

# WHEELANS COUNTY MONITOR.

VOL. 1.

BARTON, VT., MONDAY, JANUARY 15, 1872.

NO. 2.

## BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

**CUTLER & GOSS,**  
MANUFACTURERS of Carriage and Sleighs,  
Greenboro, Vt.

**MINS A. J. CUTLER,**  
MILLINERY DRESS MAKING and pattern rooms,  
Greenboro, Vt.

**E. G. STEVENS,**  
SUBROIN IDENTIST, Barton Landing, Vt.

**M. J. SMITH,**  
PROPRIETOR of the Orleans County Marble Works,  
Foreign and American Marble, Gravestones,  
Monuments, &c.

**FRED H. MOISE,**  
PAINTER, Painting, Glazing, Graining, White-  
washing and Paper-Hanging. All work done in  
the best style and satisfaction guaranteed. Sawed  
floor put on order.

**J. N. WEBSTER,**  
FIRE-INSURANCE AGENT, Barton, Vermont.

**J. N. WEBSTER,**  
PHOTOGRAPHER, Dealer in Stereoscopes, Views,  
oil, water, and rustic frames of all kinds.

**WARNER BROTHERS,**  
TINSMITHS. All kinds of jobbing associated with  
meat and drapery. Publicly wanted. Look  
out for notices of Sugar Tubs before purchasing  
elsewhere.

**DALE & ROBINSON,**  
ATTORNEYS and Counselors at Law. Address  
Geo. N. Dale, Island Pond; J. B. Robinson, Bar-  
ton.

**J. L. WOODMAN,**  
DEALER IN BOOTS, SHOES, and Bindings of the  
best kind and quality. Offered cheap for cash.  
Store over A. J. L. Twombly's.

**MRS. GEO. C. DAVIS,**  
DRESS AND VEST MAKER, Barton, Vermont.

**A. J. L. TWOMBLY,**  
HOLESALE and Retail Dealers in Flour, Corn,  
Pot and Lamb, Pans and Oils, Hardware,  
Woolen Goods, Groceries, Butter and Cheese—  
2 Adams Street, J. L. Twombly.

**J. M. CURRAN,**  
BARBER AND HAIR DRESSER, Barton, Vermont.

**WANTED.**  
500,000 feet of size Spruce Lumber, cut 13  
and 14 inches thick, without regard to width,  
and 100,000 feet of Hard Wood Lumber, same length  
and one inch thick. Also a quantity of Basswood,  
by C. H. WELLS & SONS.

Dealer in all kinds of Hard and Soft Wood Lumber,  
Shingles in Skinner & Snow's building, Barton, Vt.  
Barton, January 4, 1872.

## SIGNS, SIGNS.

**L. R. WOOD, Jr.,**  
As well as can be done in the City.

## AT COUNTRY PRICES

Take down that rusty old sign and have a splendid  
new one.

## HAD YOU THOUGHT OF IT?

As I intend to paint signs this winter only, pass by  
my orders now.  
Barton, Vt., Jan. 4, 1872.

## CLOSING OUT.

**GOODS AT COST.**  
My stock of goods are almost  
ENTIRELY NEW  
BOUGHT FOR CASH

## COME AND BUY GOODS AT YOUR OWN PRICE ALMOST.

STORE, DWELLING HOUSE  
BARN FOR SALE.

## STATE OF VERMONT.

**MARY A. SKINNER'S ESTATE.**  
In Probate Court, held at Iraburgh, in said district,  
on the 4th day of January, A. D. 1872.

**GET THE BEST.**  
BUSH'S ARGENTINE HAIR DYE, long and favorably  
known to the public, stands peerless and unrivalled.  
It is the best, quickest, cheapest, the most nat-  
ural, durable, harmless, and effectual Hair Dye in the  
world. It colors hair or whiskers brown or black in-  
stantaneously, and gives them a perfectly natural ap-  
pearance, and is unexcelled with any injurious effect.  
Bottle, 25 cents. Sold by all druggists, or sent by  
mail, only \$1.00. GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO. Sold by all  
druggists.

