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ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. Letters of Administration in the estate of Henry Grubb, Sr., late of Centre township, Snyder Co., Pa., dec'd., having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, while those having claims will present them duly authenticated to the undersigned.

HENRY B. GRUBB, Adm'r.
Jacob Gilbert, Att'y.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE Letters of Administration in the estate of Geo. Kern, late of Middleburgh, Snyder county, Pa., dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, while those having claims will present them duly authenticated to the undersigned.

D. A. KERN,
G. M. MOATZ,
May 21, 1898. Adm'r.
Jacob Gilbert, Att'y

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary upon the estate of Elizabeth Walter, late of Centreville, Centre twp., Snyder County, Pa. deceased, have been issued in due form of law to the undersigned, to whom all indebted to said estate should make immediate payment and those having claims agnfnst it should present them duly authenticated for settlement.

URIAH WEIRICH, Executor.
July 25, 1898.

SILVER PLATING FLUID made cheap, applied with a brush. Recipe 25c. WM. SHAFER Paddeck, Ottertail Co., Minn. 8-4-1mo.

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THE UNIVERSAL THOUGHT.

A pale thought met me in that season fair
When joy was young and life was glad and free,
And said: "O thou who seem'st so void of care,
I would have speech with thee!

"Thou canst not choose but hear me, for my word
Cometh to all men, be they high or low;
I hold each mortal fast till he hath heard,
Whether he will or no.

"All nations, tongues and tribes have I compelled
To hear my voice. I saw the earth's fair prime;
The eyes of every race and age beheld
Me from the dawn of time.

"I vex the peace of king and potentate,
The conqueror in all his pomp arrayed;
The mighty in the pride of power elate,
Know me and are afraid.

"Yet to the poor and wretched I am sweet;
I soothe the aching breast with healing balm;
And they who walk with torn and bleeding feet
I fill with holy calm.

"O soul, keep fast thy faith! Live free from blame!
So shall my voice be one that comforteth;
For thou must hear me. Wouldst thou ask my name?
I am the Thought of Death."

—Clifford C. Carleton, in Midland Monthly.

A MILLIONAIRE'S CHECK

By P. BEAUPOY.

ONE of the most extraordinary adventures in the whole of my career, which has been conspicuous for exciting episodes, was the kidnaping of Silas Brayne, the great millionaire, and our attempt to possess ourselves of the sum of £10,000 by means of a check which we compelled him under fear of death to sign.

It fell out in this manner. Things had been exceedingly brisk with us for some time, but our transactions had been small. The motto of "small profits and quick returns" may be well enough in ordinary trades, where one has not to be continually dodging the policeman, but in our profession it is otherwise, and the dream of every member of our fraternity is to achieve one great "coup" and then retire into well-deserved ease.

Tim Harris, Jack Paterson and myself sat one evening in our den in St. Giles' talking over business and discussing the prospects of the coming winter.

"Things is lookin' gloomy," said Harris, knocking the ashes from his clay; "beastly gloomy indeed. Wot with the tecs lookin' at yer from the back o' the 'ouse when yer wants ter crack a crib and the coppers a comin' down on yer from the front, blow me up a gaspipe if I don't feel like chuckin' the whole business."

"Same 'ere," said Paterson, frowning; "I hendorses all that."

"The fact of the matter is," I said, quietly, "that we must devise something new. Cracking cribs is getting played out, and, besides, it's very dangerous."

"Somethin' new, eh?" growled Harris. "There ain't nothin' new under the sun."

"Quite so," I returned, laughing, "but, while most things are old, there is always a new way of treating them. Now, I have an idea which came to me recently after reading a story in a paper."

Both men looked up eagerly and pulled at their pipes.

"Ah, that's wot I like to 'ear, governor!" cried Paterson. "That sounds like bizness. Fire away."

"You have both heard, I suppose," I said, slowly, "of Silas Brayne, the big millionaire who has just bought Lord Wybrow's house in Park lane?"

