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O. CLEMENS,
Editor and Publisher.

THE MASTER THIEF

A HORSE POPULAR TALE.
FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

Once upon a time there was a poor cottage who had three sons. He had no money to leave them when he died, and nothing with which put them to any trade, so that he did not know what to make of them. At last he said he would give them leave to take to anything each like best, and to go whithersoever they pleased, or he did. He went with them till they came to a place where three roads met, and there each chose a road and their father bade them good-bye; and went back home. He had not heard tell what became of the two elder, but for the youngest, he went both far and long, you shall hear.

So it fell out one night as he was going through a great wood that such bad weather overtook him. It blew and drizzled so that he could scarcely keep his eyes open; and in a trice, before he knew how it was, he got bewildered, and could not find either road or path. But he went on and on, at last he saw a glimmering light far off in the wood. So he thought would try and get to the light; and after a while he did reach it. There it was in a large hollow and the fire was blazing so brightly inside it, he could tell the folk had not yet gone to bed; he went in and saw an old dame bustling about and minding the house.

"Good evening," said the youth.
"Good evening," said the old dame.
"Hutet! it's such foul weather out of doors to-night," said he.
"So it is," said she.
"Can I get leave to have a bed and shelter here to-night?" asked the youth.
"You'll get no good by sleeping here," said the old dame; "for if the folk come home and find you here, they'll kill both me and you."
"What sort of folk then, are they who live here?" asked the youth.
"Oh, robbers! And such a bad lot of them, too," said the old dame. "They stole me away when I was little, and have kept me as their house keeper ever since."

"Well, for all that, I think I'll just go to bed," said the youth. "Come what may, I'll not stir out at night in such weather."
"Very well," said the old dame; "but if you stay it will be the worse for you."
"What then the youth got into a bed which stood there, but he dared not go to sleep, and very soon after, in came the robbers; so the old dame told them how a stranger fellow had come in whom she had not been able to get out of the house again.

"Did you see if he had any money?" said the robbers.
"Such a one as he, money!" said the old dame, "the trumper! Why if he had eloped to his back, it was as much as he had."
Then the robbers began to talk among themselves what they should do with him; if they should kill him outright, or what else they should do. Meantime the youth got up and began to talk to them, and to ask them if they did not want a servant, for it might be thought that he would be glad to enter into their service.

"Oh," said they, "if you have a mind to follow the trade that we follow, you can very well get a place here."
"It's all one to me what trade I follow," said the youth; "for when I left home, father gave me leave to take to any trade I chose."
"Well, have you a mind to steal?" asked the robbers.

"I don't care," said the youth, for he thought it would not take long to learn that trade.
Now there lived a man a little way off, who had three oxen. One of these he was to take to the town to sell, and the robbers had heard what he was going to do, so they said to the youth, that if he were good to steal the ox from the man by the way without his knowing it, and without doing him any harm, they would give him leave to be their serving man.

Well, the youth set off, and took with him a pretty shoe with a silver buckle on it, which lay about the house; and he put the shoe in the road along which the man was going with his ox; and when he had done that, he went into the wood and hid himself under a bush. So when the man came by he saw the shoe on the road, and he said:
"That's a nice shoe; if I only had the fellow to it, I'd take it home with me, and perhaps I'd put my old dame into a good humor for once." For you must know that he had an old wife, so scarce and snappish that it was not long between each time that she boxed his ears. But then he thought that he could do nothing with the old shoe unless he had the fellow to it; so he went on his way and let the shoe lie in the road.

Then the youth took up the shoe, and made all the haste he could to get before the man by a short cut through the wood, and laid it down before him in the road again. When the man came along with his ox, he got quite angry, and himself for being so stupid as to leave the fellow to the shoe lying in the road instead of taking it with him; so he took the ox and the shoe, and said to himself:
"I may just as well run back and pick up the other, and then I'd a pair of good shoes for my old dame, and so, perhaps, I'd get a kind word from her for once."

So he set off, and hunted, and hunted up and down for the shoe, but no shoe did he find; and at length he had to go back with the one he had. But meantime, the youth had taken the ox and gone off with it; and when the man came and saw that his ox was gone, he began to cry and bewail, for he was afraid that his old dame would kill him outright when she came to know that the ox was lost. But just then it came across his mind that he would go home and take the second ox, and drive it to the town, and not let the dame know anything about his misadventure. So he did this, and when he saw the ox without his dame's knowing it, and set all about it to the town. But the robbers knew all about it, and they said to the youth, in the next day, the ox was taken, and the man's knowing it, and what he was doing him any harm, he should be as good as any of them.

