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The Cecil Whig

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BY E. E. EWING.

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REAL ESTATE.

FOR SALE.

The National Bank of Elkton will offer at Public Sale, on the Court House yard, in Elkton, Cecil county, Maryland, on

Tuesday, February 24th, 1874,

AT 12 O'CLOCK M.,

ALL THAT PROPERTY,

formerly occupied by said National Bank of Elkton, situate, lying and being on the south side of Main street, in Elkton, and nearly opposite the residence of Gov. James B. Broome. The property fronts about 40 feet on Main street and extends back 120 feet, more or less.

The improvements consist of a large comfortable BRICK BUILDING, with passage through the centre; three rooms on 1st floor; four rooms on 2d floor, and four bed rooms in 3rd story. Also, a comfortable Kitchen and Dining room in basement. Gas throughout the building.

Conveyed to the National Bank of Elkton by Henry Vanderford, Jr. and wife, by deed dated June 12th, 1865, and recorded in Liber W. H. R., No. 7, folio 61, &c.

TERMS.—$500 cash on day of sale; the balance in five equal annual payments, with interest payable semi-annually, to be secured by Bond or Mortgage upon the premises, and transfer of fire insurance policy.

One large LILLEY FIRE-PROOF SAFE, with two burglar compartments and with three combination locks. Original cost $1,100, in New York city.

JACOB TOME, President.

Address Richard McFarland, Cashier, or REUBEN HAINES, Attorney, Elkton, Md.

Feb 7, 1874—ts

ATTORNEY'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

Under and by virtue of a power contained in a mortgage from Thomas Dougherty and wife to David Scott, dated on the 25th day of September, in the year 1871, and recorded among the Land Records of Cecil county, in Liber D. S., No. 7, folio 372, &c., the undersigned, as Attorney, will offer at Public Sale, at the Court House door, in the town of Elkton, on

Tuesday, the 24th day of February, 1874,

AT 2 O'CLOCK P. M., ALL THAT

TRACT OF LAND,

lying and being in the Eighth District of Cecil county, near the village of Mount Pleasant. This tract adjoins lands of James C. Bell, Jacob Warner, The American Chrome Company and others, and contains

70 ACRES, MORE OR LESS,

about 50 acres of which is under cultivation, and the balance is growing with thriving young TIMBER. The quality of the land is unsurpassed, and it is all under good fencing and well watered.

The improvements consists of a large LOG DWELLING HOUSE, Stable, Corn House, Spring House, &c. There is also an abundance of FRUIT TREES upon the premises.

There has been ascertained to be upon this property a valuable deposit of FELD-SPAR, and arrangements have been made for its development and manufacture, by the erection of mills, &c., near the property.

TERMS OF SALE.—The Terms of Sale, as prescribed in said mortgage, requires the whole of the purchase money to be paid in Cash on the day of sale.

CLINTON McCULLOUGH, Attorney for Mortagee.

Jan 31—ts

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Cecil county, in chancery, the undersigned will offered at Public Sale, at the Court House door, in Elkton, Cecil county, Maryland, on

Tuesday, February 24th, 1874,

AT 2 O'CLOCK P. M., ALL THAT

Valuable REAL ESTATE,

which formerly belonged to the late James Frazer, situate, lying and being about 2½ miles South of Elkton, adjoining lands of Tobias Rudolph, H. H. Mitchell, David M. Taylor and others, and containing

40½ ACRES OF LAND,

MORE OR LESS.

This is a valuable tract of land, in a fine state of cultivation, easily tilled and in a good healthy neighborhood. There is a valuable Mill Site upon the property—dam and race complete.

The improvements consist of a comfortable FRAME DWELLING HOUSE; two large Barns, with Stone Stabling under each—one nearly new, the other in good repair.

The Real Estate hereby offered is divided into two portions by the Frenchtown turnpike. All that portion North of the said turnpike is now owned by Dr. H. H. Mitchell and John T. Ward, and containing 135 acres, more or less. The residue, containing 246 acres of land, is South of said turnpike. Said Real Estate will be offered for sale: first, that part of the land North of the turnpike, and then that portion South of the turnpike, or in such other divisions as the Trustee may deem most advantageous.