"I don't get much time for the 'fashionable intelligencer' in the noosepapers," put in Harris, "but I 'ave heard that."

"Very good," I made answer, "in that case no further description of the gentleman will be necessary. Now, the idea which has been floating through my brain during to-day, suggested by the story I have referred to, is that we should kidnap Mr. Brayne at the first convenient opportunity, bring him to this house and compel him to write and sign a check for the sum of £10,000."

I paused, waiting to see the effect of my proposal. Both men gasped at first, startled by the magnitude of the scheme, but after a moment their faces fell.

Paterson was the first to break the silence.

"The idea's all right," he said, sulkily—"but it licks me 'ow you're going to work it."

"The working will not be over easy, I admit," said I, "but all the same, I think it is to be done. Mr. Brayne, fortunately for us, is a man of rather curious habits. For instance, when he goes down to his house at Wimbledon, from Saturday to Monday each week end, he is in the habit of taking a solitary walk, just before going to bed. It will be while that walk is in progress that our kidnaping must be accomplished."

No one spoke, and I continued:

"By hanging about his place at Wimbledon and getting friendly with one of the servants, I discovered what I have told you about Mr. Brayne's habits. I, therefore, propose that we wait until Saturday next, and then, without the slightest loss of time, put my scheme into execution. We can borrow a cab from Jack Monroe, who will readily oblige us if we give him a share of the swag; and Paterson, being a good whip, shall be our cabman for the occasion. You, Harris, and I will be more than sufficient for the millionaire, and, providing the night is dark, the traditional policeman far away, and my German chloroform in good condition, I have no doubt that we shall have the whole business settled and Brayne comfortably seated in the cab in less time than it has taken me to speak."

It was Harris' turn now, and I could tell that he had something weighty to communicate from his expression.

"That's all very well, guv'nor," he said, deliberately, "but assbomin' we gets Mr. Brayne comfortably settled in our crib and contrives to make 'im sign the blessed check, 'ow, in the name of goodness, are we to know that 'e won't put some private mark on the doccyment which'll cause the bank people to smell a rat? I 'eard once of a gent who made a point of allers putting a queer twist to the last 'y' of 'is signature, and without that ere twist no check was geniwin. 'Ow about that, eh?"

"I have provided for that contingency," I answered, triumphantly. "Look here."

From my pocketbook I drew out a check for £20, payable to myself and signed "Silas Brayne." I displayed it to the men, who stared.

"I obtained this check easily enough," I went on, amused at their amazement. "I knew that the worthy millionaire was a great collector of the antique, and so, instead of disposing of that ormolu clock which we appropriated from Lady Wenlock's place at Chertsey in the usual way, through Isaacs, I simply went down to Park lane, saw Mr. Brayne's secretary and negotiated the sale. I asked £20, and then and there a check was given me for the amount. I haven't cashed it, though, because I only obtained it so that when we capture the millionaire and force him to sign the check for us, we can compare the same with this document and see that the other check contains no sign or mark which this check does not contain. * * * Now, do you understand my idea?"

Harris drew a long breath. "Well, of all the long-'eaded blokes I ever come acrost," he growled—"you're the long-'eadest. Blow me if I should 'ave thought o' sich a dodge."

"The dodge is all right," I said, modestly, "but it remains to be seen how the plan will work. We have decided to make our own move on Saturday evening next and to-day being Wednesday we have three clear days in which to mature our plans."

Before we went to bed that night, the preliminaries had been arranged, and I went to my couch to dream of Mr. Brayne and his check for £10,000.

Saturday evening came in due course. It was a dark night, and I rejoiced that there was no fog, for had such prevailed, doubtless Mr. Brayne would have forgone his customary evening walk. As it was, everything went splendidly. The cab, with the faithful Peterson on the box, was prowling about the road, while Harris and I, dressed in fashionable clothing so as to evade any suspicion on the part of aggressive policemen who might chance on the scene, hung about the millionaire's house, anxiously waiting for the moment when he would issue forth for his accustomed stroll.

