

A SINGULAR WILL CASE

By ARTHUR W. BREUSTER
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Of all the strange coincidences I have ever heard none is stranger than one happening in my own life, and it led to important results.
One day, happening in at my lawyer's office, he said to me:
"By the bye, we have a big lot of papers in your case against Bunsky. It has all been settled up, and I would like to turn them over to you. We are overwhelmed here with dead documents."
He called an office boy and sent for the papers. They came to me in one large bundle which I tucked under my arm, walked home with it, and there it, without opening it, into an iron box kept for family records.
Ten years passed, during which period I went on an average to the box once or twice a year to toss into it some document that would probably never be needed again. I had no occasion to look into the box during all this period, but the time came when I found it necessary to overhaul it in a search for a missing paper. By the time I found my paper every separate bunch had been unrolled and their contents were all in confusion. Picking up a paper marked "Last will and testament of James Chieningsby," I was somewhat surprised to find such a document.
I opened and ran my eye over its contents. There was nothing to indicate the value of the estate, nor were the names of any of the legatees familiar to me. There were a few small bequests to different persons, and the residue was to be given to a minor. How the paper got into my box was a mystery. I was not interested in the will, but I was deeply interested in it as it must have been there a long while, but not more than twenty years, for the date it was executed was so far back than that. But it might have been put in my box much more lately than that.
I should have attached more importance to it if persons could not make more than one legal will. It struck me that this might be an old one which had been voided by a later one and had got mixed with old out of date papers. But that did not explain how it came to be in my possession, for it was not a paper in which I or any of my family, so far as I knew, had any interest. I looked it over carefully to see if there was any clue by which I could discover who were the legatees, but there was nothing to give me the slightest information concerning it. I took it to my desk in a room I occupied for smoking and placed it in a pigeonhole, intending to advertise it. But time passed, and I took no action.
Some time after this I married my stenographer and typewriter. She was very poor, and I was not rich. I was making a bare living and until our first child was born she retained her position in my service. Indeed, it was essential that she should, and when children came and I was deprived of her assistance in spite of all my efforts I was losing my grip and could not afford to hire another stenographer.
One morning while looking over my newspaper my eye drifted to real estate items. One of them mentioned the sale of a piece of property belonging to the Chieningsby estate. The name was an odd one, but it seemed to me that I had seen it somewhere before.
"My dear," I said to my wife, "did you ever hear of the name Chieningsby?"
"I had an uncle by that name though I never saw him. He disappeared when he was a boy and was never heard from. All I know of him is that I heard my mother speak of him before she died."
I kept thinking of the name till suddenly it flashed upon me that I had seen it in the will found in my iron box. I went to my desk, took out the document and read the name of the testator—James Chieningsby. I called my wife and read the will to her. When I came to the name of the heir to the residue of the estate I stopped, wonder-stricken. It was her maiden name.
She was as much mystified as I. All she knew of the name of Chieningsby was what she had told me. But we were both in a flutter of excitement. What did it mean? Then I remembered that a man may make a will every day if he likes and only the last one is of any value. Nevertheless I was aroused. I rushed out to my attorney, or the one who had once had my law business, showed him the document and was about to ask him to make an investigation for me when he exclaimed:
"By thunder!"
"Explain!" I cried impatiently.
"Instead of answering me he called out to his partners, 'Here's a will for the Chieningsby estate.'"
"For heaven's sake tell me!"
"Where did you get this?"
"Found it in a box of mine where it has probably been for years."
"It represents an estate that has never been settled since no one has been found near enough of kin to claim it. It is this genuine all but these few bequests go to Miss Katherine Miller, whoever she may be."
"Who's my wife?"
"We were rich. The will had been left by the testator with my attorneys, had got mixed with the bundle of papers given to me and had come to me when I was searching for papers."

COWED THE THIEVES.

