

AS FROM THE DEAD.

BUFFALO, July 18.—Four months ago Christian Schamber, a well-to-do butcher, disappeared from the city in a mysterious manner, and on June 30 a body which was declared to be Schamber's, was taken out of the canal at Black rock.

Mrs. Schamber took the body home and made all preparations for the funeral, but a few hours before the time set for the ceremony sent the body back to the morgue.

Others came and viewed it, friends and acquaintances of Schamber, and they declared that it was Schamber's body. The widow steadily persisted, while new witnesses arose daily to contradict her.

After hearing 27 witnesses and continuing in session two weeks, the jury at last declared that the body was that of Christian Schamber.

The body was buried by the county. Then came the last and crowning feature of a very strange and mysterious case.

Mrs. Schamber, after all was over, made up her mind that the dead man was Schamber, and wanted to take the body from the potters field and bury it anew with a private funeral, but this was refused.

While court East Buffalo, 1184, of the Independent Order of Foresters was deep in the solemn mysteries of initiation at its hall last night there came a strange interruption. The outside guard was almost asleep when there came a faint tap on the door of the hall.

He started to his feet and adjusted his ear to the wicket.

"Brother Christian Schamber," came in a faint but strangely familiar voice.

"Come now, no fooling," answered the guard through the wicket, for he believed Schamber to be dead.

"Brother Christian Schamber," came the answer in a clearer voice. The door was opened by the impatient sentinel, and there stood the man who was supposed to be occupying a grave in potters field.

He was admitted to the lodge room and there followed a wild scene. The members could scarcely believe their eyes. But there stood brother Schamber, the man for whom the charter was draped in mourning, looking as if he had come from the land of spirits.

According to his story Schamber left home on account of family trouble. He went west and for nine weeks had been confined in a hospital suffering from malarial fever.

Coroner Ransom refuses to believe the man is Schamber, who the jury declared dead. He says the man is a fraud. But hundreds of Schamber's old friends recognized him to-day. The strange occurrence is the cause of a sensation here.

A GOLD BRICK TRICK. What a jay he looked! The hayseed was dropping out of his pockets, and his unkempt whiskers were sporting with the wind as he marched into the United States assay office on Wall Street and deposited upon a desk a big carpet bag, which he set down with a resounding bang. All the clerks stood around and grinned. It was the old story.

"Mr. Assay Man," he said, "I have here a gold brick that I—"

But he was interrupted with a roar of laughter. A young man in a corner nearly rolled on the floor with merriment. A banker's clerk who had come in to inquire about a gold shipment giggled till he was crimson.

"Sucker born every minute," he said. "Same old yarn. You jay-hawkers would get taken in so often if you read the papers. Oh, Lord, what a fool you must be!"

The old man looked puzzled. "If you will kindly talk English," he remarked, "you and I will be able to understand each other better. What do you mean by calling me a fool?"

"Precisely what I say," spoke up the banker's clerk. "You've been taken in by the gold brick swindle."

"Swindle, eh?" "Yes, swindle. You met a man from California, didn't you, who had a gold brick tied up in a red handkerchief and an Indian with him. Man said the brick was worth \$9,000, and he'd sell it for \$3,000, didn't he?"

"He did."

"Oh, what a lark!" laughed the banker's clerk and every one in the office was on a broad grin at the mystification of the jay-hawker.

"The Californian said the Indian knew where there was a lot more gold bricks and they've come to get them. And then they sold you a lump of lead covered with gold paint that is worth about \$4.65, and you've come down here to the United States assay office to have the lead analyzed and get told what a monkey you've made of yourself." And everyone howled with mirth.

"Not so fast, young man," objected the jay-hawker. "You were right about the Californian and the redskin selling me the gold brick, but there your information ceased. Taint no bit of lead they worked off on me. I had a chip of it analyzed. No, sir. I want no more yesterday, if I am from the country."

"You had it assayed?" burst out the banker's clerk, almost exploding with the intensity of his grin. "You knocked a corner off the brick, and then they changed it on you, substituting a bit of real gold out of a \$5 gold piece. That of course was found to be all right, and they landed you like an old guy, high and dry." (Laughter.)

"No, they didn't," protested the jay-hawker. "I've got the genuine thing. I'll bet you \$500 it's a real gold brick." And he pulled out the sum of money named and threw it on the table.

There were cries of "Don't take the old crump's money." "He's been done once, and, 'Taint fair to

bet on a sure thing." The jay-hawker however protested.

"I'm rich," he said. "I've got a lot more money I'm going to spend on gold bricks, and if any one can fool me I want to know it. I'd like to take a fier on it anyway."

