The Stolen Will.

By Arthur B. Rhinow.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon of a fine day in February, 1888, when I was walking briskly along a country road of southwestern Ohio. Now and again, as I reached the brow of a hill I saw the Ohio river, which had flooded its banks, for we had heavy rains of late. They, together with the melted snow, had made the gentle river a wild and dangerous stream.

I would gladly have lingered to watch the rushing current, carrying timber, parts of wrecked houses, and many other indications of its destructive power; but I had come to the Buckeye state for another purpose, and was anxious to reach my destination an hour or two before dark.

I intended to visit a friend, Fred Andersen, whose acquaintance I had made in the East. He was a fine specimen of western youth, and very soon we felt drawn to each other, mutual confidence cementing our friendship. He often told me of the old homestead on the Ohio, his mother, long dead, and the queer notions of his father. Old Mr. Andersen once had lost a law-suit through the trickery of an attorney, and since that time condemned all lawyers.

Fred had an elder brother, Henry, a scapegrace, who had grieved his father a great deal. Once, when the father's patience gave out, he handed Henry several thousand dollars, and told him never again to show his face in the old home. The son took the money, roamed through the world, and came back penniless but proud, even boasting of the wild life he had led and the sinful way in which he had wasted his money. Then the father bought him a small farm, not far from the homestead, and gave him to understand that he would be disinherited, having received his share. The son's eyes shone with an evil light, when thus informed, but he dared not rebuke his stern father.

Now, however, there was a different state of affairs. A few weeks ago Fred had sent me a letter, stating that he wished very much to have me come and see him.

"You know," he wrote, "your presence helps me. If I ever needed a friend, it is now; so come on and steady ... my troubles."

I was a busy man, and spring was not my vacation season, but nevertheless I could not resist Fred's pleading. I had not notified him of my coming, ... ding a surprise, which pleasure ... for by walking the few ... the station to his house.

"You see," he continued, "I wouldn't mind sharing with my brother, for I cannot forget our boyhood days; but I know he would not stop until he'd have the lion's share, and it would be painful, then, to see him squander the fortune father built up through years of close economy."

"I'll tell you, Fred," I said, after a long pause, "you want legal advice. Don't you know of a good lawyer? You certainly do not share the prejudice of your father?"

"Oh, no," he answered. "In fact, one of the best lawyers of the city is a friend of mine, and I have made up my mind to see him tomorrow. You will, of course, go with me. And while we are waiting for your luncheon, you might as well read the letter."

He handed me an old letter, and I read it carefully. Of course it was but a fatherly communication and nothing like a legal document, but it certainly could be used to advantage in a suit. I was just about to comment on it, when the servant announced that the meal was ready. Immediately Fred arose, and, throwing the letter carelessly on the desk, said,—

"Come, now; you must be hungry after that walk."

While maturing our plans during the meal, I thought I heard a noise in the library, the room in which the desk stood. I remarked about it, but Fred's mind was so occupied with the lost will that he had not heard it.

"Guess the servant is in there straightening things up a bit," he said. "We don't get much company around here, and when any one comes it makes him nervous."

After I had satisfied my hunger Fred asked me if I would like to look about tthe homestead. I told him I was a little tired, and would rather sit and chat in the library. He assented and led the way. He must have been thinking of his letter as he entered, for he walked right up to the desk. Then I heard him utter a cry. I looked and saw his hand nervously fumbling through the papers.

"Anything missing?" I asked.

"Yes, the letter."

"May be the servant mislaid it while he was dusting."

The servant, an old darkey and former slave, was called. He denied having touched the papers.

"Did you see anybody in this room, after we left it?" Fred asked.

"No, massa."

"Well, did you see anybody about the house?"

"No stranger, massa. Jes' Massa

... I believe ... and if we c... of this man ... a great deal of m...

After an hour's ... the town. The yellow ... front of us drove more slowly. Finally it stopped at a livery stable, and after a talk with the man in charge, the stranger drove his vehicle in through the large doorway. Most likely he was going to leave it in care of that establishment.

What were we to do? Should we drive to the stable, and leave our rig, it might arouse the man's suspicion. We concluded to stop and await developments. After a few minutes the man came out, crossed the street, and entered a saloon. Then I told Fred to take our horse and buggy to the stable while I would watch the saloon, until he could rejoin me. It was now quite dark, and the entrance to the stable was not well lighted, so the stranger could not see our faces. We had the advantage in that respect, for the entrance to the saloon was brightly illumined.

After Fred came back we had not to wait very long. The stranger came out of the saloon, rubbed his mustache with his handkerchief, cleaned his glasses, and slowly walked up the street. We followed him. As we passed along we heard people talk of flooded cellars, and the warning in the papers. Fred paid little attention to those remarks, but to me the expressions of anxiety were very interesting.

