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NO. 26.

MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 1., 1886.

Pack Peddlers' Stories.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE HOUSE OF BENDER, THE NOTED KANSAS MURDERER.

'I have been a pack peddler for more than twenty years,' said the old man, as he whiffed away at his pipe to get it alight, 'and you may suppose I have met with some stirring adventures. I have traveled a great deal in Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska and Minresota, and for weeks and months I have been on the alert, not only to preserve the contents of my pack, but to defend my life. My line of trade has been Yankee notions, with jewelry added. I have had with me at one time as much as \$2,000 worth of gold and silver watches, ear rings, finger rings, &c. I have sat on a log beside a highway in Kansas and sold \$400 worth of stock to three or four men, and I have disposed of \$50 worth

of ladies' jewelry at a pioneer cabin

which had neither floors nor partitions. 'On two different occasions I ate dinner at the cabin of old Bender, the Kansas fiend. On the first occasion the old man was away, and I saw only two women about the place. Six months later, when I called again, it was about 11 o'clock in the forenoon. Then I saw old Bender for the first time. I have heard him described as a pleasant faced old man who no one would suspect, but I tell you the very first look at him put me on my guard. For the first time in a year I felt that my life was in danger. The same two slatternly women were about the house, and there was a young man whom I took to be old Bender's son. This young man disappeared soon after I arrived, but whether he bid in the house or rede off across the prairie I never knew. Bender's women purchased about \$2 worth of notions, and the old man dickered with me for over an hour over a gold watch. It seems that he had but a small stock of cash, but he offered me and room for one more. They stopped me that she was a widow, had a son had three or four silver watches, all of ments, and readily gave me a lift on and that they had a hard time to make which had been carried, two or three revolvers, two bosom pins, made of lumps of pure gold, and three or four pairs of valuable cuff buttons. We had nearly effected an exchange when he suddenly decided to leave the matter open until after dinner.

'Months afterward, when the discoveries of his crimes came out, I thought the matter over, and could remember just how nicely he played me. Without seeming to interrogate me for informa tion, he asked how long a trip I had made, what success I had met with. who I was, where I lived, and what I knew of that locality. The old murderer was figuring up the chances of my being missed in case he put an end to me, and he had a curiosity to know beforehand what the harvest would be. While I told you that I did not like his looks, and that I had a creepy feeling in his presence, I had no idea of an attempt to murder by daylight and in the manner he was planning for. I had a trusty revolver and I had the courage to defend myself. Had I met him out on the prairie, or had we teen jogging together along some lonely highway, I should have been prepared to pull my pistol at his first movement.

o'clock. I took my pack with me into the dining room, where I found the table set for one. There were three rooms in the house The front room was a general sitting room and office combined. Bender kept a sort of tavern, you know, and travellers had this front room. The next room back was the dining room and family room combined. There was a bedroom leading off. On the walls of this family room were a few old-fashioned prints in oddfashioned frames, a shelf on which stood a clock, and a few scant evidences of women's presence. The back room

was the kitchen. tered the dining room, and the very first thing I noticed was that the table

spoken by her:

tents on the table

from dripping on my legs.

better change your seat to the end gleam of womanly kindness in them. I while I sop it up,' ' and shall eat but a few mouthfuls any

way. I forgot to tell you that I prefer-

red water to coffee." 'But-you-you-,'

"I'm all right." looks I ever got, first flushing up and then turning pale. Spilling that coffee was a put up job to get my back to the kitchen door. I suspected it then; a few months later I had plenty of horrible proofs. Before the meal was fin ished old Bender looked in from the kitchen door and drew back, and when I shoved away and entered the office he was not there and did not show up for five minutes. When I went to dinner a double-barrelled shotgun stood in a I was on my way to Knoxville to recorner of the office. When I came out it was gone. The old man came in after a while, and it was easy to see that he had to force himself to converse. I paid him for the meal and was ready to go. It was a lonely road I had to travel, with no other house for miles, and she began to prepare supper, and obit suddenly struck me that the younger | served that I must not think of conman had gone on to lie in ambush and tinuing my journey before morning. shoot me in case I escaped assassinatwo I quite lost my sand, and you can from, how much a stock of goods cost, judge what a relief it was to see a team | whom I knew at Knoxville, and a great my way. I did not impart my suspic- a living. ions to them, and it was not until the horrible stories came out that I felt sure in my own mind what a close call I had

'Do I know what became of old Bender and his family? You remember that they fled the country, or that the papers so reported, and for months we used to hear from one locality and another of the fugitives being seen or captured. I have reasons to believe they never got out of the State, nor yet a hundred miles from that lone tavern on the prairie, with its horrible cellar underneath and its gravevard in the rear. Bands of men were riding in this or that direction, bent on vengeance, and one of these overhauled the party. I have been told this on the best authority. As Bender had shown no mercy toward the unsuspecting travelers who were shot in the back from that kitchen door as they ate at his table, none was shown to him or his. They were wiped out and planted where their bodies will never be turned up to the light of day.'