The obliging housemaid had confided to me that he usually left the house at 11 and returned 20 minutes past, and sure enough, as the clocks in the neighborhood pealed 11 strokes, the gate opened slowly, and a short, thin, old gentleman, muffled up in a cloak and wearing a low felt hat, came out.

We waited until he was in the darkest part of the road, and then sprang upon him, Harris gagging him with his handkerchief, while I held a chloroformed bandage to his mouth and nostrils. He breathed heavily, struggled a little, and then fell backwards.

I whistled as a signal to Paterson to bring along his cab, and the two of us lifted the unconscious form of the millionaire into the vehicle. Not a soul beyond ourselves had witnessed the scene, and I must confess that I lay back with a sigh of relief as the cab rattled away in the direction of London, for if any person had happened to come down the road at the critical moment our little game might have died even at its birth.

We said very little as the cab sped on toward town. Harris smoked gloomily, every now and again casting a glance of satisfaction at the recumbent form of the man of millions. No drive had ever seemed so long to me as did that journey, and I was indeed glad when we came in sight of St. Giles', and knew that at last the journey had reached its end.

We got Brayne out of the cab and upstairs with very little difficulty, the people in the house being well used to adventures of this kind.

When he recovered from his unconscious condition and had taken in the situation, which I explained to him in a few words, he seemed wonderful calm and composed. Doubtless it was this coolness which had enabled him to make the masterful strokes on the stock exchange which had been the wonder of the world, and I was exceedingly glad that his demeanor was thus restrained, for had he been boisterous we might have had some bother.

"The first thing we require you to do, Mr. Brayne," said I, briskly, "is to write a note to your people at Wimbledon saying that you met with an acquaintance last night during your walk and that you went to his house to stop the night. If inquiries were made regarding your absence it might prejudice our arrangements to relieve you of £10,000 superfluous cash."

The old man without a word wrote on the paper which I handed him a brief note to his housekeeper on the lines I had suggested. He then wrote the envelope, and, the letter having been placed therein, I handed it to Harris with instructions to send the same by messenger at nine o'clock next morning.

"Hire the messenger at Wimbledon," I said; "otherwise you will arouse suspicion."

"I'm fly, governor," he replied, winking, "you bet your life."

"One moment," I said, addressing the millionaire. "If you do not happen to have your checkbook on you, Mr. Brayne, I fear I shall have to trouble you to add a postscript to the letter asking for it to be handed to the messenger."

He smiled gravely, and I must confess I admired him for his complete self-possession.

"Set yourself at ease, my good sir," he said, calmly; "I happen to have my check book in my breast pocket. It is rarely that I am without it, such are the constant claims made on the pocket of a modern millionaire."

"All the better," I returned, "and now it only remains for me to ask you to be good enough to draw up and sign the check of which I spoke to you."

"Very well," he replied, "I am in your power, gentlemen, and as you are kind enough to inform me that a bullet or a check are alternatives I certainly prefer that you should have the check and that I should go without the bullet. Give me that pen again, please."

"Understand," I said, sternly, "that no trickery will avail you. I have here a check which you signed some weeks ago, and, naturally, the check you are about to give me will have to be written in exactly similar manner. I believe many gentlemen of your wealth possess secret marks showing the genuineness of a check, and such marks will have to be made, if they exist, on the other check."

"As you please," he returned, quickly, "give me the model you refer to and I will make as faithful a copy as I can."

A moment later a check for £10,000 was in my hands. Taking my glass I scrutinized it closely, but could find absolutely no mark distinguishing it from the check I had kept as a model. All was going well and it seemed to me that within a few hours Paterson, Harris and I would be the richer by £10,000 between us.

We made Brayne as comfortable as we could and saw that he had plenty to eat and drink. After all, he was paying for his board and lodging at a very liberal rate and we could afford to treat him handsomely.

Late that evening, when the millionaire was fast asleep on the sofa, watched over by the devoted Harris, I called my chum Paterson to me and gave him some final directions.

