



# WHEN REUBEN CAME TO TOWN

BY HOWARD FIELDING.

Copyright, 1899, by C. W. Hooley.

**H**IS name, Reuben—really and truly it was—Reuben Walker, from the outskirts of Tunkhannock, Pa.

He came to town by the Pennsylvania railroad and the Cortland street ferry, and it was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon when he made his metropolitan debut.

In appearance he was somewhat like the countryman of the comic weekly, but not nearly so much as he thought he was. The fact is that Reuben was touchy upon this subject. He didn't like his name, and he didn't like his looks. He knew that his garments were rustic in design and his headgear quite unfashionable.

"I paid enough for these clothes," said he to himself, "but, darn 'em, they don't look right. They look just like me—Rube Walker from Wayback."

In particular he regretted having brought a satchel of enormous size and antiquated design; not quite the old fashioned carpetbag, but certainly suggestive of it. He could see that the cabmen around the ferryhouse observed it; the gamins of West street offered with one voice to carry it, and they grinned as they did so. On being refused one of them actually cried out, "Hey, Rube!"

Inside the big satchel was a modern handbag of conventional pattern which Reuben had bought in Tunkhannock, but at the last moment this had proved too small, so he had taken the capacious veteran that had done duty in the family for years. But he had saved the little one for use while going about New York. His business there was important. He was to buy machinery and tools for a factory in Tunkhannock of which he owned a part, and he had a big roll of bills snugly stowed away in his trousers pocket.

Reuben had been to town before, but not often. The knowledge that nothing could disguise his country appearance had kept him at home and helped to fasten upon him the very aspect, he would have been so glad to lose. But he was not a greenhorn; far, far from it. He had read of all the wiles of the bunko man. They are as familiar to him as to a New York reporter. And, moreover, he was gifted with a natural shrewdness that might well keep him from even those pitfalls which his extensive reading of the papers had failed to reveal to him.

A press of vehicles halted Reuben in the middle of West street, and at that moment he felt a hand upon his shoulder. Turning, he beheld a tall young man in a checked suit of clothes, visible beneath an overcoat with a small collar of sealskin and narrow bands of the same fur upon the wrists. His derby hat for that defect, it was tilted over a little too far upon his forehead.

"Upon my word, Mr. Atkinson," said the young man cordially, "you nearly got by me."

It was simply an insult to Reuben's intelligence, and he recognized it as such. He was conscious of wondering how it was possible for even the greenest rustic that he had ever seen to be lured into a trap by the hit the fellow over the head with the big satchel, and then another course suggested itself, more subtle, more gratifying to his soul.

He shifted the bag into his left hand and extended his right.

"How do do, how do do?" said he. "Glad to meet you, I'm sure. But, say, you've rather got the advantage of me. Who be you, anyhow?"

"My name's Stanton," replied the young man glibly. "I'm Lawyer Leland's clerk. You probably don't remember me. We've only met once before."

"No-o," said Reuben slowly; "I don't seem to place you. How's Mr. Leland? Hope he's well as usual."

"Well?" exclaimed the young man. "I should think not. He's fat on his back in bed with the grip. That's something a man of his age doesn't get over in a hurry."

"I suppose not," said Reuben.

"However," continued Stanton, "we can attend to your business at the office. There's really nothing remaining but to pay over the money."

"I'm agreeable," responded Reuben, and he allowed Stanton to lead him to a small, old fashioned building tucked away between two modern skyscrapers on William street.

On the second floor of this building was an antiquated office suit, on the outer door of which, in time worn lettering, was this sign: "Warren Leland, Attorney and Counselor at Law."

"Looks long established and respectable," was Reuben's mental comment. "These bunko men know a few things, anyhow."

Some girls were busy with typewriters in an outer office, through which they passed to a small private room.

"Now, Mr. Atkinson," said Stanton, picking up a small handbag of very ordinary pattern from beside a desk, "I'll

you'll make yourself comfortable I'll send over to the bank for the money."

Reuben eyed the handbag with close attention. He knew that it would figure in one of those lightning change tricks which are the basis of what is called the sawdust game.

