

# SUMMARY OF THE OREGON NEWS

## The Rapid Reader's Review of Recent Reports Rewritten

Grants Pass fruit growers will market produce through Grants Pass Fruit association.

Safe crackers blew the safe of Aaron Fox at Troutdale, securing nearly \$2000 in money and jewelry.

The senate conference committee agreed to recommend \$85,000 for Crater Lake. Senator Chamberlain had asked \$150,000.

Earl McCoy was sentenced to the penitentiary at Oregon City for assault with intent to rob F. M. Woodcock of Portland.

Joseph Buettgenbach died at Eugene, carrying to the grave secrets of health for which he had refused large sums of money.

The president has appointed Fred D. Fisher of Oregon consul general at Mukden to be consul general at Tien Tsin.

The secretary of agriculture informs Senators Chamberlain and Lane the department is investigating clover pests in the Willamette valley recently complained of.

From Lakeview comes the report that a tract of Weyerhaeuser's finest range, containing 17,000 acres, and located at Foster flat and Yamsey Mountain, has been leased through Curtis & Utley to William O'Keefe.

Acting Secretary of War Breckinridge has assured Senator Lane that there will be no unnecessary delay in acting on the new deed to the Oregon City locks after it has been received.

Bend's new cooperative creamery is now an established fact. After months of work, some discouragements, many delays and most of the vicissitudes to which such projects are subjected, the new institution is in operation.

Farmers of the Blalock section have organized a company for operating a public warehouse at that place. Those interested include J. A. Smith, George Van Gassebeck, Wash McKinney, R. S. McKinney, J. W. Long, Frank Baker, and others.

Replying to appeals from fishing interests for reinstatement of the appropriation for protection of Alaska fisheries, Senator Chamberlain and Senator Lane say the conference committee has agreed on \$50,000, which is considered sufficient for beginning this work.

Representative Hawley had printed in the congressional record in connection with the statement regarding the fraudulent selling of so-called locations on forfeited railroad lands in Oregon, reports from the Portland press covering the trials for the information of congressmen who are receiving inquiries about the lands.

After a conference with State Health Officer White, State Superintendent of Public Instruction Churchill announced that soon one boy in every public school would be wearing a badge not unlike that of the average policeman. He will be the deputy health officer of the school and his duties will consist of looking after the sanitary conditions of the school he attends.

Lakeview advises that five carloads of ore from the property of the Modoc mines company, at High Grade are about to be dispatched to as many smelters. This is the first concrete evidence of the recent strike made by Manager N. E. Guyot, and it is of such significance as the whole mining world will await with interest the news of the returns per ton.

Plans to place the entire main line of the Southern Pacific in Oregon, and possibly the electric lines, under the block system are announced by William Nichols, chairman of the examining board of the Southern Pacific company. The company now has 115 miles out of its 341 miles of main line in Oregon under the block signal system, but it is scattered, having been installed where the safety devices have been most needed.

By practically a unanimous vote at the annual meeting of the Hood River Apple Growers' Association, the members of the organization adopted by-laws that will revolutionize the methods by which the affairs of the local selling agency, an affiliated concern of the North Pacific Fruit Distributors, have been administered.

The vote was a culmination of action taken at a meeting in the latter part of May, when the by-laws were proposed. Since that time the new rules and regulations have been studied and discussed at different meetings by the growers, who adopted them.

Revealing a material falling off in national bank deposits and a large gain in state bank deposits, a statement issued by State Bank Superintendent Sargent of the condition of the banks of Oregon June 30, while indicating a decreased volume of trade as compared with the same period of last year, reflects sound financial conditions. Mr. Sargent is unable to account for the decrease of national bank deposits unless it is due to the nation-wide lull in business, and with that decrease he is also unable to account for the increase of almost \$2,000,000 in deposits in state banks.

# The Man She Married

A Story Told at a Ladies' Luncheon Party.

By F. A. MITCHELL

A number of married ladies were at luncheon, and the hostess proposed that each give an account of how it came about that she married her husband. In order to set the ball a-rolling, she gave her own experience first. She had met the man she married at a dinner party. They were sitting side by side, and he upset a glass of side wine over a white silk dress she wore for the first time. At the moment of the accident she was recounting an incident, and simply applying her napkin to the saturated spot she went on with her recital as though nothing had happened. The man, who realized that he had ruined the dress and could not with propriety offer to replace it, was so much pleased with her consideration for his feelings that he finally asked her to marry him.

