

# The Bedford Gazette.

BY MEYERS & MENGEL.

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Constantly on hand to accommodate those who want to purchase living reading matter. Only a part of the vast number of articles pertaining to the Book and Stationery business, which we are prepared to sell cheaper than the cheapest, are above enumerated. Give us a call. We buy and sell for CASH, and by this arrangement we expect to sell as cheap as goods of this class are sold anywhere.

June 29, '93.

## Miscellaneous.

### ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH IN CHINA.

THE EAST INDIA TELEGRAPH COMPANY'S OFFICE.

No. 23 & 25 Nassau Street, NEW YORK.

Organized under special charter from the State of New York.

CAPITAL.....\$5,000,000  
50,000 SHARES, \$100 EACH.

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The Chinese Government having (through the Hon. Anson Burlingame) conceded to this Company the privilege of connecting the great systems of the Empire by submarine electric telegraph cable, we propose commencing operations in China, and laying down a line of nine hundred miles at once, between the following ports, viz:

Population.  
Canton.....1,600,000  
Hong-Kong.....50,000  
Swatow.....250,000  
Amoy.....250,000  
Fuzhou.....1,250,000  
Ningpo.....400,000  
Hang Chea.....1,200,000  
Shanghai.....1,000,000  
Total.....5,910,000

These ports have a foreign commerce of \$900,000,000, and an enormous domestic trade, besides which we have the immense internal commerce of the Empire, radiating from these points, through its canals and navigable rivers.

The cable being laid, this company proposes erecting land lines, and establishing a speedy and trustworthy means of communication, which must be of great value to the Chinese Government, and to the commerce of the Empire, and to the social life especially in China. She has no postal system, and her only means of communicating information is by courier on land, and by steamers on water.

The Western World knows that China is a very large country, in the main densely populated, but few realize that she contains more than a third of the human race. The latest returns made to her central authorities for taxing purposes by the local magistrates make her population Four hundred and Fourteen millions, and this is more likely to be under than over the actual aggregate. Nearly all of these, who are over ten years old, not only can but do read and write. Her civilization is peculiar, but her literature is as extensive as that of Europe. China is a land of teachers and traders; and the latter are exceedingly quick to avail themselves of every profitable facility for procuring early information. It is observed in California that the Chinese make great use of the telegraph, though it there transmits messages in English alone. To-day great numbers of fleet steamers are owned by Chinese merchants, and used by them exclusively for the transmission of early intelligence. If the telegraph we propose connecting all their great seaports, were now in existence, it is believed that its business would pay the cost within the first two years of its successful operation, and would steadily increase thereafter.

No enterprise commends itself as in a greater degree remunerative to capitalists, and to our whole people. It is of vast national importance commercially, politically and evangelically.

Let the stock of this Company have been unquestionably recommended to capitalists and business men, as a desirable investment by editorial articles in the New York Herald, Tribune, World, Times, Post, Express, Independent, and in the Philadelphia North American, Press, Ledger, Inquirer, Age, Bulletin and Telegraph. Shares of this company, a limited number, may be obtained at \$50 each, \$10 payable down, \$10 on the 1st of November, and \$25 payable in monthly installments of \$2.50 each, commencing December 1, 1893, on application to

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34 South Third Street,  
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Orders solicited.

april 23, '93.

PRINTERS' INK has made many a business man rich. We ask you to try it in the columns of THE GAZETTE.

## Hooiland's Column.

### YOU ALL HAVE HEARD OF

HOOILAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,

AND

HOOILAND'S GERMAN TONIC.

Prepared by Dr. C. M. JACKSON, Philadelphia.

Their introduction into this country from Germany occurred in

1825.

THEY CURED YOUR

FATHERS AND MOTHERS,

And will cure you and your children. They are entirely different from the many preparations now in the country called Bitters or Tonics. They are no laxative or purgative, or any thing like one; but good, honest, reliable medicines.

The greatest known remedy for Liver Complaint, DYSPEPSIA, Nervous Debility, JAUNDICE, Diseases of the Kidneys, RUPTURES OF THE SKIN, and all Diseases arising from a Disordered Liver, stomach, or

IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.

Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Pains of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Dignity for Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Belching, Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swelling of the Head, Harsh or Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensa

Onions when in a Lying Position, Dizziness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the sight, Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pains in the Stomach, Chest, Limbs, etc., Sudden Fluxes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginations of Evil and Great Depression of Spirits.

All these indicate diseases of the Liver or Digestive Organs, combined with impure blood.

HOOILAND'S GERMAN BITTERS

is entirely vegetable and contains no liquor. It is a compound of Fluid Extracts. The Roots, Herbs, and Barks from which these extracts are made, are gathered in Germany. All the medicinal virtues are extracted from them by a scientific Chemist. These extracts are then forwarded to this country to be used expressly for the manufacture of these Bitters. There is no alcohol in the Bitters, and it is not compounded of the Bitters, hence it is the only Bitter that can be used in cases where alcoholic stimulants are not advisable.

HOOILAND'S GERMAN TONIC

is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with pure Santa Cruz Rum, Orange, etc. It is used for the same diseases as the Bitters, in case where some pure alcoholic stimulus is required. You will bear in mind that these remedies are entirely different from any others advertised for the cure of the diseases named, these being scientific preparations of medicinal extracts, while the others are mere decoctions of rum in some form. Its taste is exquisite. It is a pleasure to take it, while the life-giving, exhilarating and healthy influence has been caused to be known as the greatest of all tonics.

DEBILITY.

There is no medicine equal to Hooiland's German Bitters and Tonic for Debility. They impart a tone and vigor to the whole system, strengthen the appetite, cause an enjoyment of the food, and induce a healthy digestion, purify the blood, give a good, sound, healthy complexion, eradicate the yellow tinge from the eyes, impart a bloom to the cheeks, and change the patient from a short-breathed, emaciated, weak, and nervous invalid, to a full-faced, stout, and vigorous person.

Weak and Delicate Children are made strong by using the Bitters or Tonic. In fact, they are Family Medicines. They can be administered with perfect safety to a child three months old, the most delicate female, or a man of any age.

These remedies are the best

Blood Purifiers

ever known and will cure all diseases resulting from Liver or Blood impurity; keep your liver in order, keep your blood pure; keep your organs in a sound, healthy condition; by the use of Hooiland's Bitters, and no diseases will ever assail you. If years of honest repetition go for anything, you must try these preparations.

FROM HON. GEO. W. WOODWARD,

Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

I find that "Hooiland's German Bitters" is not an intoxicating beverage, but is a good tonic, useful in disorders of the digestive organs, and of great benefit in cases of debility and want of nervous action in the system.

Yours Truly,  
GEO. W. WOODWARD.

FROM HON. JAMES TAMPSON,

Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

I consider "Hooiland's German Bitters" a valuable medicine in case of debility, and a valuable remedy for Dyspepsia. I can certify this from my experience of it.

Yours, with respect,  
JAMES TAMPSON.

FROM REV. JOSEPH H. KENNARD, D. D.,

Pastor of the Tenth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.

Dr. Jackson—Dear Sir:—I have been frequently requested to connect my name with recommendations of different kinds of medicines, but regarding the practice as out of my appropriate sphere, I have in all cases declined; but with a clear proof in various instances, and particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hooiland's Bitters, I feel compelled to do so. It is a safe and valuable preparation. In some cases it may fail; but usually it does not. It is a safe and valuable preparation. In some cases it may fail; but usually it does not.

Yours, very respectfully,  
J. H. KENNARD,  
Eight, below Coates Street.

CAUTION.

Hooiland's German Remedies are counterfeited. Be sure you have the genuine have the name of each bottle, and the name of the article blown in each bottle. All others are counterfeits.

Price of the Bitters, \$1 per bottle; Or, a half dozen for \$5.

Price of the Tonic, \$1.50 per bottle; Or, a half dozen for \$7.50.