TERMS OF SALE, as prescribed by the decree, are: Cash on the day of sale.

JAS. T. McCULLOUGH, Trustee.

Jan 31, 1874—ts

TRUSTEE'S SALE

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Cecil county, sitting as a Court of Equity, and passed in the case of Sarah P. Meredith vs. Lewis P. Ellison and Susan M. Ellison, his wife, the undersigned will offer at Public Sale, at the Court House door, in Elkton, Cecil county, Md., on

Tuesday, February 24th, 1874,

AT 1 O'CLOCK P. M., ALL THAT

Valuable REAL ESTATE,

upon which the said Lewis P. Ellison now resides, situate, lying and being near the village of FORT HERMAN, in Cecil county, aforesaid, containing

256 ACRES,

AND 10 SQUARE PERCHES OF LAND; being the same Real Estate which was conveyed unto the said Lewis P. Ellison by Jesse E. Smith and wife, by deed dated October 29th, 1866, and recorded among the Land Record Books of Cecil county, in Liber H. R. T., No. 1, folio 507, &c.

This Farm is beautifully situated on the Elk River.—The land is of excellent quality and easily tilled.

The Steamer that plies between Elkton and Baltimore affords daily communication with the city.

The improvements consist of a large comfortable FRAME DWELLING HOUSE, Barn, Stable, &c. There is a fine young Peach Orchard on the premises. A Wharf near at hand, at which steamboat touches daily. Churches, stores, markets and schools within convenient distances.

TERMS OF SALE, as prescribed by the decree, are as follows:—$14,000 to be paid in cash on the day of sale; the balance in two equal instalments of Twelve and Eighteen months from the day of sale. The credit payments to bear interest from the day of sale, and to be secured by the Note or Notes of the purchaser, with approved security. Cost of Deed, &c., to be paid by purchaser.

REUBEN HAINES, Trustee.

Jan 31, 1874—ts

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

Under and by virtue of a Decree of the Circuit Court for Cecil county, sitting as a court of equity, the undersigned, as Trustee, will offer at Public Sale, at the Court House door, in Elkton, Cecil county, Md., on

Tuesday, the 24th day of February, 1874,

at 11 o'clock A. M., all the following described REAL ESTATE, of which a certain Howard Titus died seized:

ALL THAT

VALUABLE FARM,

a portion of "Geoffarison," which was conveyed unto the said Howard Titus by James Hughes and wife, in their Deed of Partition, bearing date August 1st, 1851, and recorded in Liber R. H. M., No. 3, folio 462, &c., one of the Land Record Books of Cecil county, aforesaid, and containing

106 Acres, 3 Roods and 10 Perches

OF LAND, more or less. The improvements consist of a large comfortable Frame DWELLING, a large Barn, Granary and Stable.

The land is of good quality and easily tilled. 50 acres are in excellent Timber, consisting of Oak, Chestnut and Hickory. Also, Peach and Apple Orchards in full bearing.

Possession of the farm will be given upon the terms of sale being complied with.

TERMS OF SALE, as per Decree, are as follows:—One-third of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale; the balance in two equal instalments of Six and Twelve months from day of sale, to be secured by the Bonds of the purchaser, with approved security, and to bear interest from day of sale.

Costs of Stamp and Deed to be paid by purchaser.

REUBEN HAINES, Trustee.

Jan 31, 1874—ts

KEYS & HOPKINS,

PROVISION DEALERS,

On Main Street, Elkton, corner of Church, have constantly on hand all the good things of the season, such as the people of Elkton daily need:

Beef, Lamb and Mutton,
Sugar-Cured Hams,
Shoulder and Side Bacon,
Lard, Dried Beef & Sausage,
Fresh and Salt Fish,
Flour, Meal and Feed,
Canned and Dried Fruit,
Vegetables in their Season,

And all other articles kept in a first-class Provision Store.

☞ Every article guaranteed to be as represented.

KEYS & HOPKINS.

Jan 24, 1874—tf

ORPHANS' COURT.