The next narration was that of a lady who met the man she married at a horse race. At the luncheon hour the hamper containing the refreshments was brought from the box of the coach in which the party had gone to the races, and one of the gentlemen opening a bottle of champagne shut his eyes when the pop came, and the cork hit the narrator in the face. The man was so distressed at what he had done that to make up for it he married her.

"Come, Mrs. Dorrance," said the hostess after several such romances had been recounted, "give us your experience. I am quite sure the ladies will be pleased to hear it."

Mrs. Dorrance, being urged by the others, finally consented.

"I was traveling abroad," she began, "on my way from Thun, in Paris. Those barbaric people over there refused to check my trunk farther than Bern. On arrival at Bern I tried to find the trunk and failed. A gentleman who met the man she married at a horse race. At the luncheon hour the hamper containing the refreshments was brought from the box of the coach in which the party had gone to the races, and one of the gentlemen opening a bottle of champagne shut his eyes when the pop came, and the cork hit the narrator in the face. The man was so distressed at what he had done that to make up for it he married her.



HE WATCHED MY LIFE PRESERVER.

man noticing my distress asked if he could be of service to me, and when I told him what was the matter he went with me to the other end of the station, where we found a man slowly wheeling a truck. The gentleman who was with me spoke French fluently. I don't know what he said, but he succeeded in getting the trunk to the train a minute before it started.

"I, too, met my husband while traveling abroad," said one of the ladies, slipping her veil.

"Oh, I didn't marry that gentleman," Mrs. Dorrance proceeded. "He was going east and I went. I thanked him for the service he had done me and made a rush for the train that was just starting. All the doors were locked, and I very foolishly stepped on to the footboard. In a few moments the train was going so fast that I dare not jump off, and I couldn't get into the compartment. I was clinging to a huge rod intended for persons to hold them into the coach. A gentleman in the compartment reached out and tried to drag me inside through the window.

"I was more fleshy then than I am now, and the effort was a failure. I shall never forget the disappointed look on his face when he gave up trying to lift me."

"How lovely!" remarked a lady. "Was he dark or light?"

"Oh, you did afterward."

"I never saw him again."

"Oh! Go on."

"There are several compartments in those foreign coaches. A gentleman got out through a window at the front end of the car I was on and made his way toward me. I felt a strong arm about my waist—oh, how relieved I felt—and clung upward looking into one of the finest, bravest faces I ever saw in a man."

"I have heard that Mr. Dorrance is very handsome," remarked one of the ladies, sotto voce, to another.

"The gentleman," continued the speaker, "held on to me, encouraging me with a deep, sonorous voice that did not indicate the slightest fear or excitement, and somehow, under his protecting care, I felt perfectly safe. We clung there together till the train had passed over about ten miles, when we reached a station. I got into the compartment to which I was clinging, and my preserver returned to his own. I did not see him again till the train reached Dijon, when he handed out a fat woman and five children, disappearing with them in the station. He

was evidently married."

"How unfortunate!" exclaimed several ladies at once.

"Two romances dropped in the bud," "I pursued my journey to Paris and thence to London, where I attempted to engage passage on the next steamer to sail for New York. Every room was taken, and I must be at home within ten days to attend the wedding of my dearest friend, for whom I was to be bridesmaid. So the day the steamer sailed I was aboard, trusting that some passenger might miss reaching the steamer on time or something like that, but when I went to the purser where we were off he told me there was not a vacant room, not even a vacant berth in the ship.

"A gentleman was standing at the purser's window waiting till I had got through with my questions and, hearing what I said and seeing my disappointment, raised his hat, not with the flourish of a parvenu, but to the manner born, and with a sympathetic expression in his glorious eyes said: "Will you do me the honor to accept my stateroom?"

"Of course I told him I wouldn't think of incommencing him and all that, but he insisted, and when the purser told him that one of the officers on the upper deck would, for consideration, give up his room to him I accepted the sacrifice."

"This is going to be delightful," was whispered from one lady to another.

"I was seasick and didn't leave my room till one night—there was a dense fog—I lay listening to the whistle repeat 'toot-toot' every few moments. I heard a crash and felt the ship career. I knew at once that there had been a collision and, springing up, put on what I could find, seized a life preserver and ran on deck. One of the first persons I met was the gentleman who had so kindly given up his room to me."

"Ah, he saved you! I have always heard you married a brave man!"