The Tonic is put up in quart bottles. Recollect that it is Dr. Hooiland's German Remedies that are so universally used and so highly recommended; and do not allow the Druggist to induce you to take anything else that he may say is just as good, because he makes a large profit out of it. These Remedies will be sent by express to any locality upon application to the

PRINCIPAL OFFICE,

At the German Medicine Store.

No. 631 ARCH STREET, Philadelphia.

CHAS. M. EVANS,

PROPRIETOR.

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These Remedies are for sale by Druggists, Storekeepers and Medicine Dealers everywhere.

Do not forget to examine the article you buy as to the genuineness.

may 29/93

## DEMOCRATIC PRIMARY ELECTIONS.

Agreeably to the provisions of the Rules for the Government of the Democratic Party of Bedford County, adopted by the Democratic County Committee, Feb. 25, 1893, the Democratic voters of Bedford County will assemble at the polling places in the several election districts, on SATURDAY, MAY 29, and vote by ballot for the choice of Candidates for the several offices to be filled at the next General Election, and, also, for two Inspectors and one Judge for each polling place who shall hold the primary Election for the next year. The Vigilance Committee now in existence shall hold this election, and in districts which have no such Committees, the Democratic voters present at the polling place at the time herein fixed for the opening of the polls, shall elect two Inspectors and one Judge to hold the election. The polls in the townships shall be open from nine o'clock a. m. until 6 o'clock p. m., those in the boroughs from 1 o'clock p. m. until 6 o'clock p. m. An accurate list of the names of all persons voting shall be kept and a correct and full return of all the votes cast for the several persons voted for shall be made out, and both the list and returns shall be certified under the signature of at least two of the election officers to be correct and true. After the counting of the ballots, and the proper certification of the returns, the list of voters and the return of votes for the several candidates, shall be sealed up by the Inspectors and delivered to the Judge, who shall place the sealed return in the hands of the Chairman of the County Committee, at a meeting of the Judges from each polling-place, to be held at the Court House, in Bedford, on TUESDAY, JUNE 1, at one o'clock, p. m. All persons entitled to vote at the election for Representatives in the Legislature and pledging themselves to vote the whole Democratic ticket at the next General Election, will be permitted to vote at this election.

J. W. DICKERSON,  
Ch'n Dem. Co. Com.

## HOUSE AND FARM.

Management of Cows.—A cow newly come in should not drink cold water in cold weather, but moderately warm slop. Calves intended for raising, should be taken from the cow within a few days, and they will be less liable to suck when they are old. Feed them first on new milk, taking care that all changes are gradual, by adding only a portion at a time.

Heifers dried up too early after calving, will always run dry about the same time in after years—therefore be careful to milk closely the first year, until about six weeks before calving.

Spring cows should come in while they are yet fed on hay, and before they are turned to grass, which will be more likely to prevent caked bag and milk fever.

Feed dry cows well; give them a daily feed of meal of some kind, corn meal and wheat bran, or corn meal and oak cake, or some other milk-producing or fattening diet. You will get it all back when you begin to milk.

Your cattle should never stop growing until they come to full maturity. They will surely stop and therefore have that stunted, weakly look so common among "scrubs" unless they are sheltered and so well fed that they do not lose flesh.

How to Cure a Felon.—A physician in Moore's Rural New Yorker, has no confidence in any of the "sure cures for a felon," which are so abundant, and of which everybody recommends. He says:—

"The true treatment is to get on to your surgeon, before the felon is twenty-four hours old, and let him open the finger down to the bone and out to the end, supposing the finger to be the seat of the affection. This lets the imprisoned blood out and relieves the pain at once. Then poultice for a day or two, and the finger will be well and not deformed or injured. This is the 'short, sharp and decisive' plan, besides being the most merciful and least painful."

Remedy for Summer Complaint.—A correspondent of the Scientific American states that a tea made of the seeds of the Sunflower, roasted like coffee berries, are an admirable remedy for all species of summer complaint. A half pint of the seed is sufficient. It should be remembered, however, that serious results often follow the too sudden stoppage of diarrhea by astringents, and with this, as all remedies of a similar nature, caution should be used.

