

A WOMAN'S WISH.

When I watch the little ones at their play,
There comes to my heart a better pain,
And I wish, and I wish it were yesterday
And I were a child again!

When I hear the little ones' laugh ring out,
To cast my womanhood I am fain,
And wish that the years would "right about,"
And make me a child again!

When I see the little ones kneel to prayer,
My tears drop down like a slow, sad rain,
And I wish with a longing I source can bear,
That I were a child again!

—Rosa M. Best in Philadelphia Ledger.

THE UP STAIRS TENANT.

"The Citizens' Bank of Venango" was a private bank in a town in Missouri. The "Venango" part of the title had been inherited from another bank, which had gone into liquidation years before, and referred to some land speculation in connection with banking.

Our building was a plain two story brick, standing at a corner, and the interior was plainly furnished, as was the rule in those days.

It was simply a long room divided by a railing in the center. Behind the railing were our desks, and at the rear end was the vault. The second floor was scarcely more intricate.

There was a front room and two rear rooms, with a hall the length of these latter. One room was exactly over the vault, and this leads me to tell you how the vault was built. It was of brick, and two feet thick, and at the top the joists of the second floor were covered with boiler plates. The spaces between the joists were filled with cement. On top of the second floor joists, before laying the floor, we laid other plates of iron, and when the bank was opened for business we had little fear of our cash being stolen by any tenant of the up stairs rooms.

The idea was to rent the rooms to lawyers or doctors, but the first caller decided to take all three, and to pay one year's rent in advance. He was a stranger to all, but gave his name as Samuel Goldwaite, and explained that he was an inventor, and was then seeking to perfect certain tools for the use of miners. One of his ideas was a drill to be worked by turning a wheel. The man had a frank, open face, a smooth tongue, and when he offered to put down a whole year's rent in advance it would not have been business to keep him out. While Mr. Desnoyers, my partner, was perfectly satisfied as to our up stairs man, I was not. There wasn't the slightest reason to suspect that he was not what he claimed to be, or that he had any designs against us, but I somehow felt myself suspecting him from the first moment I saw his face. He hadn't got settled in his rooms when I planned that he would enter our vault by way of the back room, or at least make an attempt to do so, and this idea was never out of my mind thereafter. I was laughed at by my partner, but this only made me more obstinate in clinging to my idea.

Goldwaite furnished the front room as a reception room and office, the second as a bedroom and the third as his workshop. Exactly over the vault he had a carpenter put up a heavy framework of beams, and among the stuff moved in were chisels, hammers, augurs, bits, drills, files, saws and many other carpenter's and mechanic's tools. I could say nothing, as he made use of all these as an inventor, but my suspicions regarding his final object were continually strengthened.

For three months our man up stairs scarcely entered the bank below or spoke to one of us, except as I met him at the hotel where we both boarded. He was so quiet and easy spoken that everybody had a good word for him, and he invited many of the townspeople to visit his rooms and examine his work. At the end of six months he was universally liked and respected, and if he had wanted a couple of hundred dollars at our bank a dozen business men would have backed his note. While I had become ashamed to longer mention my suspicions, they had by no means left me. We had no watchman, and the safe in the vault was one of the old pattern which was neither fire nor burglar proof. My chief dependence was on the strength of the vault. I made all sorts of estimates, but finally decided that Goldwaite could not cut his way down into the vault and open the safe in less than twelve hours at the very least. The tools and appliances of that day were very crude compared to the modern.

The man up stairs had been with us half a year, and no one could find the least fault with his conduct, when he seemed to make a special effort to win my friendship. Up to this time he had passed the evenings in his room. Without saying a word to my partner I had passed my evenings in the bank, never leaving until about 10 o'clock. I did this to shorten Goldwaite's time, providing he intended to enter the vault. I was always at the bank at half past 7 in the morning, and this would give him only nine and a half hours to work, where I had figured it would take him twelve.

One evening something was said about cards, and he so managed it that I invited him up to my room in the hotel to play a few games. As long as he was there I apprehended no danger, and so it finally came about that we used to spend almost every evening in company. Sometimes I went to his room, and sometimes he went to mine, and he never exhibited the slightest curiosity regarding our business in the bank. One evening he did not leave me until 11 o'clock. Next day Desnoyers said: "Our man up stairs has been away, eh?"

"No."

"But I met him as he came from the depot last night at 10 o'clock."

"You are mistaken. He was in my room until 11."

"Is that so? Why, I met a man who looked exactly like him. He was carrying a satchel, headed for the bank, and I am sure he went up the stairway."

This statement puzzled and annoyed me, and kept my suspicions active. Knowing that Goldwaite was with me at the hour of 10 I was obliged to believe my partner mistaken, but yet there was something about the case I did not like. About four weeks later, one morning as I opened the bank, the ticket agent at the depot came along on his way to breakfast. A train passed at 6 o'clock, and he was obliged to be there.