The STATED MEETINGS of the Orphans' Court of Cecil county will be held on the SECOND TUESDAY in every month. Executors, Administrators and Guardians, wanting their accounts stated, will please bring in the vouchers a few days before Court.

REUBEN D. JAMAR, Register.

Nov 30, 1867—y

THE NIGHT EXPRESS.

A bitter December midnight, and the up-express panting through its ten minutes rest at Rugby. What with passengers just arriving, and passengers just departing; what with the friends who come to see the last of the departing passengers, or to meet the arriving ones, the platform was full enough, I can assure you; and I had some difficulty in making my way from carriage to carriage, even though I generally find that people (almost unconsciously perhaps,) move aside for the guard when they see him walking up or down close to the carriage doors. This difficulty was increased, too, by the manœuvres of my companion, a London detective, who had joined me to give himself a better opportunity of examining the passengers. Keenly he did it, too, in that seemingly careless way of his; and while he appeared 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 myself to help him, for I knew it wasn't necessary; yet I was as anxious as hundreds of others were that those practiced thieves, whom the police had been hunting 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 unusually cold, and stopped to stamp a little life into his petrified feet. Of course for me this enforced standing was a signal for an attack of that persistent questioning with which railway guards are familiar; and, in attending to polite questioners who deserved answering, and unpolite ones who insisted on it, I had not much time for looking about me; but presently I did catch myself 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 pretty, bewildered eyes. I wished I could have gone straight to her, and put her into one—the most comfortable—of the line of carriages at which 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 night—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'ad?" 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 remained stonily waiting for it.

"Deaf as a dozen posts," said the detective, aloud, giving the old lady an expressive little nod in the direction of the train.

"Slow train?" she asked, in that plaintive tone which the very deaf often use.

"Mail!" I shouted, putting my mouth as close to her cheek as I fancied she would like.

"*Ale!*" she shrieked back at me, the spectacles shaking a little on her thin nose. "Why should you want ale for listening to civil questions that you are paid to answer? Ale, indeed! I believe railway men think of nothing else."

Then she shook her head angrily and waddled off, looking as acid an old party as I should ever try to avoid. In at every door she peered through her glittering glasses, the two porters following her, until she made a stop before an empty second-class carriage near my van, and with much labor and assistance got herself and her packages into it.

When I passed, a few minutes afterward, she was standing in the doorway, effectually barring the door to any other passenger by her own unattractive appearance there, and prolonging with an evident relish the anxiety of the obsequious porters. I fancy that though the purse she fumbled in was large, the coin she wanted was but small, for I passed on and left her still searching and still asking questions of the men, but hearing nothing either of their replies or of the loud asides in which they indulged to each other. I had reached the other end of the train, and was just about making my way back to my own van, when the young lady I had before noticed went slowly in front of me toward the empty first-class compartment near which I stood.

"Am I right for 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 answered, putting her little leather satchel down beside her on the seat, and settling herself in the corner furthest from the open door. "Do we stop anywhere between here and London?"

"Don't stop again, Miss, except for a few minutes to take tickets." Then I 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 there alone, and I could see that he was making up his mind to join her; but he seemed doing it in a most careless and languid 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 one first-class apartment, he lingered until the last moment was come; then, quite leisurely, he walked up to the door, opened it, entered the carriage, and in an instant the door was banged to behind him. Without the least hesitation I went up to the window, and stood near it while the lamp was fitting in the compartment. The gentleman was standing up within, drawing on a dark overcoat; that young lady in the distant corner was looking from the window as if even the half darkness was better to look at than this companion. Mortified 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 dogging, 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 its 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 if 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 in my mind; and he was looking cross enough for anything in that last glimpse I caught of him.