Odd but Effective Way of Attaching a Man's Property.
Attaching a man's property for debt is supposed to be a legal process, but an incident which occurred years ago in the city of Natchez, as related by Davy Crockett in his "Life and Adventures," shows that there are other "attachments" which sometimes accomplish a beneficial purpose.
An odd affair occurred when I was last at Natchez, declared Mr. Crockett. A steamboat stopped at the landing, and one of the crew went ashore to purchase provisions. He went into a saloon on the way, and the adroit inmates contrived to rob him of all his money. The captain of the boat, a determined fellow, went ashore in the hope of persuading them to refund, but they declined.
Without further ceremony the captain, assisted by his crew and passengers, some 500 or 400 in number, made fast an immense cable to the frame-building where the theft had been committed. Then he allowed fifteen minutes for the money to be forthcoming, vowing that if it were not produced within that time he would put steam to his boat and drag the house into the river.
The thieves knew that he would keep his word, and the money was promptly produced.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

The Earl Kept His Head, and the Highwayman Lost His.
In "Sporting Days and Sporting Ways" Ralph Nevill relates two incidents of the early nineteenth century in which English highwaymen figure.
"In August, 1810, Lady Stanley, traveling from York accompanied by her servant, was stopped by a highwayman, when the maid in her alarm took up a bottle of ginger beer and the cork flying out made such a report that the highwayman instantly galloped off in great alarm."
Lord Berkeley's encounter with one of the famous "gentlemen of the road" had more serious consequences.
"Being driven over Hounslow Heath he was awakened from sleep by his coach being brought to a standstill and a threatening face looking in at the window.
"I have you at last, my lord," said a gruff voice, "though you said you would never yield to a robber. Deliver!"
"Certainly," was the earl's reply, "but tell me first who is that looking over your shoulder?"
"The highwayman turned his head to look at the same moment Lord Berkeley shot him through the head dead."
The Lion of St. Mark.
The symbol of the Venetian republic—the famous lion of St. Mark—is made of bronze. There is a tradition among the Venetian people that its eyes are diamonds. They are really white, agates, faceted. Its mane is most elaborately wrought, and its protruding, gaping mouth and its fierce mustaches give it an awful aspect. The creature as it now stands belongs to many different epochs, varying from some date previous to our era down to this century. It is conjectured that it may have originally formed a part of the decoration of some Assyrian palace. St. Mark's lion is certainly was not originally, for it was made to stand level upon the ground and had to be raised up in front to allow the evangelist to be slipped under its fore paws.

The Very Oldest Inn.
Which is the oldest inn in England? The title deeds of the Saracen's Head at Newark date back to 1341, and local antiquaries cite documentary evidence to prove that the Seven Stars at Manchester existed before the year 1560. There is even a legend that the wife of Earl Godwin stayed at the Fountain at Canterbury in 1020. But what are all these compared with the Fighting Cock at St. Albans, mentioned in "Old Country Inn," and said to be the oldest inhabited house in England? A few years ago its signboard modestly chronicled the fact that it had been rebuilt after the flood.

The Tree Frog of Paraguay.
In the manner of disposing of their eggs many species of frogs exhibit remarkable peculiarities. A tree frog, native of Paraguay, makes its nest in a bush overhanging a pond. The lower ends of a number of leaves are drawn together and fixed in that position by a number of empty egg capsules. The eggs are also covered with a shield of empty capsules to protect them from the sun and air. When the eggs are hatched the pig at the bottom appears to fall out and the tadpoles tumble into the water.

Out of His Class.
Dissatisfied Patron—Gentle disposition. Why he wants to bite the head off every dog he meets. I've been swindled! Dog Merchant—You didn't ought to keep dogs at all, mister. The animals you ought to keep wiv your temperament is silkworms!—London Punch.
Strict Golf.
"You mustn't touch the ball. Use a stick."
"How am I going to get it out of a mudhole with a stick? Caddy, go over to the clubhouse and borrow a pair of tongs."—Pittsburg Post.
Timely.
Howell—He don't know much.
Powell—No; he couldn't tell a dog watch from a cuckoo clock.—Ex-Change.
Knowledge and timber shouldn't be much used until they are seasoned.—Holmes.

