

A BIG FIND

But It Proved to Be a Burden

By REGINALD D. HERON

My interview with Edith's father was a stormy one. He gave me to understand that I could have no daughter of his; that if I persuaded Edith to marry me without his consent he would never recognize either of us any more than if we were strangers to him, and that the results of our folly and Edith's ingratitude must be endured without any assistance whatever from him.

"What kind of a young man are you," he thundered, "for a gentleman to give his daughter to? As poor as a church mouse, you have come here in a hired carriage to see me."

"Yes," I retorted, "and I'll go away in the carriage in which I came."

"And I hope you'll stay away."

We turned our backs upon each other, he to go into another room, I to go out and get into the cab. I saw Edith at an upper window with a pained expression on her face. She kissed her hand to me, and I waved mine to her. Then I got into the cab, shut the door with a bang and was driven away.

As it happened I sat down on the left side of the carriage, whereas I had come on the right side. The seat was uneven, but I was too hot from my recent interview to notice it for some time. Presently without getting my mind off the latter I endeavored to arrange the former. The hump remained. I arose and lifted the cushion. There lay a package about seven inches long by three wide, the wrapper being brown paper. I was not so absorbed in having been refused the girl I loved but that I removed it and revealed a package of bank bills. The one on top was of the denomination of \$100. The next was \$1,000, the next \$500, and so on of mixed denominations to the end. I counted \$50,000 in all.

Here was a find—a big find—a deuced big find. It would be impossible to give the confusion of thoughts passing through my mind. I had stumbled upon the wherewithal to recoup. Edith would yet be mine. Would the owner of the bills turn up? What would be the outcome? These were a few of the flashes upon my brain, but gave only a faint picture of the turmoil there. I can only say in justice to myself that almost instantly all gave way to the fact that the money was not mine and its owner must be found.

During the next few days I bought every newspaper issued in the city where I lived and had found the bills, not doubting that their loss would be advertised. When the next morning after I had found them I saw no notice of them I was surprised. When on the second morning no notice appeared I was astonished, and on the third morning, having gone through with a dozen newspapers without finding what I looked for, I was amazed.

On the morning of the eighth day I received a telegram from my college chum, Henry Harker:

Come at once. The position is vacant and cannot remain so forty-eight hours.

This was in response to a letter I had written a few days before to Harker, who had succeeded his father as president of a large manufacturing establishment, asking him to give me a job. I am not one to go back on my proposition and began at once my hurried preparation to leave. But what should I do with the bills I had found? Acting on the principle "the least said is the soonest mended," I had kept the matter to myself and the money under lock and key, I being the only one who knew where. I must act at once. I thought of depositing the bills in a bank. No; that wouldn't do at all. Fifty thousand dollars of a stranger's money in one's possession involved danger. It might land the finder in jail. To give it to a friend for safe keeping would require depositing the secret with him at the same time.

I spent hours turning over different plans and finally settled on the following: I went to a safety deposit company and rented a box. It was the last thing I did before taking a train, and I was in a dreadful hurry. My plan was to use an assumed name, but in the hurry of preparation I had not settled upon a name. When the custodian, an old man, took out his book and asked "What name?" I gave him the first that came into my head—Gustavus Hall Williams. He wrote it down; handed me the key to the box; went with me to the vault. I put away the bills, turned the key and for the first time since I had found them felt relieved.

Harker put me in a position that I had not been prepared to fill. He said he knew I could learn the duties as I went along. I did learn them, but my mind was fixed on them to the exclusion of everything else. I thought of the fortune locked up in the safe deposit company once in awhile, but since there was nothing concerning it to think about more than when I left it my mental dwellings upon it were very brief and less and less frequent. I had paid a year's rental for the box and given an address that did not exist. So I was not troubled with any communications from the company to remind me of it.

To tell the truth, I was more inter-

ested in Edith Ford than in some one else's money which had fallen into my possession and which instead of being a blessing was a burden. Harker advanced me rapidly.

Edith remained true to me, and her father, having been agreeably disappointed in me, consented to our marriage. All was ready for the nuptials when one day a shabby man with a hangdog look about him came into the office and asked to see me.

"This is Mr. George Winebell?" he asked.

"That's my name."

He took a dirty paper from his pocket, to which he referred, and said:

"On the 12th of November, 19—, John Flynn, driving cab No. 58, took up a fare at the door of the University club and drove the gentleman to 246 Summit avenue."

"Never mind the rest of that," I said. "Tell if you are looking for anything that was lost."