"He did no such thing. He snatched my life preserver and ran away with it."

"Oh, dear! How disappointing!"

"I made my way to one of the boats. An officer was superintending its loading, keeping the men back and putting in the women and children. The man who had taken my life preserver, and who I could find, seized a life preserver and ran on deck. One of the first persons I met was the gentleman who had so kindly given up his room to me."

"The boat was filled before I could get into it, and I was obliged to seek safety in another direction. There were not boats enough for half those on board, and before I could get a place in one the last had been lowered and pulled away from the ship."

"Oh, that awful night! I looked about for something to float me—for the vessel was rapidly sinking—but could get only 2 steamer chairs. The man who had taken my life preserver, and who I could find, seized a life preserver and ran on deck. One of the first persons I met was the gentleman who had so kindly given up his room to me."

"When I came up I was still clinging to the steamer chair. But I knew it would not serve me long, for I was rapidly becoming debilitated with the cold. I was losing consciousness when I felt a hand seize my arm and I was dragged on to an improvised raft. Then I felt a rope being placed around my body and knew that I was being lashed to my support. But there was no one on it with me. Presently I felt a pair of lips pressed against mine. I opened my eyes and saw a man's face. He had fiery red hair. That's all I gathered of his appearance—his hair was very red. Then I felt my raft slightly lightened. I knew that a man had pulled me up to the raft, and, since it would not bear two, he had got off into the water. I lost consciousness with the knowledge that he had given his life for mine."

"Poor fellow!" remarked the hostess.

"The wireless telegraph had called for help, and I was picked up by a boat from a steamer that had come to our rescue. As I was carried on to the deck from the boat who should I see standing with his hands in his pockets looking at me but—"

"Your preserver?"

"The red-headed man. He saw me and blushed. Coming to me, he said, 'I beg your pardon for what I did.' "What do you mean?" I asked.

"The kids. I didn't expect to ever see you again."

"I know you didn't. You expected to give your life for mine. Come here."

"He came to me shrimping as a child expecting a whipping. I threw my arms about his neck and cried with my lips against his."

"Ladies," said the hostess, the speaker having finished, "we don't need to ask who is Mr. Dorrance. It's plain enough."

The story teller did not deny the fact, and the party broke up.

"That was a very affecting story of Mr. Dorrance's," said a lady to another.

"Very. But what a pity it was that he had a red head!"

Nightmare.

Nightmare, according to one theory, is due to a suspension of power in the muscles of inspiration. The weight, the want of breathing and the sense of suffocation seem to prove this, and a still greater proof is that after the sufferer can speak only one syllable the paroxysm is at an end. The word cannot be spoken without breath. Breath cannot come out of the lungs until it is brought in nor brought in without the action of the muscles of the breast and ribs. Nothing can be more simple than the cause. It is the temporary paralysis of the pectoral muscles, through the medium of the nerves which supply them with feeling.

Cured of Indigestion.

Mrs. Sadie F. Clawson, Indiana, Pa., was bothered with indigestion. "My stomach pained me night and day," she writes. "I would feel bloated and have headache and belching after eating. I also suffered from constipation. My daughter had used Chamberlain's Tablets and they did her so much good that she gave me a few doses of them and insisted on my trying them. They helped me as nothing else has done." For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

# MY SHADOWER

An Episode in Mexico Under Huerta.

By JOHN TURNLEE



WE SAT FACING EACH OTHER.

I was a banker in the City of Mexico in the latter part of the Diaz regime during the revolution that deposed him and the one that raised Huerta to the dictatorship. It was soon after Huerta came to power that about \$50,000 disappeared from the vaults of the bank with which I was connected. The best detectives in Mexico were put to work to find out who was the thief and what had become of the money, but they never succeeded in getting the slightest clue.

During the period when Huerta was acting as provisional president—that is, before he had declared himself dictator—I was a commercial traveler in northern Mexico. The Constitutionalists were in possession of that part of the country, and traveling was dangerous. In the first place, the region was infested by robbers; in the second, any point was liable to be attacked by federalists or rebels, and in the third one halting from Mexico City ran the risk of being taken for a spy.

While eating dinner one day at a hotel in Chihuahua, looking up suddenly, I met the gaze of a man bent on me intently. The moment I looked at him he dropped his eyes to his plate. Two or three times after that during the meal I looked at him just in time to catch him turning away his gaze. He did not look like a soldier or a fighter of any kind. He wore mutton chop whiskers and was bald on the top of his head.

