

## WHERE HE HID HIS MONEY.

One morning in September, in the year of our Lord 18—, Samuel Harding, farmer, who lived about three miles east of the town of Dalware, started for the annual fair at a neighbor in his land. He did not sleep well, the day fair to be fine, and he was at peace with all mankind. Almost as sudden as a clap of thunder his feelings underwent a change. Between the house and the barn was a bed of artichokes. He had sent away to a seedsmen and ordered Russian artichokes, which were to be ready to yield 50 per cent. more than the American ones, and he was also charged for them that they were good for indigestion when eaten in a raw state. There were just right in his of those artichokes, and in a few days it would be time to dig them and learn if the promises of the seedsmen had been fulfilled. What Farmer Harding heard as he walked down the path was the peculiar "off" word "off" uttered by a pig when alarmed, and what he saw was a pig rooting in the ground. He was a little being to Farmer White had rooted his way under the roadside fence during the night and rooted up and devoured every one of those Russian artichokes. Not one was left. The ruin was complete.

Thus then and there began the feud between the houses of Farmer Harding and Farmer White.

When the feud began Henry Harding was a child 2 years old, and Emma White was not yet born. Twenty years later they were engaged to be married. When the state of affairs became known to Mr. White, she turned her daughter out of doors "for disgracing the memory of her dead father," and Farmer Harding, who had not become an old man and was still a widow, threatened to disinherit his son and drive him away if the match was not broken off. Live against the day. The couple were married and went to live in the town. The old man Harding had vowed that Henry should never have a dollar from him. He soon sold the farm and went to the other side of the county to live with an old maid sister who had a good-sized farm which was filled by hired help. Everything which he could sell was converted into money and deposited in the village bank. People who knew all about the case predicted that he would relent after a while and do the right thing, but they could not fathom the depths of his bitterness. He lived for three years after the marriage and died without forgiving his son. It was pretty generally known that he had about \$20,000 in cash, and it was generally believed that he would will this to his sister.

On the day that Harding died I reached the town of Dalware on my two weeks annual vacation. He was not yet buried when the gossips of the village had given me all the particulars. Well, that is how I came into the case. A criminal reporter on a daily paper is more or less of a detective. If not, then he is not a success as a criminal reporter. He runs against all sorts of crime and all sorts of criminals; he must be with the detectives more or less; he comes across mysteries, and the public demands theories and explanations; he simply can't help becoming interested. The excitement was intense, and inside of twenty-four hours the public had jumped to a conclusion. No will could be found. All the old man's money had been drawn from the bank, and as it was known that Hannah Harding, the spinster sister, was also bitter against Henry, it was natural to believe that she had the money. As the legal heir Henry was advised to take certain steps, and Hannah, of course, employed a lawyer, and so the fight of twenty years continued. A search warrant failed to find any portion of the money. Fifty men hunted high and low for two days, but in vain. I went out with those who searched, but I felt a detective more or less. I was satisfied that she knew nothing of the whereabouts of the fortune. I found that Henry was inclined to the same belief. After some delay it was agreed that if I could find the money I was to have \$1,000, Hannah \$2,000, and the balance was to go to the legal heir. I had an idea that I could find it, and I had a week to do it. It was all theory on my part, of course, but I think you will be interested in seeing how things worked out.

In the first place I went to the bank and found that old Mr. Harding had been for months drawing out his money, and that in every instance he had requested and received gold. He had made eight withdrawals before his account was closed. In every instance he had brought eggs to market in a basket and carried his gold to the bank. It was five miles from his home to the village, and in every instance he had made the trip in a farmer's wagon, and the farmer had never suspected the presence of the money. Let us reason a bit on this first discovery. If the old man had intended to burn his money before he died he would not have demanded gold. If he had intended to leave it to Hannah, he would not have cared whether it was paper or gold. The fact that he insisted on gold satisfied me that Hannah was innocent—not only that, but the money was to be hidden away.