## DR. GOULD'S PIN-WORM SYRUP

Purely vegetable, safe and certain. A valuable ex-  
pectorant, and beneficial to health. WARRANTED TO CURE  
G. C. GOODWIN & CO., Boston, and all druggists, 14

## OLD AND NEW TIMES.

When my good mother was a girl—  
Six thirty years ago—  
Young ladies then knew how to knit  
As well as how to sew.  
Young ladies then could spin and weave,  
Could bake, and brew, and sweep;  
Could sing and play, could dance and paint,  
And could a secret keep.  
Young ladies then were beautiful  
As my beauties now;  
Yet they could rake the new-mown hay,  
Or milk the "brindle cow."  
Young ladies then wore bonnets, too,  
And with them their own hair;  
They made them from their own good straw  
And pretty, too, they were.  
Young ladies then wore gowns with sleeves  
Which would just hold their arms;  
And did not have as many yards  
As acres in their farms.  
Young ladies then often felt in love,  
And married, too, the men;  
While men, with willing hearts and true,  
Loved them as best they could.  
Young ladies now can knit and sew,  
Or read a pretty book—  
Can sing, and paint, and joke, and quiz,  
But cannot bear to cook.  
Young ladies now can blithely spin  
Of "street-yarn" many a spool;  
And weave a web of scandal, too,  
And draw it all too soon.  
Young ladies now can take their hair,  
Can wear their own elegance;  
In borrowed plumage often shine,  
While they neglect their own.  
And as to secrets, who would think  
Fidelity a quest?  
None but a modest little Miss,  
Perchance a country girl.  
Young ladies now wear lovely curls,  
What pity they should lay them;  
And then their bonnets—heavens! they fight  
The bonnet that ventures near them.  
Even love is changed from what it was,  
Although true love is known;  
The wealth adds lustre to the cheek,  
And melts the heart of stone.  
This time works wonders—young and old  
Confess his magic power;  
Beauty will fade; but Virtus proves  
Pure gold in man's last hour.

## By the Night Express.

A bitter December midnight, and the  
up-express panting through its ten min-  
utes' rest at Rugby. What with passen-  
gers just arriving, and passengers just  
departing; what with the friends who  
came to see the last of the departing  
passengers, or to meet the arriving ones,  
the platform was full enough. I assure  
you; and I had some difficulty in making  
my way from carriage to carriage, even  
though I generally find that people (al-  
most unconsciously perhaps) move aside  
for the guard when they see him walk-  
ing up or down close to the carriage doors.  
This difficulty was increased, too, by the  
maneuvers of my companion, a London  
detective, who had joined me to give  
himself a better opportunity of exam-  
ining the passengers. Keenly he did it,  
too, in that seemingly careless way of  
his; and, while he appeared to be only  
an idle, lounging acquaintance of my  
own, I knew that under his unsuspected  
scrutiny it was next to impossible for  
the thieves he was seeking to escape—  
even in hampers. I didn't trouble my-  
self to help him; for I knew it wasn't  
necessary; yet I was as anxious as hun-  
dreds of others were that those practiced  
thieves, whom the police had been hunt-  
ing for the last two days, should be  
caught as they deserved.

Sometimes we came upon a group  
which my companion could not take in  
at a glance, and then he always found  
himself usually cold, and stopped to  
stamp a little while in his petrified feet.  
Of course, for me, this enforced stand-  
ing was the signal for attack of that persist-  
ent questioning with which railway  
guards are familiar; and, in attending  
to polite questioners who deserved an-  
swering, and unpolite ones who insisted  
on it, I had not much time for looking  
about me; but presently I did catch my-  
self watching a girl who stood alone at  
some distance. A girl very pretty and  
pleasant to look upon, I thought, though  
her face, and her dress, and her attitude  
were all sad. She stood just at the door  
of the booking office; a tall, slight girl,  
in deep mourning, with a quantity of  
bright, fair hair plaited high upon her  
head, as well as hanging loosely on her  
shoulders; with a childishly innocent  
face, and a prettily bewildered eyes. I  
wished I could have gone straight to her,  
and put her into one—the most comfort-  
able of the line of carriages at their  
work in this neighborhood so cleverly  
she gazed so timidly. Just as I hesitated,  
a very remarkable figure elbowed its  
way to me; a stout, grandly dressed old  
lady, panting painfully, and almost  
piercing me with a pair of restless, half-  
opened eyes, that looked out through  
the gold-rimmed spectacles perched on her  
sharp nose. Two porters followed her  
laden with bags, cloaks, umbrellas, and  
flowers—the only flowers in the station.  
I expect, that winter—and one of the  
men winked at me over her head, while  
the other guarded her treasures with a  
face of concentrated anxiety, and thoughts  
engrossed by possible fees.

