

ted by mystery, and a sense of utter helplessness in face of it. Mr. Duff might far better be losing his fortune on the Stock Exchange, or throwing his money away on turf speculations; in these there would be some remote chance of profit, if not satisfaction in losing his property. His bark had up to this time sailed smooth seas, had even, hitherto, floated in a sheltered bay, unexposed to financial tempests or breakers; but now a leak of a dangerous sort had sprung, as likely, he imagined, to engulf him at his anchorage as any buffeting of waves in open sea.

Mr. Duff became a changed man. He was thin, worn and ill with anxiety and watching. They were all watching. Traill was watching Hamilton; Hamilton turned a keen glance on the boys; the boys kept their eyes very widely open all round. Mr. Duff was unwilling to put the matter in the hands of the local police, knowing that the first to be suspected would be his clerks, and that the affair would speedily become town gossip. Secretly Mr. Duff began to think the place was bewitched.

His partner, George Traill, being called upon to pay up half of the five hundred pounds, resolved to get to the bottom of the matter. He had a bed fitted up in the banker's business-room, and determined to spend his nights there until some solution of the problem presented itself. His transfer from the Aberdeen branch seemed just then to prove a bad bargain. The keys of the safe, it should be mentioned, numbering eight, were placed every night after the locking up of the safe and the dropping of the iron bolt from the banker's bedroom, in a strong-box, the key of which was always carried by Mr. Duff. George Traill, armed with a revolver, in spite of Mary's protests and Mr. Duff's jeers, occupied the room when the bed had been fitted there, and waited philosophically the course of events. He slept little for the first night or two; but no intruder came to disturb his repose. The long dull hours crept on without adventure or other result than to make Traill sleepy and cross during the following days. The bankers were beginning to despair of discovering the thief. Yet Traill—despite Mr. Duff's perfectly reasonable argument that if any man broke into the safe it would not be merely five hundred pounds that would satisfy him, nor would he likely risk a second or third visit—continued to spend his nights in the bank.

At daybreak, however, on a certain morning in the following week, Traill, who slept very lightly, was suddenly awakened and startled by hearing the bolt that passed through the lock of the outer door of the safe drawn sharply up. He could hardly believe the evidence of his ears, thinking that perhaps he dreamed. But the "click" was still reverberating, exaggerated as all sounds are in the stillness of night. If the bolt was really lifted, the person that drew it up must be in the room where Mr. Duff slept. Traill was a courageous man; but in spite of himself, he trembled as he felt for and examined his revolver. When the reverberation subsided, there was a silence for a few moments as of Death, Sleep's twin brother. Then he thought he heard, far off, a door open, followed by a step on the stairs. Then a light showed at a seam under the door; presently the door opened, and a man entered, carrying in one hand a lighted candle, in the other a bunch of keys. The revolver was firmly held in Traill's grip, and before firing, he was about to utter a cry of warning, when he noted that the figure paid no heed to his presence, but passed him, making straight for the safe door. In the dim light, to his astonishment, he distinguished the fixed, even rigid features of his friend and partner Mr. Duff! His eyes were wide open, and he moved with his usual deliberation, but with an air of stern preoccupation quite foreign to his working habits. Traill saw at a glance that the banker was walking in his sleep.

His first impulse was to seize him and wake him; but a moment's reflection decided him to wait the natural issue of events. Mr. Duff, without hesitation or fumbling, chose the right keys for the outer door, and pushed it, as the lock sprang back, slowly open; then the wicket-gate, the inner iron door, and so on, until he disappeared silently in the vault-like shades of the strong-room. When he reached the safe, he took from the well-packed store of pound notes—Traill eagerly watching him from the door—a bundle containing five hundred; he then noiselessly shut the door as he retreated. He passed within an arm's length of Traill, bearing the bundle of notes, the keys, and his lighted candle; left the office—followed by his partner—walked slowly up stairs to his bedroom, where he deliberately dropped the bolt back in its place, and finally laid the keys carefully, apparently counting them, in their usual place in the box fixed in the wall for that purpose. Traill expected he would then retire to bed; but it was evident that the somnambulist

had not finished his night's work.—Having safely put away the keys, he lifted his candle and again went down stairs, carrying the notes in his hand.—Traill followed him through the kitchen and out into the courtyard behind. With the same purpose-like deliberation that he had showed at the safe, he now marched to—the unvarnished truth, O romantic reader, must be recorded—to the pig-sty! Arrived there, he lifted a loose fold of thatch that rested on a slab of stone in the rickety roof, secreted the bundle of notes there, replaced the thatch carefully, and then turned with an air of relief and went indoors.