The last money was drawn out two weeks previous to his death. Whenever he went to town he wore a pair of boots. On all other days he wore a pair of old shoes, which were soft and easy on his feet. He did not change back to his boots as soon as reaching home, but only after he had returned from walking about the farm. Hence it might be inferred that he had to pass over bad ground. The woman brought me his boots just as he had pulled them off for the last time. There was mud on them. It could not be dried from the roadway, because when he went to town the roads were dry. The soil of the right boot was considerably worn, and in a crevice I found a little sand. Again, on that same boot, sticking to the mud, were several blades of grass. She brought me the suit of clothes he had worn that day and for three or four days subsequently, but I found cockles and burrs on the trousers and bits of rotten wood in one of the coat pockets.

To the west of the house and a mile away was the forest. To reach it he had to pass through the orchard. Between the orchard and the forest was a creek. On the east side of it, where I judged he would naturally cross, was a bed of sand. On the other side was a muddy spot, but with a dog to walk on. The forest covered eighty acres of ground, and but little of it had ever been cleared of underbrush. In going from the house through the orchard and across the creek and back I got plenty of cockles and burrs on my clothes, and had I made a misstep at the log I should have fallen into the mud and water. Granted that the old man had hidden his money in the woods, what particular

spot should I look for? The hired man had not happened to see him go beyond the orchard, but on one occasion, when he had need of a certain tool and went to the shed to find it, it was missing. Two hours later it had been restored. It was a mallet he wanted. Going on the theory that the old man had used the mallet, I went to the shed and looked at all the tools. Most of them were rusty with the dampness. There was just one, certain augur and on a certain chisel, but it was fresh rust. The point of the augur also retained some bits of the last wood it had been bored into. These bits I was assisted by several persons and a beehive taste. Therefore I reasoned that the augur had been bored into a beehive tree. When I had been told that Mr. Harding was a carpenter by trade, I had no doubt that he had used mallet, chisel and augur in making a hiding place for his money.

The first move was to go through the forest in search of what might be called "light leeches." I marked off twenty within ten minutes walk of the creek, and then began a close inspection of each one. I did not look at tops or trunks, but on the ground. There were plenty of brush and limbs and dead leaves, but at the end of two days' steady search I found clues and pointers I was paying around, and then knew that the quest was ended. Never did a man hide his money in a safer place nor with more skillful hand. The tree was a double one for the first four feet from the ground. Where the two came together was a decayed spot. It wasn't larger than a man's fist when Harding discovered it and began work. With augur and chisel he made a hole in the solid wood large enough to hold a gallon or more of water. It not only held his \$20,000 in gold, but considerable more could have been put in on top of it. Aside from making a plug or stopper, which exactly fitted the hole, he cut with his chisel a nick below it to receive and securely hold a large piece of the dirt and moss. Behind the moss he affixed one of those exorcising you have seen growing on decayed logs, and both moss and fungus had taken root and were thriving. Everything I did so perfectly natural that I was a good hour getting at the keyhole of the treasure box. Had I not found sure evidences of his work in the chips and splinters the tree would have been put down on the list of failures. He did not intend to leave those evidences behind him. As fast as he cut out the wood he placed it aside, and as he crossed the creek on his way home he threw the chips into the water, as I later ascertained.

Well, I have nothing more to tell you. The money was found and divided according to agreement. There was nothing difficult about the case unless it was its simplicity. I worked it entirely from theory, and the conclusions drawn were natural and deserved no credit. While I expected no praise I got what I did not deserve—praise. There isn't a man in that town of Dalware who doesn't firmly believe that I was either his brother or his cousin and saw the money hidden, or that the old maid got frightened and revealed the hiding place, figuring that she had better take \$2,000 than risk losing all. Some of them have even said that I ought to have been arrested for swindling Henry out of \$1,000.

## SNAKE BITES IN INDIA.

Fully 20,000 People Die Every Year From the Venom.

