ORLEANS INDEPENDENT STANDARD.

VOLUME 14--NUMBER 34. BARTON, VERMONT, TUESDAY, AUGUST 24, 1869. WHOLE NUMBER 670.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

J. C. ALLEN—Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Newport, Vt.

CHARLES I. VAIL,—Attorney, Bounty and Claim Agent, Irasburgh, Vt.

DALE & ROBINSON—Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, Barton, Vt. Pension, Bounties and all Military Claims procured.
GEO. N. DALE. J. B. ROBINSON.

WM. W. GROUT—Attorney and Counsellor at Law and Claim Agent, Barton, Vt. Will attend the Courts in Orleans and Caledonia Counties.

E. E. RAWSON—Watchmaker and Jeweller, Barton, Vt. Dealer in Clocks, Watches, Jewellry, Silver and Plated Ware *

WM. JOSLYN & SONS—Apothecaries and Wholesale Druggists, Barton, Vt.

R. H. LITTLE—Proprietor of the Barton Hotel, Barton, Vt. This House is within five rods of the depot. The Stages all stop at this House. Also a good Livery in connection with the same.

GRANDY, SKINNER & PARKER—Dealers in Groceries and General Hardware, Barton Landing, Vt. Agents for Nails, Plows, Stoves, &c., at Wholesale and Retail.

HUBBARD & SON — House, Sign and Carriage Painters. Barton, Vt. Imitators of Wood and Marble, Paper Hangers, Glaziers, &c., &c.
M. HUBBARD. L. M. HUBBARD.

O. B. RAMSEY—Carriage Painter, Barton, Vt.—Over Ufford's Carriage Shop.

J. E. DWINELL—Dealer in all modern styles of Furniture, Carpets, Room Paper, Cloth Curtains, Fixtures, Tassels and Cord ; also a good assortment of Coffins and Caskets.

J. T. BOWLER,

Agent for the Orleans County Marble Works at Barton, would return his thanks to the public for their patronage the last eight years and would say that he is now prepared to finish

GRAVE STONES, MONUMENTS,

and all work usually found in a Marble Shop at

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES,

he would also say that the Marble Shop known as the M. J. & K. E. Smith's Shop, under the basement of Kimball & Pierce's store, whose course has been so short lived, has this day ceased to exist, he having purchased what marble they had on hand. It is a

Well-Known Fact

tha such a Shop as is superintended by Bowler, who has such

Excellent Water Facilities,

for polishing and Can furnish work at prices that no man can live and pay his help, who does his work by hand. Now is your time to purchase in winter when we have more time to finish, and we will set up next summer to

SUIT THE CUSTOMERS.

Come one come all and see as before purchasing elsewhere, we have a

STANDARD STOCK

on hand.

Granite Monuments

always on hand.

Remember the place, Water Street, at the old Stand, opposite D. R. Hunt's Boot and Shoe shop. All orders should be addressed to
J. T. BOWLER, Agent.
☞Perfect satisfaction guaranteed according to contract. 4

PAINT SHOP.

In "Bowler's Building," next door to Sash, Door and Blind Manufactory, Barton, Vt.

Painting, Glazing, Whitewashing,
—AND—
PAPER HANGING, &c.
executed and satisfaction guaranteed.
18y1 FRED. H. MORSE, Painter.

GROCERY STORE.

The Subscriber has just opened a new Grocery Store, opposite the Barton Drug Store, where he will keep for sale everything usually found in a first class Grocery, such as

BUTTER, CHEESE,
LARD, PORK,

and Provisions. Also those splendid Bottled Pickles, Ketchups and Pepper Sauce,

Raisins, Figs, Oranges, Lemons, Nuts, Candies, and Cigars,

ALSO

Temperance Drinks,

AND

SUMMER BEVERAGES,

that are good to take,

LORILLARD'S BEST CHEWING TOBACCO,
NAVY CLIPPINGS,
AND
YOUNG AMERICA,
WITH OTHER
KNICK KNACKS

which he proposes to sell as

LOW AS POSSIBLE

and live. Please call and I will endeavor to suit you in

PRICE AND QUALITY.

Come one, come all.
GEO. C. DAVIS.
Barton, June 28, 1869. 26

PHOTOGRAPHS.

PRICES REDUCED

—AT—

J. N. WEBSTER'S ROOMS.

Card Photographs, Tin Types and all sizes, cheaper than any other place in the County. I have a large assortment of

STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS
OF THE
WHITE MOUNTAINS, NIAGARA,

and other scenery, consisting of some of the best views in the world, which will be sold from $1 10 to $2 00 per dozen.

