volume was just so much waste paper. He pushed the temptation from him to the opposite end of the bench. Then he fell to writing busily on certain slips of paper.

These slips—together with her manuscript in a neat parcel—he took occasion to present to Miss Affleck the same afternoon at tea-time.

Maud was bitterly chagrined. She made no secret of her mortification to Mrs. St. Julian, and that impulsive young woman, moved with indignation, seized the first opportunity of finding herself alone with her cousin to remark:

"Ted, how could you be so horrid to that poor girl about her book?"

"I suppose you are speaking of Miss Affleck? I gave her all the assistance she asked."

"Yes, and refused to discuss the subject any further. Let her performance be ever so contemptible—"

"I did not say it was contemptible."

"—You might have condescended to speak of it, one would think! What has Maud done that you should snub her so unmercifully? If she were a rival authority on—what do you call them?—Mongols, you could hardly treat her worse."

The professor was silent.

"Ted, do you consider her a rival authority?"

"An 'authority!' My dear Laura! It's

which you wouldn't even deign to criticize."

Her garden hat was very becoming and her blue cambie dress gave the utmost "value" to her suburban looks.

"I didn't—feel competent," stammered the professor.

"Was that why you wouldn't read it?"

"No."

Miss Affleck's expressive face was one large note of interrogation.

"You wish to know why? Well, it was because I found you too full of suggestion. You put me upon new trains of thought. It wouldn't have been fair to you—to go on reading."

"But—but I should have been so glad to be of any use to you!" she cried.

The professor stiffened. "You are very good."

"Won't you look at the thing again?" humbly.

The professor set his face as a flint. "Many thanks. But I could not think of trespassing on your kindness. Besides, I am going away this afternoon."

"This afternoon? Oh, I am so sorry!"

"I really don't see"—with increasing asperity—"why you should be sorry. I am unable—for the reasons I have just stated—to assist you in your work. And it is impossible that my society can give you any pleasure."

Will it be believed that this childishly ill-tempered speech had the effect of bringing tears to Maud Affleck's eyes?

"I wish," she murmured, "I knew what I had done to offend you."

The professor looked at her hard—for perhaps half a minute; then, as, too, took a seat on the bench. "You have not offended me at all," he said.

"How beautiful!" Maud Affleck sighed, ten minutes later.

"What is beautiful? The day? or your hair? or the dispensations of Providence? They are all beautiful, in different ways."

"Nonsense! I was thinking that—that you would let me help you with the book, now."

The professor started guiltily. To do him justice, he had quite forgotten the book.

"We will collaborate—we will write it together," he answered. Then he kissed her and rose to new heights of magnanimity. "And publish it in our joint names—Edward and Maud Alleyne."

Maud blushed. "Oh, no! It must remain your book. Perhaps you might put a note in the preface, saying you had been assisted in your researches—"

"By my wife. That sounds charming. But—he kissed her again, and was pricked in conscience—"would that be giving you your due share of credit? You see in that matter of the Ostyaks—"

"I should like it best so," she declared.

"Of course, it must be as you please," said the professor.

STRANGE WAR MYSTERY.

The Unaccountable Disappearance of Harvey B. Wentworth.

He Was Probably Lost and Buried in One of the Labyrinthine Corridors in the Basement of the Capitol.

[Special Washington Letter.]

There is nothing more mysterious in fiction than the sudden and unaccountable disappearance of Harvey B. Wentworth.

He enlisted and was enrolled in company D, Nineteenth New Hampshire volunteer infantry, in May, 1862, at Suncook, N. H., and went to the front with his regiment. He was a typical farmer lad of the Granite state, and was only 20 years of age.

During the entire period of the civil war all the troops from the commonwealths along the Atlantic coast passed through Washington city, on their way to the armies in the field. Consequently the national capital was always full of soldiers, a continually changing kaleidoscope of unformed humanity.

Every morning, after reveille, the sergeant of each company made a report showing that the members of the company were "all present or accounted for." But on the morning of July 22, 1862, the sergeant of company D, Nineteenth New Hampshire, reported Private Harvey B. Wentworth "not present;" and his name was thus borne on the rolls of the company until the close of the war, when the regiment was mustered out of service. Then, opposite his name, the entry was made: "Mysteriously disappeared."

In those days many soldiers were wounded, killed, died in hospital, deserted or otherwise left the service daily, but they were usually borne on the rolls "accounted for" in some way. How Harvey B. Wentworth disappeared nobody has ever definitely ascertained. Within a year of his disappearance his mother died, and in the following year his father passed away. In the little cemetery near Suncook, N. H., three gravestones bear the following inscriptions:

Sacred to the memory of Martha Wentworth, daughter of Emory L. Hill, and wife of Nathan W. Wentworth. Died August 7, 1863.

