

# CHUB.

## A Romance of West Virginia.

BY DAVID LOWRY.

### CHAPTER XIX.

ALL who had heard of the missing bridegroom were anxious to see Dan Bash.

People came to the corners from all quarters to see the man who was held captive by the counterfeiters. They would talk to Ell Potts or his wife; if they were so fortunate as to be on speaking terms with Hank Dawson they made no delay, but rode up to his door, dismounted, entered the house, and congratulated the man who was well out of the clutches of that gang.

"Chub Dawson, now for the first time known throughout the State as Miss Belle Dawson, as the newspaper correspondents described her, was invariably sought out, complimented highly, admired, and wearied with hand-shaking.

"Such a fuss about nothing," said Chub to her father, as she sat down beside her day.

"Well, yes—just what I was thinking myself."

His daughter looked at him in surprise.

"I've 'bout made up my mind, as we've found Dan here that the wedding may well go on now. I'm tired seeing so many folks hitchin' up hyar, 'n never a one wanting a shoe for their horse. I'm getting out of practice. If they've made up their minds to call—well, let us give 'em all a good excuse. I guess we may as well send out word to the folks to-morrow. I can't stand three days more of this crowd. Let 'em all come together, or else separate themselves alone over the year."

There was a quizzical smile on his face as Hank Dawson said this.

Dan Bash did not speak. Chub was on the point of replying, but her father put out a hand.

"See here, Chub. I reckon I'll manage this time. You go to work and nurse Dan up to his old color. That arm of his ain't any too comfortable—but them doctors isn't to blame. It's coming on right well considering they had to set it up that way. It won't be in the road of the doctors. And he doesn't danger with his arm anyhow."

"No," said Dan. "I ain't likely to dance much with my feet for a few days."

"Well, I'm in dead earnest, Chub. Let's get through with all this fussin'. If we'll just give the word out that all them that was invited before are invited again, I reckon that'll be about all that's necessary."

"Oh, no, dad," said Chub.

"What else's there?"

"You'll have to send and have just the same things you got before for the supper—and the music."

"To be sure—to be sure."

"And that will require time to give them notice, and to get the things here. I am reckoning all that, too," said her father.

"I'd like to have the Monks in prison," said Chub.

"They're in jail. That's good enough, ain't it? They're not likely to bother any one for a spell, I reckon. Leastways, I ain't afraid of them catching hold of Dan again soon."

As Hank was in earnest, no more was said. There was really no objection to his project. The interrupted wedding, the lovers agreed, should be celebrated at the earliest day possible.

An objection was made however from an unexpected quarter. A man came up the road slowly at that moment, dismounted leisurely and approached the house.

"It's Tom Walker, the sheriff," said Hank Dawson. "What's he after now, I'd like to know."

The sheriff approached the group on the porch, and was cordially welcomed by the blacksmith.

"Mighty fine weather, Mr. Walker. Have you had your supper?"

"Thanks, yes."

"I've had, looked at Dan Bash and Chub curious," he made a sign to the blacksmith, which Hank Dawson did not comprehend on the instant.

"How's the counterfeiting gang, sheriff. All in the same row of cells? If they are, they'll get out. 'Taint safe to trust that crowd, sheriff."

"We ain't trusting them, Mr. Dawson."

He made another sign, which Hank Dawson understood. But it did not suit his notions. He was resolved the sheriff should say what he had to say, then and there.

"Well, sheriff, if you've got any particular business with me—speak out. There's nobody but ourselves here. My daughter, and Dan Bash, my son-in-law that's goin' to be as soon as we can arrange to have the wedding, just as it was before that gang and had luck interferred."

The sheriff cleared his throat.

"It's rather a delicate matter I've come on."

"Eh? Well, now, that's unexpected. But let's have it, sheriff. We can stand it if you can, I reckon."

"Why, the fact is, the Monks—Ned, Bill, and Pete, and Dick Tredwell—all of them make a serious charge against Mr. Bash."

"Against Dan Bash?"

Hank wasn't quite sure who was meant.

"You see, there's another Bash. The man who came here to catch the gang calls himself Bash."

