

THE SHERIFF'S VICTORY

By BRUCE ELDER.

GOLIATH, of Gath, the renowned champion of the Philistines, and David, the shepherd boy who conquered him, could have presented no stronger contrast in stature and bulk than my father's two occasional visitors, Mr. Bristol, the grain merchant, and little Capt. Darby, the shy, quiet but genial gentleman of leisure.

I was on intimate terms with the former, boy though I was, for I almost worshipped muscle and brawn, and to possess some day Mr. Bristol's magnificent strength was the height of my ambition.

Capt. Darby, on the contrary, was so "insignificant" in size and undemonstrative in manner that I never wasted a thought upon him.

Coming out from our gymnasium one day, with every muscle in my body strained and aching from the training which I had just been receiving, I met Mr. Bristol and together we sauntered down Kearney street.

He called me a "youthful Samson," bantered me about my trapeze feats and at length said, looking me squarely in the face:

"What do you expect to gain by your skill in that direction, Mark?"

"Nothing that I now know of, sir; but 'might is right,' and when I'm as strong as you I'll defy any fellow to make me his football."

Just then Capt. Darby, passing, saluted us, and disappeared in a drug store.

"I know Capt. Darby is a gentleman, in his way," I continued, "but I would despise myself if I was made on so small a scale, and yet was expected to do a man's part in life."

"So! so! Is that your gauge of manhood, my boy? Well, I thought so, too, once, until a sheriff taught me better. My early home was near Harrisburg, the capital of Pennsylvania. The Susquehanna flows directly past the city. This beautiful river, though a mile wide, is not navigable except in the spring of the year, when the early rains and melting snows swell it considerably.

"As soon as the stream is high enough the watermen float their timber, in the form of rafts, down from the forests at the head of the river, in New York, to the market at its mouth or along shore.

"One day in 1859 news was brought to town that a party of watermen had seized a cargo of shingles, under a disputed ownership, and having placed them on a raft, were floating down the river, and were now quite near.

"It happened that the legal owner of the shingles, Mr. Hunt, was in Harrisburg at that time, and, going to the sheriff, he ordered that a writ of replevin should be served upon the lumbermen.

"The sheriff, jumping into his buggy, with Mr. Hunt, rapidly drove to a little village below the city, which was the nearest port of entry. Here they left their horse and buggy, and walked up the river again one mile to a tavern close to the shore, called 'The White House,' which was a favorite resort of the lumbermen.

"I had come in from my father's farm to have our team of sorrels shod at the farrier's, near the tavern, and was lounging about the porch when the two strangers came up. One was a large, the other a small man. The large man soon explained the situation of affairs to the loafers seated around, and they became at once much excited. It was going to require pluck and determination to arrest a party of Susquehanna lumbermen.

"Think you can do it, sheriff?" said the host.

"He addressed the small man. I was amazed. He the high sheriff of Dauphin county, holding such a responsible position! Ridiculous!

"He was not more than five feet in height and certainly did not weigh over 110 pounds. I was too inexperienced to read his character in his face, but I knew that in a fair fight I could toss him over my head, and unconsciously I felt contempt for him.

"That's the question, sheriff," said Mr. Hunt. "I propose that—"

"There's the raft. See her! Just rounding the bend!" exclaimed one of the men at the tavern; which announcement prevented Mr. Hunt from explaining his purpose, for the time for action had arrived.

"Follow!" said the sheriff.

"And running down the river bank, he was fortunate enough to find a boat lying there.

"On no consideration, however, could he get any of the men to agree to row him out to the raft, knowing, as they did, the desperate nature of those watermen.

"A law of Pennsylvania gives an officer the right to press into his service when necessary, anyone whom he may please. They refused at the peril of arrest. Thus the sheriff was compelled to order two men to the oars, saying, as he did so:

"All I want of you is to put me on that raft. I will manage the rest alone."

"Meantime Mr. Hunt, noticing my broad shoulders, secretly offered me ten dollars if I would go along 'to back up the sheriff' if he needed help, and I consented.