Traill did not disturb him, did not even take the trouble to follow his partner to see if he reached his bed safely, but sprang eagerly to the loose thatch, in which, snugly lying, he found the comfortable sum of one thousand nine hundred pounds in bank notes!—He could not help laughing as he stood there in the dim gray morning, hardly half-clad, for the pursuit had not been without excitement. "An expensive roofing for Duff's pigs," he murmured, gathering the various dusty bundles together and retreating indoors from the cold morning air.

"I think, Duff," said Traill, seriously, when they met in the office, after breakfast—"I think, to make certain that no thief, or witch, or ghost has been tampering with the cash during the night, we had better count the cash henceforth in the morning as well as at night; that will make certain whether the money disappears by night or during the day."

Mr. Duff assented.

"Suppose you begin this morning."

Again Mr. Duff assented; and with reluctant fingers, at his partner's suggestion, counted the money. "Powers of darkness!" he exclaimed, "I shall not stay another day in the house. The cash is again five hundred pounds short." Had Mr. Duff not been a remarkably bald man, he would have probably torn his hair in agony.

"How much do you reckon your pigs cost you annually, Duff?" Traill asked with apparent irrelevance, and, as Mr. Duff thought, flippancy.

"Pigs! Hang the pigs! Hang the bank!—Yes; I mean to resign my office. I'm not to remain here to be robbed and ruined."

"I see you are putting a new roof on your sty, and papering it," Traill went on sententiously. "Sparing no expense on it. Doing the thing stylishly, eh?"

"Are you mad, Traill?"

"Well, let me see. At the rate of two thousand pounds, say, in three months, that pig-sty will cost you and me just about eight thousand pounds a year." Traill was apparently in his gravest mood.

"That's pretty moderate, eh?"

"Poor Traill! The loss of his money has taken his brain. What demon has entered this house?" sighed Mr. Duff in the presence of a despair more tragic even than his own.

"Look here, old fellow!" said Traill suddenly bursting into laughter—"look here! I found these in the roof of your pig-sty this morning; and what is more, I saw you put them there with your own hands."

"Prodigious!"

"Yes, all the missing money was there. The banker gave a champagne dinner to his delighted clerks on the evening of that day. His own health, however, was in rather a bad way. In a month or two he resigned his office, retiring on a liberal pension to his farm; and in order to compensate James Hamilton for all his recent trouble and misery, Mr. Duff requested, as a personal and final favor, that the Directors might appoint him to the position of Assistant-agent with George Traill; a proposal which the Directors favorably entertained. These offices both of the gentlemen hold with honor to this day. It may be mentioned too that George Traill and James Hamilton are now brothers-in-law, each having in due time wedded one of Mr. Duff's daughters. The bank is James Hamilton's home; while George Traill has rented a farm adjoining Mr. Duff's. The fresh country air, and exercise, and fishing, and unlimited golfing—all enforced on him by the doctor as the best medicine—have put an end to the old banker's somnambulist rambles.

**"The Domestic Tyrant."**

"The average man" quoth Mrs. Partridge "is a weak and irritable domestic tyrant," and Mrs. P. is correct. Tyrannical to a fault the average man will enter the blissful Paradise of a happy home, scratch himself in fendish glee, and send the baby into convulsions, and for what? Why, because he has the Itching Piles, and is too mean to buy Swayne's Ointment, which is an infallible cure for the worst cases of that annoying complaint.