STEREOSCOPES

from $1 50 to $2 00 each. Oval Picture Frames from 50 cents to $1 50 each.

SQUARE FRAMES

at just what the moulding costs without any charge for making.

ALBUMS

holding 50 pictures from 75 cents to $3 00 each. A lot of

STEEL ENGRAINGS,

Chromos, Lithographs, will be sold for just what they cost in Boston.

WINDOW AND PICTURE GLASS

of all sizes cheap, Picture Cord and Knobs of all kinds. And everything pertaining to the picture business.
J. N. WEBSTER.
Barton, June 8, 1869. 23

BIBLE DEPOSITORY.

The depository for Orleans County Society has been removed from Coventry to the Congregational Parsonage at Barton, where will be kept a good supply of Bibles, Testaments, &c., published by the American Bible Society, which will be sold at cost.

Notice is also given to all having accounts with the Depository, or Treasurer, that they must report to me at once, and be prepared by the first of September next, to pay all moneys due.
WM. A. ROBINSON,
Depositary and Treasurer.
Barton, July 15, 1869. 30

SEW IT SEAMS,

That the Sewing Machine on the brain did not kill Uncle Dudley after all, on the contrary he SEAMS much better now than when first taken, having at present only

SLIGHT ATTACKS OF IT

WEDNESDAYS AND THURSDAYS

of each week. The remainder of the time he can be found at

THE OLD STAND

near the New Mill in

CRAFTSBURY,

ready to wait upon his old patrons and such new one's as choose to employ him. Particular attention will be paid to

HORSE SHOEING,

in which department he believes he can

S U I T

any who will give him a fair trial ; also, Job Work done on short notice, and at reasonable prices. In the

SEWING MACHINE LINE

he can furnish anything that may be wanted from a cheap

SINGLE THREAD MACHINE,

TO A

FULL CABINET GOLD MEDAL.

—OR—

W E E D.

Every Machine sold by me will be furnished by Cheney, direct from his Rooms in Barton, and will be

SOLD AT THE SAME PRICES

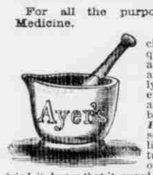
that he sells them for. I am also agent for the American

FRUIT AND LARD PRESS,

for pressing and straining lard and all kinds of small fruits. Price, with three strainers, only $2 50. Please give me a call, get your horse shod, buy your wife one of those Champion Gold Medal Sewing Machines and be happy.
H. DUDLEY.
No. Craftsbury, Aug. 1, 1869. 32w6

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

For all the purposes of a Laxative Medicine.



Perhaps no one medicine is so universally required by everybody as a cathartic, nor was ever any before so universally adopted into use, in every country and among all classes, as this mild but efficient purgative *Pill*. The obvious reason is, that it is a more reliable and far more effectual remedy than any other. Those who have tried it, know that it cured them; those who have not, know that it cures their neighbors and friends, and all know that what it does once it does always—that it never fails through any fault or neglect of its composition. We have thousands upon thousands of certificates of their remarkable cures of the following complaints, but such cures are known in every neighborhood, and we need not publish them. Adapted to all ages and conditions in all climates; containing neither calomel or any deleterious drug, they may be taken with safety by anybody. Their sugar coating preserves them ever fresh and makes them pleasant to take, while being purely vegetable no harm can arise from their use in any quantity.

They operate by their powerful influence on the internal viscera to purify the blood and stimulate it into healthy action—remove the obstructions of the stomach, bowels, liver, and other organs of the body, restoring their irregular action to health, and by correcting, wherever they exist, such derangements as are the first origin of disease.

Minute directions are given in the wrapper on the box, for the following complaints, which these *Pills* rapidly cure:—

For **Dyspepsia** or **Indigestion, Listlessness, Languor** and **Loss of Appetite**, they should be taken moderately to stimulate the stomach and restore its healthy tone and action.

For **Liver Complaint** and its various symptoms, **Bilious Headache, Sick Headache, Jaundice** or **Green Sickness, Bilious Colic** and **Bilious Fevers**, they should be judiciously taken for each case, to correct the diseased action or remove the obstructions which cause it.

For **Dysentery** or **Diarrhœa**, but one mild dose is generally required.

For **Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the Side, Back** and **Loins**, they should be continuously taken, as required, to change the diseased action of the system. With such change those complaints disappear.

For **Dropsy** and **Dropsical Swellings** they should be taken in large and frequent doses to produce the effect of a drastic purge.

For **Suppression** a large dose should be taken as it produces the desired effect by sympathy.

As a *Dinner Pill*, take one or two *Pills* to promote digestion and relieve the stomach.