"The boat pushed off, and when near the raft we saw but one man upon it. When within speaking distance of him we were greeted with the salutation:

"What d'ye want out here?"

softly, stooping, caught the bow of our skiff, and with a powerful push sent us back about ten feet. Then he said, savagely:

"I'll break your head if you dare to touch here again!" raising, as he spoke, a stout hickory club with which to enforce his threat.

"I tell you, Mark, I wished I was safely at home then.

"Men," coolly ordered the sheriff, "put me up to that raft again." Then, turning to the raftsmen, he said: "Look here, sir! I am sheriff of Dauphin county, and as such am authorized to take from you the shingles in your possession. I am going to do it, too."

"His reply was a flourish of the club. By this time the boat had again touched the raft, and the sheriff in an instant leaped aboard her and approached his antagonist, saying:

"Sir, you may as well submit peaceably; for do you think a small man like I am came here to fight you—a big, blustering idiot? For such you are if you think you can escape with this lumber when I have the whole of Pennsylvania at my back."

"As the sheriff spoke, his slight figure expressed so much dignity and fearlessness, and his voice rang out in such manly tones, that, fired by his grit, I, too, stepped on the raft, and reaching around him, tried to seize the raftsmen's club.

"At this moment 11 big men sprang from their concealment behind the shingles.

"Now we are in for it!" thought I. "Who ordered you to interfere, young man?" said the sheriff, looking at me with eyes as stern as fate. "Return to that boat immediately. When you are needed I will let you know. This is not a free fight."

"I obeyed, feeling small enough.

"Now, men, go back to your places," said the sheriff, addressing the crew. "Don't be foolhardy, and get yourselves in a worse scrape."

"Hello, Bill! What yer doin'?" inquired one of them of the pilot, who had come on board a few miles back, and was employed to guide the raft down the river.

"Well, I'll tell yer. I'm puttin' on my coat, 'cause I'm not goin' to git in the same box with you fellers. That little man there is our sheriff, an' I mean to obey him. He's never known to back down."

"Good for you, Bill!" exclaimed the sheriff, recognizing him. "You're the right sort. Now just take that oar again under my directions."

"All right, sir," he replied.

"And back he went.

"That little rascal will have his own way, anyhow," remarked the man who had first repelled the sheriff, "so boys, we may as well give up to him."

"One by one they returned to their posts, and so far the victory seemed secured.

"The sheriff, meanwhile, picked up a stick, began whittling it in the coolest way possible; but, nevertheless, he kept a close watch over the men, and, after awhile, noticed that something was brewing.

"Carelessly sauntering up to the pilot he inquired:

"What is it, Bill?"

"They're tryin' to git ye over to the falls, sir."

"Now the Conewago falls are the boundary line between Dauphin and an adjoining county, and it is exceedingly dangerous, unless under experienced guidance, to pass them."

"The sheriff stepped forward, with a defiant laugh, and said:

"You fellows are the biggest fools I've met in a long time. You think by getting me over to the falls that you will be out of my jurisdiction. Don't you see that I have taken possession of this raft and all on it? I might take you to Philadelphia, and still have you in my power, so you may as well abandon that little trick. Jones, don't pull quite so hard! There! that's it. Now we'll run of to Conewago island and see what we can do about those shingles."

Then, going over to the pilot, he said: "Bill, when we get to the island, I'll leave you to see about the unloading."

"Not another word did he speak until the island was reached, which was but a short distance ahead.

"Calling to some men who were at work upon it, he had, under Bill's direction, the shingles taken off and piled up neatly under the trees, amid the disapproving mutterings of the crew; but they never raised a finger.

"When all was done, he said:

"Now, men, I've got what I came for—the shingles and not you, so you can go your way, and next time I see you, Bill, we'll have a friendly settlement. Good-by!"

"And leaping into the skiff, we rowed the little sheriff back to the White House.

"Quite a crowd had collected along the shore as we returned, and you never heard heartier cheers than greeted us.

"Hailed by Mr. Hunt, they carried the sheriff into the tavern upon their shoulders, and, a few years after, when some of those very raftsmen were wanting a gallant leader to take them through the war, who do you think they chose?"

"The brave little sheriff, sir," I replied.

"That's so. The little sheriff then, and now your father's and my friend—Capt. Darby."