"Lost your inventory?" he asked, as he came up.

"How—what?"

"Why, Goldwaite. He went off on the train this morning, and as he had a satchel with him, I didn't know but he was going for good. Bought a ticket for St. Louis."

As Goldwaite had been with me up to 11 o'clock of the night before, and had said nothing of going away, I was puzzled. This state of mind was increased an hour later when I saw him in the bank. I started to ask for an explanation, but on second thought concluded not to. That evening I saw the ticket agent and asked: "Are you sure you saw Goldwaite go away this morning?"

"Perfectly sure. Why?"

"Because he didn't go. He came into the bank an hour after I saw you this morning."

"Great heavens, man, but I sold him his ticket and passed the time of day with him! You must be mistaken."

But I said I did him that I was not, and then both of us were puzzled. About two weeks later I made an excuse to go into the back room up stairs. I found a piece of machinery mounted on the wooden frame, and though I asked no questions and Goldwaite volunteered no information I felt positive that it was a drill which was to be worked by turning a handle. As I told you before, so long as I had the man under my eye I did not fear for the vault. If he was with me evenings I cared not what he did daytimes.

Two or three weeks after the incident related above I had a four hand card party in my room, and Goldwaite was one of the quartet. At 9 o'clock I was called down stairs by the ticket agent, who said: "I want to know whether I have seen straight this time or not. Goldwaite came in on the 8:30 St. Louis express."

"You must be crazy! He is right up stairs in my room at this moment, and Peters and Thompson are with him!"

"But I tell you I saw him. More than that, he came up the street ahead of me and turned into the stairway."

I took him up stairs, and when he saw Goldwaite sitting there he was dead beat. Here were three instances of queer deception. While I regarded them as deceptions or illusions there was something uncanny in the incidents, and my interest in the movements of Goldwaite was considerably increased. On one pretense or another I got into his rooms or sent friends up there every day or two, but everything appeared straight. One evening he sat down in the hotel office to write a letter, and while he was thus engaged I walked up the street four squares to speak to a merchant. On returning I met Goldwaite face to face, and saluted.

"Ah, you cut it short."

"Yes."

"Well, mail it and hurry back."

I walked straight to the hotel, and there sat the man I had spoken to on the street three minutes before! He was still writing. I asked a friend who sat reading if Goldwaite had been out, and he replied in the negative. I felt my hair standing on end as I sat down, and during all that long night I did not get a wink of sleep. My partner, the ticket agent, and myself had all seen what we had not seen. Was he of flesh and blood, or was he a wraith who could appear in two places at once?

It was on a Friday evening I thought I met our up stairs man on the street. Saturday morning I took a stepladder and closely examined the top of the vault, and also sent a man up stairs to look at the floor of the back room and see if it was intact. Everything was reported all right, and Saturday evening our man said to me: "I haven't slept well lately, and I believe I will try a change of beds. I will turn into the room next to you for a couple of nights, and see if the change won't bring sleep."

I rejoiced at this, as I need not fear that he was at work on the vault. I satisfied myself that he was in bed before I turned in, and that night I slept better than for months before. He occupied the same room on Saturday night, and on Sunday forenoon he surprised me by saying he would accompany me to church. He appeared to listen very closely to the sermon, and on the way home pointed out its strong and weak points.

It was my custom to enter the bank at noon to see if all was well, but on this day, after we had finished dinner and I was about to start, a friend came in and I was detained about half an hour. Everything seemed to be all right in the bank, but, from force of habit, I opened the vault, and one look showed me that the climax had come. There was a hole through the roof of the vault, our safe was open, and lying on the litter of papers was a man. I did not know whether he was dead or alive when I summoned help, but we soon found that he was dead and lying in his own blood. The safe had been opened with wedges, and the \$5,000 it contained had been taken. It was half an hour before I thought of Goldwaite, and then he could not be found. We burst into his rooms, and about the first thing we found was a satchel containing our money.

The machine which I took to be a drill was a drill. A piece of the floor had been cut out, the drill had then done its work on the iron plates, and later on a chisel had been used to pick out the cement and remove the bricks. The robber could have begun work at 5 o'clock on Saturday evening, and he probably did so. Who was he? It was Goldwaite! Fifty of us could have sworn it was he, and yet it wasn't. I had left him alive at the hotel, and he had skipped. Then who was it? His twin brother, as we afterward ascertained to a certainty. How did he meet his death? He had got into the vault and the safe and secured the money. He passed up and down by means of a rope. In going back the second time for further plunder he had encountered a piece of glass in the cement, and it had severed an artery in his leg.