"They said Dan, the school-teacher."

Chub looked at the sheriff wondering. She listened like one in a dream.

"Was it possible anything would come between her and her lover now? What did the sheriff mean?"

"Well, what do the Monks say? Mind, before you answer, Mr. Walker, I wouldn't believe all the Monks and the Treddies back to four generations if they could bring them out of their graves—no; not if four generations of that gang could get on a stack of Bibles and swear to it, I'd not mind it more'n the wind blowing."

"That's just my way of looking at it, Hank," said the sheriff. "But I've sworn to do my duty."

"In course, well, go on."

"Why, they've pinterly said Dan Bash is in the same line they are in."

"What's that, sheriff?"

It was Chub's voice.

She had risen from her seat on the end of the porch, and was now standing with her hand on Dan Bash's shoulder. She looked to the sheriff like some one guarding him.

"Yes—I want to know," said Hank Dawson. "Them's strange words."

"If I must put it plainer, they swear or allege he deals in the queer himself."

"Deals in the queer? Queer! What's queer, sheriff?"

"Counterfeit money."

The blacksmith laughed derisively.

"Sho! Humbug. You know it's Humbug, sheriff."

"I don't believe a word of it."

"I know it."

"But that isn't all."

"Eh?"

Hank Dawson looked half angry.

"Well, what else?"

"They do say," here the sheriff hitched his chair uneasily, "that they can prove it. And to begin with, they say his name isn't Bash at all. His real name is something else."

"Humbug again, sheriff. Humbug. You don't believe it?"

"No."

"Of course not."

"Dan Bash, who was looking calmly at the sheriff all the while, now turned and looked up at Chub.

"Would it make any difference to you whether my name is Bash, Brown or Butt?"

"Not the least."

"It might to others," said the sheriff. "I'll own up it might make a heap of difference in this case," said Hank, carelessly.

"The looks of the thing, under the circumstances, might make people think maybe the Monks wasn't altogether wrong. 'Taint usual for a man to change his name."

"Of course they are wrong," said the sheriff. "But why they are such fools as to pretend to be able to prove your name isn't Dan Bash, but altogether another name, which they will reveal at the right time—that's what puzzles me, unless it's to gain time and help put in time. They've sent me here on a fool's errand, of course, but duty's duty, Hank."

"Of course—of course," said Hank Dawson.

"You can prove your name's Dan Bash very easily, I suppose—can bring those who will identify you, Mr. Bash, very soon."

There was a lengthy silence. Hank Dawson stared silently at his daughter's affianced.

Chub Dawson's lips were parted. Her eyes seemed to read her lover's soul.

At last her lover turned to the sheriff and said slowly:

"Well, suppose my name is not Bash—what then?"

"Oh, why," the sheriff said awkwardly, "why, I don't know as it would prove anything or go for much when the facts are all known."

"Well, then, my name is not Bash, Mr. Walker."

"Not Bash!"

"Not Bash—not Bash!" exclaimed Chub, as she caught her hands, interlacing the fingers, "You don't mean it, Dan!"

"But I do mean it," said Dan, deliberately.

"Then I'm sorry," said the sheriff, "for my instructions were to bring you with me, and now—"

"Stop, sheriff!"

Hank Dawson walked slowly opposite his daughter's lover, then he bent down and gazed steadily in his face.

"I don't hear that again. Is your name Bash or not?"

The lover's countenance was equally solemn, his manner grave, as he replied, slowly:

"It is not."

"That's all, sheriff. For God's sake, take him now—now! I can't bear to see him as he was like my own son! He was a—"

And Hank Dawson bowed his head between his hands.

Chub stood spellbound several minutes. Then she rushed on her lover, caught his sound arm convulsively, and said:

"There's some dreadful mistake. I believe I'll die if you are not all I think you are! Say you are what we think you are—O! Dan! Dan! Speak to father!"

The sheriff turned aside and made some suspicious movements, like a man who was wiping his eyes.

But the blacksmith's head was still bowed in humility.