'I have also been a pack peddler for sion for weapons of any Bort.' years,' said the man who had a decided fair share of adventures with the rest such a weapon. of the fraternity. For years I have and Georgia, and my line of goods has for me to reply. been cutlery. I have sometimes carried pins, needles, and thread, but more as an accommodation than from any hope of profit. My line inclues razors, Iron. shears, scissors, pocket knives, table knives, and forks. Sometimes I add a few sheath knives, which are bought eyes. by lawless characters, and sometimes I omit them, according to the route I have | ited a pocket knife. laid out.

has been put in peril by the cupidity of man seemed very busy with her 'I had my eyes wide open when I en- others, but the closest shave I ever had | thoughts, and conversation lagged. was in the mountains of Tennessee, a- On two or three occasions when I adbout fifty miles from Knoxville. I had dressed her she started up in a nervous was set lengthwise of the room, and sold my stock pretty well down, and way, and asked me to repeat the interthat my chair and plate had been so had about \$300 with me, when, one af- rogation. At ten o'clock I signified placed that my back would be toward ternoon an hour before sunset, the ap- my desire to retire for the night. She the kitchen door, which was not over proach of a terrific thunderstorm drove took a candle and ascended to the loft, five or six feet away. Had it been at me to seek the shelter of a roadside and I heard her pulling the bedstead athe other end my back would have been cabin. It was a lonely place, on a lone-bout and tramping around. The floor toward the office door. The first move ly mountain road, and the time was in was of undressed and unmatched I made was to turn the chair around 1867. While the war had long been boards, and the light of her candle to the side and sit down. I now faced over, as of course you know, there was could be plainly made out. When she the bedroom door, and had the other a good deal of bitterness among the came down she banded me the candle, doors to my right and left, while there | mountaineers of Tennessee, and there | and hoped I would sleep soundly. As was no window behind me. The young- were a great many men who had not was my invariable custom, I took my er woman was in the room, and she yet settled down to anything like work. pack along with me, and climbed the looked at me in a queer, strange way as As I was not in the war on either side, ladder to find myself in a long, low I upset the arrangements she had per- and am English born, I got along very room, lighted by a window at either fected. Bender did not look into the well with the fire-eaters; but the fact end. The bed was at the further end, room for two or three minutes, and was every day before me that there and the lower sash of the window was then retired without speaking. A min- were plenty of lawless characters, both up its full height. From the window ute later he passed around the house Union and Rebel, who wouldn't hesi- to the bed was a distance of about four and entered the kitchen by the back tate to put me out of the way for what feet. Notwithstanding the rain, the door. While I could not see him, I my pack contained, no matter what chamber was close and 'sultry, and for heard him and the woman whispering principle I upheld. But for the com- this reason the woman had raised the over ittogether, and I caught the words as ing storm I should have continued on window, and for this reason I left it

and directly he went out and she came rods off the road, and there was some- a suspicious manner, and yet there was in with the rest of the eatables. Her thing in the house and its surroundings nothing, when I came to think it all face was flushed and her manner very which nade me hesitate to ask for hos. over, which really condemned her, I nervous. She put on a plate of brea! pitality. However, a July thunder- won't admit that 1 was a bit alarmed, and a platter of meat, and then went storm was creeping up, covering the but I found myself trembling at some out for the coffee. As she set the cup whole west with darkness, and the unseen and undefined danger. It was and saucer on the board she partly up- thunder was rolling and reverberating a curious position to be placed in-to set the cup and spilled half the con- from hill to hill as I knocked on the feel no fear, and yet be shaking as if casing of the open door. The voice of some terror was upon you. I looked 'Excuse me-I'm sorry,' 'she said, a woman bade me enter. She was a out of the window, but the night was as I shoved back to keep the hot liquid person at least forty years old, large so black that I made out nothing. I and muscular, and her countenance lighted a match and looked under the "Neyer mind -no harm done," I re- was anything but preposessing. It bed, which had a valance around it, wore a sullen, sulky expression, and the but there was not eyen a box or basket "It was so careless of me. You had gray eyes which sized me up had no hidden away. explained that I was a trayeler who hour before deciding to go to bed, and

