

The Times' Daily Short Story.

A WELL LAID PLAN

(Original.)

In the autumn of 1820 the landlord of the Essex tavern, midway between New York and Morristown, was shut up in his house preparatory to going to bed when a traveler rode up on horseback and demanded a night's lodging. He was apparently about fifty years old, with grizzled gray black hair, a full beard and mustache, both sprinkled with gray. He carried strapped behind his saddle a bundle wrapped in paper, which he unstrapped and brought into the house in lieu of baggage. Before going to bed he deposited with the landlord for safe keeping \$750 in bills, saying that he had drawn it from a bank in Morristown during the day and had noticed at the teller's window a young man in a brown overcoat, a beaver hat, tar gloves and a single eyeglass—something unusual in America—who cast a covetous glance at the bills. He had met the same man on the road and was sure the fellow was following him to rob him. For this reason he desired the landlord to put the money in his safe and give him a room which could be both locked and bolted. Having seen his funds properly disposed of, he went upstairs.

The next morning about daylight a housemaid who was lighting the fires saw a young man come downstairs with a paper parcel under his arm. He had on a brown overcoat, a beaver hat, tar gloves and a single eyeglass. When a guest came down to breakfast he reported having heard groans in the next room, which proved to be the one occupied by the guest who had deposited the money. The landlord hurried to the room in question, found it locked, knocked, received no response, gained access through a window opening into a court and found no one there.

That the traveler had been murdered by the man in the brown overcoat would have been accepted by every one had any plausible theory been hit upon as to what had been done with the body. This difficulty was, however, partially obviated by a porter's statement that he had met a man in the hall the night before who had notified him that he would require his services in carrying out a trunk the next morning. It was assumed that the murderer had found some other means of removing the trunk, which must surely have contained the body. Curiously enough, as soon as this phase of the mystery appeared people ceased to speculate upon who committed the murder and began to dispute upon how the trunk containing the body was got out of the hotel without attracting attention. It is not the soluble that interests people; it is the insoluble.

There were no organized detective agencies at that time, but the landlord of the Essex tavern could not rest content with the matter unexplained, so

he offered the \$750 left in his keeping by the traveler to whomsoever should solve the mystery. Abner Morgan, a young lawyer without practice, took the matter up with a view to reaping the reward. He discovered that three weeks before the disappearance of the stranger at the Essex tavern the cashier of a bank in New York had defaulted and run away with all the currency in the safe, some \$20,000. But the traveler had come in on the road from Morristown. The cashier was a man of thirty-five and sandy haired, while the traveler was fifty and dark. The supposed murderer was very young, also dark. Morgan on account of these discrepancies gave up the theory of the murdered traveler or the supposed murderer being the missing cashier and turned his attention to hunting by the real cashier with a view to getting a higher reward for his capture offered by the bank.

Hearing of a man living at Albany, N. Y., who was unaccounted for, though he did not answer the cashier's description, Morgan went there and found one whom he watched for a time and then, taking his chances as to the man's identity, arrested him on a trumped up charge. As soon as he got his prisoner to New York he sent for the president of the bank that had been robbed, who at once identified the man as the missing cashier, though he was "made up" to look fifty instead of thirty-five. Then the culprit broke down and confessed.

This was his story:

After the robbery he lay in hiding for awhile in Morristown, but as he was in danger of discovery left the place one evening on horseback, having concocted the following plan to become lost to the world: In his paper parcel he carried the bills and articles for disguise. Arriving at the tavern he deposited the \$750 with the landlord, intending to leave it there to strengthen the suspicion of murder, for he would not be suspected of leaving such a sum unattended if he were alive. What troubled him most was how to throw the police on the wrong track concerning the body. A man murdered is not an easy thing to remove without the fact being known. Meeting the porter the night before in a dark part of the hall where he could be only dimly seen, it occurred to him to engage the man to carry the trunk. This link in his plan, which he considered at the time the weakest, proved the strongest. Having entered his room, he waited till just before daylight, then groaned loudly, then made himself up as the man in the brown overcoat whom he had concocted as a part of his plan, let himself down to a lower story by means of a lightning rod and, entering a window, walked downstairs, meeting the maid. In this way he hoped to convey the impression that he had been murdered and his body spirited away in a trunk.