"This is the London train, is it,  
ga'd?" she asked, peering sharply into  
my face with her half-closed eyes, as if  
she found it difficult to distinguish me,  
even through her spectacles.

From her whole attitude I guessed her  
to be deaf, but I never guessed how deaf  
until, after yelling my answer so loud  
that the engine-driver must have heard  
it eighteen carriages off, she still remain-  
ed stonily waiting for it.

"Deaf as a dozen pots," said the de-  
tective, aloud, giving the old lady an ex-  
pressive little nod in the direction of the  
train.

"Then comes—"  
"Skunkville."  
"Ah! and then—"  
"South Skunkville."  
"And the next one I suppose is—"  
"Skunkville Centre."  
"Certainly! and then we are at—"  
"Little Skunkville."  
"Yes, exactly, and then—"  
"Big Skunkville."  
"Um!" Passenger begins to think  
Skunkville and its dependencies, extend  
the entire length of the road. "Um!  
and then we come to—"  
"Skunkville Forks."  
"Yaas; and then—"  
"Skunkville Pump."  
"Good gracious! and the next station."  
"Upper Skunkville."  
"Thunder! and then comes."  
"Lower Skunkville, Little North  
Skunkville, Big South Skunkville, Skunk-  
ville Branch, New Skunkville, and—"  
"Well, and what then?"  
"Old Skunkville."  
"Conductor, don't this road run thro'  
a skunk graveyard?" If it don't it ought  
to."—Southern paper.

## Here is what they sing at the public

examinations in New Orleans to the  
tune of Yankee Doodle, visitors and  
all joining in the chorus:  
If anything on earth can make  
A great and glorious nation,  
It is to give the little ones  
A thorough education.  
Chorus.—Five times five are twenty-five,  
Five times six are thirty,  
Five times seven are thirty-five,  
And five times eight are forty.

This is the way a Troy reporter con-  
gratulated a friend on his marriage:  
"One more unfortunate  
Nobly important  
Taken a wife."

## Am I right to Euston?"

she asked me gently, as she hesitated at the door.  
"All right, Miss," I said, taking the  
door from her, and standing while she  
got in. "Any luggage?" For from  
that very moment I took her in a sort  
of way into my charge, because she was so  
thoroughly alone, you see, not having  
any friends there even to see her off.  
"No luggage, thank you," she answer-  
ed, putting her little leather satchel  
down beside her on the seat, and settling  
herself in the corner farthest from the  
open door. "Do we stop anywhere be-  
tween here and London?"  
"Don't stop again, Miss, except for a  
few minutes to take tickets." I then  
looked at her as much as to say, "You're  
all right, because I'm the guard," and  
shut the door.

I suppose that, without exactly being  
aware of it, I kept a sort of watch over  
this carriage, for I saw plainly enough a  
lazy young gentleman who persistently  
kept hovering about it and looking in.  
His inquisitive eyes had of course caught  
sight of the pretty face in that alone,  
and I could see that he was making up  
his mind to join her; but he seemed to  
be doing it in a most careless and lan-  
guid manner. He was no gentleman for  
that reason, I said to myself, yet his  
dress was handsome, and the hand that  
played with his long dark beard was  
small and fashionably gloved. Glancing  
still into the far corner of that first-  
class compartment, he lingered until the  
last moment was come: then quite lei-  
suredly he walked up to the door, opened  
it, entered the carriage, and in an instant  
the door banged behind him. Without  
any hesitation I went up to the window,  
and stood near it while the lamp was  
fitted in the compartment. The gentle-  
man was standing up within, drawing  
on a dark overcoat; the young lady in  
the distant corner was looking from the  
window as if the half darkness was bet-  
ter to look at than this companion. Morn-  
tified a good deal at the failure of my  
scheme for her comfort I went on to my  
van, beside which the detective waited  
for me.