### CHAPTER XX.

#### AN AGREABLE SURPRISE.

DAN BASH—the man who had been known as Dan Bash—looked at Hank Dawson strangely. He seemed to be revolving something in his mind. Then he said, very deliberately:

"Sheriff, I am ready to go with you!"

"Dan! Dan!"

Chub looked at him appealingly.

"But before I go," said Dan, quietly, "let me take you into my confidence."

"I don't want you to tell me anything. I don't want to know nothing about this business," said the sheriff.

"I'd rather than fifty dollars! I would, I would, I would, than see a young fellow as handsome and as smart and with such ways as yours—"

"Well!" said Dan, looking at him soberly.

"Get mixed up with these blamed counterfeiters. Don't you tell me nothing. If they prove it to you, they shan't do it by me—no, sir. That ain't Tom Walker's style. I'll execute the law, but I'll furnish the proof!"

"I like to hear you say so, Mr. Walker. But what I was going to say is just the opposite of what you imagine."

Hank Dawson lifted his head at that.

"The very opposite. To begin with—my name is a very good name. It is Ross. My people are very respectable people; my father is as well known as any man in the State. And he is very well known in other States, too. And in Washington."

A peculiar smile played around his mouth now as he glanced at Hank Dawson.

"Your name may be Ross, and your folks first-class, but you was going to marry my daughter as Dan Bash. How do you make that get with respectability?"

Hank spoke sorrowfully. He could not speak harshly to the young man.

"I had not the least intention to marry your daughter under the name of Dan Bash."

"No?"

The sheriff stared at him.

"It never once entered my mind."

"No?"

Hank Dawson began to arouse himself now. He shook his shoulders, straightened his arms, brought his hands together again, and looking from one to the other said, slowly:

"This is getting too much mixed up for me."

"Praps you'll make it clearer for us all," said the sheriff, politely.

"In good time. I intended reservin' a surprise until the minister was ready to marry us. Had I been permitted to reach the house in time I would have said to all the company what I am now saying to you. I am not Dan Bash. That name was assumed. It is the name of another, who is indebted largely to my father for his position in the world. And it was assumed with the knowledge and consent of the real Dan Bash—the detective."

"I knew you were true, Dan."

Chub stole to his side and put her hand on his sound arm.

"If I would have told the company that my father represented his district in Congress four terms in succession. That he has represented the nation abroad. That he is abroad now."

"What!" exclaimed the sheriff. "You don't tell me you are a son of the Hon. Dan Ross, do you?"

"What?"

Hank Dawson peered in Ross's face eagerly.

"You a son of Dan Ross?"

"Is there anything wonderful in that—or strange or startling?"

"Well, but coming up here in the mountains—leaving all your fine folks behind you—starting out for a school! Blamed if it ain't too much for me to grasp just at once. Give me a little time," said Hank Dawson, in a dazed way.

## A TREASURE HOUSE.

### THE UNITED STATES SUB-TREASURY IN NEW YORK.

#### Two-Thirds of the Financial Operations of the Government Are Transacted There—How Its Business is Done.

WRITER in the New York Herald says: Uncle Sam's strong box is situated at Wall, Nassau and Pine streets and is officially known as the New York Sub-Treasury. The average individual who passes it by on either of the three thoroughfares is thoroughly acquainted with its massive granite walls, huge columns and severely classic style of Grecian architecture. Half way up the long flight of stone steps which communicates with the main entrance in Wall street stands a bronze statue of Washington of heroic size, keeping watch and ward, as it were, over the vast treasure within.

Upon the same site in 1789 and for a score of years later was Federal Hall, standing upon the balcony of which the Father of His Country took the oath of office as the first President of the United States. The building, therefore, rests upon historic ground, which lends to it a double charm and connects the present with the past. Washington no doubt had an abiding faith in the destiny of his country, and

each one containing gold and \$1000 in each bag of silver. At the present time, however, all this is changed. The Government has suspended the issue of gold certificates against deposits of that metal, the free silver dollars are exhausted, and only those secured by silver certificates remain in the vaults; the Clearing House balances are settled in actual coin, gold is coming in and going out, is weighed and counted, and the passer by in Nassau street at the corner of Pine hears all day long the clink and clatter of metal.