Abner Morgan received a reward of \$1,000 from the bank; the \$750 was returned. The cashier was convicted.

LUCY BOYD WILLIAMS.

An Ocean Derelict

Pathetic Story of the Last Voyage of the Schooner Island Belle.

Dimasted and Waterlogged, She Drifted For Months—Rescue of the Survivors of Her Crew.

George Rignold, the well known actor, recently narrated an incident which came under his observation while crossing the Atlantic in the steamship Germanic some years ago.

"It was on my second voyage across the Atlantic," said Mr. Rignold, "when one morning about 5 o'clock, we being then in mid-Atlantic, the ship suddenly stopped. Most of the passengers, including myself, scrambled on deck to



THE MAN WAVED HIS ARMS.

hasty toilets to inquire what was the matter. It turned out that the captain had stopped the ship because he had seen something on the horizon that he could not quite make out, and after a careful scrutiny he changed his course to get a nearer view.

The order was given, the screw began to revolve again, and we made straight for the 'dark speck,' the mystery about which all were by now anxious to solve. At length we could discern something flitting in the wind. Was it a signal of distress? Our vessel slowed down and crept closer and still closer until only a short distance divided us from the object of our curiosity. We could now see that it was a small schooner, evidently waterlogged, with her deck nearly level with the sea, which was continually washing over her. Her bulwarks had been almost entirely carried away, both her masts were broken off some eight or ten feet from the deck, and only a few shreds of canvas remained hanging to a tangle of spars on the bowsprit. The only things that appeared to have escaped the general destruction were a small deck house and a water cask, the latter strongly lashed to ringbolts in the deck.

"Presently we saw a tall, silent figure standing against the stump of the foremast waving his arms. Being within hailing distance, our captain spoke from the bridge. 'What do you want?' he said. The reply came up from the submerged hull in a strong, clear voice: 'Will you take us on board? Our crew dead!'

"What a strange and tragic story of the sea was told in those few words! The date he gave and that on which he was now speaking denoted an intervening period of five months, and the dismal spectacle we were now looking down upon gave ample food for the imagination to feed upon.

"The order was given for a boat to be lowered and rowed alongside, which was done with amazing rapidity. Then, to our great surprise, it was found that the man was not entirely alone on that dismantled hull. Two loud and joyous barks were heard, and a large Newfoundland dog appeared. He, strange to say, seemed in good health and spirits, for he was the first to spring into the boat, evidently quite appreciating the long looked for reprieve. Then more discoveries were made. From the deck house our men carried a half unconscious boy, with hollow cheeks and sunken eyes, and placed him gently in the boat. Next a tottering figure with frozen, useless hands swathed in rags was helped in and after him another disheveled and bewildered being carrying some papers beneath his arms. He, we afterward discovered, was the captain of the schooner. Lastly came the gaunt, dark man who had signalled us. There they were—the dog, a lascivious sailor with frozen hands, a half dead boy, the dazed looking captain and the tall American, all in a state of pitiable emaciation.

"After they were taken aboard and had time to recuperate it was learned

that the man who had first signalled us was only a sailor working his passage, but it was his iron will and dauntless energy that practically pulled the survivors through, for the captain had collapsed and this sailor had become the ruling spirit.

"The name of the schooner was the Island Belle. There had been eleven souls on board when she started on her voyage—the captain, his wife and two children, the mate and four sailors, a negro cook, the strange sailor.

"From the start they experienced bad weather, and the captain, after losing most of his canvas, had transferred his wife and children to a passing steamer that had offered assistance. Then the little schooner continued on her way, having been supplied with necessaries.

"Then the great struggle began. With pitiless persistence the bad weather continued. The sails and spars, which were now almost beyond repair, were of small use, and the vessel drifted farther and farther to the north. The cold began to freeze the spray upon the rigging into ice. Then came a sudden violent squall, which carried away the mainmast and disabled the rudder. The schooner was now helpless, and the captain ordered that the sail be taken from the foremast. Four men went aloft, but before they could complete their labors the foremast snapped short off and all came down together in an appalling tangle. One man went overboard, one broke his thigh and two were wedged in among the mass of wreckage. The others were too exhausted to help their companions and they perished miserably.