"You will keep Brayne here," I said, "until Wednesday night. Then see that his drink is drugged, and when he is unconscious carry him to some safe spot and leave him, taking care, of course, that the spot in question is some distance from here. By that time I shall have cashed the check, if all goes well, and shall be in Brussels. You and Harris will then cross the channel and join me at the Hotel d'Angleterre, Brussels, where we will divide the proceeds of this deal. There can be no doubt that Brayne has played us fair and square, and evidently he considers that he is escaping easily with the loss of the sum in question."

On the following Monday morning, magnificently attired, I drove up to the bank and, throwing down the check on the counter, told the cashier that I would take the money in £100 notes.

He glanced quietly at the slip of paper and, saying that he would let me have the money in a moment, went to a desk at a remote corner of the bank and spoke in a whisper to another clerk.

I began to grow a trifle alarmed at this delay, but I reassured myself by reflecting that nothing could possibly be wrong, in view of the fact that the check was an exact copy, so far as the mere outward form was concerned, of the ordinary check signed by Mr. Brayne, and my astonishment can therefore be better imagined than described when I found myself a few minutes later in the grasp of a couple of constables.

"What's the meaning of this?" I asked, trying to speak coolly. "The check's all right."

A tall, dignified man came forward at this point. "On the contrary," he said, quietly, "I have reason to know that the check is all wrong, and as the manager of this bank I give you into custody on a charge of attempted felony."

What could I say? What could I do? I was so dumfounded at the whole business that I allowed myself to be placed in a four-wheeled cab, the constables and the manager also occupying seats in the vehicle.

When we had gone some little distance I turned to the bank official and said: "We obtained this check from Mr. Brayne by threats. How did you or your assistants know that this check was not signed by the gentleman of his own free will? As far as I know there is no mark whatever on the check which could give the game away."

The manager smiled. "Well, as no harm can be done by telling you, I may as well do so. Mr. Brayne is in the habit of systematically making a small blot on the back of every check he signs, and it is an understood thing between the bank and him that any check which does not bear such a blot is either a forgery or has been obtained by foul means. Mr. Brayne discarded ordinary private marks, but used the blot, which, of course, most persons would attribute to mere carelessness."

In that instant there flashed across my mind the recollection of the fact that the check which we had used as a model had indeed borne a small blot on its back, which I had, of course, attributed to accident.

Over the subsequent proceedings and the sentence awarded to me I will draw what the novelists call "a veil," but I think I have made it pretty clear why we did not cash the millionaire's check after all.

For Example.

"It takes an exceedingly brilliant man to know just what to do at a critical moment?" remarked the student of history.

"Yes," replied the man with a number of impecunious friends. "It sometimes takes me five or ten minutes to decide whether or not to receive a telegram marked 'collect.'"—Detroit Free Press.

ELISHA AT DOTHAN.

Sunday School Lesson in the International Series for August 28, 1898—2 Kings, 6:8-18.

[Based upon Peloubet's Select Notes.]

GOLDEN TEXT.—"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them."—Psa. 34:7.

THE SECTION should include chapter 6, showing how God helps His people in various kinds of trouble.

TIME.—Not long after the last lesson. Between B. C. 890 and 884 (com. chron.); or 852 and 845 (rev. chron.).

PLACE.—(1) Samaria, the capital. (2) Dothan, on the south side of the plain of Jezreel, 12 miles north of Samaria. Here Joseph was put in the pit, and sold by his brethren (Gen. 37:17, etc.).

EXPLANATORY.

I. Elisha's Warnings.—Vs. 8-12. 8. "The king of Syria:" Benhadad II., of Damascus.

9. "And the man of God:" Elisha: so called because he was God's special servant and messenger, through whom God revealed His will. "Sent unto the king of Israel:" Josephus says the king of Israel was starting on a hunting party when Elisha warned him. "Beware that thou pass not such a place," or beware that thou pass not over such a place, leaving it unoccupied.—Keil. "Syrians are come (R.V., are coming) down:" He must either avoid the place, lest he be taken unawares by the Syrians already there, or he must occupy and defend it, ready for the Syrians, who are on the way there.