As yet he knew not the exact nature of the game that money would be put into that bag in his presence and that then another bag of similar appearance, but quite empty of cash, would be substituted.

"By ginger," said Reuben to himself, "that bag's the livin' image of the one I've got in my grip. If there's goin' to be any substitutin', why shouldn't I take a hand in it myself?"

The thought made shivers run up and down his spinal column, but his face remained as impassive as a piece of meat, and he was able to converse in the most agreeable manner with Mr. Stanton while another member of the combination was supposed to be going to the bank with the little bag.

In 20 minutes or more he returned, and Stanton, in the presence of the other, who posed as an accountant of the Leland establishment, told off the satchel's contents. There were 17 \$1,000 bills and ten one hundreds. Stanton returned them to the bag and snapped the lock. Reuben watched sharply for a trick at this point, but saw none.

"Now," said Stanton, "I'll go and get the deeds."

The accountant had already left the room. Reuben was alone. This circumstance fitted too well with his desires for him to question the appearance of it. With rapid hand he changed the bags. They were not precisely alike, but the resemblance was close, and Reuben took the chance.

"Here are the deeds," said Stanton, re-entering.

Reuben looked them over. They were very carefully got up and seemed to provide in a perfectly regular manner for the transfer of a small piece of New York real estate in the borough of the Bronx from John Atkinson to the Harlem Surface Railway company for \$18,000, Warren Leland acting as counsel for both parties.

The man who had played the part of the accountant now acted as a notary and commissioner, and Reuben's signature as "John Atkinson" was duly attested.

Stanton glanced at it.

"It was your daughter who used to conduct your correspondence with us, wasn't it?" he asked, and Reuben, who had no idea what the other was driving at, answered that it was.

"I suppose you'll put this money in your safe deposit box temporarily," said Stanton, eyeing the bag somewhat anxiously.

"Yes," replied Reuben; "I thought of doin' so."

He was drenched with the perspiration of impatience, yet he maintained an outward calm. It was evident that the moment for springing the trap, whatever it might be, must have arrived. As yet Reuben had not been asked for a cent of money, and his roll of bills was still safe in his pocket.

"By the way," said Stanton, "here is Mr. Leland's bill for legal services. Of course there's no hurry about it. Still, it might be well to close up the whole transaction, and—"

"Certainly, certainly," cried Reuben, and he took the bill, which footed up almost \$1,000.

Of course he understood the game by this time. The bag into which Stanton had put the money was a mere trick bag. It could only be opened by one understanding the springs. The victim was expected to try to open it and fail.



WITH RAPID HAND HE CHANGED THE BAGS. The operator would then suggest payment out of the victim's pocket, saying that the bag could be taken to a locksmith's around the corner.

The game as a whole depended upon the willingness of the countryman to rob the swindler. Of course he knew that he wasn't "John Atkinson" and that he had no land to sell. And of course when the locksmith finally succeeded in opening the bag it would be empty, a change having been effected either in the office or on the way to the

locksmith's. In the present instance, however, the change had occurred somewhat earlier than schedule time.

"Certainly, certainly," repeated Reuben, and he produced his roll of bills. The account was paid and a receipt duly given.

"One of our boys will carry your bag to the safe deposit company for you," suggested Stanton. "That's the safe way. You walk right behind him and see that nobody gets away with your money."

"All right," said Reuben; "much obliged."

A sharp faced boy took the bag, and Reuben, after wishing Stanton and the accountant "many happy returns of the day," a pleasantry which they seemed not to fully understand, walked out of the office on two legs that felt as fit to support a man's body as two wet towels.

"I've got the brains of a swindler," said Reuben as he tottered down the stairs, "but I haven't got the nerves—nor the legs."

As he passed out of the building he saw a countryman entering, just such another as himself.

"Stickers are plenty today," said Reuben, chuckling.