The man appeared ill at ease. "Please don't speak so loud, sir. If you are the man who was driven that day in that cab from the University club to—"

"I was. Go on."

"You may have found a package of bills."

"I did."

At this point the man hesitated, and seeing that he was not getting on with his revelation, I took him to a private room and said:

"Now, out with it."

After much trouble I learned that he had got the money I had found from a gentleman to carry somewhere and had hired a cab for the purpose. Not daring to take the bills out of the cab when he alighted, fearing an arrest, he left it under the seat, taking note of the cab's number. He was arrested for having stolen an overcoat and was sent to prison for a year. He had recently been discharged, some time having been taken off his stay for good behavior, and had communicated with the man from whom he had got the bills, and the two had set about tracing them. The person who had employed him to carry the money was a cashier of some institution, from which he had purloined it.

I had had enough of the matter and agreed to a plan by which the amount could be returned to its rightful owners, they paying the rascals a small sum and guaranteeing their immunity from prosecution. All the details had been arranged when it occurred to me that I had rented the box in which I had deposited it in a fictitious name.

What name? I could no more remember than I could repeat the book of Job.

As soon as I could get away from my duties I took a train for my former home and on arrival drove to the safe deposit company and asked for the custodian. A young man stepped forward, and I asked for the old gentleman who had rented me a box about a year before. He had died five months ago and the young man had been put in his place.

My story as to the renting of the box was told—that I had not given my own name and had forgotten the assumed one. I was informed that I would find the number of the box on my key, but I replied that, having been fearful of losing the key, I had put it in a very safe place, but where I had also forgotten.

Then the custodian looked grave. The money must remain where it was till I produced the name or the key.

What was I to do? I had acknowledged that I had found the lost bills and still had them in my possession. I was bound to restore them, and if I didn't I would be sued for them and likely prosecuted criminally. Being about to be married, I was in an agony of fear lest the matter should come out and be printed in the newspapers on the eve of my wedding.

I went to Harker, who was more like a brother to me than an employer, and told him of the fix I was in. While he was ready to do anything for me in his power, there seemed to be nothing definite for him to do. He could not help showing a slight suspicion. This revealed to me that my story was not very credible. I was in agony. Meanwhile the parties concerned began to grow suspicious of me.

Then I was told that if I didn't pay over the money at once I would be arrested. I realized that I must raise \$50,000 or go to jail, besides losing Edith. I asked how long a time I would be given for the purpose and was told that I could have a week. I laid the matter before Harker, and his affection for me conquered his doubts and his indisposition to pay out for me \$50,000 that he might never get back. He drew a check for the money, payable to me, and I turned it over to the persons who were bounding me. But I realized that a wedge had been introduced between me and Harker that would not be removed until I could return the money he had put up for me.

A few days before the wedding I went on a visit to Edith to confess to her the incubus resting upon me. I told her the story, to which she listened eagerly and, when I had finished, said:

"I wonder if what I have upstairs that you sent me long ago has anything to do with the matter."

"What did I send you?"

"Instead of replying she left me and in a few minutes returned with a box of trinkets, through which she began to hunt. There were bits of old jewelry and odds and ends of all kinds. Presently she took out a little flat bit of metal with irregular teeth on one side. I made a dive for it, and, holding it up, I saw stamped on it the number 396. Then, like a flash, I remembered having sent a duplicate key of my safe deposit box—I had been given two—to Edith to keep for me in case I should lose the one I retained.

EVERYDAY WAISTS.

They May Be Charmingly Altered With Lace Coat.



REJUVENATED AFTERNOON SUIT.

This clever little coat of lace and net dresses up an afternoon suit of blue worsted in a delightful fashion. There is a coat of the woolen stuff, and the bodice is of blue chiffon, stitched with white silk.

Engagement Announcement.

There were twelve girls in a neighborhood who had grown up together, and the first one to become engaged made the announcement in this way: Her elder sister wrote a brief history of her life on cards, one for each guest, which made eleven, placed each card in an envelope decorated with cupids and hearts and the name of the guest, so they served as place cards. But they were asked not to open the envelopes until after the dessert had been served. Of course this piqued the curiosity of all present and kept up a lively fire of conversation. Then the girl at the right of the hostess was asked to open and read her card, which told of a little girl and her first arrival in the village and her first day at school. The next gave another incident, and so on until the maiden was brought to her debut and her meeting with a certain man. The last card left off just right for the hostess to slip on her engagement sparkler, and so the denouement was made. Center piece was a loving cup filled with pink roses and forget-me-nots, which were divided among the guests, and the cup filled with claret cup or grape juice, and all drank a standing toast to the happy bride to be.