"No, Mr. Bristol! That quiet man? It is not possible!"

"The very same, Mark. Muscle is a good thing in its place, but muscle without moral courage to direct it makes but a poor show at the best."—Golden Days.

Torpedo Boat's Lost Speed.

After spending \$25,000 in repairing the torpedo boat destroyer Thrasher, which recently ran ashore on the Cornish coast, the British admiralty finds that it can make only 24 knots an hour instead of the 30 knots it made before the accident.

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

HAPPENINGS OF THE PAST FEW DAYS FROM ALL QUARTERS.

Two Train Robbers Shot to Death by a Sheriff's Posse—An Express Messenger Murdered and His Car Robbed—Bryau Notified of Nomination.

The remains of King Humbert of Italy were buried at Monza, Thursday.

Excessive heat at Chicago last week caused the death of many children. One day 53 deaths of babies, all under one year, were reported.

O. A. Town, who received the nomination for vice-president by the Populist convention has withdrawn from the race.

Fifteen persons were instantly killed, and 11 others, several of whom will die, seriously injured on a grade crossing about three miles east of Slaton, Pa., a passenger train on the Lehigh and New England railroad crashing into an omnibus full of people. The dead and injured were in the omnibus. But three of the occupants escaped injury.

A cable from Hongkong says: Maulla advises to the Filipino junta, asserting that General MacArthur and General Alejandrino, a leading rebel commander, are negotiating for the surrender, under the amnesty proclamation, of the insurgent forces in Central Luzon. These rebel forces include those under Colonels Lucena and Tecson, who last Wednesday captured Lieutenant Alister of the engineer corps and 11 cavalrymen.

The total assessment roll of the Arizona territory will reach \$33,500,000 as against \$32,500,000 last year.

For insulating the new queen of Serbia General Belmarkowitch, who was one of the regents during the minority of King Alexander, has been placed under arrest.

The two men who robbed the Union Pacific train near Hugo, Col., 90 miles east of Denver, last Sunday morning and who shot and killed W. J. Fay, an aged passenger who resisted them, are both dead. One was shot to pieces by a sheriff's posse and the other was burned to death in a sod house in which he had taken refuge. The two robbers met their death three miles east of Goodland, Kas., after a battle with a posse of citizens commanded by sheriff William Walker. In the fight one of the men was killed, but not until after three members of the posse had been wounded two seriously and perhaps fatally. The other robber barricaded himself in a sod house and defied the posse.

Baron Russell of Killowen, lord chief justice of England, died suddenly in London last week.

Throughout the east many people were killed by the excessive heat of last week. In many of the large cities the mercury touched the 100 mark.

Charles Lane, an express messenger on the Pennsylvania express, was found dead in his car when the train reached Columbus, O., a few nights ago. Robbers had entered the car and shot him to death. Lane's pistol lay by his side empty, proving that he had fought hard. The robbers are supposed to have secured about \$45,000 in money. Charles R. H. Ferrell, a former employee of the Adams Express company, was arrested later and confessed to the killing of Messenger Lane and the robbery of the way express. One thousand dollars of the money he stole was recovered.

Yellow fever is raging at Progresso, Mexico.

Because the United States government does not give them sufficient land, Indians from Indian territory are trying to arrange to move to Mexico.

Fire at Spencer, Tioga county, N. Y., destroyed the sawmill, gristmill and lumber yards of S. A. Seeley, the Grove hotel, the town electric light plant, the Lehigh Valley railroad station and other properties. Loss \$150,000.

OVARIAN TROUBLES.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cures Them—Two Letters from Women.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I write to tell you of the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me. I was sick in bed about five weeks. The right side of my abdomen pained me and was so swollen and sore that I could not walk. The doctor told my husband I would have to undergo an operation. This I refused to do until I had given your medicine a trial. Before I had taken one bottle the swelling began to disappear. I continued to use your medicine until the swelling was entirely gone. When the doctor came he was very much surprised to see me so much better."—MRS. MARY SMITH, Arlington, Iowa.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I was sick for two years with falling of the womb, and inflammation of the ovaries and bladder. I was bleated very badly. My left limb would swell so I could not step on my foot. I had such bearing down pains I could not sit, stand or walk across the room and such shooting pains would go through me that I thought I could not stand it. My mother got me a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and told me to try it. I took six bottles and now, thanks to your wonderful medicine, I am a well woman."—MRS. ELIZABETH BRYAN, Otisville, Mich.