After a walk of about half an hour, the man halted at a corner, held his watch up to the street lamp, and then leaned against a post, evidently expecting somebody. His patience was not put to too severe a test. Soon another man arrived, and immediately the two proceeded up the street. As the second man came up, my friend pressed my arm, and I nodded my head. In the light of the lamp we both recognized Henry Andersen. We had to be very careful, now, for we had reached a part of the town whose streets were more deserted than the business district. The two men ahead of us seemed to feel perfectly safe, however, for they walked on unconcernedly.

We were near the famous "bottoms" of the city, when Henry Andersen and the stranger stopped at an old two-story frame house. The stranger fumbled in his pocket, drew forth a key, opened a door, and both entered. We took a position on the other side of the street and intently watched for a light.

A man came out of the house in the shadow of which we were waiting, and I accosted him, asking,—

"... you know, sir, who lives in that ... house?"

"... crazy Dutchman," he replied. "Seems to be a star in a class of his ... Nobody knows what he's doing. ... certainly don't care." With that

... for which we watched ... fail us, and Fred was ... signs of disappoint-

... red," I exhorted. ... ll be disappoint-

... rough the cel- ... ome one were ... a candle. ... d to watch ... here came ... almost at ... roar, as ... d been ... nd.

... identified him. ... accident was easily ... cellar had been ... water and ... had ... exploded when they ... t with the light of the ... of the articles in the ... unbroken. Among the few ... safe, of which the police ... e. I remembered the words ... g German, and Fred and I ... headquarters to explain to the ... t we were interested in the ... fact, we told him the whole story.

At my suggestion, Fred's friend, the attorney, was called in to identify him. When the chief had satisfied himself as to his claim, he ordered the safe opened. It contained some German and English letters addressed to Emanuel Hilprecht, and the chief took possession of them, stating that he knew the man very well. Then we came upon an envelope of somewhat larger size. The seal was broken, and the chief read its contents. He looked at Fred, and said,—

"Well, this certainly concerns you," and handed it to my friend. One glance showed us that it was the lost will.—Waverley Magazine.

LARGEST FR... T STEAMER.

Fine Refrigerating System Installed in the San Jose.

The steamship San Jose, which arrived in Boston the other day with a large load of fruit from Port Limon, Costa Rica, is the largest fruiter ever constructed for service between the West Indies and the United States, and is also the first vessel equipped with refrigerating machinery to arrive at that port, which enables her to make long passages with her perishable cargoes.

The cargo space is divided into separate compartments by steel bulkheads, which extend to the upper deck. All these holds and 'tween-deck spaces are insulated, and a very complete and efficient system of refrigerating machinery, with air ducts to every compartment, for the preservation of the fruit during shipment, has been fitted. By this means, says The Scientific American, a low temperature can be secured in the tropical climates, and the fruit landed here in the best possible condition.

The keel plate of the San Jose was laid at Belfast, Ireland, about nine months ago. Her general dimensions are: Length between perpendiculars, 330 feet; length over all, 345 feet; breadth, molded, 44 feet 3 inches; depth of hold to the upper deck, 31 feet 3 inches. She is rigged with two pole masts, has three complete steel decks, also topgallant, forecastle and orlop decks of wood, the latter extending throughout the forward part of the vessel. The engines and boilers are inclosed at all the decks by steel casings. The San Jose has a capacity for 45,000 bunches of bananas.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Manila has a population of something like three hundred thousand, about ten thousand being American and European born. The American population is estimated at about six thousand.

An English naval cadet who, on his training ship, took 11 first prizes, and in the first examination obtained 97.6 percent, was rejected at the medical examination on account of a small defect in one little toe.

The development of the dairy industry in the United States is scarcely realized by business men. In 1898 the butter haul over the Minneapolis & St. Louis railroad was 400,000 pounds. Last year it was nearly 14,000,000.

The crew of the whaler Lara Hansen, which arrived at Seattle the other day, saw, according to the Indianapolis News, frozen in a monster iceberg a female polar bear and two cubs, the cubs nestling against the mother. The berg stood out of the water fully one hundred feet and the ice wherein the bears were entombed was clear as a crystal. How long the animals had been locked in their winter palace is a matter of conjecture, but they were at least twenty-five feet above the water.

One of the most curious bridges ever built, perhaps unique in the history of the world, was that made by the British troops in 1860. They were marching on Pekin, but found their progress barred by a flooded river of considerable width and depth. A timber party was formed, but found nothing to cut down or borrow suitable for a bridge. At last a huge store of coffins were discovered in the village, and with these the soldiers built their bridge and crossed alive over the receptacles for the dead.

There are fully one thousand tons of piping of various kinds in the average Atlantic liner. The furnaces will consume no less than 7,500,000 cubic feet of air an hour. The boiler tubes, if placed in a straight line, would stretch nearly ten miles, and the condenser tubes more than twenty-five miles. The total number of separate pieces ... steel in the main structure of the ship is not less than forty thousand, and ... total number of cubic feet of ... used in the construction is ... one ... thousand. ... number of rivets is not far from ...

Proof Enough.

[illegible]