sullenly replied: 'You are welcome to sit down.' 'Five minutes later the rain was falling in torrents, and it grew so dark that the woman had to light a candle. 'She gave me one of the queerest | The cabin had but one room below. In this was a bed, bureau and other furniture, and the cooking was done in a fireplace. At one end of the fireplace a rough ladder led to the loft above. The interior of the house was neither inviting nor repelling, but I certainly did not like the woman. It was all of twenty minutes after I sat down before she spoke another word, and then it was to ask what my pack contained. I opened it in explanation, and told her face around. As my feet touched the plenish my stock from goods ordered and by the momentary light I saw the shipped to that point. I presented her with a common pair of shears, and there was a sudden change in her demeanor. She became smiling and talkative, and, as the storm showed no sign of abating Where I asked one question she asked tion at the house. For a minute or five. She wanted to know where I was the excitement kept the pain almost drive up with three men in the yehicle many other things. In return she told drew away from the window for fear of personal property in exchange. He to water the horse and chat a few mo- twenty years old, who had gone to mill, struck one.

While the change in her demeanor was agreeable in one sense, I could not get rid of the idea that the change was forced. While her lips uttered pleasant words her eyes gave them the lie. We had a fair supper, during which she bore the burden of conversation. and it was then seen that I must remain through the night. While the thunder had passed away, the rain fell in a steady pour, and the night was as black as tar. She said the storm would delay her son, but that he was certain to be home before midnight. She cleared away the table, sat down with some sewing, and asked me so many things about the outside world that I knew she had some time lived in better circumstances and had been fairly well educated. She gradually led the conversation back to my vocation, and carelessly remarked as she bent over her sewing:

"One in your business should go well armed.

"Perhaps some of them do," I replied, 'though I have never seen occa-

"If you-you wanted to part with limp in his gait, and who seemed to be your revolver perhaps my son would Dinner was acnounced soon after 12 about 45 years old, 'and I have had my buy it. He is very anxious to secure

'She did not dare to look me in the traveled in Tennessee, the Carolinas face, and her hands shook as she waited

> no one would accept the walking stick in the corner over there for a shooting

"But you have a knife," she persisted, making a great effort to raise her 'Yes, this,' I answered, as I exhib-

'Tnat ended the conversation in that 'On two or three occasions my life direction. From that moment the wo-

'I think I sat by the window a full 'Oh, don't mind. I'm not hungry craved shelter from the storm, and she then I simply pulled off my coat and boots and lay down on the outside, fully determined to keep awake for a couple of hours at least, I had a trusty revolver with me, and I felt certain in my own mind that anyone who attack. ed me in an open manner would find me a tough customer. There was no movement whatever from below. The clock struck eleven soon after I got into bed. I was wide awake when it struck twelve. I never felt less inclined to sleep, but I had certainly dozed off when a noise at the open window aroused me. I listened until sure that some one or something was there, and then I swung my legs off the bed to floor a flash of fire and a loud report, head and shoulders of a man outside of the window. I had my revolver in my hand and the flash of his weapon had dwindled down to \$1,000, and the broscarcely passed away when I gave him a bullet. I heard a fall outside, and as I sprang to the window I felt the ends of a ladder which had been raised. It was only then that I knew his bullet had hit me in the calf of the leg, though subdued. I gave the ladder a heave and heard it go crashing down and then being fired on. Just then the clock

'There had been an attempt to mur-Was the would be murderer the widow's son? If not, the firing dictions from the broker, who, by much must have aroused her, and she should have called out. If so, had I killed him? Would it be safe for me to go down stairs? Wouldn't the mother secure the weapon and fire upon me as I descended the ladder? There was no let up to the rain, nor did the darkness break away. I decided to remain where I was until daylight, providing I was left undisturbed. From that tune until day broke I heard no sound to alarm me. I sat in a chair, revolver in hand, and the pain from my wound making me cringe; and if ever mortal man was glad to see the darkness fade away it was the person before you. The rain ceased about half past two, but I made no attempt to get to the window and look out until daylight was strong enough to enable me to see everything plainly. The ladder way lying on the ground, but nothing was to be seen of my midnight visitor. I took up my pack and limped to the open trap door in the floor, but no one was stirring. With a good deal of an effort I descended to the ground floor, half expecting to be attacked, but the house was deserted and the back door open. I washed and dressed my wound as well as I could, helped myself to something to eat, and hobbled off down the road until I reached a cabin, where a mule and cart could be hired.