An occasional dose stimulates the stomach and bowels into healthy action, restores the appetite, and invigorates the system. Hence it is often advantageous where no serious derangement exists. One who feels tolerably well, often finds that a dose of these *Pills* makes him feel decidedly better, from their cleansing and renovating effect on the digestive apparatus.

DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Practical Chemists,
LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.

For sale by WM. JOSLYN & SONS, Barton.

ECONOMY IS WEALTH.

Just received a lot of

COCHECO REMNANTS

—OF—

P R I N T S ,

from 1 1-2 to 15 yards in the piece and are sold

AT MUCH LESS PRICE THAN THE REGULAR GOODS COST.

ALSO

THE PATENT

GEM FRUIT JAR,

(ALL GLASS)

SELF SEALING.

It challenges and defies all

COMPETITION.

It is the best Jar in use. Call and see them.
HALL & JOSLYN.
Barton, July 27, 1869. 30

NEW GOODS, AND NEW STYLES

—OF—

SPRING MILLINERY.

MARY P. WOODMAN

Of Barton, Vermont, has returned from her Spring visit to Boston, with a carefully selected stock of the freshest Goods of the season, Bonnets, Hats, Ribbons, Laces, Flowers, Crapes, &c., &c., Elegant Styles! Moderate Prices! All chosen with a particular view to the requirements of her customers.

Pattern Bonnets and Hats made in the most Attractive Styles by skillful and Experienced Operators.

Newest Patterns for Dress & Outside Garments
19 Stebbins' Block, Barton, Vt.

IRASBURGH HOUSE.
FOUR MILES FROM
CONN. & PASS. RIVER RAILROAD.
L. F. EDGERTON, PROPRIETOR.

Conveyance to and from the Station on arrival of all trains. Also a good Livery in connection with the House. 26

TEETH EXTRACTED WITHout Pain by Dr. G. W. MILES of Lyndon, for those who employ him to make their new ones, and a full set furnished; are a NEW MATERIAL, superior to Rubber for $30, $35 and $40. Using best Teeth and Material besides, guaranteeing satisfaction or money refunded. 28w4,

The Toll-Bar.

Upon the road of real life, there was, at one time, no object so familiar as the turnpike, although it is an institution that is passing away from many districts, and in London (save at the bridges) has altogether disappeared. According (if we remember aright) to Mr. Samuel Weller, a turnpike-man was, or should have been, a misanthrope, living in solitude, and taking delight on wet and snowy days, in seeing the passengers through his bar disengage themselves from their warm wraps and fumble in their pockets with numbed hands for the ticket or the money. Certainly, many toll-gates were placed in lonely spots enough, and apparently as far from other human habitations as possible; and such a one was the Alford Gate, on the Great North Road and near the Border. It was near nothing else: placed in the centre of a bleak and treeless moor, and visible on both sides for miles to the occupant of the box-seat as the coach came spanking along with its four bays, or to the postboys, as they spurred their horses to the gallop, for the occupants of the chaise behind them were often in a hurry in that locality, it being but a stage or two from Gretna Green. Except for such swift-pass-company as these, the turnpike saw few visitors; and in winter-time, even on such a highway, the traffic dwindled down to small proportions, and sometimes, when the snow was deep, even ceased for a day or two, so far as wheels were concerned, altogether. But still the horn would be heard sounding cheerily over the white waste of snow, and the guard of the mail, in his scarlet coat, would go riding by with the letter-bags as quickly as the "balling" snow would permit him. The coach had been obliged to stop at the wayside inn on the other side of the moor, even less fortunate, was, with its three remaining horses, stuck fast upon the road.

In such seasons the Alford Gate would be lonesome indeed, and the two ancient women who kept it (for there was no man), found their position anything but agreeable. They had, it is true, a good store of provisions always laid up against such occasions, and plenty of money accrued to them at the same period, for they could not go to the country town to lodge it in the bank. This last circumstance was a source of well-founded apprehension to them. Mrs. Alison, the widow of the late toll-keeper, and who had at his decease succeeded to "the trust," and her sister, Ellen Bates, were both somewhat ancient dames, and of course could not have defended their little mansion against the attacks of even a single robber, while their nearest protector, Jacob Wright, the blacksmith, dwelt at least two miles away across the moor. Often and often had he and his wife, over a dish of tea at the toll-gate, sympathized with these good ladies and done their best to comfort them after their several fashions—the wife, by acknowledging the reasonableness of their apprehension, and dwelling upon its social points of horror—the murder of both hostesses, for instance, that would probably precede the spoliation of their dwelling, the husband, by treating their fears as chimerical, and even demonstrating to them how all risk of loss might be avoided by entrusting what money they took in the house by day to the guard of the evening mail for deposit at Wellborough, the nearest country town.