"No, go, you see," he muttered crossly,  
"and yet it seemed to me so likely that  
they'd take this train."  
"I don't see how it should seem likely,"  
I answered, for I hadn't gone with him  
in the idea. "It doesn't seem to me  
very likely that three such skillful  
thieves as you are dodging, who did their  
work in this neighborhood so cleverly  
two nights ago, should leave the station  
any night by the very train which the  
police watch with double suspicion."  
"Doesn't it?" he echoed, with a most  
satirical knowingness. "Perhaps you  
haven't yet got it quite clear in your  
mind how they will leave the town; for  
it's sure enough that they haven't left  
it up to now. That they'll be in a hurry  
to leave it, is sure enough, too, for this  
isn't the sort of place they'll care to hide  
in longer than necessary. Well, what's  
the hardest place for us to track them in?  
London. And what's the easiest place  
for them to get on sea from?—London.  
Then naturally enough to London they'll  
want to go. Isn't this a fast train, and  
shouldn't you choose a fast train for  
you were running away from the police?"

I didn't tell him what sort of a train  
I should choose, because I hadn't quite  
made up my mind; and he was looking  
cross enough for anything in that last  
glimpse I caught of him.

Having nothing better to do, I wonder-  
ed a good deal how these thieves could  
arrange their getting away while the  
walls were covered with the description  
of them, and every official on the line  
was up in it. There was no doubt about  
their being three very dexterous knaves,  
but then our detective force was very  
dexterous too, though they weren't knaves,  
(and I do believe the greater dexterity  
is generally on the knavish side), and so  
it was odd that the description still was  
ineffective and the offered reward un-  
claimed. I read over again the bill I  
had in my pocket which described the  
robbers. "Edwin Capon, alias Cap-  
tain Winter, alias John Pearson, alias  
Dr. Crow; a thickset, active man, of  
middle height, and about fifty years of  
age; with thick iron-grey hair and  
whiskers, dark gray eyes, and an aquil-  
ine nose. Forty; with a handsome, fair  
face, a quantity of very red hair, and a  
cut across her under lip. Edward Capon,  
her son, a slightly built youth of not  
more than fifteen or sixteen" (though, for  
the matter of that, I think he might have  
had cunning enough for twice that age),  
"with closely-cut black hair, light gray  
eyes, and delicate features."

We all knew this description well  
enough, and for two days had kept our  
eyes open, hoping to identify them  
among the passengers. But our scrutiny  
had been in vain; and as the train rush-  
ed on, I felt how disappointed the police  
at Euston would be when we arrived  
again without even tidings of them.

I was soon tired of this subject, and  
went back to worrying myself about the  
sad-looking, yellow-haired girl, who had  
so evidently wished to travel alone, and  
been so successfully foiled in the attempt  
by that intrusive fool with the handsome  
beard. Foolishly I kept on thinking of  
her, until, as we were dashing almost  
like lightning through the wind and  
darkness, only fifteen or twenty minutes

## from Chalk Farm, the bell in my van

rang out with a sharp and sudden sum-  
mons. I never wondered for a moment  
who had pulled the cord. Instinctively  
I knew, and—it was the carriage farth-  
est from my van! I left my place al-  
most breathlessly as the engine slacken-  
ed speed, and, hastening along the foot-  
board, hesitated at no window until I  
reached the one from which I felt quite  
sure that a frightened young face would  
be looking out. My heart literally beat  
in dread as I stopped, and looked into  
the carriage. What did I see? Only  
the two passengers buried in their separ-  
ate corners. The young lady raised her  
eyes from the book she held, and looked  
up at me astonished—childishly and  
wonderingly astonished.

"Has anything happened to the train?"  
she asked, timidly.

The gentleman roused himself leisurely  
from a seemingly snug nap. "What  
on earth has happened us in this hole?"  
he said, rising; and pushing his hand-  
some face and his long beard past me at  
the window.

It was only too evident that the alarm  
had not been given from this carriage;  
yet the feeling had been such a certainty  
to me that it was long before I felt con-  
vinced to the contrary; and I went on  
along the footboard to other carriages  
very much more slowly than I had gone  
first to that one. Utter darkness sur-  
rounded us outside, but from the lampit  
compartments eager heads were thrust,  
searching for the reason of this unexpect-  
ed stoppage. No one owned to having  
summoned me until I reached that second-  
class carriage near my own van, (which  
I had hastened past before), where the  
fidgety, deaf, old lady who had amused  
me at Rugby sat alone. I had no need  
to look in and question her. Her head  
was quite out of the window; and though  
she had her back to the light and I  
couldn't see her face, her voice was cool  
enough to show that she was not over-  
powered by fear.