At any time a visit to the Sub-Treasury is interesting, but it is particularly so now. Walk up the long flight of stone steps leading from Wall street to the main entrance of the building any morning after 10 o'clock, pass by the guardian statue of Washington and between the huge granite columns which support the projecting roof, and you enter a cool, lofty counting room.

Standing at the main entrance between two supporting granite columns similar to those outside, the view is unobstructed to the Pine street, or rear, entrance of the building. Before another step is taken the visitor becomes at once aware of the overpowering strength and massiveness of the structure. He has passed through a doorway of solid granite blocks six feet in depth, guarded by an outer door of huge iron bars, an inner door of heavy steel plates and a frame door the projecting rivets in the surface of which bears testimony that it is metal sheathed.

On either side of the entrance is a room of comfortable proportions. That on the left, or Nassau street side, bears the words over the door, "Assistant Treasurer," while to the right are the quarters of the Cashier and Acting Assistant Treasurer. The one



MAIN FLOOR OF THE SUB-TREASURY.



INTERIOR ARRANGEMENT OF THE SUB-TREASURY.

is occupied by Conrad N. Jordan, the other by Maurice L. Muhleman, one of the most popular, painstaking and thoroughly efficient Government employees in the country. The entire executive work of the Sub-Treasury—and it is vast and multitudinous in detail—is transacted within these two rooms.

The interior arrangement of the Sub-Treasury is peculiar to the date of its construction. The ceiling of the main room rises in the form of a dome to the extreme height of the building, and is supported by granite columns, forming a rotunda. Four galleries afford a means of communication between the rooms situated at either angle of the building on the second floor, from which can be obtained a bird's-eye view of the clerks at work in three departments on the floor below—the cashier's, receiving and paying.

These, situated on the main floor, are separated by bank counters of wood and partitions of iron, pierced here and there by the familiar pigeonholes of a bank. In fact, the entire appearance of the main room of the Sub-Treasury suggests the arrangements of a large bank as they existed two score years ago.

The departments of the Sub-Treasury are the cashier's, receiving and paying, which is sub-divided into cash paying and check paying; coin, divided into paying and receiving; minor coin, bond, coupon, authorities, accounting and superintending. The names of these in most instances amply describe in a general way the nature of the work performed. The duties of the authorities department, however, are peculiar. In it are kept the lists of corporations having business relations with the Government and the names of the officials of each who are authorized to sign and receipt for checks. In the accounting department are kept, in addition to the general accounts of the Sub-Treasury, the account of the Post Office Department, always maintained separately, and the accounts of the disbursing officers of the United States Army and Navy, etc.

At the present time the daily balance in the Sub-Treasury averages about \$125,000,000. It runs, however, at times as high as \$225,000,000, a sum of money of which the ordinary mind can form no conception. Naturally enough every safeguard is taken for the protection of this immense treasure. The casual observer of the Sub-Treasury building knows full well its massive exterior. Its full strength, however, is not apparent until after a careful scrutiny of the interior. The building itself was constructed for the purposes of the Custom House in 1832 and used as such until 1862.

Strong as it was originally it was, in remodelling, made absolutely impregnable. A board of United States army officers were entrusted with the work, and as it stands to-day it contains many features of a fortress. The walls in the basement are eight feet thick and are built of solid granite blocks. No part of the walls anywhere are less than four feet through. All the partitions between the rooms are of masonry. The ceilings are concrete, all the floors are of stone or metal and the various doors are of steel plate.

The treasure is stored in five principal vaults, three of which hold the greater proportion. These are the gold vault, the note vault and the vault in which is stored the silver dollars. The first two are on the main or rotunda floor, while the other is a huge cavern in the cellar of the building. The vaults on the main floor are bombproof and burglar proof and protect against everything else short of

a general cataclysm. That in the cellar is equally so. The walls of the building forming the sides of the vaults are eight feet thick, and masonry encases them on all sides, saving where the entrance doors pierce through. The ceilings of the upper vaults are about twelve feet in height and the dimensions perhaps twelve by fourteen feet.