'What did I do about the cold-blood. ed attempt to murder me? Nothing "My revolver-ha! ha! I'm afraid at all. If I had made complaint I should have been detained for weeks or months as a witness, and I could not have sworn to the identity of the man at the window, nor to any circumstances that would have convicted the woman. I gave out that it was an accident, and though it was not a serious wound, it gave me this limp for life.

Melancholy All Around. Old Gent-And how is your father

John ?

wife, John ?

John-He is dead, sir. a pity! And how is your mother? John-She is dead, too. Old Gent-Indeed! Dear me! What a pity, what a pity. But how is your

John-She died last week, sir. Old Gent-Why goodness me-what a pity! And your mother in-law, how is she? John-She is hearty, sir.

Old Gent (abstractly)—Dear me, what

The National Game.

a pity !- Detroit Free Press.

Young Man (to dealer in sporting goods)-Have you base ball suits? Dealer-Oh, yes, sir. I can furnish you with anything you like in that

up a suit made of chilled steel with little sharp-pointed spikes sticking out all

The Astrologers Dupe.

drift of stock market quotations; there was no lustre in her eye; her whole aspect was that of one dumbfounded, broken-hearted. She had a sad story to tell were there only spirit enough left to her for a recital. A year a to she came to this same brokerage office. Her purse was fat with bank bills and she gave an order for the purchase of 500 shares of a stock which had been active a long time. The broker advised her against the purchase, and told her plainly that he had what he believed exce!lent reasons for expecting a heavy decline in the particular stock she had selected to buy. But she persisted in her determination, declaring that she had information which could not be wrong that the stock was bound to go up a good deal very soon. She had her way, despite the counsels that plainly predicted the loss of her money. She left \$5,000 in cash as a 10 per cent. margin to protect her interest and went her way with a calm confidence shown on her countenance. 'I shall make a good deal of money,' she said as she left, 'for the information I have comes from the very highest authority.' The stock perversely declined forthwith, and each day saw some traction clipped off of the preceding day's quotation. Within a month the original \$5,000 margin had ker was obliged to call for another deposit from his customer to protect her interest. She came down town with the same self-satisfied smile, and with the same expressions of confidence produced her rounded purse again. Four thousand dollars she left in the broker's hands this time. 'The advance I am told, has been unavoidably delayed a little while,' she said with a tone full of assurance and faith, 'but it is bound to come soon now, and I feel as sure that my money is safe as if 1 had it all in band awaiting my orders.' This was in response to further grave preargument tried to convince her that she was being misled. Another short period elapsed; and another enforced call was made upon the sunny faced old lady. Just a bare suspicion of disquiet was beginning to show itself, but there was no backdown in her action. Out came more money. And so a little latter did more still follow. Then not long ago she came yet again; now she brought her bank book. She showed to the broker that a year ago it credited her with deposits of \$18,000, of which but \$2,500 remained; and that \$2,500-every penny of it, every penny she possessed in the world-she handed over. She was not yet utterly downcast. 'But yesterday,' she averred, '1 the rise which I've waited for so long is to come now right away.' Down went the market, lower and lower dropped the price of the expectant woman's 500 shares of stock, till that day a little while ago when for the last she came into Wall-street again, dropped into an armchair before the quotation board and gazed long and listlessly, as one in a deep dream, confronting the white figures that glared out at her there like the eyes of so many demons. All of her \$18,000 was gone; she had only poverty left. But she was brave still, and when her broker approached her she rose with the grace of a woman young and queenly and thanked him for all his courtesies and the good adyice he had wasted on her. 'Now, Madam, will you do me the great favor of telling me from what

source you received the false information on which you relied so implicitly and risked so much money?' This was the broker's question.

'Upon an astrologer.' This was her amazing answer, and she named a man whose 'card' is flaunted publicly in the metropolis. There was a stupefied brosay 'Fool !' but he looked it. 'The old Old Gent-Dead! Dear me! What lady then talked freely. It was no new thing, she said, for her to seek the advice of this 'astrologer,' her husband had done the same before and a score of her friends, she said, had implicit confidence in the revelations of the seer.