On a certain afternoon in early winter, when Mr. and Mrs. Wright were thus partaking of the hospitality of the sisters, the conversation had especially run in this particular groove; the snow, although not deep, had already fallen in sufficient quantities to keep from travelling all who were not compelled to do so by necessity, and the two poor women felt that their lonesome season had set in, and were depressed in spirits accordingly. There was a good deal of money in the old tin case, which was their strong box, for the cold and searching winds that had lately swept the moor had kept both the good ladies from going into Wellborough, and they now bewailed this accumulation of wealth—wealth, however, which was not their own, of course, but that of the turnpike trust—as likely to prove their destruction. Some ill-looking fellows had slouched by the gate that very morning, and one of them, under pretence of wanting a glass of water, had made his way into their little dwelling.

"Then send on the money, as I have advised you fifty times before," quoth honest Jacob, "by the next coach, and then you will be easy in your mind."

"Ay, ay," said Mrs. Alison in her quavering voice, "that is all very well if one could persuade wicked people that this had been done. But when robbers are disappointed of booty, they are more bloodily inclined than at any other time."

"And of course," observed Ellen Bates, "we had much rather lose our money—and especially the commissioners' money—than our lives."

"Yes, indeed," assented the well-meaning Mrs. Wright, "though it is not even losing one's life which may be the worst of it, for did you not read in the newspaper only last winter that some men with masks broke into a lonely toll-house, just such as this might be, and put the poor toll-keeper on the fire and held him there, because he would not tell them where the money was, and they did not believe what was the genuine truth, that it had been sent away for safety."

"Gad a' mercy, Mrs. Wright, you make my flesh creep!" shuddered Ellen Bates, "and I do greatly wish—only I would never leave my sister here alone—that I was going home with you and your good husband, to-night."

"Come home with us, both of you, by all means," exclaimed the blacksmith, with a good-humored laugh, "and leave the toll-bar to take care of itself."

"Nay, that would be a pretty thing, indeed," said the widow, gravely shaking her head; "if we must be murdered, then we must—or at least *I* must, for Ellen, of course, is free to go if she chooses—but I will do my duty by my employers, let what will come of it."

"You're an honest woman," observed the blacksmith, approvingly, "and I hope you will never suffer for sticking to your duty."

"Ah, she's a martyr to it, as I am always telling her," remarked Ellen Bates. "The times and times she gets up in the middle of night to put that gate open and let folks pass, and perhaps only to take a ticket from the last gate; and then after all, to be robbed by burglars—for that's what'll be the end of it all, I feel sure!"

"And I must say I've got a feeling of the same sort," added Mrs. Alison, solemnly; "I'm not a superstitious person, but the idea has struck me of late, so as I have turned icy cold with it a dozen times."

"But I see your doors and windows are very well guarded," said the blacksmith, still doing his best to reassure his hostess; "and before any villain could make his way through so much wood and iron, there is no knowing what help may not come along the road."

"Ah, but it's only our door and lower windows that are safe," Mr. Wright," broke in Ellen Bates; "and any wretch has but to take the chicken-ladder from the yard and set it up against our bed-room window, and he's in the house in two minutes."

"To be sure, the villain might do *that*," said the blacksmith, in the tone of one convinced against his will."

"Well, I do pity you both," observed Mrs. Wright, in a tone of genuine commiseration. "But it's getting near dusk, Jacob, and high time for you and me to be going. And thanks, I am sure, to you Mrs. Alison, and to you, Miss Bates, for a most cheerful and pleasant afternoon." For the two sisters were understood to bear the expenses of the household, and consequently of any occasion of hospitality, in equal shares.

When the bluff blacksmith and his kindly wife had taken their leave, the tenants of the little toll-house found themselves (as well they might) more dispirited than ever. Their fears, indeed, grew to such a pitch as to become the very presentiments which they had hitherto perhaps only imagined them to be.

"Something will surely happen to us this very night, Mary," whispered Ellen, in melo-dramatic accents; "and I shouldn't wonder if it did, Ellen," was the widow's discouraging reply. In short, the two old ladies, who had as yet no experience as unprotected females of a toll-gate winter, were fairly panic-stricken.