Altogether about 20,000 persons die each year in India from the bites of various snakes, and it is no exaggeration to say that some sixty of Queen Victoria's subjects who were alive and well yesterday are to-day being burnt and buried out here as a sequel to these accidents. The same will happen to-morrow and the next day, and at least one death from similar causes may be expected to occur every half hour between now and the time that the readers of McClure's Magazine peruse what I have written. Mortality of this magnitude is a terrible thing, though the fact must be remembered that it is distributed among a population four times as large as that of the United States, and thus passes, to a great extent, unnoticed.

The casualties are confined almost entirely to the poorer and more ignorant natives, who are naturally ignorant of the nature of the venom. For all sorts of creatures like the lizard, as and the eels are occasionally poisoning for a fight, as a general rule a snake is no more anxious to be trodden upon than a man is to tread upon it. The consequence is that people who wear boots are hardly ever bit. This is not so much because of the protection of the leather as on account of the noise made by a boot upon the ground, which warns the snake to get out of the way. The ordinary native in bare feet makes hardly any sound whatever as he walks along and is consequently very liable to surprise a snake in the path. The white man, on the other hand, in a good pair of creaky boots is so safe that it is most exceptional to hear of an accident where he is concerned.—McClure's Magazine.

## Mariborough's Gifts.

It was characteristic of Mariborough that from apparently small indications he possessed the power of divining the enigmas of nature, and was thus enabled to forecast them. From the experience of the recent past he foresaw with a admirable clearness the immediate future, and was able, as it were, to map out coming events from a study of the position at the moment. He could balance future probabilities with strange accuracy, and could fill in with living figures the sketchy outline furnished by the spy.

Without this peculiar gift—one of the most important that mark the born general—no campaign can be directed with success. To realize what is going on beyond a range of hills, or any other natural barrier to human vision and out of the reach of reconnoitering parties, is one of the problems which perpetually confront the military commander. On the correct solution of that problem depends greatly the success of all military operations.—The Life of Mariborough.—Gen. Wolsley.

## The Boy with a Piece of Chalk.

"The delight that the small boy experiences in making a beautiful wavy chalk mark along a fence" said an indulgent father, "must be great, but I suppose it is as nothing to the joy he feels when he comes to one of those holes or grills or other of architectural units where, with many of our more modern edifices are now adorned. He cures up various lines the mouth in white. Under this treatment the most ferocious of holes is despondent and ridiculous, and the fiercest grill looks as though he would like to laugh. The small boy saves nothing as he passes on, drawing his chalk across whatever surface may be within handy reach. It is evident that there is joy in his heart."—New York Sun.

## EVERLASTING WOMEN

In These Days They Are Everywhere and Do Everything, and the World Really Couldn't Get Along Without Them.

Miss Balfour, sister of the English Conservative leader, is traveling in Africa. Lady Marie Forester, who resided in England, selected Florence Nightingale for hospital work in the Crimea.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward is said to have made \$50,000 from "David Grieve," \$85,000 from "Marcella," and \$40,000 from "Robert Elanore."

The Princess of Wales has sent birthday gift in the form of a snail for every past birthday to Mrs. Sir Thompson, aged 106 years, the old woman in Wales.

Mrs. Balch, of Bar Harbor, Me., 48 years old, but the other day she climbed Beach Hill, 700 feet above the surface of the lake, and wasn't even tired out by her exertion.

Mrs. Alice Ramsey, a niece of Andrew Jackson, who was born in Algiers, La., 58 years ago, died at Phoenix, Alaska, few days ago. Mrs. Ramsey was a fine nurse during the Rebellion.

Mrs. Gray, of Bowersville, Perth in Scotland, the mother of Lady Milla, has just died at the age of 84 years. I was from Mrs. Gray's garden that St. John Milla painted "The Vale of Rest."

Mrs. Henry Irving is an Irish woman as her maiden name, O'Callaghan, effectively proves. She lives very quietly in London with her two sons on the \$5,000 a year which her distinguished actor husband allows her.

The Empress of Austria will erect a monument in memory of her unappreciated son, the late Prince Rudolph, in the grounds of the Achilleion, her villa in Corfu. The work has been entrusted to a sculptor of Lugano, and will be begun at once.