A Sixth Sense.

An interesting discussion arose at a recent college lecture concerning the "instinct of direction" possessed so marvelously by savage races and by animals. Undoubtedly animals are aided largely by scent. In the case of humans it is different, and some of the pupils argued that the primitive man is able to find his way in the densest forest without taking note of the sun, the wind, the lay of the land, or the course of the streams. There-fore it was said he must be guided by a sixth sense because none of the regular five senses could aid him. Other pupils, however, argued that the Indian found his way in places where there were no apparent guides because he knew how, because he had learned all his life how to do it, just as the writer, for instance, will write page after page of copy, spelling all the words correctly, but yet cannot if asked to spell a simple word. This is because he learned the words long ago and his spelling is purely mechanical. It is so with the Indian finding his way through the woods.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Fiction or History.
After all, fiction is not always the worst place in which to look for history. There is a story of Mr. Disraeli at the time of his extremely humptious youth when he had just returned from his travels in the east. As a young man, much under thirty, he met Lord Melbourne, who was then prime minister, at dinner. Lord Melbourne proceeded to discourse on the eastern question, but instead of listening to the prime minister with the respect which he ought young Disraeli said, "It seems to me that your lordship has taken your knowledge of the east from 'The Arabian Nights.'"
Some prime ministers I have known would have snubbed the young man severely. Lord Melbourne was not of that kind. He rubbed his hands with great cheerfulness and said to the young man, "And a devilish good place to take it from!"—Lord Rosebery in an Edinburgh Address.

Warning the Eggs.
There was once an old lady in Scotland who kept a few hens. As she lived close to the house in which a church minister lived he asked her to send him two new laid eggs every morning and he would pay her for them.
So the old lady sent her girl to the minister's house every morning with two eggs, and the minister's servant always thought the eggs were newly laid because they felt quite warm, as if they had just been taken from the hen's nest.
But one day the eggs were cold, so the servant asked, "Are the eggs fresh today, Janey? They do not seem warm."
The simple girl looked at the maid and said, "Oh, ay, they're quite fresh, only my mother could not get the cat to sit on them this morning, as it ran away."

Leasting Icebergs.
The captain of an ocean steamer to most cases finds out when his vessel is approaching an iceberg from the men down in the engine room. That sounds queer, but it is a fact nevertheless. It appears that when a steamship enters water considerably colder than that through which it has been going its propeller runs faster. Such water usually surrounds the vicinities of icebergs for many miles. When the propeller's action therefore is accelerated without the steam power being increased word is passed up to the officer on the bridge that icebergs may be expected, and a close lookout for them is established. There are natural reasons for the propeller acting in this way, and sea captains will assert the same thing.

A Remarkable Shawl.
The empress of Russia was once presented with a shawl of a remarkable kind. It is contained in a box only a few inches square, in which it is ten yards square. This notable gift was the work of some women weavers in Orenberg, southern Russia, by whom it was presented. The box containing it is of wood, with hinges, knobs and fastenings of beaten silver.

Trapped.
"I saw the cutest thing today," began Miss Fanny coyly. "It was a painting of the—a—who is the name of that little dog that represents matrimony?"
"Well, now," said Mr. Timmid, "you've got me."
"Oh, Mr. Timmid, this is so sudden!"—Catholic Standard and Times.

Fores of Habit.
A burglar went home one night, fumbled noisily at the keyhole and let himself in without making a sound. He was about to creep softly upstairs when his wife appeared on the upper landing. "Dan," said she, "wrot makes you come in so quiet?" "Blame it," he belloved the burglar, "I thought I was in another house!"

The Puzzling Point.
Teacher—And did you make out a list of the nine greatest men in the history of the world, as I told you?
Willie—Almost. I can't pick out the best catcher, though, to save my neck.
—Puck.