"Benumbed with the cold, the survivors could form no idea where they were, though the increasing cold showed that they were being driven north. They kept at the pumps as long as their strength lasted, but still the water gained, and meanwhile the ice was accumulating on the deck. The wreckage beneath which the two dead men lay buried retarded the water from flowing off to such an extent that it became a solid block of ice, and through this icy sephercher the dead men, wonderfully manifested, could be discerned.

"The sailor with the broken thigh died within a few hours, as did later the negro cook, whose hands and feet became frozen. The survivors huddled together in the deck house, and as by this time the ship's stores were exhausted they were obliged to have recourse to the cargo, which consisted of salted fish. This had to be got out of the hold, and the hatches were consequently taken off. But they found the food almost uneatable, because of the salt, and in order to get it down they trailed it behind the schooner as she drifted to get the salt out of it.

"The famished men found that even then it was hard to swallow, but the dog seemed to thrive on it and willingly imparted the warmth of his body to his frozen companions. Fortunately they had drinking water in sufficiency, thanks to the wonderful forethought of the American, who had collected quantities of snow during the driving squalls.

"Gradually the severity of the weather began to abate, and the ice slowly melted. With anxious eyes they watched the heavy block in which the dead men were entombed gradually diminishing, the vessel slightly lifting in consequence.

"The welcome change in the temperature increased day by day, and eventu-



THE DEAD WERE IN AN ICE SEPERCHER.

ally they were able to get at the bodies of the poor fellows who had been frozen up for so long and put them overboard.

"The weather now admitted of an observation being taken, by which they learned their position. They had drifted into the gulf stream, whose warm current was carrying them back to the more temperate regions from which they had been blown, and consequently into the track of Atlantic steamers. It was thus that our captain saw them and came to their rescue."

POVERTY.

Subbubs—Come out tonight, and I'm sure you'll get a good dinner.
Citizen—I thought you had no cook now.

Subbubs—She doesn't leave till tomorrow. She'll do her best tonight just to make us realize how much we'll miss her when she's gone.—Philadelphia Press.



Mrs. L. C. Glover, Vice Pres. Milwaukee, Wis., Business Woman's Association, is another one of the million women who have been restored to health by using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: I was married for several years and no children blessed my home. The doctor said I had a complication of female troubles and I could not have any children unless I could be cured. He tried to cure me, but after experimenting for several months, my husband became disgusted, and one night when we noticed a testimonial of a woman who had been cured of similar trouble through the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, he went out and bought a bottle for me. I used your medicine for three and one half months, improving steadily in health, and in twenty-two months a child came. I cannot fully express the joy and thankfulness that is in my heart. Our home is a different place now, as we have something to live for, and all the credit is due to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Yours very sincerely, Mrs. L. C. Glover, 614 Grove St., Milwaukee, Wis." Vice President, Milwaukee Business Woman's Ass'n.

Women should not fail to profit by the experience of these two women; just as surely as they were cured of the troubles enumerated in their letters, just so certainly will Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cure others who suffer from womb troubles, inflammation of the ovaries, kidney troubles, nervous excitability, and nervous prostration; remember that it is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that is curing women, and don't allow any druggist to sell you anything else in its place.

An Indiana Lady Tells of a Wonderful Cure:—



"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: It is a pleasure for me to write and tell what your wonderful medicine has done for me. I was sick for three years with change of life, and my physician thought a cancerous condition of the womb. During these three years I suffered untold agony.

"I cannot find words in which to express my bad feelings. I did not expect to ever see another well day. I read some of the testimonials recommending your medicine and decided to write to you and give your treatment a trial.

"Before I had taken half a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I began to sleep. I have taken now six bottles and am so well I can do all kinds of work."—Mrs. LIZZIE HIRSKA, Salem, Ind.

If there is anything in your case about which you would like special advice, write freely to Mrs. Pinkham. She can surely help you, for no person in America can speak from a wider experience in treating female ills. Address in Lynn, Mass.; her advice is free and always helpful.

\$5000 FORFEIT If we cannot forswith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

HOPE FOR BALDHEADS.

Wear Corsets or Belts and Help Your Hair, Says German Scientist.

"Hoeh" the corset! Down with the dress reformer, who usually "reforms" at an age at which she has no form to reform—for she is the friend of the baldhead microbe. For the corset has found a friend, says the Berlin correspondent of the Milwaukee Sentinel.