A Cure for Ear-Ache.—There is scarcely any ache to which children are subject, so bad to bear and so difficult to cure as ear-ache. But there is a remedy never known to fail, take a bit of cotton batting, put upon it a pinch of black pepper, gather it up and tie it, dip it in sweet oil, and insert it in the ear. Put a flannel bandage over the head to keep it warm. It will give immediate relief.

How to Clean Oil Cloth.—To ruin them—clean them with hot water or soap suds, and leave them half wiped, and they will look very bright while wet, and very dingy and dirty when dry, and soon crack and peel off. But if you wish to preserve them and have them look new and nice, wash them with soft flannel and lukewarm water, and wipe them thoroughly dry. If you want them to look extra nice, after they are dry, drop a few spoonfuls of milk over them and rub with a small dry cloth.

## WOMAN'S WORK.

Darning little stockings  
For restless little feet;  
Washing little faces;  
To keep them fresh and sweet;  
Hearing little lessons;  
Teaching catechism;  
Praying for salvation;  
From heresy and schism.

Woman's work:  
Sewing on the buttons,  
Overseeing relations,  
Soothing with a kind word  
Other lamentations;  
Guiding clumsy Bridges,  
Cooking saucy soups,  
Entertaining company,  
And reading recent books.

Woman's work:  
Burying out of sight  
Her own unhealed smart;  
Letting in the sunshine  
On other clouded hearts;  
Binding up the wounded,  
Healing of the sick,  
Bravely marching onward  
Through dangers dark and thick.

Woman's work:  
Leading little children  
And blessing manhood's years;  
Showing to the starry  
How God's forgiveness cheers;  
Scattering sweet roses  
Along another's path;  
Smiling by the wayside,  
Content with what she hath.

Woman's work:  
Loving fall her own tears  
Where only God can see;  
Wiping off another's  
With tender sympathy;  
Learning by experience  
Teaching by example;  
Yearning for the gateway,  
Golden, pearly, ample.

Woman's work:  
At last cometh silence—  
A day of sweet repose;  
Her looks sweetly braided,  
Upon her breast a rose;  
Lashes resting gently  
Upon the marble cheek;  
A look of blessed peace  
Upon her forehead meek.

The hands softly folded,  
The kindly pulses still;  
The cold lips now no smile,  
The noble heart no thrill;  
Her pillow needs no smoothing,  
She craveth for no care—  
Love's tenderest entreaty  
Wakes no responses there.

A grave in the valley,  
Tears, bitter sob, regret;  
Another lesson taught,  
That life may not forget;  
A fate forever hidden,  
A race forever run;  
"Dust to dust," the preacher saith,  
And woman's work is done.

N. O. Piquette.

## THE SKELETON HAND.

Yielding to a miserable habit had ruined me. It had blasted my prospects, destroyed by business, alienated my friends, and brought me down to the lowest point of existence. The habit had altogether overcome me. In vain I struggled against it. The imploring looks and words of my wife; the sight of my wretched and emaciated children turning their eyes to me, the author at once of their being and of their misery; the spectacle of the proud home and broad lands, once mine, but now in the hands of strangers—all these, which might have slung to madness or driven to despair a less degraded being, reached me not, nor affected me in the depth of my degradation. I had reached a point at which no motive that might be urged could any longer affect me.

One evening I was sitting in my miserable home. The children were asleep in bed. They had cried themselves to sleep in hunger. My wife sat opposite me on the other side of the wretched fire-place stitching some rags of clothing. I was stullen and silent.

At last I felt a craving for the stimulant that now was necessary for my life. Rising, I walked up to a cupboard where it was kept. My wife knew well my intention. She followed me with her eyes.

I went there desperate and careless—only eager for the gratification of my appetite.

I reached forth my hand tremblingly seized the bottle, and was about raising it to my lips.

But at that very instant, just as the bottle touched my lips, I felt a terrible sensation. It was as though some one had grasped my throat.

"What?" I cried in a deep fierce voice, "Hag! do you dare?" and turning, with clenched fist, I struck at what I supposed was my wife. For I thought she was trying in a violent way in desperation to keep me from drink.