Mrs. William Waldorf Astor wore at a recent drawing-room the historic diamond coronet comb, of which she has lately become possessed. It is the one that Louis XIV. gave to Mme. de Montespan, and Mrs. Astor, it is said, paid \$100,000 for it.

At a recent smart ball in London the bride, Mrs. Margaret Tennant Asquith, wore a gown of white satin, with lines of pale pink roses on the seams of the skirt, cleverly arranged graduating from big flowers near her feet to tiniest buds at the waist. The bride wore with this a large mantle of cloth of gold, the entire front a large spreading bow of chiffon.

Joan of Arc was a woman as well as a warrior. A new side to her character is brought out by M. Bateau in the Nouvelle Revue. "She took pleasure," says he, "in beautiful stuffs and rare silks, and when she was taken prisoner at Compiègne she wore over her red armor a large mantle of cloth of gold. The greatest equestrian, however, was seen in her standard."

There is a difference of opinion as to suffrage, even among the progressive Kansas women. At the last regular meeting of the Wichita Cooking Club a member moved that the club entertain Susan B. Anthony, Mrs. Chapman Cott, Laura S. Johns, Anna Shaw, and other suffragists when they visit Wichita, but the motion was buried under an avalanche of hay.

The number of French women who have been honored by statues is increasing. Joan of Arc had almost a monopoly of this distinction formerly, but this is changing. A statue to Mme. de Sevigne is being raised at Vitres, and Valenciennes will erect one to Mme. Duchenois. Apropos of these two states a French writer observes: "Woman being in marble so much more decorative than ourselves, one can only rejoice over the advent of femininity."

Miss Melie Stanleyetta Titus has passed the examination in the 1st Judicial Department of New York. She is the first woman to do so. There were 79 men in the class with her and of them 18 failed at least partially. B-Lva Lockwood attempted the examination in the 1st District some years ago, but her papers were declared faulty. Miss Katherine Hogan tried it a year ago and the justices found flaws in her papers, whereupon she went to Brooklyn and took the examination in the 2nd Department.

Forty members of the Denver, Col., Rational Dress Club paraded the other day along 16th street in loose fitting blouse waists and bloomers. The club now has over 100 members, and they stoutly deny a charge of immorality in the reformed garb. The example of the Denver reformers has struck deep into the soil of Laramie, Wyo., and other cities of the Rocky Mountain belt, where the woman in a divided skirt is no more conspicuous than was the cowboy in days that are gone. Laramie's Dress Reform Club has 35 members.

Miss Frances E. Willard comes back from England a better American than ever. She says she is much better in health. "I have had a good rest," she told a reporter. "I am an eight hour woman. Eight hours for work, eight hours for sleep and eight hours for what you will, and one day in seven for the soul, is my programme. I put in eight hours a day at my desk. But that sort of work didn't hurt me. It is speaking in public that takes the heart out of me. For ten years I averaged one address a day the year round. When I went abroad I was talked out. I did very little talking while I was away and the rest was a cure." She has begun to ride the bicycle, for her health, upon the advice of Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson. She says it took her 20 hours to learn. The wheel and 5 men a day, along with the rest, have made her stronger than ever.

## Mrs. Langtry Grieved.

The unmerciful gazing that a London audience is said to have given Mrs. Langtry at a recent first appearance of that actress in a new part in its comment on itself, the story goes:

"The gazing began in the second act. Mrs. Langtry had to remark to another woman: 'My character is better than yours. There has never been a word of scandal breathed against my good name.' Instantly a titter ran around the house. The pit went into convulsions, and finally a voice from that region exclaimed, 'Oh, I say, why draw it mild, old girl.' Let us lay up from all parts of the theatre. Mrs. Langtry, but her lip curled and her ground pluckily. After the titter had subsided a bit she went on with her part. But the line went from bad to worse, and the gazing was kept up at intervals until the curtain fell on the last act."

Is anyone to blame for it but the actress herself? She has chosen to make her name a scandal to the world, and get what she has invited with reminded of that fact in such an unmistakable manner as she was on this occasion.

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