It was quite a relief to them when, about six o'clock, they heard the cry of "Gate" and the sound of wheels, for they did not fear that robbers would come otherwise than on foot, and every honest face was welcome to them at such a time. What was their joy, then, to find in the present passer-by an old and trusted friend, Mark Palmer, a travelling peddler, but who in this season used a cart to carry his wares, which were of a somewhat costly nature. He threw a rug over his mare and fastened her to the gate, while he got out to have a crack and a glass of spirits with the sisters. He was a short but resolute-looking fellow, of middle age, whose calling in those times exposed him to more danger than we have any idea of now-a-days; and he carried with him for protection, an enormous mastiff, who remained in his cart on guard while he entered the house. He could not fail to remark the downcast appearance of the women, who were eager enough to communicate to him the cause. "Well, in my opinion," observed he, when he had heard their woes, "this alarm of yours is all moonshine. You're terrifying yourselves about nothing. Why, there's the coach at eleven; and the horse patrol at any time in the night; and you've strong doors and windows, as your friend the blacksmith has told you; while, I dare say, you have not one-tenth of the money's worth in your cash-box that I have in my cart yonder, and I have never been robbed yet—and don't intend to be."

"We've more than forty pounds there," said the widow, pointing to the cupboard, which contained this treasure, as well as her little store of tea and marmalade, "for it was Wellborough market the day before yesterday, when scores and scores ride through the bar, and we've not been able to cross the moor since."

"Forty pounds is a good deal of money," said the pedler thoughtfully, "and affords the greater temptation because it's all in coin."

"That is so indeed, Mr. Palmer," pleaded Ellen Bates, clasping her hands; "and oh, if you would be so kind just for this one night—for it's sure to happen to-night—to stay and protect us; we've got a stall for the mare; and we could give you a nice little supper, and make you quite comfortable down in the warm kitchen here."

"It would," added the widow, impressively; "for otherwise, I feel certain we shall come to harm."

Pooh, pooh, Mrs. Alison! you will come to nothing of the kind. I am surprised at you—who are so used to toll-keeping—being so foolishly nervous. It is out of the question that I can stop here. But I tell you what I'll do. I have only to get to Wellborough to-night, and do not apprehend any mischief between here and there; so I'll leave you my dog Towzer to keep guard. He's as good as any constable: and to-morrow—when your unlucky night has passed—I'll call for him again. But when I'm gone, just hitch the toll gate back, and don't open door or window again to-night, or the dog may run out and be after me."

The two sisters overwhelmed their friend with thanks, as he strode to the door and whistled to his dog, who at once sprang into the kitchen, which seemed to shrink in its proportions at his presence, he was such a very large dog; half mastiff and half St. Bernard, with shoulders as broad as those of a prize-fighter, and hanging jaw and terrible teeth, and with a growl that was as assuring to his master when danger threatened as it was depressing to his antagonist.

"There he is, ladies," said the pedler, introducing this formidable animal to their notice; "a dog as has not his equal in the north for courage, and who, when he lays hold of an enemy, has never yet been known to let go except at his master's voice. Have you, Towzer?"

Whereupon Towzer brought up from his capacious chest some canine monosyllable that seemed to sound like "no," and which echoed gloomily through the little house, and died away upon the moor outside.

When the night mail went by at a hand gallop—a mere passing vision of winged steeds and wrapped-up figures—matters became still worse, for the tenents of the little toll-house felt that no well disposed human creature could now be expected until morning. They retired to their bed-room on the upper floor, taking the dog with them; but they did not undress—for it seemed to their ballanced minds a matter of certainty that the night would not pass by without some catastrophe. They lay down together on the bed and listened, while the mastiff crouched upon the floor, his huge jowl half hidden in his paws, and wholly undisturbed by the elemental strife without. Once only, when a pane of glass—which, however, they knew had been previously loosened—fell with a crash on the kitchen floor below, he raised his monstrous head and muttered thunder. Two candles were kept burning, and well lit up the little room. It was about one o'clock that a short lull took place in the tempest, and Mrs. Alison distinctly heard the sound of footsteps in the back yard. Her sister, who had been asleep for a few moments in spite of herself, had not heard the noise, and, as usual in such cases, affirmed that she had been broad awake, and must have been conscious of the incident had it occurred. The widow did not waste words in argument, but whispered in trembling accents: "Look at the dog." It was evident enough that Towzer had heard something which required an explanation, for he opened his great eyes and lifted his ears, although remaining otherwise unmoved. "They have gone to get the chicken-ladder, continued the widow in tones of calm despair; that is what I always said they would do." And indeed, in a few minutes, there was a dull thud against the window-sill without, such as would be produced by placing the ends of a ladder upon it. It was not a dark night when the swift flying clouds permitted, as now, the moon to show herself; yet neither of the women dared look through the pane. They kept their eyes fixed on the dog, in whom their sole hope now rested. The appearance of that magnificent creature was indeed (if taey had been in a condition to appreciate it artistically,) almost sublime.