At the first cross street Reuben made a hasty escape, leaving the boy to proceed wherever his fancy or his orders might take him. A cab presented itself most opportunely, and Reuben walked to dry in the throat that his breath made a rustling sound, was conveyed to the Fifth Avenue hotel, the first whose name came to his mind as he was entering the cab.

He dared not open the bag till he had reached his room, but he suffered ago-



THESE LAY THE MONEY, \$18,000!

nies. Was there any possibility of deceit? Could there be knaves shrewd enough to work a trick even under the circumstances described?

In his room his first act was to lock the door. Then he pulled the little bag out of the big one and with nervous hands wrenched it open so violently that metal and leather were torn asunder.

There lay the money, \$18,000! The bunko men were bunkoed.

Reuben remained in his room during the remainder of the afternoon. He had his dinner there, paying for it with one of the hundreds from the bag. He had a nervous time while the bill was being changed, for it might be counterfeit. That deadly possibility had just dawned on him. But the bill was good.

Reuben retired to rest about 9 o'clock, the bag under his pillow. Excitement kept him awake for several hours, but at last he sank into a heavy sleep, from which he awakened with a start to find it day.

He rang at once for the morning papers, thinking it barely possible that some hint of his adventure might have reached the press, and he was not disappointed. On the first page of The Sun was a story headed as follows: "Mr. Atkinson Was Bogus; Lawyer Leland Loses Thousands by a Clever Trick; the Lawyer Is Ill of the Grip; and His Clerk, Mark Stanton, Paid Money in a Real Estate Transaction to the Wrong Man; The Real Atkinson Arrived Just Too Late and Raised a Rumpus."

It appeared from the story that Atkinson was a man for whom Lawyer Leland had done a great deal of legal work in the past year, settling up an estate; that Atkinson had never been in Leland's office, having been ill at his home in Summit, Pa., most of the time; that none of Leland's employees except Stanton had ever seen Atkinson, and Stanton had had only a glimpse of him at his home tucked up in bed. Stanton, however, was a good deal of a "smart Aleck," as rustics say, and had assured his employer of his ability to carry through the transaction.

The story went on to tell how the sharp faced boy had discovered the loss of Reuben and had returned to the office in alarm to find Atkinson already there and the swindle known.

There was no resemblance between the two men except that they were of the same type and the same complexion and had the same fancy in the matter of whiskers.

Reuben's feelings on reading this story pass the limit of language. He meditated suicide, but finally decided to put the matter in the hands of a lawyer. A settlement was finally effected in such a way as to keep Reuben's name out of the newspapers, but the lawyer's fee was \$150, the price, as Reuben expressed it, of being "too darned smart."

Attractive. Applicant—I see you advertise for a window dresser.

Milliner—Yes, sir. Have you had much experience?

"I arranged the window display in the shop I worked in last, and every woman who passed stopped and looked in."

"That's something like. You're just the man we want. By the way, what line was your firm in?"

"Mirrors"—London Telegraph.

# SCROFULA The Blighting Disease of Heredity.

In many respects Scrofula and Consumption are alike; they develop from the same general causes, both are hereditary and dependent upon an impure and impoverished blood supply. In consumption the disease fastens itself upon the lungs; in Scrofula the glands of the neck and throat swell and inflame, the eyes are inflamed and weak; there is an almost continual discharge from the ears, the limbs swell, bones ache, and white swelling is frequently a result, causing the diseased bones to work out through the skin, producing indescribable pain and suffering. Cutting away a sore or diseased gland does no good; the blood is poisoned. The old scrofulous taint which has probably come down through several generations has polluted every drop of blood.

Scrofula requires vigorous, persistent treatment. The blood must be brought back to a healthy condition before the terrible disease can be stopped in its work of destruction. Mercury, potash and other poisonous minerals usually given in such cases do more harm than good; they ruin the digestion and leave the system in a worse condition than before.