Having nothing better to do, I wondered 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 not 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 unclaimed. I read over again the bill in my pocket which described the robbers. "Edward Capron, alias Captain Winter, alias John Pearson, alias Dr. Crow; a thick set, active man, of middle height, and about fifty years of age; with thick iron-gray hair and whiskers, dark gray eyes and an aquiline nose.—Mary Capron, his wife, a tall woman of forty; with a handsome, fair face, a quantity of very red hair, and a cut across her under lip. Edward Capron, their son, a slightly built youth of not more than fifteen or sixteen," (though, for the matter of that, I thought he might have had cunning enough for twice his 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 all in vain; and as the train rushed 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 had been so successfully foiled in the attempt by that intrusive fop 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 summons. I never wondered for a moment who had pulled the cord. Instinctively I knew, and—it was the carriage furthest from my van! I left my place almost breathlessly as the engine slackened speed, and hastening along the footboard, 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 in dread as I stopped, and looked into the carriage. What did I see? Only the two passengers buried in their separate corners. The young lady raised her head 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 stopped us in this hole?" he said, rising and pushing his handsome 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 quite convinced 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 surrounded us outside, but from the lamp-lit compartments eager heads were thrust, searching for the reason of this unexpected 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 overpowered 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 stood 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!"

Shall I ever forget the sharp expectancy of the old lady's eyes as they looked into mine, first over, then under, then through her glittering, gold-rimmed spectacles? What surprised me most particularly was the fact of her decidedly not being, as any one might suppose, a raving lunatic.

"Be quick with the small luncheon basket, please," she said, resignedly sitting down, and pouring the contents of her purse out into her lap; "I'm 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 to be 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 to me, or I'll report you to the manager."

Seeing now 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 baskets" supplied at Rugby, the other, the company's directions for summoning the guard and stopping the train in cases 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 bit of my astonishment, 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 happened to be going up to town by the express. But his just and natural wrath—loud as it was—never moved the hungry 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 director tried to make her understand that she had incurred a penalty of five pounds, but he couldn't, though he bawled it at her until the poor old thing—perhaps mortified at having taken so much trouble for nothing; perhaps overcome by her hunger; perhaps frightened at the commotion she saw though didn't hear—sank back in her seat in a strong fit of hysterics, and let the shillings and six pences 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 carriages 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 seemes 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 detective officer whom I knew pretty well now, having had a good bit to do with him about this Warwickshire robbery.

"It is no use," I said, before we started, "the train was searched, as you may say, at Rugby. Every passenger has undergone 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 donging are in this train in clever disguises. We have had pretty full particulars, though the discovery 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 bad for a lady known to us pretty well by her thick red hair and a cut on her upper lip."

"But the young lady?" I asked, cogitating this.

"Ah! the young lady. True enough; well, what would you say now, if I told you she grew out of that boy with the closely-cut, dark hair that we are after?"

I remembered the pretty plaits and the loose, falling hair. I remembered the bewilderment in the eyes which entirely 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 catching the woman and the boy," continued Davis, as we moved slowly past the locked 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 carriage 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 gazing out in most evident and utter ignorance of all that was going on around her. "I am locked in, ga'ad. Do you hear?"

I heard; aye, sharp enough. I only wished she could hear me as readily.—Davis stood outside watching while I unlocked 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 and 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 actually shaking as I put my key in the door of the centre one. "Empty and dark?"

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

I might well ask what was come of 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 it 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 burning now as sensibly as the others—if we could but have seen it. As we soon discovered, the glass was covered by a kind of tarpaulin, intensely black and strongly adhesive, and the carriage was as completely dark as if no lamp had been there at all. The perplexity in Davis' face was as great as my own, when I told him who had traveled 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. During 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 carriage under cover of the darkness; managing 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 officially 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 settled 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 she had to stop the train for a luncheon-basket) he had played upon us the neatest trick of all. Where on earth were the thick iron gray 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 eccentric 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 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 believe, 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.—*The Argosy.*

A Remarkable Temperance Revival.

BY THE REV. R. H. HOWARD, IN THE METHODIST.

While lecturing before the lyceums of the West, the past autumn, Dr. Dio Lewis spoke in several places on the subject of temperance, inaugurating in each a movement involving such remarkable results as to be of public interest and importance. In one place, in particular, Washington, Ohio, a town of nearly four thousand inhabitants, the work thus commenced was surprisingly successful.

After the delivery of his earnest and instructive lecture at the above named place, entitled "Our Girls," the aforementioned gentleman volunteered to address the citizens of Washington on the subject of temperance, stating that he had a plan which had proved successful in other places, and, if properly carried out, would also doubtless in that. The proposition was heartily approved by the audience. Accordingly, promptly at 10 A. M. Christmas morning, a band of earnest, intelligent citizens assembled at the Presbyterian Church, to attend to what the doctor might have to offer.