He had risen in an instant, but without sound, and placed himself under the threatened spot—the window; every hair in his body appeared alive with excitement; his eyes grew bloodshot, and wore an expression of concentrated fury; but his teeth remained as yet in their sheaths, except their white points, which showed under the wrinkled upper lip.

The heavy shuffling step of some man upon the rounds of the ladder could now be heard—the fall of the knee as well as that of the foot, because the ladder was boarded—and then was placed upon fragile fastening of the casement.

Then, for the first time, the dog gave audible token of his presence; hoarse and terrible menace broke from his now open jaws. It was not a growl and still less a bark. The man evidently heard it, for the noise at the window ceased, but he did not seem to recognize it as the thing was.

"He is sure to have pistols, and will shoot the dog," whispered Ellen Bates through her chattering teeth. She was a lady who always "speculated by the fall."

The widow did not speak, and perhaps could not. She fancied she could hear the very breathing of the man without. After a short pause the window was slowly lifted up to its full height, and a man whose features were concealed by a piece of black crape, pushed his head and shoulders into the room. The next moment he uttered a shrill cry of terror as the huge mastiff sprang at his throat, before he could put up his hands to save it, and bore him headlong to the floor. To see him battling with so terrible a foe at such a disadvantage, his body half without and half within the room, would, under any other circumstances, have aroused the good woman's compassion, but horror and alarm so wholly possessed them that they had no room for pity. They fled from the room, and out of the house, passing close beside the ladder, on the top of which so frightful a combat was proceeding, and dashed across the moor toward the blacksmith's house. The horrid growlings of the dog and the shrieks of the man which filled their ears before they could undo the fastenings of the door, seemed to pursue them across the waste.

Bareheaded and uncloaked as they were, heeded not the bitter wind, nor were they conscious of fatigue, nor did they spend their precious breath in speech, but pushed on at their utmost speed. To their great joy, as they drew near the cottage, they beheld a light at the upper window, and congratulated themselves that they would be let in at once, and find shelter and protection from that friendly household. They beat frantically at the door; and presently a quavering voice, through the keyhole, demanded who was there and what was wanted. They hardly recognized the voice of the blacksmith's wife, and she, on her part, had never heard the accents of her friends so shrill and piteous. The fact was, that her good man was out, and she was almost as frightened at such an unseasonable visit as they were themselves. Then the widow and her sister remembered for the first time how honest Jacob had told them in the afternoon that he should have business in Wellborough that evening; but neither they nor Mrs. Wright had any idea that it would delay him so late, and the fact now seemed deplorable enough to all of them. "They've beguiled him to drink at the public house," cried Mrs. Wright, in injured tones, "until he thought he might just as well stay where he was till morning; and it ain't the first time nor the second, Mrs. Alison. And I am right glad of this what has happened to-night (for the fugitives had told their tale) will be a lesson to him not to leave me lonesome here again as long as he lives." To this sanguine view of man's reformation, it is probable that under less thrilling circumstances, the experienced widow might have taken exception; but she could think and speak of nothing now save that which she had lately gone through, and the horrible scene that was perhaps even still being enacted at the toll-house.

"Nay, but if the dog be anything of a mastiff," reasoned Mrs. Wright, whose father had chanced to be connected with a canine fancy, and who therefore was an authority in the matter, "he has either killed the man by this time or the man has killed him, and made of with the toll-money. Unless he shot him, bless you, or could have got at him to cut his throat, you may depend on't he's a dead man."

"Dearey me! I wonder how it has turned out!" ejaculated Ellen Bates.

"I wonder too!" echoed the widow. "If, as you say, there can now be no danger, Mrs. Wright—"

"Lord a' mercy! you aint thinking of going back again?" interrupted Ellen.

"I will go if Mrs. Wright will go," answered the widow resolutely; "that is, when the daylight comes."

And rather than be left alone, Ellen Bates agreed to accompany the other two.

Accordingly at the first gray streaks of dawn, the three women, though with beating hearts, crossed the moor to the toll-house, against the upper window of which the ladder was still reared. With fearful steps they ventured into the kitchen, where all things seemed undisturbed, and were about to go up stairs, concluding that both dog and man had fled, when Ellen Bates pointed to the ceiling, on the white surface of which appeared a huge red stain, which was evidently soaked through from the floor above. At the same moment a noise from the same direction seemed to freeze their blood. It was the sound of some heavy body being dragged over the boards, accompanied by a low and savage growling.

"The dog has killed the wretched man, and is worrying the body," said Mrs. Wright, in a hoarse whisper; "it is the way they do with vermin."