S. S. S. is the only medicine that can reach deep-seated blood troubles like Scrofula. It goes down to the very roots of the disease and forces every vestige of poison out of the blood. S. S. S. is the only purely vegetable blood purifier known. The roots and herbs from which it is made contain wonderful blood purifying properties, which no poison, however powerful, can long resist. S. S. S. stimulates and purifies the blood, increases the appetite, aids the digestion and restores health and strength to the enfeebled body. If you have reason to think you have Scrofula, or your child has inherited any blood taint, don't wait for it to develop, but begin at once the use of S. S. S. It is a fine tonic and the best blood purifier and blood builder known, as it contains no poisonous minerals. S. S. S. is pre-eminently a remedy for children.

When my daughter was an infant she had a severe case of Scrofula, for which she was under the constant care of physicians for more than two years. She was worse at the end of that time, however, and we almost despaired of her life. A few bottles of Swift's Specific cured her completely, as it seemed to go direct to the cause of the trouble. I do not believe it has an equal for stubborn cases of blood diseases which are beyond the power of other so-called blood remedies. S. L. Brooks, Monticello, Ga.

Our medical department is in charge of experienced physicians who have made Scrofula and other blood-diseases a life study. Write them about your case, or any one you are interested in. Your letter will receive prompt and careful attention. We make no charge whatever for this.

Address, THE SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.

## Articles of Incorporation of the Norfolk Tontine Savings Association.

Know all Men by These Presents: That we, George H. Spear, H. H. Patterson and D. Williams all of the city of Norfolk, county of Madison, state of Nebraska, have associated ourselves together for the purpose of forming and becoming a corporation in said state of Nebraska for the transaction of business hereinafter described.

1. The name of this corporation shall be The Norfolk Tontine Savings Association. Its principal place of transacting business shall be in said city of Norfolk, Nebraska.

2. The nature of the business to be transacted by said corporation shall be the buying and selling of merchandise, stocks, bonds and other securities.

3. The capital stock of said company shall be thirty thousand dollars to be issued in shares of one hundred dollars each, to be issued as required by the board of directors, and paid up in full at the time of issuance.

4. The existence of this corporation shall commence on the twenty-second day of June, 1900, and continue until the twenty-second day of June, 1950, unless sooner dissolved by the mutual consent of its stockholders.

5. The business of said company shall be conducted by a board of directors, not to exceed three in number, to be elected by the stockholders, at such time and in such manner as shall be prescribed by the by-laws.

6. The officers of said corporation shall be a president, a secretary and a treasurer, who shall be chosen by the board of directors, and shall hold office for a period of one year, or, until their successors shall be elected and qualified.

7. The highest amount of indebtedness to which said corporation shall, at any time, subject itself, shall not be more than two-thirds of said capital stock.

8. The manner of holding stockholders' meetings and the method of conducting the business of this corporation, shall be as provided by the by-laws of said corporation.

In witness whereof the undersigned have hereunto set their hands this 22nd day of June, A. D. 1900.

D. WILLIAMS,  
GEO. H. SPEAR,  
H. H. PATTERSON.

State of Nebraska, ss  
Madison county, ss

On this 23rd day of June, 1900, before me the undersigned, a notary public, duly commissioned and qualified and residing in said county, personally appeared the above named George H. Spear and D. Williams and H. H. Patterson, who are personally known to me to be the identical persons whose names are affixed to the above instrument, and they acknowledged the same to be their voluntary act and deed.

Witness my hand and notarial seal the day last above written.

W. H. BECHTOLD,  
Notary Public.

Free of Charge.

Any adult suffering from a cold settled on the breast, bronchitis, throat or lung troubles of any nature, who will call at A. K. Leonard's, will be presented with a sample bottle of Boschee's German Syrup, free of charge. Only one bottle given to one person and none to children without order from parents.

No throat or lung remedy ever had such a sale as Boschee's German Syrup in all parts of the civilized world. Twenty years ago millions of bottles were given away, and your druggist will tell you its success was marvelous. It is really the only throat and lung remedy generally endorsed by physicians. One 75 cent bottle will cure or prove its value. Sold by dealers in all civilized countries.

Democrats have tried hard to prove Dewey a tyrant and a liar, as compared with their great and good friend, Aguinaldo, but when their anti-expansion policy is assailed and argument becomes too close for comfort they delight to point out Dewey as a democrat and refer to his achievements as democratic results. They become very desperate at times and are inclined to forget history and their record.