"What a time you've been coming,"  
she said. "Where is it?"  
"Where's what?"  
"But though I yelled the question with  
all my might and main, I believe I might  
just as hopefully have questioned the  
telegraph post which I could dimly see  
beside us, and have expected an answer  
along the wires."  
"Where's the small luncheon basket?"  
she inquired, pulling out her long purse  
with great fussiness. "A small luncheon  
basket, my good man, and make haste."  
I shall ever forget the sharp expect-  
ancy of the old lady's eyes as they look-  
ed into mine, first over, then under, then  
through her glittering gold-rimmed spec-  
tacles? What surprised me most particu-  
larly was the fact of her decidedly not  
blushing, as any one might suppose, a raving  
lunatic.

"Be quick with the small luncheon  
basket, please," she said, resolutely  
sitting down, and pouring the contents  
of her purse out into her lap. "I am  
as hungry as I can be."  
I suppose that when she looked up at  
me from the silver she was counting she  
saw my utter bewilderment—I didn't  
try now to make her hear, for I knew it  
was hopeless—for she raised her voice  
suddenly to a shrill pitch of peevishness,  
and pointed with one shaking hand to  
the wall of the carriage.

"Look there! Doesn't it say 'Small  
luncheon baskets. Pull down the cord.'  
I want a small luncheon basket, so I  
pulled down the cord. Make haste and  
get it for me, or I'll report you to the  
managers."

Seeing that she was almost as blind  
as she was deaf, I began to understand  
what she meant. On the spot to which  
she pointed above the seat opposite her,  
two papers were posted in a line, one the  
advertisement of "Small luncheon bask-  
ets" supplied at Rugby, the other, the  
company's directions for summoning the  
guard and stopping the train in case of  
danger. As they happened to be placed,  
the large letters did read as she had  
said:

"Small luncheon baskets. Pull down  
the cord."  
While I was gazing from her to the  
bills, getting over a little of my aston-  
ishment, and she was giving me every  
now and then a sharp touch on the  
shoulder to recall me to my duty, and  
hasten me with her refreshment, we were  
joined by one of the directors, who hap-  
pened to be going up to town by the ex-  
press. But his just and natural wrath  
—loud as it was—never moved the hun-  
gry old lady; no, not in the slightest  
degree. She never heard one word of it;  
and only mildly insisted, in the midst of  
it, that she was almost tired of waiting  
for her small luncheon basket.

With a fierce parting shot, the direc-  
tor tried to make her understand that  
she had incurred a penalty of £5, but he  
couldn't, though he bawled it at her  
with the poor old thing—perhaps mortified  
at having taken so much trouble for  
nothing; perhaps overcome by her hun-  
ger; perhaps frightened of the commo-  
tion she saw, though didn't hear—sank  
back in her seat in a strong fit of hys-  
terics, and let the shillings and pence  
roll out of her lap and settle under the  
seats.

It seemed to me a long time before we

## started on again, but I suppose it was

only a six or seven minutes' delay after  
all. I expect I should have waited to  
explain the stoppage to the pretty young  
girl of whom I considered myself a sort  
of protector; but, as I said, she was at  
the very opposite end of the train, and I  
was in haste now. There must have  
been a good laugh in several of the car-  
riages where the cause of our stoppage  
got whispered about. As for me, when  
I got back into my van, solitary as it  
was, I chuckled over it until we stopped  
at Chalk Farm to take tickets.

It seemed to me that the train was  
taken into custody as soon as it stopped  
here.

"Of course you have the carriage doors  
all locked, and I'll go down with you  
while you open them one by one. My  
men are in possession of the platform."

This was said to me by Davis, a de-  
tective officer, whom I knew pretty well  
by now, having had a good bit to do  
with him about this Warwickshire rob-  
bery.

"It is no use," I said, before we start-  
ed, "the train was searched, as you may  
say, at Rugby. Every passenger has un-  
dergone a close scrutiny, I can tell you.  
What causes such scientific preparation  
for us here?"

"A telegram received ten minutes  
ago," he answered. "It seems that two  
of the thieves we are dodging are in this  
train in clever disguises. We have had  
pretty full particulars, though the de-  
tective wasn't made until after you left  
the junction. Have you noticed"—he  
dropped his voice a little here—"a young  
lady and gentleman together in either  
carriage?"

I felt a bit of an odd catching in my  
breath as he spoke. "No," I said,  
quite in a hurry. "No young lady and  
gentleman belonging together; but there  
may be plenty in the train. What if  
there are, though? There was no young  
lady or gentleman among the robbers?"