There is not a sewing machine on the market so deservedly popular as the Wheeler & Wilson. It has no superiors and its equals are so scattering as never to have been definitely located. The Wheeler & Wilson has a rotating shuttle, which is a great improvement over the shuttle formerly in use by it—and now used by other machines. The Wheeler & Wilson is a machine that sells upon its merits—and so sure are the manufacturers of these merits selling the machines that they are always anxious to have parties take them on trial. John F. White is agent for these machines in Medford. He wants you to call upon him before you buy.

The directors of the Standard Oil company of New Jersey have declared a dividend of \$8 per share, payable September 15. In June 10 per cent was distributed and in March 20 per cent.

William J. Bryan and Adlai Stevenson were officially and formally notified at Indianapolis of their nomination by the Democrats at the recent Kansas City convention to the offices respectively of president and vice-president of the United States. The ceremony was made the occasion of a popular demonstration, and with which the Democrats may be said to have begun their national campaign.

In a fight between Robert Fitzsimmons and Gus Ruhlin at New York, the latter was knocked out in the sixth round.

The mystery surrounding the double killing at Waco, Tex., Sunday night has been cleared up by Duncan McLennan Sr., who, according to his own confession, took the lives of both Mr. Kingbury and Duncan McLennan Jr. The motive for the killing is said to have been financial difficulties of long standing between McLennan Sr. and Kingsbury.

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Three men were killed and three injured by an explosion in the boilerhouse at the plant of the Portland (Me.) Baglight company.

The steamer Roberts reports the drowning of two sailors of the schooner Lizzie Prim on Sinaloa bar, Or. Captain Hansen of the Lizzie Prim, with two sailors, were in a small boat, taking soundings. The boat capsized. Hansen clung to the upturned boat and drifted ashore, but the sailors drowned. Hans P. Eggers, a San Francisco speculator, in hard luck, committed suicide a few days ago.

A railroad extending eastward from Modesto to Oakdale, in Stanislaus county, and westward across the coast range to San Jose, is a probability of the near future, and substantial rumor has it that the Santa Fe railroad company is behind the scheme. A broad gauge line from Oakdale to Newman, at the southern end of Stanislaus county, has long been projected by a number of well-known capitalists of Modesto and the other towns along the proposed route. The surveys have been made and some grading work done, but until recently there has been little activity. Now, however, the Santa Fe people have ordered rails and other construction material and actual work will be begun in a short time.

George F. Wilcox, the wife murderer of Sonoma county, has been sentenced to San Quentin for life.

Wheeler & Wilson Leads 'em all.

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SOCIETIES OF MEDFORD.

F. of A.—Court Mt. Pity No. 24, meets in Foresters Hall every Wednesday at 8 p. m. Visiting brothers always welcome.
G. W. STEPHENSON, Chief Ranger.
I. L. FURDIN, Financial Secretary.

I. O. O. F.—Lodge No. 80, meets in I. O. O. F. hall every Saturday at 8 p. m. Visiting brothers always welcome.
J. R. SHEARER, N. G.
J. H. STEWART, Rec. Sec.

I. O. O. F.—Hogue River Encampment No. 30, meets in I. O. O. F. hall the second and fourth Wednesday of each month at 8 p. m.
D. T. LAWTON, C. P.
W. T. YORK, Scribe.

Oliver Rebekah Lodge No. 28, meets in I. O. O. F. hall first and third Tuesday of each month. Visiting sisters invited to attend.
MRS. LILLIAN HARVEY, N. G.
MRS. MINNIE CALKINS, Rec. Sec.

A. F. & A. M.—Meets first Friday on or before full moon at 8 p. m. in Masonic hall.
N. L. NARRAGAN, W. M.
W. V. LIPPINCOTT, Rec. Sec.

K. of P.—Talisman lodge No. 31,