A Taste of It.
Missionary—And do you know nothing whatever of religion?
Cannibal—Well, we got a taste of it when the last missionary was here.—Toledo Blade.

One virtue will efface many vices; one vice will efface many virtues.—La Fontaine.

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A Modern Shipwreck.

In an account of the wreck of the sailing ship Carraivan Bay on King Island, Australia, it is related that when the vessel struck the captain calmly took a cigar from his pocket, lit the end off and lit it before ordering the boats to be launched. Even this display of lack of fear did not entirely prevent some degree of panic among the men, however, and seven men pushed off in the port lifeboat, leaving twenty two to scramble into the starboard boat. In spite of the captain's orders the men in the port boat refused to come alongside, and those in the starboard boat shouted that if they did not put off the masts would fall on them. Instead of hurrying to the boat the captain stroiled to his cabin and collected his papers. After he had entered the boat he transferred five men to the port boat and made for Tasmania, 100 miles away. He and the mates steered in turn, while the men bailed with empty biscuit tins, and forty eight hours later both boats reached land—Chicago News.

Oddities of Cecil Rhodes.
He possessed few intimate friends, and not even to all of them did he disclose his hand. More acquaintances disliked his moody silences, varied with fits of rather boisterous fun. They considered him exclusive, moose, rough and overbearing. And it must be admitted that he was a good hater, violent when thwarted and at times blunt to the point of rudeness. It is difficult to be sufficiently unconventional to shock a mining camp, but he shocked it. In dress he was almost irreprehensible. He seldom took pains to ingratiate himself with any one, and a man who too openly scorns his fellows must expect to suffer social ostracism and to have his character traduced. It would be idle to deny that for a time there were unfavorable rumors in circulation regarding him or that he was in many circles unpopular. But, like Galileo, he cared for none of those things."—Sir Lewis Michell.

An Eccentric Bishop.
Bishop Wilson of Toronto had a housekeeper a venerable lady who remembered the duel between Sir Philip Francis and Warren Hastings on Aug. 17, 1780. On entering the cathedral on a Sunday morning, fully robed, lawn sleeves and all, and passing the pew where the old lady sat he would pause, and give her the "kiss of peace" before all the congregation, and this although he had met her at breakfast.
His sermons, too, were rare. Preaching against dishonesty, especially in horseflesh, as one of the great English failings in India, he went on, "Nor are we, servants of the altar, free from yielding to this temptation." Pointing to the occupant of the reading desk below him: "There is my dear and venerable brother, the archdeacon, down there. He is an instance of it. He once sold me a horse. It was unsound. I was a stranger, and he took me in."
Scientist Who Couldn't Light a Fire.
Lord Kelvin, like Lord Morley, once amused a Scottish audience with a display of ignorance. At a lecture in Edinburgh, with Lord Kelvin in the chair, the Duke of Argyll was taken suddenly ill. "When the aged peer was carried down to one of the anterooms," said a local paper, "one of the first things to be thought of was the lighting of a fire, and this task was tackled by the duke's host, Lord Kelvin. But instead of placing some paper in the grate and some wood on that in the orthodox manner he amazed the on-lookers by desperate efforts to kindle a handful of sticks at a gas burner. Ordinary mortals may be pardoned for taking some satisfaction in the fact that even so great a philosopher as Lord Kelvin did not know how to light a fire."
His Punishment.
"What makes you so late?"
"I had words with the teacher."
"Indeed?"
"Yes; I couldn't spell them."—Lippincott's.

Discretion.
Wife (whose husband, the local mayor, has just been knighted)—Have you heard from the man who offered to trace our pedigree? Husband—Yes; he has found out more than enough. Wife—What did you pay him? Husband—In college. Father—Well, stone tongue!—London Opinion.
Mother—I just got a letter from Benjamin saying how he's took up band—Fifty pounds—to hold his own bar?—Cassel Widow.

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