The exercises consisted of singing, prayer and an address from Dr. Lewis. For one hour argument, illustration, appeal and demonstration followed in rapid succession until, at the conclusion of the address, the entire audience were ready to heartily approve the plan presented. A committee was appointed to present to the meeting the names of ladies present who should act as a committee of visitation to all those places in the village where liquor was sold, not excepting the drug stores. Forty names of ladies present were submitted, and they were unanimously elected for this work. Nearly as many names also of gentlemen were submitted, who, with open pocket-books, should stand ready to meet whatever pecuniary demand might be made, and were enrolled as such committee. A committee of four ladies was appointed to prepare an appeal to all dealers in intoxicating liquors in the place. With an earnest, eloquent exhortation from Dr. Lewis not to falter in this enterprise, now so nobly begun, this remarkable preliminary meeting adjourned, to meet at 7 P. M. At the evening meeting a still more solemn spirit prevailed. Already it was felt that a mighty presence was with the people.—The committee on appeal presented the following, which was unanimously adopted:

APPEAL.

"Knowing, as you do, the fearful effects of intoxicating drinks, we, the women of Washington, after earnest prayer and deliberation, have decided to appeal to you to desist from this ruinous traffic, that our husbands, brothers, and especially our sons, be no longer exposed to this terrible temptation, and that we may no longer see them led into those paths which go down to sin, and bring both soul and body to destruction. We appeal to the better instincts of your hearts; in the name of desolated homes, blasted hopes, ruined lives and widowed hearts; for the honor of our community; for our prosperity; for our happiness; for our good name as a town; in the name of God, who will judge you as well as ourselves; for the sake of your souls, which are to be saved or lost. We beg, we implore you, to cease yourselves from this heinous sin, and place yourselves in the ranks of those who are striving to elevate and ennoble themselves and their fellow-men; and to this we ask you to pledge yourselves."

Friday morning at 10 o'clock, a large audience assembled to commence operations against the enemy. Leaders having been appointed at 11 o'clock the women arose to go. It was a thrilling moment. From every heart went up a prayer that God would go with and give them success.—Down the aisle out into the street, and thence from den to den, they marched.—The drug stores were first visited. The ladies were variously received, sometimes kindly, sometimes with locked doors, or demonstrations of insolence. In either case they did their duty, with no spirit of malice or bitterness, but with prayer and song, with entreaties, and even tears, they went on their sublime mission: At each place the order of exercises was as follows: 1. singing; 2. prayer; 3. singing; 4. prayer; 5. appeal; 6. promise to call again.—The first day closed with no special indications of success. At 9:30 A. M. the ensuing day the ladies assembled again at the Presbyterian Church, whence, after an hour spent in conference and prayer, they started once more on their round of visitation. Though on this day the work in some respects seemed even harder and less encouraging than on the day previous, they yet kept most nobly to it, many of them, indeed, going without food from early in the morning till late at night. In the meantime, all day long in the Presbyterian Church, the brothers and husbands of the women were engaged in prayer and supplication to God for his blessing upon their labors. At the close of each prayer the bell rung out the news to the ladies that they were still remembered. This, it has been well observed, is doubtless the most remarkable prayer-meeting on record, continuing from 9 A. M. till dark in the afternoon. No special progress was reported at the meeting held that evening.

The next day (Sabbath) a grand union temperance meeting of all the churches in the village was held. Intense interest was felt upon every side. Monday morning the ladies assembled again for another visitation, this time in larger numbers than on any previous days. Again they went on their rounds, and this time not without encouraging signs of success. One castle surrendered, and agreed to pour out its liquor that very day. Another house was closed up, the proprietor taking his goods to the depot and departing forthwith to parts unknown. Another declared his intention to quit on New Year's Day; another, that the ladies might pour out his liquor on the morrow. Notices to stop the sale or leave the premises were served by several landlords on their tenants. In the meantime, in the afternoon a grand assembly of people met to witness the first pouring out of liquors in the champaign. The ladies, now numbering not less than seventy-five, marched down in procession to the scene of operations, where, after prayer and singing, they proceeded to empty several barrels of whisky into the gutter, repeated cheers being given by the crowd, and every lady insisting on shaking hands with each of the capitulating proprietors. The latter, being called upon for a speech, responded from the top of empty whisky barrels, expressing their regrets that they had been engaged in such a business, and promising never again to take it up—sentiments that were repeatedly and most roundly cheered by the assembled throng. During the whole of this strange proceeding, every bell in town was ringing as if announcing, indeed, an important and glorious victory.