A Mountain Tourist

In search of grand and beautiful scenery finds such a profusion of riches in Colorado that before planning a trip it will be well for you to gain all the information possible. The Denver & Rio Grande railroad publishes a series of useful illustrated pamphlets, all of which may be obtained by writing S. K. Hooper, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Denver, Colo.

G. A. R.

Annual reunion, Chicago, Ill., August 27—September 1st. One fare for the round trip via the Union Pacific.

Tickets on sale from Utah, from Wyoming and Colorado, from Kansas and Nebraska. For limit on tickets, time tables and full information call on

F. W. JENSEN, Agent.



SHE WAS BLIND.

A blindness comes to me now and then. I have it now. It is queer—I can see your eyes but not your nose. I can't read because some of the letters are blurred; dark spots cover them; it is very uncomfortable.

I know all about it; it's DYSPEPSIA. Take one of these; it will cure you in ten minutes.

What is it?  
A Ripans Tabule.

WANTED—A case of bad health that R.I.P.A.N.S. will not benefit. They banish pain and prolong life. One after another. Note the word R.I.P.A.N.S. on the package and accept no substitute. R.I.P.A.N.S. is for 5 cents or twelve packets for 50 cents, mailed at any drug store. For samples and one, three, five and ten packets will be mailed to any address for 5 cents, forwarded to the Ripans Chemical Co., 30 Spruce St., New York.

# Cramer's Kidney and Liver Cure

Have been used and are HIGHLY ENDORSED

by many persons who have been cured, who cheerfully testify to their curative qualities. Read the following testimonials:

OMAHA, March 9, 1900.

CRAMER CHEMICAL COMPANY: CRAMER'S KIDNEY CURE is everything you claim for it—even more. One bottle did me so much good, and now I am on my second bottle, which has done me more good than all the doctors and all the medicine I have ever taken. Would be glad to correspond with any one suffering from kidney, liver or bladder complaint.

Gus DETMERS,  
2515 Douglas St., Omaha.

OMAHA, March 18, 1900.

Mr. John E. Himoe, the manager of the hat department at Browning, King & Co., had made arrangements to change climate, as his health was so impaired, caused by kidney trouble, he could not work. A friend advised him to try a bottle of Cramer's Kidney Cure. After taking only one bottle, he changed his mind and is today a well man. Mr. Himoe will be pleased to tell all his friends what a wonderful remedy Cramer's Kidney Cure is.

Signed JOHN E. HIMOE.  
Traveling Salesman for the Newton Proprietary Co.

# Cramer's Kidney and Liver Cures

Kidney and Liver troubles, and is not recommended to cure all diseases that flesh is heir to, and we do not recommend any one to take it who does not need it; but if you need it and take it the Remedy will cure you.

CRAMER CHEMICAL CO., Albany, N. Y.  
Insist on having CRAMER'S. Take no substitute. Sold by all druggists. \$1.00 per Bottle. \$5.00 for Six Bottles.

Hon. John O. Veiser, a member of the Neb. Legislature, and author of "Labor as Money" who received a large vote and came very near being nominated for Governor of Neb., writes us: "I am using Dr. Kay's Renovator and Dr. Kay's Lung Balm in my family. Several remarkable cures right here in Omaha caused me to grant them a trial. I regard them as the best remedies ever brought to my notice."

Shun substitutes. Remedies "just as good" as Dr. Kay's Renovator and Dr. Kay's Lung Balm are not made or sold anywhere. If not at drug store, we will send them postpaid on receipt of price: Dr. Kay's Lung Balm, 10 and 25 cts.; Dr. Kay's Renovator, 25c and 50c; six for \$5. Free Medical Advice Sample and Book for the asking. Address Dr. B. J. Kay Medical Co., Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

SOLD BY KOENIGSTEIN'S PHARMACY AND KIESAU DRUG CO.

..TRY THE..  
Daily News Job Department