

A Natural Laxative

Inward cleansing is as necessary as outward bathing. To keep the bowels free and regular is of even greater importance than to keep the skin-pores from becoming clogged. The neglect of either invites disease. Everyone needs a natural laxative occasionally, to free the bowels of accumulated impurities. For this purpose take

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FOOLING BENSON

By Charles Freeman

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"No one has been in your compartment since the money came in, has there?" demanded Robert Cable.

"No one," admitted Jack Niblo, "but, on the other hand, I have handled no money from that drawer."

"Therefore it must have been a mistake in your addition. I am sorry, Jack, but we shall have to look to you to repay the loss."

"But this is the third time this week that this has happened," pleaded Niblo.

"All the more reason why you should be more careful," said the president shortly. "It is inexcusable that a receiving teller should make three mistakes in a single week. If there is a repetition of this trouble I am afraid that I shall have to replace you."

Niblo bowed and left the private office. It seemed pretty hard to him that he should be required to make good a \$200 shortage in a single week, but three times when he had come to balance his accounts he had found that he was short. Once it had been a hundred dollar bill that was missing, and twice his sheet showed a fifty dollar shortage.

He had the money with which to make up the loss, for he had been saving up ever since Nettie Cable promised to marry him. At this rate the savings would soon vanish, yet if he was forced to give up his position because he was unreliable his savings would be gone before he could obtain another position without a recommendation from the bank.

It was with a heavy heart that he went to meet her. They were to go to a concert that evening. The girl's quick eyes perceived his despondency, and as they walked along she drew the story from him.

"Who do you think it is?" she asked. "That's the worst of it," he declared. "I have no grounds for suspecting any one. When I come back from lunch to

spring the latch on the lattice door for her and returned to counting the pile of bills in front of him. She leaned on the counter beside him, and as he turned over the bills he glanced at her.

"Forty fifties," he laughed. "Do you make it the same?" Nettie nodded, and he turned to the rest of the money. Silently she checked the other items on the deposit slip, and as the boy turned away from the window she picked up one of the bills.

"What is that?" she demanded, pointing to some glistening particles.

Niblo laughed. "That's from the foundry," he explained. "Gregson has been buying some steel."

"How do you know?" she asked.

"Gregson is peculiar. He pays cash for everything he gets. The foundry sends him stuff for the houses he is building in the new section, and as the last load is dumped he sends over to pay for it. He will not use a bank, but pays in cash, and he never lets a bill run overnight."

"Does he buy much?" she asked as she fingered a bill.

"They deposit cash about three times a week."

"And always with this thing on?"

"It's steel filings," explained Niblo. "They are everywhere over at the foundry." He slipped the bills in the drawer and stuck the slip on the spindle.

"Jack," she said suddenly, "count the money again."

"I just did," he said, in surprise, as he opened the drawer. The other bills had been banded, and it was an easy matter to get only the foundry deposit. He ran the bills over rapidly, then turned to her with a puzzled expression.

"What do you make it?" he asked.

"Thirty-nine," she declared as she picked up the pile of bills and laid them back in the drawer. "Don't find the other even if you can. Just wait. As soon as you are out of the bank come over to George Castle's."

All through the rest of the afternoon he wondered as he went about his work. There was trouble over the shortage, and Niblo left the bank with a warning that the next mistake would be his last.

He went straight across the street to the dental office in the postoffice building, where Nettie had told him to meet her, and in the darkness they watched the interior of the bank.

At last Benson came into the receiving teller's pen and fumbled there a moment. With a little cry Nettie ceased her vigil and went to the telephone. Half an hour later Nettie, her father and Niblo confronted Benson, still poring over his books.

In his pocket was a bill to which the steel filings still clung, and Nettie led the way to Niblo's compartment. Pulling out the drawer, she fumbled beneath for a second and drew out a heavy magnet.

"I noticed that the filings were pasted on the bills," she explained. "The treasurer at the foundry is Mr. Benson's cousin. They arranged that deposits should be made in the afternoon, when the drawer was already full and the bills would reach high. One bill would stick to the magnet on account of the filings. The drawer is not locked after the money is taken out, and it was easy when the watchman was in another part of the bank to slip in and take it off. If I had not tried to pick a speck off the bill Jack showed me no one would ever have guessed it. He gained his end and the money as well."

A little later Jack left Nettie at the gate. "With the salary that goes with the cashier's job I guess I can afford to get married now," he said.

"For what else did I fool Benson?" asked Nettie as she raised her lips for a kiss. "I told you I'd do it, and I did."

Facts About Mankind.

Married people live longer than the unmarried, the temperate and industrious longer than the gluttonous and idle, and civilized nations longer than the uncivilized. Tall persons enjoy a greater longevity than small ones.

Women have a more favorable chance of life before reaching their fiftieth year than men, but a less favorable one after that period. The proportion of married persons to single ones is as 75 to 1,000. Persons born in spring have a more robust constitution than those born at other seasons. Births and deaths occur all the world over more frequently at night than in the day time.

There are at present 3,000 languages spoken by the inhabitants of our globe, whose religious convictions are divided between 1,000 different confessions of faith.

The average duration of life is thirty-three years. One-fourth of the population of the earth dies before attaining the seventeenth year. Of a thousand persons only one reaches the age of a hundred years and not more than six that of sixty-five years.

Another Shock.

"Yes," said the waiter, "this cafe is thoroughly up to date. We cook by electricity."

"Is that so?" said the guest, pointing to a platter. "Then will you please give that beefsteak another shock?"—Detroit Free Press.

Shavings.

"By the great omelet!" clucked the old hen, as she cuddled down upon the thirteen eggs, "this nest is made of excelsior. No doubt about it, this is going to be a shaving set."—Watson's Magazine.

"It's not necessarily, but opinion, that makes men miserable, and when we come to be fancy sick there's no cure."

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"FORTY FIFTIES," HE LAUGHED. "DO YOU MAKE IT THE SAME?"

relieve Benson the money is right to a penny. The loss or mistake or whatever it is comes after that."

"But you can't be making mistakes all the time," she insisted. "Isn't it possible that some one comes into your cage for a moment?"

"Not a soul was in there all the afternoon," he said positively.

"And Mr. Fells cannot reach over from his cage?"

"The money is all in the drawer. He would have to open that first."

"Have you looked behind the drawer?" she asked hopefully. "Perhaps it just fell down behind."

"I had the drawer out," he explained, "and looked behind it."

"Who is that in there?" she asked suddenly as they passed the bank building.

"It must be Benson," he answered carelessly. "He works late on the foreign business. I don't know whether he does it because he likes work or because he wants to make a good impression on your father, but he is at it all the time."

"Is the money all locked up?"

"Benson wouldn't take it anyhow," he declared, "but the money is locked with a time lock. Benson merely uses the small safe with the books."

"I don't like Mr. Benson," she said decidedly. "Father refuses to interfere, but I know that Mr. Benson has tried to get him to send you away and take him as a son-in-law."

"You don't suppose he would steal my money, do you?" laughed Jack.

"I'd think anything," she said positively. "You may laugh if you want to, but somehow I feel that he wants to get you out of the way."

"Forewarned is forearmed," he said, laughing. "We'll fool him yet, or, rather, you will. I don't think I'm clever enough."

"I think I'm as clever as Mr. Benson," she announced, "and I'm going to fool him, see if I don't."

They turned into the concert hall, next the bank, and in the music Jack forgot the threat.

He did not even recall it a few days later when Nettie came into the bank and, after a chat with her father, made her way to Niblo's compartment. He

12th ANNUAL

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Astoria, Oregon

August 30, 31 and September 1 1906

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