The banker's clerk hardly liked to cheat the jay-hawker, but all the rest said that the lesson would be worth \$500 to the old fellow.

"I'll make the bet without looking at the brick," said the banker's clerk. "The terms of it are that you've been fooled and that you bought a lump of lead or something. Money talks. Here's mine," and he threw \$500 on the table. There were some moral scruples in the minus of the crowd about 'doing' the old man up in that way, but the majority view was that he deserved it for being so fresh.

The money being deposited, the jay-hawker slowly unpacked his carpet bag in the presence of a broad grin. There were derisive cheers as he took the gold brick from the many coverings he had wound around it and handed it to the assayer.

The official accepted it, and a look of amazement came over his face.

"Gentlemen," he said, "this brick will not need any assaying. It was made in this building, and has the government stamp upon it. It is worth \$10,000."

The jay-hawker reached for the stake money and transferred it to his pocket. The grin on the face of the know-it-all clerk changed to an expression of pain as he turned to the man nearest to him and politely requested that he kick him to the foot of Wall Street and off into the East River.

The only person in the crowd who was smiling now was the jay-hawker. Turning to the assayer, who had taken no part in the proceedings, he said:

"I had business here, but I have transacted it. My business is exclusively with smart young aleks who know it all and want to enlighten the old suckers. Good-day, gentlemen." He beamed upon them for a moment and was gone.

Outside the assay office he was joined by a young man who likely enough "capped" his game when occasion required.

"Did it work, uncle?" inquired the latter anxiously.

"Work! Did it ever fail? Let's go up to one of the Broadway banks, and you can start a crowd guessing and betting as to whether it's real gold. Work!"

They sauntered west. The old man looked so guileless and innocent that every second citizen they met had a mind to sell him green goods or pick his pocket.—New York Herald.

A St. Mary's Lumberman's Shocking Death. (Bangor Commercial, July 18.) DANFORTH, Me., July 17.

Saturday afternoon about 5 o'clock the town was startled by the report that a man had been killed in a row at the Foss House stable. John Edgar, a man about 40 years of age, had been having some trouble with Bella Noyes, who acts as hostler and runs a bar in some part of the stable, which finally culminated in a row in which Edgar received a death blow.

When found he was all covered with blood. His face and neck were badly bruised, and he was unconscious. He could not have lived but a few minutes after he was struck. In the stable where he was found there were three horses which Noyes was feeding. A small amount of corn had been scattered on the floor and a necktie and a cuff lay near the body.

Immediately upon the discovery, the remains were carried into the office of the hotel and the selectmen ORDERED THE ARREST OF NOYES, which was finally accomplished after quite a hard run through the pastures and woods.

Edgar had worked in the woods in this neighborhood for the past year, generally as cook. As soon as he had finished work it had been customary for him to come to town and blow in his earnings. He had the reputation of being a peaceful fellow, except when he was drinking and things did not go to suit him. When they had not, his temper was not slow in rising. He had been around town three or four days drinking quite hard, and Saturday he was determined to have it out with Noyes, and followed him around all day threatening to pound him.

Edgar Demmons says that he was with Edgar nearly all day, and that Noyes sold Edgar liquor in the morning, but after the latter got what Noyes considered enough for him he refused to sell him more. This maddened Edgar, who threatened to lick him. About 5 o'clock Demmons saw Edgar go to the barn. Following him a short time later he

FOUND EDGAR UNCONSCIOUS. He assisted in carrying the injured man to the hotel, where he died in a very short time.

Joe Foss, the proprietor of the Foss House, which is largely patronized by men who follow the woods and river driving, says that he doubts Noyes killed Edgar, but he declares most firmly that it was not intentional, and what Noyes did was done in self-defence, as Edgar had been there several times during the day threatening him.

With R. Foss says that Noyes had trouble with Edgar some six months ago about some disturbance in the house. Foss says he was in the carriage house adjoining the stable when Mrs. Noyes went past going in to the stable. He followed her. When he first saw the men they were coming out from the horse stall where they had both fallen. He says that Noyes struck Edgar once or twice after that. He did not hear either man say anything, and he took Noyes away from the fallen man. Foss declares that Edgar was threatening to "do Noyes up."