### A Pest of Western Farms.

To the order of animals known as Rodentia, or gnawers, belongs the ground squirrel, or gopher, one of the numerous enemies against which the farmer has to contend. These pests, says the New York World, have become so destructive that many schemes have been suggested for their extermination. The latest report of the Wyoming Agricultural Station details the experiments undertaken to destroy the various orders of gophers.

The ground squirrels attack root crops and seeds of all kinds as soon as planted, though they do the greatest damage after the plants have commenced to grow and are through the ground. Their burrowing habits are a source of annoyance to the farmer, and greatly injure the land. In this respect gophers resemble the prairie dogs, their burrows being close together so as to form towns.

While the gophers are fond of seeds and have a particular weakness for carrots, sugar beets and roots of all kinds, they also attack fruit trees. The latter suffer so much from their depredations that a California orchardist suggests trying newspapers around the trunks of the trees in such a way that when the squirrels attempt to pass over the paper its rattling will frighten them away.

The plan of drowning these pests out of their burrows has also been tried. But this is a tedious method and water is not always procurable. Strychnine or some other poison mixed with grain has been used with considerable success. But the danger attendant on this method is great, as stock, poultry and wild birds are as liable to eat the poisoned grain as the squirrels.

As the result of a number of experiments, the station advises the use of bi-sulphide of carbon. The method of applying it is to take a ball of cotton about the size of an egg, thoroughly saturate it with qi-sulphide of carbon, throw it into the burrow and close the opening with some earth. The bi-sulphide of carbon evaporates rapidly, and being heavier than the air, soon fills the burrow and smothers the squirrels. A pint of the fluid is sufficient to treat twenty burrows.

Bi-sulphide of carbon is good also for prairie dogs, rats, ants and any kind of vermin. A caution in its use is, however, necessary. The liquid is highly inflammable, and should never be brought near fire or any kind of light for fear of an explosion.

### An Autumn Bonnet.

A stylish little bonnet for autumn is made of velvet with just a touch of gold lace about it. In shape it is



CALIFORNIA GROUND SQUIRREL.

oming Agricultural Station details the experiments undertaken to destroy the various orders of gophers.

### A Hercules Beetle.

The Hercules beetle (*Dynastes Hercules*), one of the largest species of the Coleoptera or beetle family, is frequently seen in the cases of the entomologist, but it is seldom that one is seen alive in New York. Just at present William Beutenmuller, Professor of Entomology at the National History Museum, has one of the giant beetles alive, and the huge insect seems to be doing uncommonly well, as it has a capital appetite. It was caught in the Island of Dominica and brought here by a sailor. It is fully six inches long from the tip of the upper branch of its pincers to the end of its body. The head is jet black, and from it grows out a long black horn, somewhat irregular in shape. The lower surface of this horn is covered with deep, gold-colored bristles, which no doubt aid in holding whatever the beetle seizes. Another but shorter horn grows out from the thorax, and the two form a powerful pair of pincers, with the body for a handle.

The elytra, or wing covers, are of a dirty dapple gray, while the upper part of the body is black. There are six powerful legs armed with claws,

which easily sink into the human flesh, while a nip from the pincers is a thing to be remembered, even when the insect has only begun to pinch.—New York Tribune.

### Chairing of the Bard.

The Rev. Evan Rees, of Cardiff, South Wales, was the prize offered for the best poem at the assembly of Welsh singers in Chicago. The great event of the day was the "chairing of the bard," a historic ceremony inherited from the ancient Celts, which, it is said, had never previously been performed outside of Great Britain. Surrounding the poet, the bards clasped hands over his bowed head and Ewys Mon, unsheshting a sword, challenged all to dispute the rights of the victor. The challenge was given three times by the interrogator: "There peace?" "Three times the bards and audience answered, "Peace." The sword was then sheathed over the poet's head, the benediction was pronounced, and the chief bard commanded the poet to seat himself in the oak chair and declared him to be the most honored Welsh poet of the age.—New York Times.