It is declared to be a certain cure for baldness by a scientist who will not be denied, but comes forward with baldheaded facts.

He blames baldness on exclusively abdominal or "deep" breathing, which men affect, and in which the corset does not allow women to indulge.

Without going into a scientific dissertation on breathing it may be stated that the lower portion of the stomach plays its part in the process of respiration.

Now, the ordinary man, says this investigator, allows the lower portion of the stomach to play too great a part in the process of breathing, whereas the corset confines the breathing of the fair sex more largely to the upper portion of the chest and woman retains her crown of glory.

In the pursuit of his investigations the chemist selected various animals which breathe properly and fitted them with an apparatus which forced what is called exclusively abdominal breathing. Dogs, cats and even birds fitted with these unique and wrongly constructed corsets actually lose their hair or feathers after a few months of wear.

On the other hand, it is argued that millions of men who do not wear stays have an abundance of hair. It has been set forth on competent authority that at least 50 per cent of the men of

the present day are more or less afflicted with baldness and that the percentage is increasing alarmingly.

This fact alone rather upsets the argument that has just been set down, and to it must be added the further fact that thousands of men habitually wear a belt, not necessarily of leather or worn outside the waistcoat, which, although they are unaware of it, acts as a pair of stays with regard to the process of breathing.

From inquiries made in this connection the weight of evidence is in favor of a good head of hair in the possession of men who wear these belts, which are sometimes mere strips of fannel.

NOVEL LIFE RAFT.

Man Carried Ashore From Wreck by Belt of Photograph Cylinders.

News of an ingenious escape from drowning comes from the Midway cable station, writes the Honolulu correspondent of the New York Herald. S. McMichael, one of the operators, left Honolulu on the schooner Julia E. Whale for Midway station. The schooner encountered bad weather off the island and was driven on the reef a few nights ago. Fears for the safety of all on board were entertained.

With remarkable presence of mind McMichael is reported to have devised a novel life belt. Cylinder records for a photograph had been placed in his care for the station. When he found the vessel pounding on the reef and likely to go to pieces McMichael thought of the records. He plugged up the ends of the cylinders, making them completely airtight.

Stringing them on ropes, he constructed several life belts. He took to the water and floated ashore with the aid of the belts. The remainder of the crew would have had similar life belts, but McMichael had used up all of the records. Members of the crew finally were saved by getting their lifeboat launched before the vessel broke up.

RICH GIFT FOR KIND DEED.

Canada: Receives \$50,000 Check From Man He Benefited.

Joseph Aubin, a hotel keeper of McGregor, near Windsor, Ont., recently realized the benefits of casting bread on the waters when he received a draft for \$50,000 from his half brother, Jacques Cana of Chile, South America, says the Chicago Inter Ocean.

The present is a sequel to a trial which occurred in Montreal a number of years ago when Cana was charged with murder. He had no money to fight his case and was in despair until young Aubin came forward with his

savings and engaged counsel and looked up evidence for his half brother.

Cana was acquitted and went to Chile. The next heard of him was in the shape of a \$3,000 check that he sent to Aubin to repay the money spent on the trial. He afterward wrote that he would make Aubin rich and evidently means to keep his word.

Wanted an Equivalent.

Ambassadors of Asia Minor came to Mark Antony after he had imposed upon them a double tax and said to him that if he would have two tribunes from them in one year he must give them two seedtimes and two harvests.

MORE INDIGESTION.

"Ninety-five times out of a hundred," said the Romoc man, "you can attribute fainting fits, vertigo, heart palpitation, and all such disagreeable feeling to indigestion." "Ninety-nine times out of a hundred you may be sure that these same disagreeable symptoms and the trouble that causes them can be rectified by the use of Romoc." "Romoc is the greatest of Nature's remedies. It strengthens the stomach and enables it to digest the food that is eaten. It produces a healthy, natural appetite.

"Romoc dispels all poisonous secretions from the body by strengthening those organs whose duty it is to get rid of such injurious substances. If you are subject to any of the toms which I have wish you would try Romoc. It will do you more good than any drug you ever heard of. When it comes to using medicines containing alcohol there is no comparison. Romoc does not contain a drop of those poisons. The way in which Romoc is sold, on a guaranty, proves the very high regard in which it is held.

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