"This is too horrible!" ejaculated the widow, with her foot on the stairs. "The mastiff will not hurt me, at all events, I will do my best to stop it."

It was in vain that the others tried to dissuade her. She overcame her terrors sufficiently to enable her to reach the open chamber door, where a frightful spectacle presented itself. The burglar, a large and powerfully built man, was on the floor, quite dead; while the mastiff, with his teeth still fast in the throat of his foe, and growling savagely, was dragging the mangled corpse hither and thither over the floor. The body of the dog for a moment concealed his victim, so that his face, from which the black crape had been torn, was at first invisible, but the next movement of the animal revealed it. As it did so, a terrible shriek burst from the lips of Mrs. Wright, who had followed close upon the widow's footsteps, and she fell heavily upon the floor in a swoon; for the would-be thief that lay dead before her was no other than her own husband, the blacksmith!

TROUBLE AMONG THE MORMONS.—The Utah Reporter (a Gentile paper) says that matters have become very unpleasant to Brigham Young since the arrival of David and Alexander Smith, sons of the prophet Joe, at Salt Lake City, and that among the Saints many a heart beat high with hope that the expectation of years was about to be realized, and that the youthful deliverer had at last come in the person of Prince David. For years past he has been looked upon by the Mormons, who were not in the ring with Brigham, as the one who should deliver them from the worse than Egyptian bondage in which they have existed so long. On the Sunday afternoon after their arrival they held a meeting in Independence Hall, which was crowded, at which David Smith spoke acceptably upon the subject of his religion. He is reported to have spoken in substance as follows:

"He claims, and probably firmly believes, that his father was a prophet and received the ministration of angels, had visions, dreams, etc., and was the living oracle through which God spoke to his people. He bears testimony to the fact that his elder brother, Joseph, now at Plane, Illinois, is the rightful successor to his father, and that, per consequence, Brigham is a usurper, having no right to the place he occupies, receiving no revelation and leading those under him into ways of darkness, ignorance and error. He denounces the doctrines of polygamy and Adam worship, and the arguments used by him to prove his propositions were forcible and pointed, and drawn from the standard Mormon works, such as the Book of Mormon and the Doctrine and Covenants, as well as the Bible. He told the people that he knew their grievances and the errors they had been taught, for he had read the published sermons of Brigham and his satellites and understood the whole subject."

David Smith is undoubtedly the most formidable opponent that Brigham has yet had to deal with, for he is firmly rooted in the hearts of the great mass of the Mormon people. As his mother was called the Elect Lady, so is he claimed to be the expected one, the deliverer, the Prince of David, spoken of by Isaiah, who should deliver his people from the bondage in which they are oppressed. He whose destiny it seems to be to break up the despotic power of Brigham and inaugurate a new order of things in Utah is a young man of pleasing address and prepossessing appearance, about 22 years of age, and a fluent speaker upon the subject of his religion.

DEAD BODY OF A MURDERER FOUND.—We learn from the Providence Journal that the body of the young man, Mowry Irons, who on the 21st of June last murdered his wife in Burrillville, was on Saturday discovered in a swamp not far from the house in which he lived. The bones were bleached as white as though they had lain there a year, but identification was complete by means of the clothing, hair and contents of the pockets. In the fleshless hand was found a pistol, and the solution of the affair appears to be, as has been deemed probable for some time, from his long continued disappearance, that upon shooting his wife he ran into the woods and swamp, remaining near the house until the fatal result was known, when he rashly ended his own life also by the same instrument.

THE FIRE THAT "OLD NICK" BUILT.—An exchange has found the following imitation of the style of "The House that Jack Built." Its familiarity as a household favorite in certain quarters would do good.

Intemperance.—This is the fire that Old Nick built.

Moderate Drinking.—This is the fuel that feeds the fire that Old Nick built.

Rum Selling.—This is the ax that cuts the wood, that feeds the fire that Old Nick built.

Love of Money.—This is the stone that grinds the ax, that chops the wood, that feeds the fire that Old Nick built.

Public Opinion.—This is the sledge with its face of steel, that batters the stone, that grinds the ax, that cuts the wood, that feeds the fire that Old Nick built.

A Temperance Meeting.—This is one of the blows we quietly deal, to fashion the sledge with its face of steel, that batters the stone, that grinds the ax, that cuts the wood, that feeds the fire that Old Nick built.

Temperance Pledge.—This is the smith that works with a will, to give force to the blows we quietly deal, to fashion the sledge with its face of steel, that batters the stone, that grinds the ax, that cuts the wood, that feeds the fire that Old Nick built.