This method is only practical where all know the bride well, and the fun depends upon the clever telling of the story, bringing out episodes with which all are familiar.

Useful Flashlight.

A useful little article is a pocket flashlight. This is made on the order of the tungsten light and can be had in nickel or solid silver. It is contrived to slip into a man's pocket or a woman's bag so that in evening calls a card could be read or a number seen or one's watch looked at on any such small emergency. It is about the size of a match box and the press button is of an artificial jewel, a ruby or turquoise, which adds to the general appearance of the article. In silver these cost \$6 or \$7 and are engraved; in nickel they can be had for \$1 or \$2. The tungsten lights are from about \$1.50 up. Many people who live in a country house where there is no electricity use them to go up and down stairs in the dark or to have by their bedside so that they can see the time at night without striking a match.

Wedding Presents.

A charming idea that will be useful to those who know and wish to make offerings to the bride and bridegroom is to give them presents that match. A very popular young couple with many mutual friends recently went to a wedding presents recently two exceedingly neat and very smart short stick umbrellas for country wear, exactly alike save that one was just a little more attenuated in stature and bulk than the other.

Mixing Them Up.

A story about Signor Marconi has been floating about lately. Mr. Marconi, at a dinner in Newport, was once seated beside a lady who, mixing him with his compatriot, Mascagni, said:

"Oh, I'd so love to hear you play your beautiful 'Intermezzo.'"

"I'll do it," the inventor answered promptly, "if you've got a wireless piano."—Washington Star.

If You Can't Sleep.

For insomnia lie straight and breathe freely for fifteen minutes, placing the hands at the waist line and sending the breath down, forcing the hands apart.

OH, YOU MILKMAIDS.

Our milkmaids do not wear a hobble. They need not strain to throw a curve. The hobbles used out in the country. To hobble mules with too much noise.

Our milkmaids do not wear high heels. But they don't have that Broadway strut that makes one think of a giraffe. Or fat duck waddling in a rut.

Our milkmaids are sweet, fair and rosy. The beauty doctors they don't read. The city girls must pad and paint. Because they quickly go to seed.

Our milkmaids waste no time on fudge. The one thing city girls can make, but no one on the great big hill. Can beat them on pie, bread and cake.

Our milkmaids do not hunt for bouqs. Like city girls for men a-sunning. The town and country dudes fight duels. For milkmaids, they're so awful stunning.

Our milkmaids do not marry counts. Because they only wed real men. Their husbands they don't have to buy. Because the men are stuck on them.

Our milkmaids marry and raise boys. That high position do attain. The town girls marry and parade. With bull pups fastened to a chain.

C. M. BARNITZ.

VARIETY OF FEED TO MAKE GOOD.

Seems awful for men to work in a fertilizer factory—to skin, carve and look dead horse—but their sneller gets us edge knocked off. Same way with the potato. When this watchdog of the stomach must taste the same food every day the dog figuratively kiya and runs. The palate deadens on the food, the appetite falls, and finally a gastric develops, and the food becomes disgusting.

That's why boarders knock at that hateful bash and omnipresent prune. Same with the hen. She has her likes and dislikes. Like man, the way to make her pony up is through the stomach. Her natural inclination is to select just what her system needs. She will balance her own ration for best results if the variety is there to select from. If she wants to make eggs, mostly protein, and some bungler throws down corn, more corn, all corn, he will not feed her egg machine, but will clog it with fat. She will become hog fat, her stomach will rebel, and she will die of indigestion or apoplexy. The practical feeder feeds for a reason. He wants Biddy to enjoy her food, to have a snappy appetite. He tries to feed so that her ration will not be one sided, but serves such a variety that her food may be well balanced between protein and carbohydrates. He feeds a mixture of grains, supplements these with byproducts, meat foods and greens. This increases palatability, promotes her health and produces the maximum of fine eggs.

FEATHERS AND EGGSHELLS.

Certain Pennsylvania fanciers have become so excited because some editors judge poultry at the shows and at the same time solicit advertisements that they have jumped to the conclusion that under such circumstances these editors can't give exhibitors a square deal and so they want the A. P. A. to pass a law that no editor may judge. These fellows are getting the "Ha! Ha!" everywhere. To come down to brass tacks, we'd sooner any day trust an editor with our chickens than a preacher.

Little turkeys have more appetite than capacity and most turkey feeders have more generous kindness than sagacity. The result is whenever a poult runs at them and peeps they fill him up, then he gets pain in his tummy and throws up his toes.