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**A NOVEL MURDER TRIAL.**

**THE Gallatin Tennessean** says: Mrs. Rhoda E. Hester was arrested at her father's, Esquire D. B. Hunnicutt, Wednesday night, charged with the murder of one George Martin, the day before, at Mr. Hester's, in the western portion of this county. She had a preliminary hearing before Esquire W. N. Warren, Thursday, at Henderson's store, some three and a half miles west of Cotton Town, and the magistrate, after hearing the proof, bound her over under bond to appear and answer the charge at the next term of the circuit court. So far as we can get the facts the case is singular in its features, and will attract a great deal of attention.

The lady accused of murder is the daughter of D. B. Hunnicutt, a Justice of the peace, well-known in the county. She is said to be about 22 years old, very intelligent, and rather handsome.—About twelve months since she married Taylor Hester, the son of a very reputable family in the western portion of the county, and at the time of the killing she and her husband were living at his father's, and had been for some months. George Martin was also living at old man Hester's, and had been for two or three months. We are also informed that the accused, just before her marriage to her husband, instituted suit in our circuit court for breach of marriage contract against him, and had all his property attached. He married her shortly afterward, and the suit was dismissed.

We are also informed that Tuesday last, the day before the alleged killing, the husband of the accused came to Gallatin, in company with George Martin, and filed a bill for divorce against her, charging her with intimacy with Martin. It is further said that her husband had been threatening to leave her and get a divorce for some weeks, charging her with intimacy with Martin; which she strenuously denied, and called upon him to believe her and protect her from the slanders of Martin. It seems however, that he saw proper to believe the charges of Martin. Her husband and Martin returned from Gallatin on Tuesday, when she was informed of the filing of the bill against her, and the nature of its allegations against her, and that she must prepare to leave next morning.

Wednesday morning her clothes were bundled up by her and a horse was caught for her, to enable to go to her father's. Just before this her husband and Martin had started for the woods, some three hundred yards from the house, to cut wood. The accused followed them, so we hear, and caught up with them at a pair of bars, some two hundred yards from the house. Martin asked her if she wanted to see him, and she said no, she wanted to talk to her husband, and that he could go along to his work. He did so, and she and her husband talked some twenty minutes at the bars, and then both walked on to where Martin was chopping. Her husband and Martin both went to cutting off logs on the same tree, about ten feet apart.

While they were thus cutting Mrs. Hester, the accused, was standing on the log between them. Her husband says he heard the noise like a pistol fire and looked around and saw his wife bring her right hand up and something was in it like a pistol. Martin jumped from the log, ran about forty yards, fell and died in a few minutes, the shot it seems, having hit him in the side about on a range with his heart. Mrs. Hester left at the same time and walked to her father's some three miles, where she was arrested on Wednesday night on a warrant issued charging her with the murder of Martin.

Her friends say that her husband and Martin, the latter acting under the investigation of the former, had formed a conspiracy to destroy her character, in order to enable him to secure a divorce; that he and Martin had dogged her steps, and that they had concocted these slanders against her, and that when her husband refused to protect her from the falsehoods of Martin, and joined with him to support them, and turned her out of doors, she become desperate and resolved to avenge herself, if the tale of her husband be true, which is denied.—With respect to this her friends claim that the shooting was done by her husband, and that the killing was accidental in this: that while her husband did the shooting he did not intend to kill or hit Martin, but simply to shoot at him and miss him, as part of their scheme to destroy her and enable him to get his divorce. It will thus be seen, if the above report be true, that the case is a novel one. Messrs. Wilson and Head represent the accused, and it is said the prosecution will be vigorously pushed.

**A Polite People.**

The city of Lucknow, India, is renowned for the politeness of its people, exceeding, it would seem, that of the French, who are generally regarded as

the politest people in the world. A correspondent, writing from the spot, gives a ludicrous illustration of the extent to which the natives carry their ideas of courtesy. Two native gentlemen, on their way to the railway station, accidentally fell into a ditch. One would suppose that both would have been on their feet in a twinkling; but no, the law of politeness interfered, and one said to the other: "When your Honor rises then I may get up." "No, your Honor should get up first," replied the other. "Never; how could I take precedence of your Honor?" and thus the contest went on for an hour, it is said, because neither gentleman would consent to violate the laws of good breeding.