But to my surprise I saw my wife sitting by the fire place with her work in her hand, looking at me in wonder. It could not have been her evident.

A terrible feeling passed through me. Shudderingly I raised my hand to feel what was at my throat, or if there was anything at all which seemed to be grasping me so tightly.

Horror of horrors!

As I raised my hand I felt the unmistakable outline of a bony thumb and bony fingers pressed against my flesh. It was a skeleton hand! that clutched me by the throat.

My hand fell down powerless by my side; the bottle crashed on the floor. My children awoke at the noise, and wife and children all stared at me with white faces.

There I trembling in every limb stood, transfixed with terror, the awful feeling of the supernatural now fully possessing me. I drew away my body, but my head was still held by the same dread and invisible power. I could not move that.

Unpardonable horror filled me. None but those who have experienced something like this know what it is to have such feelings. The body seems paralyzed, while the mind seems to be endowed with extraordinary activity, and thus possesses new capacities for suffering.

But at last I felt the grasp relax. I staggered back, the grasp ceased altogether and I drew off to another corner of the room endeavoring to go as far as possible from the place where this mysterious thing had seized me.

Soon my wife and children turned away, the former to work, the latter to sleep. They knew not what it was that affected me, but concluded that it was some pain arising from sickness or sudden faintness. I did not speak a word but resumed my former seat.

And now, gradually, my craving returned. Yet how could I satisfy it? My bottle was broken. And it lay in fragments on the floor. All my liquor was gone. What was I to do? The craving became irresistible. I had to yield.

So I took my hat, fumbled in my pockets and found a few cents, and taking an old bottle that lay in the corner, I went forth into the darkness. It was not without some feeling of trepidation that I entered the dark passage-way. Fearless the same thing of Horror might return agitated me. But I passed on unharmed, reached my old resort where I laid my bottle on the counter. The clerk soon filled it. With an irresistible impulse I clutched the bottle and rushed forth to drink the liquor.

I hurried off for a little distance and came to the head of a wharf. Here unable any longer to resist my craving I pulled out the cork so as to drink.

It was very dark. No one was near me. In the distance rose the low hum of the city; out in the harbor might be heard the noise of sailors and boatmen. I had a general idea of this as I stood there, though all my thoughts were concentrated on the bottle. At last I raised it to my mouth.

Scarcely had the bottle touched my lips when again I experienced that terrible feeling.

My throat was seized; this time more violently, more fiercely, as if by some power which had already warned me, and was enraged at having to repeat the warning. My throat was compressed painfully in that fierce grip; there was anger in it. A thrill of horror shot through me. Again the bottle fell from my trembling hands and was crushed to fragments upon the stone pavement. Again I raised my hands to my throat, though in deadly fear; but the motion was mechanical—a natural and involuntary effort to tear away the thing that seized my throat, to free myself from the pain and horror of that mysterious grasp. Again I raised my hands, and again I felt there under my touch, plain and unmistakable, the long, hard, bony hand which I had felt before. One touch was enough. My hands fell down. I tried to shriek, but in vain, I gasped for breath, and thought that I would be suffocated.

But at length the grasp slowly and unwittingly relaxed. I breathed more freely. At length the touch was no longer felt.

I paced the streets for a long time. At first every vestige of my appetite had been driven away by the horror of that moment. As time passed it began to return. Once more I felt the craving. True, the fear of another attack was strong; and for a long time deterred me; but at last the craving grew too strong for the fear.

Nerving myself up to a desperate pitch of resolution, I returned back to the shop where I had first purchased the liquor.

"See here!" I cried, "I'm crazy for a drink. I broke that bottle! Give me a glass, for God's sake—only one glass!"

Something in my face seemed to excite the man's commiseration. He poured out a glass for me in silence.

With trembling eagerness I reached out my hand to seize it. With trembling hand I raised it toward my lips. The grateful fumes already entered my nostrils. My lips already touched the edge of the glass.

Suddenly my throat was seized with a tremendous grasp.</