The Young Men's Christian association is going in for instruction in various phases of agriculture, especially poultry culture, a popular branch with the rising generation. The Pennsylvania department of agriculture has been aiding some of the associations in this work, and it is a good move. We have lectured before a number of them and found much interest taken in the subject.

It is claimed the zoo at Cincinnati has the only live wild passenger pigeon in existence. This is questioned by certain old Michigan hunters who used to ship them from the famous Michigan roosts by the carload. There is a \$1,000 reward offered for a real pair of these pigeons. But if found, where would they breed? On what would they feed? One reason the great flocks died out is because the forests, their nesting place, were cut down.

It is remarkable how many hotels and restaurants buy cold storage eggs by the case and sell them to their trade for strictly fresh eggs. They are in the same class as the grocer man who violates the law, and both ought to be prosecuted.

Here's one from the Canton Sentinel: "When subscribers bring us big eggs for the purpose of having made of them mention in these columns, we must request that the eggs be of recent origin. A little ancient egg is bad enough sometimes, if it is broken, but a big egg is simply a stretch in the public nostrils and resembles a church scandal."

We recently attended a banquet where nearly all the guests were ministers and responded to the toast, "Chicken, the Preacher's Special Delight." As the toastmaster was a Baptist preacher who ate heartily of chicken, we charged him with heresy, for Baptists to be orthodox must eat waterfowl. Lawyers, of course, will stick to the fat goose.

Marking turkeys by fastening a ring for a hog's snout to the wattle is a method that belongs way, way back when compared to punching the foot web or slipping a bright aluminum band with your initials on the turkey's leg.

OF INTEREST TO WAYNE COUNTY FARMERS.

(Special to The Citizen.)

Washington, Nov. 7.—One of the useful scientists of the Department of Agriculture, Mr. A. D. Shamel, who has been making a study for the past three years in California of the individual characteristics of orange trees, believes that he has established a fact which will prove of the greatest importance to the growers of all plants and trees which are propagated by other means than seeds. Mr. Shamel by careful study and tabulation of the performance of individual trees has demonstrated to his own satisfaction that bud variation is much more important in the development of an orchard than has ever been supposed. It has been taken for granted by most fruit growers that a tree would produce fruit true to the characteristics of the tree from which it was budded. Mr. Shamel has found that one tree, from a single bud, will sometimes produce eight or ten distinct varieties of fruit. Perhaps ten per cent. of the trees examined throw off no sports and therefore are considered of especial value as sources of buds for propagation. "Our hope is," he says, in an interview with the correspondent of this paper, "that in propagating from record trees of high production and the best quality of standard types we may be able to propagate and maintain a uniform standard type of each variety, best adapted to the conditions of soil and climate in which they are grown."

The importance of this investigation may be estimated from the fact that it was found in some orchards that fifty per cent. of the trees were not producing fruit true to type, or in satisfactory quantity.

Mr. Shamel has made tentative investigations during the past summer in New York of peach and apple trees which tend to confirm the deductions he has drawn from his California work.

Apple Storage.

Mr. A. V. Steubenrauch, who is in charge of Pomological Field Investigations, is doing valuable work on lines similar to those inaugurated by Mr. G. Harold Powell, when the latter was in the Department of Agriculture, to determine the best methods for apple storage, and when certain varieties of apples should be picked. He is centralizing his work at Portland, Ore., and has already secured data which will be of much value to apple growers and shippers.

Apple Propagation.

The apple growers are pushing with vigor the propaganda of the fruit which started Eve on her discovery of our great national institution, "moving day," and which led to unpleasantness on Olympus when Venus was awarded an apple in a beauty contest. "Eat an apple a day and you'll keep the doctor away," is a slogan many of the apple men are shouting. It sounds all right, but a wag replied: "Yes, and if you eat an onion a day, you'll keep everyone away."

However, the apple is a fine fruit, and if more people ate it there would doubtless be fewer doctors' bills. Incidentally, the growers would find the market for their fruit improving very rapidly.

HER CHERISHED SECRET.

Little Jack, aged 5, had accompanied his mother on a trip to the city.

When the conductor came around to collect the fares he asked the usual question:

"How old is the boy?"

After being informed the correct age, which did not require a fare, the conductor passed on to the next person.

The lad sat quite still, apparently pondering over something; then, concluding that full information had not been given, he called loudly to the conductor at the other end of the car:

"And mother's 35."—Harper's Bazar.

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