**What is Curious about Branford?**

A PARTY of gentlemen were riding over the Shore Line railroad between New Haven and Providence a few nights ago, and were amusing each other by telling good stories, when the train halted and the conductor cried out "Branford."

One of the party seeing no sign of a village inquired where the town was. "About three fourths of a mile away," was the reply from one who knew the locality.

"Well, what is there in particular about Branford?" was the next inquiry. Well, said the man, "to the manor born," "I can tell you just what kind of a place it is. A few years ago there was but one pauper in town, and he a former well-to-do citizen, whose property had gone, through sundry misfortunes and perhaps too convivial habits; once extremely popular, and with warmly attached friends. But falling at last upon the town for support, the citizens had voted to board him at the village hotel, and allowed him in addition to his living two drinks per day.—At the end of the year when the annual town meeting was held the pauper aforesaid deliberately arose and made a motion that his allowances for the coming year be increased to three drinks. On this a warm debate ensued, which consumed a large part of the afternoon, the former friends and cronies of the pauper strenuously advocating his claims, and the motion was finally carried by a decisive majority. And that," said the speaker, "is what there is peculiar about the town of Branford."

**How Far the Sound of a Cannon Goes.**

The Battle of Bunker Hill was fought June 14th, 1775. The sound of the cannon used in the engagement was very distinctly heard by persons on the Deerfield River, on the east side of Hoosick mountain, where now is the town of Charlemont, Mass., the distance being one hundred and twenty miles. This is asserted in "The Memoirs of Capt. Lemuel Roberts," a rare work printed a Bennington, Vt., 1869. He was an officer in the army of the Revolution. He says: "We were surprised at the hearing of a heavy cannonade from a great distance, which proved to be the battle of Bunker Hill."

On July 29th, 1812, a naval engagement with a cannonade lasting an hour and a half, occurred between the United States flotilla of Delaware, Lieut. Samuel Angus commanding, and some British ships that were in the bay. The conflict transpired near Cape May, not far from a place called Crow's Shoals. The firing of the cannon was heard by many persons at Washington City, distant, in a direct line, one hundred and twenty miles. This is recorded as "A Curious Fact" in a weekly paper called "The War," published at New York in 1812-13. These cases are well authenticated. The cannon could not have been so large as the ones now in use.

**How He did It.**

A traveling dentist in Australia advertises a new method of extracting teeth, "without the aid of chloroform or laughing gas." When a patient calls upon him for treatment, he places him in a chair and makes a fixture of him with straps and bands. Then he puts the forceps to the tooth and gives it a terrific jerk inward. "That," he says, "is the way that Dr. Smith does it." He gives it another yank in the opposite direction, remarking, "And that is the way that Dr. Jones goes to work." By this time the tooth is quite loose. With a gentle pull he forces it out, saying, "But this is the way that I do. Send your friends to me and I'll convince them of the superiority of my method."

**He Kept His Promise.**

William Brooks attempted to shoot his wife, at Shelby, N. C. The indignation of his neighbors was outspoken, and they proposed to have him prosecuted; but he said that they need not go to that trouble, for he fully realized his despicable character, and would punish himself with death on the following day. Next morning he shouldered his gun and a rope and started for the woods, telling his family that when they heard a shot they might know that he was hanging himself, and could get his body. They did not believe him; yet they went in search of him on hearing the promised signal and found him dead.



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**ESTATE NOTICE.**—Notice is hereby given that letters of administration on the estate of Rev. S. S. Richmond late of Torona township, Perry County, Pa., deceased, have been granted to the undersigned. P. O. Address—Landsburg, Perry County, Pa.  
All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment and those having claims will present them duly authenticated for settlement to  
**ALBERT E. RICHMOND,**  
Clerk of the Court, Att'y.  
May 10, 1881.