Eternal Truth.—This is the spirit so gentle and still, that nerves the smith to work with a will, to give force to the blows we quietly deal, to fashion the sledge with its face of steel, that batters the stone, that grinds the ax, that cuts the wood, that feeds the fire that Old Nick built.

A Maine farmer fattened a cow chiefly on turnips, and the result surpassed expectation. The beef was of fine quality, and the tallow unusually abundant.

A Nun Locked in a Cell 21 Years.

We published a statement a day or two ago relative to an attack by a mob on the Carmelite Convent at Cracow in Austrian Poland, on account of the cruel treatment of one of the nuns, who has just been released after confinement in a cell lor twenty-one years. The circumstances attending the case appear to have excited great public horror and indignation, and are thus stated by a Vienna correspondent of the London Times:

"While passing in the neighborhood of Cracow on Friday last, I heard that the whole town was in a ferment, owing to the following shocking story that was just coming to light, and to which further particulars are now added; the papers have since been full of it.

A few days ago, an anonymous letter, apparently written by a woman's hand, reached the Court of Correction, stating that in the Carmelite Convent a nun named Barbara Abryk had been kept for years walled up in a dark cell. Accordingly the Vice President of the Court placed the information in the hands of an officer, who went to the Bishop and requested an admission to the convent. The Bishop represented that it was sure to be all an invention, but that since the Court pressed it he would allow it, and thereupon handed over the officer to a priest.

The officer came to the door with the commission, knocked, and was answered by a portress, to whom he said he had come there to see and speak to the nun Barbara. The portress drew her breath with astonishment, fell back a step or two, and said it was impossible; but while she was turning herself about to go away, the officer put his hands on her and forbade her, in the name of the law, to stir from the spot. The party then entered and was shown through a long corridor to the room of Sister Barbara. It was a cell 8 ft. by 6 ft. in size, next the sink; the window had been walled up, and a narrow chink furnished the only aperture through which, now and then, a ray of light fell upon that gloomy prison. I go on in the words of a Vienna paper:

'In a dark, stinking hole, on a heap of straw, sat, or rather cowed, a naked, wild-grown, half-witted woman, who, at the usual appearance of light and human beings, dropped and implored piteously, "I am hungry; pity me, give me meat; I will be obedient." This dungeon, with its little straw and much filth, and a dish of moldy potatoes, without fire, bed, table, or even chair, which no sun-streak cheered or fire-blaze ever warmed, had the inhuman "Sisters" chosen as the dwelling place of their should-be companion; there had they imprisoned her year after year since 1848. For 21 years did those dreadful Sisters pass that cell, and to none of them had it ever entered to take compassion on their poor victim. And now, half human, half beast, with her body covered with dirt, with her legs shrunk and withered, with her head squalid, diseased, year upon year long unwashed, a terrible being revealed herself, such as Dante himself, with all his powers, could not have depicted or imagined. So kneeled there that woful victim in the Convent of the Carmelites.'

The officer immediately ordered a chemise to be given the wretched creature, and himself went to fetch the Bishop. At the sight of the poor sufferer the Bishop was deeply moved, called the nuns together, and reproaching them violently for their inhuman treatment, said, "Is this your sisterly love? Is this the way you think to come to heaven? Furies, not women." And when they would have excused themselves, "Silence, miserable ones! you who disgrace religion, away from my sight."

He suspended them, and then the Confessor and the Lady Superior talked of breaking up the nunnery, and sent Barbara to be clothed and fed. While she was being led away, she asked, anxiously: "Won't they take me back again to my grave?" and inquired why she was shut up there. "I have broken my vows, but these, these," darting wildly round, and glaring furiously on the Sisters, "are no angels." Then, springing at the Confessor she shrieked, "You beast!"

On examination the Lady Superior said she had shut up Barbara on the doctor's recommendation in 1848.—The present doctor, who has held the position seven years, stated that he had never even seen Barbara once.

In the evening the poor creature became wilder, and it was settled to move her next day to the mad-house. On Friday, therefore, the 23d, the Commission came again to take her away. On seeing the sunlight and grass of the Convent garden she convulsed with extreme joy, and when one of the Sisters who accompanied her to the gate ran out, when the others turned back, embraced and kissed her, she was so touched with the strange sympathy that she implored the author of it to come away with her and incessantly called for her afterwards on the road. The fresh air was too much for her, and during the journey she fainted.

In her new home Sister Barbara was provided with everything comfortable; but at first she kept frequently rising from her bed to lie on the bare floor, as she had been used. Since being properly washed and dressed, the wildness has quieted down, and the doctors have hopes of eventually restoring her to her senses."