'I'll give you \$1,000,' said the broker hotly, 'if you'll promise me one thing. The old lady's lightening countenance showed that he need have no doubt of the promise. 'Never come into Wall street again and have no more to do with this blanked scoundrel whose lies have cost you so dearly.' The promise was gladly exchanged

for the money, and the old lady went her way. But this was not the only sequel to this speculation. Three or four days ago a dapper little fellow with a face weazened around a pair of twink-Young Man-Well, you can get me ling adder eyes thrust himself into this same brokerage office. He sought the manager and said he wanted to buy some stock on a margin. He had Dealer-But, my dear sir, you could brought a one-thousand-dollar note a- but she could not prove it. The bank for a couple of hours. I did not like up. I placed my pack on the foot of the looks of the place. It was a story the bed, blew out the light, and sat I could not catch a word from him and a half log house, situated several down to think. The widow acted in 1'm an umpire.

| Dealer—But, my deal sh, you could not a suit as that. I could not play ball in such a suit as that. Young man—Oh, I'm not a player; He was just ready to hand over his money when of a sudden he looked into was forced to pay the \$100.

the broker's face and ejuculated. 'You have got a bright eye; may I draw this bank note across them just for a sec-A little old woman, gray-haired and ond ?' The broker was astonished, but trembling, sat a little while ago in the to humor a customer, whom he supback office of a Wall-street stock brokposed to be only in a joyial mood, he er. Her gaze was fixed on a wide blackconsented, and the bill blindfolded him board, where chalk figures showed the momentarily. The customer closed his own eyes, withdrew the bill, and ejaculated as if to himself alone, 'Correct; perfectly correct !' He deposited his money, and was about to leave when suddenly the broker, urged by a strange suspicion, called him and said: "Will you fell me why you went through that performance of putting that bill over my eyes ?' 'Certainly, certainly !' ejaculated the sallow fellow. 'Certainly : I was testing the information I had. I am an astrologer, and -'

NEWSPAPER LAWS

If subscribers order the discontinuation on ewspapers, the publishers may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.

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One inch makes a square. Administrators and Executors' Notices \$2.50. Transient advertisements and locals 10 cepts per line for first insertion and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion

'Are you the man that sent Mrs. X here to buy stock ?' 'Yes, oh ves !' and the adder-eyed

customer rubbed his hands ecstatically. Yes, oh yes! I told her to come here.' 'You swindled her, you scoundrel.'

The broker's voice wasn't sweet to listen to, and the astrologer looked more than a little scared.

'Why, I believe in the powers myself,' he whined, 'or, of course, I wouldn't be putting up my own money.' It was only because there is a Police Court in this town that the fellow was not summarily kicked into the street. As it was the broker contented himself with saying: 'Your account will be closed in this office to-night. If there is anything due you you can have it at 3 o'clock. Get out of here now, quick. At 3 o'clock when the gentleman called he found that something had run afoul of the market during the day and his 200 shares of stock had fallen enough in a couple of hours to wipe out every cent of his \$1,000 margir. And I betray only a little bit of confidence in saying that the fellow wouldn't have been far wrong if he had suspected that his own broker was responsible himself for the sudden decline, having hammered the market and pacified his conscience some what in remembrance of the duped old lady whose fortune had gone at the idle dictation of the arrant humbug who now to some extent penance for her sorrow.

The Female Clerk.

There are 4,000 women in the Gov-

ernment department at Washington, says a local correspondent, and many of the best-looking and most intelligent ladies of the capital are so employed. They come, as a rule, from good families. Many of them are the widows of noted Generals, the daughters of ex-Governors and ex-Congressmen, and now and then you will find the relative of a President or a Cabinet Minister. Many of them have travelled widely, and the great majorhad my information repeated again and ity are educated and refined ladies. They do all kinds of work, and receive salaries ranging from \$720 to \$1,800 a year. As money counters they are much more expert than men, and the rapidity with which they can count thousands upon thousands of dollars without making a mistake makes your brain whirl as you watch them. These money counters get about \$75 a month, and they count millions of dollars every month. At one side of each one on the table lie great piles of greenbacks, done into packages as they come from the press. I am speaking now of the Redemption Bureau of the Treasury. These bills are old and dirty. The strip of paper around each package of 100 bills states where they came from, and who counted them in the country. The young lady takes this off, and moistening her fingers with a wet sponge in front of her, she counts the bills like lightning, and, if the package is not right, she reports so to the ker, a broker who got mad. He didn't chief, and the banks from which the bills come must stand the loss. The girls seldom make a mistake, and if they do so or pass a counterfeit without noting it, they must make the mistake good, and the amount is taken out of their salary. They can tell however, a bad bill simply by feeling it, and a bank cashier will make a hundred mistakes where they make

> Not long ago one of these young lady counters was engaged upon a lot of \$100 notes. She had been dropping the scraps on the floor beside her in a pile atter verifying the count. While she was counting a package she would lay this scrap, marked with the name of the bank which sent it, on the table beside her. At last she came to a package that contained only ninety nine notes, and on looking for the scrap was terrified to find that it had fallen among the others. She was sure she knew the name of the bank.