Goldwaite knew that I mistrusted him. He had, therefore, worked to throw me off my guard, and when the play was ripe for execution he lay sleeping within ten feet of me, while his own brother was doing the work. We caught him three months later in New Orleans, and while we could not satisfy the jury that he was one of the robbers, he was taken to Cincinnati on another charge and got a sentence of twelve years.

Benedict VI was strangled in the castle of St. Angelo by order of his successor, Boniface VII. who a few months later was deposed and died in exile.

AN ENEMY RAFFLED.

There is an enemy with whom thousands are familiar all their lives, because they are born with a tendency to biliousness. With this enemy they are constantly battling with ineffectual weapons. Hostile to much butters with bile. More poisons will not reform a disordered condition of the liver indicated, not by constipation alone, but also by sick headaches, yellowness of the skin and eyeballs, watery, torpid tongue and uneasiness, more particularly upon pressure on the right side, upon and below the short ribs. Avoid drastic purgatives which gripe and weaken the intestines, and substitute this world-famous anti-bilious cordial, which like the removal of malarial, venereal and kidney complaints, rheumatism and nervousness. As a laxative of the bowels, pain-killer, and stimulant, it improves appetite, sleep and the ability to digest, and possesses the additional advantage of a standard tonic.

A Real Gallant—Mother—So you wish my daughter for our wife? He (indicating) "Party that, Madam, and partly that you may be my mother-in-law."

HAVE NO EQUAL.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER have attained a world-wide reputation solely upon their superlative merits. They have many would-be rivals, but have never been equalled or even approached in curative properties and rapidity and safety of action. Their value has been attested by the highest medical authorities, as well as by unimpeachable testimonials from those who have used them, and they are recommended as the best external remedy for weak back, rheumatism, sciatica, colds, coughs, sore throat, chest and stomach affections, kidney difficulties, weak muscles, strains, aches and pains of every description.

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no solicitation or explanation induce you to accept a substitute.

If you would stop your wife in her scolding, there's one thing you might do: Just make your wife an allowance. And she'll make allowance for you.

Throat diseases commence with a cold, cough or overfatiguing the voice. These symptoms (which, if neglected, often result in a chronic trouble of the throat) are allayed by the use of "Brown's Bronchial Troches."

Javins—Yes, James and I are to become partners for life. Maud—And you will be the senior partner. How sweet.

RUPTURE AND PILES CURED.

We positively cure rupture, piles and all local diseases without pain or detention from business. No cure, no pay. Also all Private Diseases. Address for pamphlet Dr. Porterfield & Lowry, 315 Market Street, San Francisco.

A Gentle Glow—Rogers—What makes your nose so red, Mr. Kelly? Kelly—It glows with pride, sir, at not putting itself in other people's business.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer \$100 reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last fifteen years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him. WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKER, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

A Woman's Answer—Ha—if I should ask you to marry me, what would you say? She—Good. He—Well—er—what would it rhyme with? She—Guess.

Use Emaline Shoe Polish: no dust, no smell.

TRY GEMMA for breakfast.

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The Grip

Left me in a terribly weak condition; my health nearly wrecked. My appetite was all gone, I had no strength. I tried all the time, but disagreeable, roasting fires in my head like a waterfall. I also had severe headaches and severe sinking pains in my stomach. Having heard so much about Hood's Sarsaparilla, I concluded to try it. All the disagreeable effects of the Grip are gone, I am free from pains and aches, and believe Hood's Sarsaparilla is surely curing my



W. Cook.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

catarrh. I recommend it to all." (Geo. W. Cook, St. Johnsbury, Vt.)

HOOD'S PILLS cure Constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.



Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. For a Lamé Side, Back or Chest Shiloh's Porous Plaster will give great satisfaction—25 cents.

SHILOH'S VITALIZER. Mrs. T. S. Hawkins, Chattanooga, Tenn., says: "Shiloh's Vitalizer SAVED MY LIFE. I consider it the best remedy for a debilitated system I ever used." For Dyspepsia, Liver or Kidney trouble it excels. Price 50 cts.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY. Have you Catarrh? Try this Remedy. It will relieve and cure you. Price 50 cts. This is the best remedy for Catarrh of the Bladder, Prostate, etc. Shiloh's Remedies are sold by us on a guarantee to give satisfaction.

Old Gold and Silver Bought; send your old Gold and Silver by mail to the old and reliable house of A. Coleman, 31 Third Street, San Francisco; I will send by return mail the cash, according to assay; if the amount is not satisfactory will return gold.

ELY'S CREAM BALM—Cures the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores Taste and Smell, and Cures Catarrh.

Give Relief at once for Cold in Head. Apply into the Nostrils. It is Quickly Absorbed. See Druggists or by mail, ELY BROS., 36 Warren St., N. Y.

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