I was fearful that I had seen him, or, rather, he had seen me, at the capital; that he was in company with the Constitutionalists held the place and suspected me of being identified with the Huerta government. I arose from the table before I had finished my dinner in order to get away from him.

I was unmaking for home, because on account of the troubled conditions of the country the selling of goods was out of the question, and left immediately for Santa Rosalia, about a hundred miles to the southward. The day after my arrival I was looking out of a window when, on the other side of the street, I saw a figure suddenly emerge from behind a tree box. It was the man who had stared at me at Chihuahua.

I now became thoroughly alarmed. Either the man had spotted me for a spy and was dogging me with a view to turning me over to the rebel authorities or he was after several hundred pesos I had on my person. If the former was his object he would watch for his opportunity when near a band of rebels; if the latter, when he could get me alone, though I rather suspected, in this event, that he was in league with a band of robbers.

I was a long distance from Mexico City and despair of getting through without giving the man his opportunity. We were constantly falling in with rebel troops, and I was at times obliged to move through in Mexico carried a revolver—but what use would weapons be to me against a band of rebels or robbers who quite often were both?

I left Santa Rosalia at midnight, hoping to elude my shadower, and instead of going by a direct route toward home I struck out for Parral. I thought it best to stop at the latter town for a day or two in the hope of losing my man and remained within doors most of the time. But the second evening of my stay there I went out on a street to get a little air, for the day had been intensely hot. Stepping to look into a shop window, who should I see inside but the man whom I was trying to get rid of. He was not purchasing anything, but was talking with the shopkeeper. I had no doubt that he was describing me and asking the man if he had seen me.

I slunk back to my hotel and went to my room.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

J. C. HENNEY & CO., Toledo, O., the undersigned, have known J. C. Henney for the last 15 years, and can truly say that he is a man of honor, and a perfectly reliable and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials and full price, 75 cents per bottle, by mail.

Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

I remained housed for three days; then, thinking that possibly I might have given my shadower the slip, I continued my journey. A week passed, during which I was moving slowly southward. I began to feel easier with regard to him, for it seemed that if he was still on my track I should have seen something of him. It was evident that he had lost me without having found an opportunity to turn me over to one of the rebel commanders or rob me. I was getting nearer all the while to federal territory, and if I could once get within it would feel comparatively safe.

I was doomed to disappointment. Tampico seemed for me the easiest point to reach, and from there I might go by sea to Vera Cruz. Both places were then in federal hands, but before I reached Tampico I was beset by rebels. At Tampico I heard of the rupture between Huerta and the United States.

Puzzled as to what to do, I stopped where I was. I was in rebel territory and could not get into the federal lines. Foreign refugees were leaving Mexico when they could, and I was tempted to do the same. But I had lived a long while in the country, and if I were to go away from it I did not know how I would make a living.

I was walking through the town one day when suddenly I encountered my shadower face to face. On this occasion he seemed as much rattled at the meeting as I. He started, put his hand to his hip, thought better of the movement and did not draw his weapon. I followed his movements exactly.

"You villain!" I exclaimed. "Raise a finger against me and I will kill you."

"If you do my secret will be buried with me," he said, very much excited. I gathered courage. For some reason, either because he was unarmed or because we were on a public street, I seemed to have the advantage. I concluded to permit him to explain his object toward me if he would without betraying my ignorance of it. I glared at him and said nothing.

"I am ready to restore the whole amount," he said, "not that you could in the present state of the country, compel me to do so or imprison me for the crime."

"Go on," I said without indicating that I did not know what he was talking about.

"The fact is," he continued, "that I have not had a moment's peace of mind since I took the money."

"That is the usual result with new criminals," I put in, still ignorant of what money he referred to.

"Not a cent has been wasted, not a cent spent. The bills are in packages just as they were taken from the safe."

A sudden light broke in on my dull brain. This man who I supposed had been shadowing me had considered me his shadower. Truly, a guilty conscience needs no accuser.

"Where are they?" I asked.

"I'll never tell until I am promised immunity from prosecution."

"Will you be content with such a promise from me?"

He thought awhile before replying to this, then said: "I suppose I'll have to be content. You were an official of the bank. In these times we can't choose our methods. My principal motive is to get the matter off my hands and off my conscience."

"Very well; so far as my promise of immunity goes I will give it and I think it will be respected by the others concerned. If the whole amount taken is restored I am quite sure you will not need to fear prosecution."