### Fish or Sea Serpent?

The fishing schooner James B. Stetson, Captain William Wolfe of Provincetown, brought to T. wharf a fish that comes nearer, probably, being a sea serpent than anything yet captured. The curiosity in question is about five



HERCULES BEETLE.

feet long, and is nearly the same size at the tail as at the head. It is slender, not being over seven inches in circumference at the largest portion of its body, resembling, save for its fin-tail, a snake. There is a long fin some ten inches high, running nearly the entire length of its back.

It has a head shaped very much like that of a box constrictor, and its teeth are long and very sharp. One upper tooth is one and one-half inches in length, about one-quarter or three-eighths of an inch wide, and as sharp as a needle at the point. The jaws are long and when open in an ordinary position easily reach eight inches apart at the end of the nose.

The fish is of a bluish color. The tall fins are large, and the two fins under its jaws are exceptionally large for its size, measuring not less than eight inches in length. The thing was captured off La Hava, Nova Scotia, in 100 fathoms of water.—Boston Globe.

Birds have very acute vision; perhaps the most acute of any creature, and the sense is also more widely diffused over the retina than is the case with man; consequently a bird can see sideways as well as objects in front of it.

A bird sees—showing great nearness in consequence—hawk long before it is visible to man; so, too, fowls, and pigeons find minute scraps of food, distinguishing them from what appear to us exactly similar pieces of earth or gravel.

Young chickens are also able to find their own food—knowing its position and how distant it is—as soon as they are hatched, whereas a child only very gradually learns either to see or to understand the distances of objects.

Several birds—apparently the young of all those that nest on the ground—can see quite well directly they come out of the shell, but the young birds that nest on the trees or on rocks are born blind and have to be fed.—Chambers's Journal.

According to ancient custom the Queen of England has forwarded to the Lord Mayor four fat hucks from Buskirk Park and to the City Sheriffs three hucks. This usage had its origin in the times in which the city had rights of hunting in the royal forests and parks. Similar presents are made in due season in January of each year.

In British India the number of persons adhering to the sects of the ancient Brahmanic religions is estimated at 211,000,000. There are 7,000,000 Buddhists, 90,000,000 Parsees, 57,000,000 Mahomedans, and 9,000,000 of the ancient Pagans. Nature worshippers.

There is a Japanese student, a bright fellow of eighteen years, in the third year at the United States Naval Academy.

"Aunt, have I a guardian angel?"

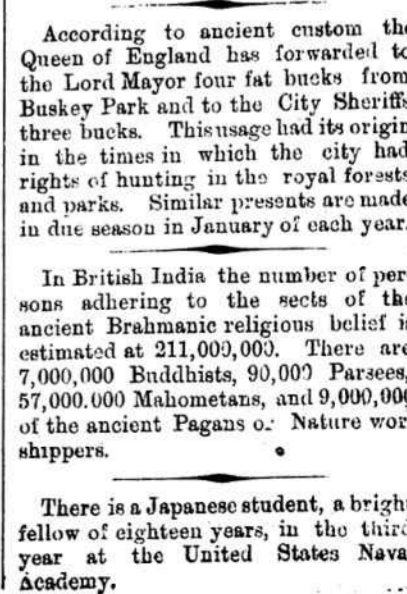
"Certainly, my dear. I am your guardian angel!"—Fliegende Blaetter.

rather long. The low crown is covered with a dark, rich wine-colored velvet. Where the velvet touches the hair the gold lace appears. Graceful loops of the velvet and wings decorate the front with a gold feathery agrette in the center. The tie strings are wider than those worn last season.—New York World.

### Combinations in Locks.

It has been proved that in a patent lock, with an average sized key having six "steps," each capable of being reduced in height twenty times, the number of changes will be 86,400; further, that as the drill-pins and the pipes of the keys may be made of three different sizes, the total number of changes would be 2,592,000. In keys of the smallest size the total number would be 648,000, while in those of extraordinary size it could be increased to not less than 7,776,000 different changes.—St. Louis Republic.

### The Little One's Guardian Angel.



"Aunt, have I a guardian angel?"