"Among the robbers," rejoined Davis,  
with suppressed enjoyment, "was a woman  
who'd make herself into anything;  
and you must own that a gentleman with  
a dark, long beard isn't had for a lady  
known to us pretty well by her thick red  
hair and a cut on her under lip."  
"But the young lady?" I asked, cog-  
itating this.

"Ah! the young lady. True enough;  
well, what should you say now, if I told  
you she grew out of that boy with the  
closely-cut, dark hair that we're after."  
I remembered the pretty plait, and  
the loose falling hair. I remembered  
the bewilderment in the eyes which en-  
tirely hid their natural expression, and  
I didn't answer this at all.

"I wish I had as good a chance of  
catching the old fellow as I have of catch-  
ing the woman and boy," continued  
Davis, as we moved slowly past the lock-  
ed luggage van. "I know they're here,  
and that I shall recognize them under  
any disguise; but we've no clue yet to  
the older rascal. It's most aggravating  
that by some means we've lost sight of  
the biggest rogue of all. Come along."

I did come along, feeling very stupidly  
glad that there was all the train to  
search before we could reach that car-  
riage at the other end, where sat the girl  
whom I had, in a way, taken under my  
protection.

"When are we to be allowed to leave  
this train, pray? Call me a cab," cried  
the deaf old lady, plaintively, as we  
reached her carriage, and found her gaz-  
ing out in most evident and utter  
ignorance of all that was going on around  
her. "I am locked in, ga'd. Do you  
hear?"

I heard; ay, sharp enough. I only  
wished she could hear me as readily.  
Davis stood aside watching while I un-  
locked her door and helped her down.  
Then, seeing her helplessness and her  
countless packages, he beckoned a porter  
to her, winking expressively to call his  
attention to a probable shilling.

Carriage after carriage we examined;  
and though Davis detected no thief, he  
turned away only more hopefully from  
each. He was so sure they were there,  
and that escape was impossible. We  
reached the last carriage in the line, and  
now my heart beat in the oddest manner  
possible.

"Is this compartment empty, then?"  
asked Davis, while my fingers were actu-  
ally shaking as I put my key in the  
door of the second one. "Empty and  
dark?"

"Even if it had been empty it wouldn't  
have been dark," I muttered, looking in.  
"Hallo! what's come to the lamp?"

I might well ask what was come to  
as the lamp for the compartment was as  
dark as if it had never been lighted; yet  
had not I myself stood and watched the  
lighted lamp put in at Rugby? And—  
the carriage was empty, too!

"Why was this?" asked the detective,  
turning sharply upon me. "Why was  
not the lamp lighted?"

But the lamp *was* lighted, and burn-  
ing now as sensibly as the others—if we  
could but have seen it. As we soon dis-  
covered, the glass was covered by a kind  
of tarpaulin, intensely black and strong-  
ly adhesive, and the carriage was so com-  
pletely dark as if no lamp had been there  
at all. The perplexity in Davis's face  
was as great as my own, when I told

## him who had travelled here. 'They

couldn't have left the train here at any  
rate," he said; and I knew that as well  
as he did.

But you have guessed the end. Dur-  
ing those few minutes that we stopped  
on the line, the two thieves—darkening  
the lamp even after I had left them, and  
using their own key—had left the car-  
riage under cover of the darkness, man-  
aging their escape in their black dresses  
out into the blackness of the night as  
cleverly as they had managed their theft  
and subsequent concealment. But how  
could they have depended on this unusual  
delay—this exquisite opportunity given  
them in the utter darkness, close to the  
city, yet at no station? When I official-  
ly made my deposition, and explained  
the cause of our stoppage, something of  
the truth seemed to break upon us all;  
but it wasn't for a good while that it set-  
tled into a certainty. Then it got clear  
to everybody that the older scoundrel had  
duped us more ingeniously than the  
younger ones. As the incapable old  
lady (deaf as a stone, and so blind that  
she had to peer through her glittering  
glasses, with eyes always half closed, and  
so hungry that I had to stop the train  
for a luncheon basket) he had played  
upon us the nearest trick of all. Where  
on earth were the thick iron-grey hair  
and whiskers by which we were to have  
identified him? But by the time the  
police saw the whole thing clearly it was  
too late to follow up any clue to him.