"Come to my room and draw up the papers."

I went with him and, as we sat facing each other, listened to his recital as to how he came to take the money:

"One of the clerks in the bank was a friend of mine. I had been for years in the employ of a safe and lock company. The clerk suggested how easy it would be for him to admit me to the safe and for me to pick the lock and take enough money to make us rich. We both fell under the temptation. On the day after my arrival I was looking out of a window when, on the other side of the street, I saw a figure suddenly emerge from behind a tree box. It was the man who had stared at me at Chihuahua."

I now became thoroughly alarmed. Either the man had spotted me for a spy and was dogging me with a view to turning me over to the rebel authorities or he was after several hundred pesos I had on my person. If the former was his object he would watch for his opportunity when near a band of rebels; if the latter, when he could get me alone, though I rather suspected, in this event, that he was in league with a band of robbers.

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# An Ownerless Million

How an Immense Sum of Money Can Cause Its Possessor Annoyance and Trouble.

By THOMAS HOWELL HEATH

Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.

I jumped on the Congressional Limited one winter afternoon as the train was moving out of the Washington station.

It was a hurried business trip to New York, of which I had only an hour's notice. I had the afternoon papers and a small hand bag.

When shown to my seat in the parlor car I noticed that the chair next to mine was occupied by a woman; also that she was pretty, aristocratic looking and dressed fashionably.

So far as could be seen, she had nothing in the shape of bundles or baggage with her except what appeared to be a lot of stationery wrapped in pink paper and tied with a red cord, which she kept on her lap and carefully handled from time to time.

Just before the train reached Philadelphia she got up, stood a moment apparently undecided and then, turning to me and extending the box in pink, surprised and pleased me by asking with a smile, "May I trouble you to look after this?"

"Certainly, certainly, with pleasure," I replied as soon as I could get my wits together, but she had not waited to hear.

She had left the pink covered box in my hands and had gone, I supposed, to the buffet car.

After the train had left Broad street station and the woman had not returned I asked the porter what had become of her and was astonished when he said that she had got off at Philadelphia.

It was evident that the pink covered box had been intentionally left over to me, but why, and what did it contain?

Great as my curiosity was to know the contents of the box, I would not unwrap and open it in the car, and when I did open it in the privacy of my room in a New York hotel I was very glad that I had placed that restraint upon myself.

What sort of stationery do you suppose was in that pink covered box?

Ten packages of crisp, new United States \$1,000 gold certificates, with a band of paper around each package as they used them in banks. Upon each band was written "One Hundred Thousand Dollars." 100 notes in each package, a grand total of \$1,000,000.

My first impulse was to take the million dollars and go to Europe on the first available steamer.

Impulse, did I say? It was really a calm determination that lasted through the greater part of the night and included the selection of a steamer sailing the next day and was not abandoned until my avarice was convinced that a large reward, at least 10 per cent of the whole, perhaps double that, would be offered by the owner of the money, who would be sure to advertise for its return.

The decision that it would be better to have one-tenth of a million as a reward for honesty than the entire million as a weight upon my conscience was not easily arrived at, but, once reached, it was cling to with all my strength.

Sleep was entirely out of the question with \$1,000,000 in cash in the room with me. I spent the night thinking, and such thoughts:

In the morning I tore up the box, which had really originally contained stationery, and carefully dropped the plays into a waste pipe. The money I wrapped in my nightshirt, which I put in the hand bag.

This hand bag was near being the death of me that day.

I ate breakfast with the hand bag in my lap and one hand always touching it and attended to the business which had carried me to New York without ever once letting it loose; and I am sure I never took my eyes entirely away from it once while on the train returning to Washington.

I bought all the New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore papers, but there was no advertisement in any of them concerning the loss of a large sum of money.

Another sleepless night in the room with a million dollars followed my return to Washington. The next morning I hired a box in a safe deposit vault and got rid of the awful and wearing responsibility.

I waited a week, and still there was no advertisement of the lost fortune. My associates began to comment on my increasing restlessness and nervousness and to suggest that I would

better take a rest.

I intended to take a long rest and a luxurious one as soon as the ownership of the million dollars was settled.

Perhaps the money was stolen property and the thieves were afraid to advertise its loss. I concluded to advertise for the owner myself.