If the were all, the youth said, he did not soon make him go by foul. But the man was till lashed to go so he stepped after him, and rumbled him down with a good birch cudgel, and kept on till the man came crying and sobbing inside the Squire's door.

"How now, my man? What ails you?" said the Squire.
So he told him the whole story, how he had given them leave to go whithersoever they would, and to follow whatever calling they would choose. And here now is the youngest man come home, and has beaten me till he has made me come to you, and ask for your daughter for him to wife, and he bids me say 'blessed be he is a Master Thief.' And so he fell to crying and sobbing again.

"Never mind," my man, said the Squire, laughing, "just go back and tell him from me, that he must prove his skill first. If he can steal the roast from the spit in the kitchen on Sunday, while all the household are looking after it, he shall have my daughter. Just go and tell him that."
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Continued to practice Law in the Supreme Court to attend to cases before Congress, to prosecute and settle accounts against the Departments, Boards of Commissioners, to procure Patents and to defend, to obtain Pensions and bounty land collect debts, dividends, legacies and inheritance any part of the United States and in Foreign Countries, to make investments of funds in Loans Stocks and on Bond and Mortgage, and to negotiate the purchase and sale of Loans, Land and Patents in any State of the Union.

Particular attention paid to California Land cases coming up to the U. S. Supreme Court of Appeal.

Communications PREPAID, addressed to 1 SEVENTH, 5, Carroll Place, Capital Hill, Washington, D. C., will meet with prompt attention.

Administrator's Notice.
NOTICE is hereby given to all persons interested in the estate of Adam East, deceased, that the administration has been granted to the undersigned by the Halls county court, bearing date Jan. 5th, 1852. All persons having claims against said estate are requested to present them for allowance in twelve months, or they may be precluded from the benefit of said estate, and if not presented within that time, they will be forever barred.
JANUARY 5th. ROBERT C. BRIGGS, Administrator.

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150 PS. extra fine Wall Paper, by
M. A. LINDSEY, singly.

NEW STORE
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Boys' Clothing.
Received this day, a large addition of Boys' Clothing, all sizes, consisting of Sacks, white and brown, Drill Pants, Cottons, dyes, &c., &c.
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Who wants a genuine article of QUINCY FLOUR?
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Well, the youth set off, and took with him a pretty shoe with a silver buckle on it, which lay about the house; and he put the shoe in the road along which the man was going with his ox; and when he had done that, he went into the wood and hid himself under a bush. So when the man came by he saw the shoe on the road, and he said:
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"Well, it is a fine hare," said the Squire, "and it is so fat, it can't lay out from under its own back." So out he ran, and the rest with him—away they all went the hare before, and they after; so that it was some time before they saw it. Meantime the youth took the roast and ran off with it; and where the Squire got a roast for dinner that day I don't know; but one thing I know, and that is that he had no roast here though he ran after it till he was both warm and weary.

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"Oh!" said the Priest, "if you are an angel from heaven, do let me out, and let me return again to earth, for it is worse here than in hell. The little Bends keep pinching me with tongs."
"God help us, I am no angel at all," said the girl, "she let the Priest out of the sack; if only look a-ter the Squire's geese, and like enough they are the little Bends which have pinched your reverence."
"Oh!" groaned the Priest, "this is all that Master Thief's doing. Ah! my gold and my silver, and my fine clothes."
And he beat his breast, and hobbled home at such a rate that the girl thought he had lost his wits all at once.

Now when the Squire came to hear how it had gone with the Priest, and how he had been along the narrow way, and into purgatory, he laughed that he must prove his skill first. If he can steal the roast from the spit in the kitchen on Sunday, while all the household are looking after it, he shall have my daughter. Just go and tell him that."
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Administration Notice.
NOTICE is hereby given to the Administrators of the estate of Saml. T. Waters, Auditor of Marion county, that having been appointed by the county court, for and in lieu of a commission, to audit and settle all demands against the said one Hundred Dollars, I will attend, at the city of Hannibal, in said county of Mo., on the 30th day of October, A. D. 1851, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and the 10th day of that date, to audit and settle demands against the said Saml. T. Waters, dec'd, at that day.
ISAAC L. HOLLIDAY, Auditor.

NEW YORK CLOTHING STORE
AT Sausser's old stand, where he was found in person, ready to wait on all purchasers generally. The five year old which he has done here has now proved a price cash system has met with universal approval. He will sell cheap while it lasts, and will not permit either to be surpassed. Believing the truth to be the better, he does not resort to flattery and extravagant claims, but will simply sell his new style of Clothing, and his new assortment of Seasonable Clothing, at the lowest possible prices.
WILLIAM SAUSSER, Proprietor.