Here lies the body of Nathan W. Wentworth, who departed this life October 1, 1864, aged 44 years and 4 months.

The third headstone contains the following:

Sacred to the memory of Harvey B. Wentworth, a private in company D, Nineteenth New Hampshire volunteers, who mysteriously disappeared from the knowledge of men at Washington, D. C., in July, 1862.

No doubt was ever cast upon the character or honor of the lost soldier. On the contrary, a court of inquiry placed upon record the conclusion that "Harvey B. Wentworth, of the Nineteenth New Hampshire volunteers, did, on or about the 21st day of July, 1862, disappear from mortal ken; but in view of his character and antecedents we clear him from the charge of desertion, and recommend that his military record be regarded as without stain."

The history of the mystery was once prepared by H. Webster, of the navy, who closely investigated the circumstances; and he reached the conclusion that Wentworth was lost and died in one of the labyrinthine corridors down deep in the subbasement of the capitol building, which was then being pushed to completion. He says that it was in July, 1862, during one of the hottest periods of that momentous summer, and when, in the minds of many, the fate of the republic hung in the balance, that the Nineteenth New Hampshire regiment marched up Pennsylvania avenue from the Baltimore and Ohio



IN MEMORY OF HARVEY B. WENTWORTH.

depot, having but just arrived from the Granite hills, fresh in military harness and eager for the fray. Continuing the route usually followed by the incoming soldiers, the regiment, about 4:30 p. m., arrived at the farther or Virginia end of the old Aqueduct bridge, and encamped for the night on the sloping hills lying between Fort Corcoran and the Potomac, the venerable pile of Georgetown college showing its twinkling lights directly opposite as darkness fell.

Through the exigencies of the service, and under orders from the military authorities in Washington, the regiment remained in camp during all the month of July and well into August, finally being assigned to the corps commanded by Brig. Gen. Rosecrans.

Harvey B. Wentworth was hardly 21 at the date of his enlistment, and had been born and reared not far from the town of Suncook; and up to the outbreak of the rebellion had worked there with his father and one brother, after the manner of New England farmer boys, attending school during the winter, but acquiring his education as much from the newspapers and magazines as from the text-books of the district school. In this way young Wentworth had become possessed of an education considerably above the average, and on enlisting as a private

for service at the front, added one more to that immense array of "thinking bayonets" which opened the eyes of the world to the real power of the American republic.

The center of the capitol building, with an unslightly excuse for a dome, had long been completed and occupied; but the beautiful marble wings for the senate and house of representatives existed merely on the paper plans of the architect. A great civil war was in progress when President Lincoln electrified the country by expressing the desire that "the capitol should be completed at once, giving the whole world the spectacle of a nation fighting a successful fight with rebellion and at the same time setting the seal on its success by fixing the emblem of liberty on the pinnacle of its capitol."

The wish of the president was gratified, and congress made liberal annual appropriations for the purpose. In 1864 the building was completed, the magnificent dome was crowned with the Goddess of Liberty and the two houses of congress took possession of their new legislative halls.

The first chronicler of the fate of Wentworth learned from his comrades that, in common with all others who



WHERE HE WAS LAST SEEN.

then first saw the national capital, the young soldier felt an intelligent and absorbing interest in the public buildings of the city, and his feeling for the capitol amounted almost to reverence, so that when its white dome first rose to view before the glistening eyes of the young soldier a burning desire to familiarize himself with its every part took possession of his mind, and one of his first acts after arriving in camp across the Potomac was to apply for a limited furlough, or leave of absence, with the intention of thoroughly exploring the beautiful pile on Capitol hill. The soldier, whose cousin was in command of the company, had little difficulty in obtaining the necessary furlough, extending in this case over a period of 24 hours, and at once availed himself of the privilege. At the same time the order against soldiers appearing in public out of uniform was being strictly enforced and very few of the nation's defenders were to be seen in the streets of Washington save in the blue of their adopted costumes. The appearance, therefore, of the young soldier from the Granite state in the uniform of his regiment was not noted save in a general way, as he made his way across the old bridge at Georgetown into the district, and so on toward the Mecca of his desires, the capitol.

Every approach of the national capital was guarded, and young Wentworth was obliged to show his pass to the sentries at either end of the bridge, and also at the several patrol crossings on the way down Pennsylvania avenue until he crossed Rock creek, and reached the then boundary of the corporate city. It is known that he traversed the entire length of the thoroughfare leading to Capitol hill, leisurely viewing the sights so strange to his rustic eyes. He was last seen on the brow of Capitol hill, gazing westward upon the panorama of picturesque Washington, a city garlanded with the pomp and panoply of war, but embowered beautifully in a wilderness of virgin forest foliage.