The cab which had taken the eccen-  
tric old lady and her parcels and flowers  
from Euston was lost in the city, and  
could not be tracked. A high reward  
was offered for the information, but no  
one ever won it. My firm belief is that  
it was no legitimately licensed cab at  
all, but one belonging to the gang, and  
part of the finished fraud. I verily be-  
lieve, too, that sometimes now—though  
perhaps on the other side of the channel  
—those three practiced knaves enjoy a  
hearty laugh over that December journey  
by night-express.

Davis still assures me, with the most  
cheerful confidence, that he shall yet  
have the pleasure some day of trapping  
three of the most expert and skillful  
thieves in Britain. I wish I felt as sure  
of it.

## A WILLFUL BRIDE.—Not long

since at the little church around the  
corner, the church of the Transfigura-  
tion, the only daughter of Lester  
Wallack was duly made Mrs. Arthur  
Sewell. Not without difficulty how-  
ever, the bride is quite young, consid-  
ering pretty and all the world (in New  
York) knows she has peculiarities  
peculiarly her own. During the sol-  
emnities of a bridal ceremony it was  
supposed she would forego the ways  
and manners that have made her con-  
spicuous in her father's theater, and in  
public generally. Unfounded supposi-  
tion! The church was well filled. The  
bridal cortege arrived, passed up the  
long covered passage to the vestibule,  
halted, and no peal of the organ fell  
on Florence's ear. "What," screamed  
the bride, with a church full of people  
in front and a crowd of guests press-  
ing in behind, "No music? I won't be  
married without music!" Several la-  
dies here filled the open door behind  
the bridal party. The ushers were  
sent flying after an organist. The  
bride in streaming white silk, flowing  
veil, and orange wreath, turned upon  
the crowd motioned them back. She  
cried, you can't come in here now, till  
I pass into church. Keep the door  
somebody." Her father tried to calm  
her. Her proposed husband ventured  
a word but she shut him up summarily.  
No organist was found and the disap-  
pointed damsel reluctantly went up  
the aisle and was married. As she  
passed out of church, she speed Tom  
Baker the leader of the orchestra at  
Wallack's, and sung out, "Here, what's  
the reason I had no music?" Unabashed,  
the gallant Baker replied: "Why  
didn't you let me know. Ed 'a' had  
the whole orchestra here." I've seen  
blushing brides, tearful brides, agitated  
brides, but if Miss Wallack had been  
getting married every day for five  
years she couldn't have been a more  
self-possessed and easy-going bride  
than she proved herself.—New York  
Letter to the St. Louis Republican.

## A BRAVE LITTLE GIRL.—A paper

published in Missouri—the *Cameron Observer*—  
tells this anecdote of a little girl:  
"A few mornings since, little Effie,  
a bright-eyed, curly-headed five-year-old,  
belonging to Mrs. Parvish, living on  
Main street, just south of Thomas &  
Perry's lively-stable, took a plunge-bath  
that came near resulting fatally. There  
is a deep well on the place holding some  
fourteen feet of water. It has no curb,  
and water is drawn by means of a rope.  
Effie had been watching Mr. Thomas  
drawing water from the well in a bucket,  
which she called a 'kettle.' The rope  
broke and the 'kettle' went to the bottom.  
This troubled the little girl, and after-  
wards, in peering into the well looking  
for the kettle, she lost her balance, and  
plunged head first into the well.  
"Her mother heard her scream as she  
tumbled over, ran into the yard, and  
happening by the merest chance, to  
glance into the well, saw Effie as she came  
to the surface the first time. Power-  
less herself, she ran to the livery stable,  
shouting at every step; Effie's in the  
well! Effie's in the well!  
"Mr. Thomas was at the well in no  
time, and, without a moment's thought  
as to how he was to get out, plunged in,  
bracing himself as best he could against  
the smooth walls as he went down, and  
reached the water in time to meet Effie  
"on the way up" the second time, and  
of course rescued her. As soon as the  
little one could get water enough out  
and breath enough to speak, she said to  
Mr. Thomas, 'Jack, I have found your  
'kettle,' it was clear down to the bottom,  
and sure enough she had the rope tightly  
climbed in her little fingers.  
"We hardly know who most to ad-  
mire, the bravery of the man who risked  
his life to save that of the little girl,  
or the coolness of the child in hunting up  
the 'kettle,' when fourteen feet under  
water."

## A joint affair with but a single party

to it—Rheumatism.