10. "And the King . . . sent to the place," several times, and in every case the prophet's warning was correct.

11. "King of Syria was sore troubled:" He was both enraged at the defeat of his schemes, and perplexed at the unaccountable and mysterious manner of his defeat. "Which of us is for the king of Israel?" He could account for these things only by some treachery among his intimate advisers.

12. "And one of his servants:" Perhaps some one who had been to Samaria with Naaman and had conversed with the neighbors of Elisha.

II. Elisha's Defenders.—Vs. 13-18. 13. "Go and spy where he is, that I may . . . fetch him," and take him away from the power of communicating with the king.

14. "A great host:" Great for the purpose. "They came by night:" So as to take the city by surprise, and Elisha in it, without warning or opportunity for escape.

15. "The servant . . . was risen early:" Something unusual had alarmed him; the noise of the chariots, or the alarm of the watchman.

16. "And he answered, Fear not:" He comforts him in two ways: (1) by his own faith and experience; (2) by a vision of those who defended him. "They that be with us are more than they that be with them:" We need not suppose that Elisha saw the angelic host of which he here spake. He only gave utterance to the conviction of all God's saints when the world persecutes them.

17. "Lord, I pray Thee, open his eyes:" His spiritual vision, his power of recognizing the great unseen realities around him. Nothing was created or changed for him. The heavenly host was really there, but unperceived, as the stars are in the heavens, and the flowers in the field, though the blind man sees them not. All he needs is opened eyes. "Behold the mountain:" The hill on which Dothan was situated. "Was full of horses and chariots of fire:" The symbols of the unseen powers and forces of God, which defended the prophet.

18. "When they came down," from the surrounding hills, "to him," to take Elisha. Apparently he and his servant had gone on toward the Syrians. "Smite this people, I pray Thee, with blindness:" This was not revengeful, but a loving prayer, for the tendency of the whole transaction was (1) to teach the Syrians about the true God and His goodness; (2) to lead Jehoram, the king, to go to God for his help; (3) to deliver the people from these raids. "And He smote them with blindness:" This is not the usual Hebrew word for "blindness," but is a compound word; the whole denoting visual bewilderment, hallucination, rather than total loss of sight.—Tayler Lewis.

Then Elisha went up to the leaders, and offered to guide them to the place and the men they sought. Some of them thought Elisha was guilty of deception when he said: "This is not the way, neither is this the city; follow me, and I will bring you to the man whom ye seek. But he led them to Samaria." The fact is that Elisha told them the plain, simple truth.

Elisha led them 12 miles to Samaria, the capital. Here, their sight being restored, they found him in his own city, but they were captives in the midst of their enemies. Jehoram wanted to kill them; but Elisha indignantly objected to this, and instead supplied them with abundant food, and sent them home. He "heaped coals of fire on their heads." He slew his enemies by sparing them. Only when he had them in his power could he do this effectually; otherwise it would have been attributed to fear. As the result, the plundering bands which had been in the habit of ravaging the territory (2 Kings, 5:2) ceased their incursions for a time.

Snap Shots.

Fidelity to principle is the highest expediency.

When humanity proves false, God will still be true.

The steps of duty lead up to the throne of promotion.

True principles are as enduring as the throne of God.

Faith is the Christian's lever, and God is the fulcrum upon which it rests.

More good will be sure to come, if we are grateful for the good that has already come.

FEMININE FASHIONS.

Items of Dress for the Summer Season—Materials and Trimmings.

The gray gowns this year are extremely dainty and handsome, and they appear in every sort of material, from linen, piqué, batiste, nun's veiling, and cashmere, on through the array of attractive dress fabrics to crisp stands alone taffeta, satin foulard, crepe de chine, moire, faille and summer brocade.