All around and about him were the masons and other artisans, busy as bees performing their various functions in developing the ideas and plans of the capitol building. Huge columns of marble were being molded into symmetrical forms by hammers and chisels wielded by skillful workmen. Immense derricks were hauling and lifting into their permanent places the great blocks which form the walls. Viewing all these scenes with quiet amazement, the soldier boy finally concluded to explore the subterranean passages of the wonderful building, and he descended the narrow sandstone stairway beneath the center of the rotunda, over which the workmen were then rearing the dome. He was never again seen on earth, and there was never discovered a trace of the man's body or clothing.

Nobody knows what became of Harvey B. Wentworth. It has long been the prevailing impression among his surviving friends and relatives that the soldier boy lost his way in the dark and intricate passages, became exhausted, or asphyxiated, and died and was buried in by the workmen. There are numerous arches down in the foundations, giving support to the tons above, and in any one of these the soldier boy may have been immured. One thing only is known, and that is that the soldier entered the crypt of the capitol on that July afternoon, 35 years ago, and he has never since been seen. Poor country boy! Who can ever solve the mystery of his disappearance?

SMITH D. FRY.

A Lucky Accident.

Patient—Good heavens, man, you've pulled the wrong tooth.

Dentist—Oh, that's all right. You're in luck. This week I'm charging only half-price for the second tooth.—Up-to-Date.

A Sure Deliverance.

Not instantaneously, it is true, but in a short space of time, persons of a bilious habit are saved from the tortures which a disordered liver is capable of inflicting by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, an anti-bilious medicine and aperient of the first rank. The pains in the right side and through the right shoulder blade, the sick headache, nausea, constipation and sallow hue of the skin, are entirely removed by this estimable restorative of tone to the organs of secretion and digestion.

Bed is a bundle of paradoxes; we go to it with reluctance, yet we quit it with regret.—N. Y. Weekly.

Many a train of thought ought to be switched into a siding.—N. Y. Weekly.

"Star Tobacco."

As you chew tobacco for pleasure, use Star. It is not only the best, but the most lasting, and therefore the cheapest.

To have a respect for ourselves guides our morals, and to have a deference for others governs our manners.—N. Y. Weekly.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Over 400,000 cured. Why not let No-To-Bac regulate or remove your desire for tobacco? Saves money, makes health and manhood. Cure guaranteed, 50c and \$1.00, all druggists.

Love, when true, faithful and well-fixed, is eminently the sanctifying element of human life.—N. Y. Weekly.

When bilious or constive eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed. 10c, 25c.

They who clamor for their rights, multiply their wrongs.—Ram's Horn.

Actors, Vocalists, Public Speakers praise Hale's Honey of Horchum and Tar. Pike's Footache Drops Cure in One Minute.

When a man gets beat in a game of cards he always tells how he is out of practice.—Washington Democrat.

Pino's Cure for Consumption has saved me many a doctor's bill.—S. F. Hardy, Hopkins Place, Baltimore, Md., Dec. 2, 1894.

Men tire of everything else; it is a wonder they do not tire of life.

A real trifling man is always weighing himself.—Washington Democrat.

Just try a 10c box of Cascaret candy cathartic, finest liver and bowel regulator made.

A good laugh is like sunshine to the soul.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Painful Humor

On the Ankle Spread to the Knee and Developed into Boils—No Trouble Since Taking Hood's.

"I was troubled with a disagreeable itching on one of my ankles. In time it developed into boils of which I had five or six at a time. The humor spread from my ankle to my knee and was very painful. It baffled the skill of physicians. For weeks I could not bear my weight on this foot. An abscess formed and was lanced and the humor broke out on my other ankle and threatened to repeat my former experience. Hood's Sarsaparilla attracted my attention and I began taking it. In six weeks I was better, and began to hope for a permanent cure. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla six months and was entirely cured. I have had no trouble with humor since that time." Mrs. M. B. MacIntosh, Barrington, Illinois. Remember

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Is the best—In fact the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Get only HOOD'S.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, indigestion, biliousness. Price 25c.

Who opened that bottle of HIRE'S Rootbeer?

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HIRE'S Rootbeer

is composed of the very ingredients the system requires. Aiding the digestion, soothing the nerves, purifying the blood. A temperance drink for temperance people.

Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Phila. A package makes 2 gallons. Sold everywhere.

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WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS

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