After many advertisements had been written and torn up I decided on this: Large sum of money left on Congressional Limited between Washington and New York. Will be restored to owner upon proper identification. Address Caretaker, P. O. box 101, Washington, D. C.

For a full week this was run in all the daily papers of Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York at an expense to me of \$30.70. I took receipts from each paper and preserved them as souvenirs of my stay in millionadom.

I had many number of answers, but none of them got within a million miles of my million.

Having sought diligently for the owner of the million dollars and spent my own good money freely in advertising, without success, was I not now the legal and legitimate owner of it?

That question had my poor brain doing a continuous twenty-four hour stunt. I answered it in the affirmative twenty times a day, but the plaguy thing wouldn't stay answered.

I began to feel quite as worn and haggard as I looked and to wonder why the possession of a million dollars, with the probability that it would all be mine growing into a certainty, did not bring me more pleasure. I asked myself whether all millionaires were as much troubled about their money as I was.

Six weeks had passed since the million dollars was placed in my possession, and I began to make plans as to what I would do with it. I no longer expected the owner to turn up.

I had not mentioned the money for the odd manner in which it had come into my possession to any one and was still undecided as to how I should account for my sudden wealth when I began to spend the money.

After mature deliberation I decided to make my appearance as a man of wealth gradually.

I would make a deposit of \$10,000 in one bank.

After taking ten of the \$1,000 notes from my safe deposit box it occurred to me that it would be a good idea to carry them to the United States treasury and get notes of smaller denominations for them.

On reaching the cash room of the treasury I handed the ten \$1,000 notes through the wire wicket teller's window and asked that he give me fifties for them.

It did not surprise me to notice a rather astonished and startled look on the teller's face as he took the notes or that he should step to one side and examine one of them carefully through a glass.

I did not suppose that ten \$1,000 notes were passed through the wicket very frequently by any one except runners for the banks; consequently it seemed the natural thing that they should be carefully examined.

His deliberation, however, in counting and recounting those fifty dollar notes was getting on my nerves, and I was about to speak impatiently to him when I felt a light touch on my shoulder and a low but distinct voice said near my ear, "I want you."

"Well, I'm here," I answered, facing the speaker impatiently. "What do you want with me?"

"I want you to go with me," he replied with a smile, without raising his voice.

"Why should I go with you?" I asked rather sharply. "I don't know you."

"No, but I think you'll go," he answered in the same exasperatingly calm tone.

"Why?" I demanded, somewhat frightened by his manner, without having any clear idea why I should be.

"Because," he said, almost in a whisper, "you are under arrest."

"What for?" I managed to ask, at the same time trying hard to think of any reason why I should be arrested.

"Trying to pass counterfeit money," he replied, turning back his coat and allowing me to see the United States secret service badge he wore.

"You are out of your head," I retorted angrily, but at the same time the awful truth flashed upon me—my million was counterfeit.

"That may be," he said as he reached for the notes, which the teller handed him, each with the word "Counterfeit" cut across its face. "You can talk about that to Chief Wilkes. Come!"

Fortunately I was well known to Chief Wilkes. He not only accepted my story, but added to it by telling me that the woman had learned from a confederate on the train that his men were hot on her trail and, being obliged to get rid of the counterfeit money somewhere, had given it to me, thereby securing her own release when she was arrested and searched immediately after leaving the train.

The chief went with me to the safe deposit vault, got the rest of the counterfeits and destroyed them. He congratulated me on getting out of an ugly predicament so easily.

To this day I am unable to say with certainty whether relief or regret was my stronger feeling over the loss of the ownerless million dollars.

Severe Attack of Colic Cured.

E. E. Cross, who travels in Virginia and other Southern States, was taken suddenly and severely ill with colic. At the first store he came to the merchant recommended Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. Two doses of it cured him. No one should leave home on a journey without a bottle of this preparation. For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

The Dear Old Story.

Touched by his sad story, a woman recently furnished a meal to a melan-choly looking hobo who had applied therefor at the back door.

"Why do you stick out the middle finger of your left hand so straight while you are eating?" asked the compassionate woman. "Was it ever broken?"

"No, mum," answered the hobo, with a sniff. "But during my halcyon days I wore a diamond ring on that finger, and old habits are hard to break, mum."—Exchange.

Headache and Nervousness Cured.

"Chamberlain's Tablets are entitled to all the praise I can give them," writes Mrs. Richard O. Spencer, N. Y. "They have cured me of headache and nervousness and restored me to my normal health." For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.