Less of the opaque white fabrics are shown among the season's patterns, transparents than those in cream, canary, and Spanish yellow, willow green, ciel blue, reseda, rose, and violet in exquisite tintings. In making up these textiles the greater portion show an airy overdress, loose from its gored underskirt, but united at the top, only belt holding both skirts. Less diaphanous looking toilets for rather stout women show the outside skirt sewed in with each gored breadth of the underskirt. The very popular frills and flounces must likewise be eschewed, and the narrow ruche substituted; for none but tall, slender women look well in frilled skirts.

The navy and army blue serges, foulards, mohairs and light-weight costume cloths are made into stylish tailor-costumes for traveling and general wear, that hold their own against all the endless smart and novel gowns which the present season has produced.

The new "Dresden" challies are manufactured in Lyons, and they show many of the very attractive designs popular in the silks and small-patterned satins of last winter. These goods are as delicate in effect as the sheer India wools, and they make dainty and summer-like gowns which can be worn on cool days and evenings during the entire season. The American challies are exceptionally pretty in design this summer, but the quality, though good, can in no way compare with the French goods.

It seems quite likely that the new retrousse hats, turning abruptly off the face, will be very strong rivals this season to those worn very far forward, or tilted up at one side and down on the other. This latest retrousse model may be extremely becoming to some faces, but to others it will prove quite as trying as the pompadour coiffure, which leaves the forehead devoid of one saving grace of falling curl, tendril, wave, or wisp of hair.

The most elegant black gowns just now shown at the importing houses are of very lustrous watered silk, made in princesse style, and trimmed very elaborately on the bodice portion and front of the gown with black lace, with girdle and yoke, bretelle or vest-piece of the finest cut jet.

Knife-plaited frills appear once again among the fluffy trimmings of the airy summer gowns both for day and evening wear. These are placed in every possible position on bodice and skirt, from neck to hem, and very frequently on the large round hat, and the effect is complete when a matching ruffle-trimmed parasol is added. There is much coolness and grace imparted by these frills of finely-plaited transparent muslin, net, silk, or lace, and they give a remarkably pretty finish to a negligé gown or packet. The dainty Marie Antoinette fichu of fine organdie muslin, plain or flowered, crepe de chine, taffeta, foulard and peau de soie, worn with the round-waisted gored-skirted gowns now fashionable, have a quaint, old-fashioned look that is quite enchanting.—N. Y. Post.

WHAT MAKES A GENTLEMAN.

The Young Man Should Be Guided by His Own Best Instincts in Manners and Dress.

Common-sense rules in dress and manners, the same as in any phase of our lives, and this our young men should learn and understand. A man's manners are not exterior; they are emanate from within, from himself. Experience and observation are the only teachers he can seek and use. Etiquette books are useless to him. A young man's progress and favor in the eyes of others does not depend upon his being ostentatiously "correct" in manner, movement and speech. His strongest and most lasting hold upon the respect and confidence of people comes from something deeper. He must not be boorish, nor slovenly, nor heedless of the feelings of others. It is his duty to carry himself well according to his best instincts, and not by rule as laid down in etiquette books. So with a young man's dress. At 20 we do not expect our young men to devote so much time to their clothes that they shall be correctly dressed upon every occasion. Such useless knowledge is at that time of life, acquired at the expense of far more important matters. The taste for good dressing, and its knowledge, so far as it is necessary, comes to all of us as we progress. The right sort of a young man dresses in the neatest and best manner he can, and as well as his income permits. That is always good dressing. To overdress one's station in the world is always poor taste and invariably makes a bad impression. I never yet saw a young man who either hired or borrowed an evening suit for a special occasion who did not loudly proclaim the self-evident fact. When a young man wears clothes beyond his means he invariably shows it, and he never fails to make a fool of himself. This rule is invariable. It is not what a man wears, but how he wears it, that tells the story.—Edward W. Bok, in Ladies' Home Journal.

Shut Out by the War.

Customer—I want a watch that will withstand the usage of a healthy 12-year-old boy.

Jeweler—Sorry; but the armor mills are now all busy with government contracts.—Jeweler's Weekly.