Gentlemen's Furnishing
Too numerous to be here detailed, which has been given in style, cut, quality and price, either to be surpassed. Believing the truth to be the better, he does not resort to flattery and extravagant claims, but will simply sell his new style of Clothing, and his new assortment of Seasonable Clothing, at the lowest possible prices.
WILLIAM SAUSSER, Proprietor.

Thief soon got hold of an old worn out jade of a mare, and set to work, and made traces and collar of withies and broom twigs, and bought an old beggarly cart, and a great cask. After that he said to an old beggar woman, that he would give her ten dollars if she would get into the cask, and keep her mouth gagged over the tap-hole, into which he was going to stick his finger. No harm should happen to her; she should only be driven about a little; and if he took his finger out, more than once, she was to have ten dollars more. Then he threw a few rags and tatters over himself, and stuffed himself out, and put on a wig, and a great beard of goat's hair, so that no one could know him again, and set off for the common, where the Squire had already been riding about a good bit.

At last the Squire rode right up to him, and asked if he had seen any one lurking about in the woods thereabouts.
"No, said the man, I haven't seen a soul."
"Hark ye, now," said the Squire, "if you have a mind to ride into the wood, and hunt about and see if you can fall upon any one lurking about there, you shall have the loan of my horse, and a shilling into the bargain, to drink my health for your pains."
"I don't see how I can go," said the man, "for I am going to a wedding with this cask of meat, which I have been to town to fetch, and here the tap has fallen out by the way, and so I must go along, holding my finger in the tap-hole."
"Ride off," said the Squire, "I'll look after your horse and cask."

Well, on these terms the man was willing to go; but he begged the Squire to be quick in putting his finger into the tap-hole when he took his own out, and to mind and keep it there until he came back. Yes, the Squire would do the best he could; and so the Master Thief mounted the horse and rode off. But time went by, and hour after hour passed, and still no one came back. At last the Squire grew weary of standing there with his finger in the tap-hole, so he took it out.

"Now I shall have ten dollars more!" screamed the old woman inside the cask; and then the Squire saw at once how the land lay, and took himself off; but he did not go far before they met him with a fresh horse, for the Master Thief had already been to his house and told them to send one.

The day after, he came to the Squire and would have his daughter, as he had given his word; but the Squire put him off again with fine words, and gave him two hundred dollars. If he could do that he should have her. Well, well, the Master Thief thought he could do it, if he only knew what it was to be.

"Do you think, now," said the Squire, "you can steal the theft of our bed, and the shift of my wife's bed? Do you think you can do that?"
"It shall be done," said the Master Thief. "I only wish I was as sure of getting your daughter."
When night began to fall, the Master Thief galloped, and got down a thief who hung on the wall and carried him across his shoulders, and set it up against the Squire's bedroom window, and so climbed up, and kept his foot on the dead man's head, and just for all the world like one who was peeping in at the window.

"That's the Master Thief, old lass," said the Squire, giving his wife a nudge on the side.—"Now see if I don't shoot him, that's all!"
So saying he took up a rifle which he had laid at his bedside.
"No! no! pray don't shoot him after telling him he might come and try," said his wife.
"Don't talk to me, for shoot him I will, said he, so he lay there and aimed and aimed; but as soon as the head came before the window, and he saw a little of it, so soon was it down again. At last he thought he had a good aim; "bang" went the gun, down fell the dead body to the ground with a heavy thump, and down went the Master Thief too, as fast as he could.

"Well," said the Squire, "it is quite true that I am the chief magistrate in these parts; but people are fond of talking, and it would be a bore if they came to see this dead man's body. I think the best thing to be done is that I should go down and bury him."
"You must do as you think best, dear," said his wife. So the Squire got out of bed and went down stairs, and he had scarce put his foot out of the door before the Master Thief stole in, and went straight up-stairs to his wife.

"Why, dear, back already!" said she, for she thought it was her husband.
"Oh yes, I only just got him into a hole, and threw a little earth over him. It is enough that he is out of sight, for it is such a bad night out of doors; by-and-by I'll do it better. But just let me have the sheet to wipe myself with—he was so bloody—and I have made myself in such a mess with him."
So he got the sheet.
"After a while he said—
"Do you know I am afraid you must let me have your night shift too, for the sheet won't do by itself that I can see."
So she gave him the shift also. But just then it came across his mind that he had forgotten to lock the house door, so he must get down and look to that before he came back to bed, and away he went with both shift and sheet.

A little while after came the right Squire.
"Why, what a time you have taken to lock the door, dear!" said his wife, "and what have you done with the sheet and shift?"
"What do you say?" said the Squire.
"Why I am asking what you have done with the sheet and shift that you had to wipe off the blood," said she.