THE PRISONER TALKS. The prisoner talked very freely with the Commercial Correspondent.

dent. He is 31 years of age, stoutly built, a pleasant man, and tells a straight story. He says some six months ago Edgar was making a disturbance in the house and he told him to keep quiet. They had some words then and whenever Edgar had gotten to drinking since he had invariably wanted to fight him (Noyes). Several times Saturday he was in the stable, took his coat and vest off and was bound to fight. Noyes says that he went away and left him, and about 4 o'clock went to get shaved. He told parties there that he had been followed all day by this fellow, who was bound to fight, and did not know how he would get rid of him. About 5 o'clock he went to the stable and met Will Foss, whom he told where he had been. Noyes went to feed the horses and Foss went into the carriage house. Edgar came in after Noyes had fed one or two horses and without any delay ASSAULTED HIM VIGOROUSLY. They clinched and both fell in a stall by the side of a horse. They scrambled out of there and he struck Edgar once or twice with his fist. He says no one was in the stable besides them except his wife. What he did he asserts was in self-defence, and that after being followed all day by this fellow who intended to pound him.

Mrs. N. B. Backman, who keeps a restaurant near the scene of the killing, says she heard the noise and went to the door. They were just bringing Edgar out of the stable. Mrs. Noyes was attempting to close the stable door and finally did so. In a few minutes Noyes came into her shop and asked for lemons. She said: "My God! Bela, is the man dead?" and the man replied, "I hope to—"

Mrs. Keirstead says Edgar was in her house about five o'clock and wanted to find a man to punch Bela's nose. He was then so drunk he could hardly stand. She told him to keep away from Noyes and let him alone. Oliver Keirstead met Noyes near his house when he was attempting to escape by seeking a hiding place in the woods and asked him if the man was dead. Noyes's answer was: "No; I only hit him with my bare fist. He is not hurt bad enough to die."

THE NEWS IN BANGOR. A gentleman who came from Danforth yesterday morning, said that the remains were a horrible sight. The murdered man's head was terribly crushed in on one side while his face had been pounded until it was almost beyond recognition. The lips of the man had been swollen to three or four times their ordinary size, and all the marks seemed to indicate that the murderer had used some iron weapon and with fearful force and brutality.

Noyes must have used some weapon which he could wield with frightful effect, a piece of iron or a heavy bludgeon of wood, for the gentleman thought it impossible for any man to have inflicted such ghastly wounds with his fist alone. It is said that even Edgar's neck was broken, which is an indication of the awful violence of the assault upon him.

The remains of the murdered man arrived at Fredericton on Tuesday last week in charge of his brother, Hugh Edgar, and were taken to St. Mary's for interment.

Dr. Lowe's Worm Syrup removes every kind of worms from children or adults. Children cry for it.

A cod weighing fifty pounds was caught at Grand Manan recently.

It is said that there is more floating ice in the Straits of Belle Isle and off Newfoundland at present than there has been for years.

The jury in the case of Larter, who was held on trial in Charlottetown, P. E. I., for procuring drugs to effect an abortion, has returned a verdict of not guilty. The verdict does not meet with general approval.

Victoria Carbolic Salve cures Cuts, Burns, Scrores, Bruises, Wounds, Chapped Hands and Cold Sores. Price 25c.

General News and Notes. The King of Siam is said to be preparing to leave Bangkok.

ITCH, on human or animals, cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Warranted by J. Pallen & Sons.

Cholera is rampant among the poorer classes in Moscow.

A Child Saved. My little boy was taken very bad with diarrhoea, he was very delicate and got so low we had no hope of his life, but a lady recommended Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and although he could only save a few drops at a time he got well. It saved my child.

Mrs. Wm Stewart, Campbellville, Ont. The Infanta Eulalia of Spain is visiting the Duke and Duchess of York.

ENGLISH SPAIN LIMEWASH removes all hard, soft or calloused Lumps and Blisters from horses, Blood Spavin, Cuts, Splints, Ring Bone, Sweeney, Stiles, Sprains, Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs, etc. Save \$50 and send three dollars for information. Give all troubles, and send information for the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known. Warranted by J. Pallen & Sons.

There has been a steady increase of exports of silver from New York within the past few days.

GENTLEMEN.—I was thoroughly cured of indigestion by using only three bottles of B. B. R. and truthfully recommend it to all suffering from the same malady.

Mrs. Davidson, Winnipeg, Man. The situation in Mashonaland, South Africa, is said to be critical owing to an uprising against the whites.

It Saved His Life. GENTLEMEN.—I can recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, for it saved my life when I was stricken with cholera. We have used it in our family when required ever since, and it never fails to cure all summer complaints. I am now fourteen years of age.

Francis Walsh, Dalkeith, Ont. John B. K. Phair, a Philadelphia lumber merchant worth \$200,000, jumped from the roof of his house last Thursday and killed himself.

Harsh Coughs, Heavy Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma and Bronchitis cured by Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. The best in the world.

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