The reader can easily imagine how enthusiastic must have been the demonstrations at the meeting held on that ensuing Monday evening—a meeting addressed, among others, by some of the liquor sellers of the place. On the following day, scenes not unlike those above described were enacted. And thus, from day to day, the ladies held on to their work of praying, singing, and appealing to the citizens, until, after a period of eleven days, the last stronghold surrendered, and that infamous traffic that had hitherto bid defiance to law, litigation, grand jury, and a costly police, was completely swept away; every liquor dealer, including apothecaries and physicians, having either by a verbal promise or a written pledge, avowed that, so far at least as he was concerned, the liquor business should cease, and that he would exert himself to the utmost for the suppression of trippling and intoxication. The pledge, meantime, is being industriously circulated, and such other measures adopted as bid fair to secure, organize, and render permanent the fruits of this truly marvelous and unparalleled temperance victory.

THE WESTERN FUR TRADE.

THE TRAFFIC ON THE UPPER MISSOURI—HOW THE INDIANS HUNT AND TRAP—THE DIGNITY OF LO.

Probably there is no business carried on in this country of the details of which so little is known by people generally as the fur and robe trade among the Sioux Indians of Montana and Dakota. The following facts in relation to the trade have been obtained from the old hunters and trappers who have spent the greater portion of their lives in the country adjacent to the Upper Missouri.

The season in which furs and peltries are secured extends from October and February. After that time the shedding of the coat commences, the hair fades, and the skin becomes worthless. The animals most sought after are otter, buffalo, wolf, elk, bear, fox, deer, and coon. Mink is sometimes taken by the white trappers; but is the considered too small game by the Indian. The buffalo are killed mostly with the bow and arrow, as this method is not only less expensive than killing with fire arms, but the arrows can be recovered and used again. A large herd is surrounded, sometimes scattered over an era comprising several miles in extent, and gradually driven in together. And here is exhibited a piece of strategy thoroughly Indian. The stragglers on the outskirts of the herd are shot in the liver, and will bleed to death in going a few miles. The hunters continue driving them in, and the carcasses at the close of the slaughter are consequently not scattered over as great an extent of ground as they would be if shot instantly dead. When the circle is well closed in the hunters begin shooting at the heart. The ponies are all trained, and will not enter the herd, but keep the outside, although the hunter does not draw a rein after reaching the killing ground. Wolves are secured by poison in the following manner: a quarter of buffalo is either dragged or taken in a wagon to the locality where the wolves most do congregate. At a distance of about forty rods apart stakes are stuck in the ground; on the top of each a piece of meat is impaled, having previously been poisoned with strynchnine. The wolves strike the trail and follow it up, taking the pieces as they go. Next morning the hunters go along the line and skin the dead animals. They stretch the skins over stakes, with the inside up, and let them dry. No salt or anything else is put on them. Sometimes seventy or eighty wolves are killed with a single quarter of meat. One-eighth of an ounce of strychnine is sufficient to kill five wolves.

The otter and beaver are trapped, various kinds of drugs being used for bait. A few silver-gray foxes have been captured, but they are very scarce. The skins of these animals are very valuable, bringing from $50 to $75 each. When taken they are invariably sent to Europe, where they are used only by the wealthiest people.

The Indians use the brains of the animal to tan the skin with. After stretching it over stakes or frames, as above stated, they rub on the brains, mixed with juices obtained from certain roots and plants. The skins are then scraped with hoes, or other instruments of that nature. The brains are said to draw out the grease. After drying, the hides are painted and ornamented. The paint used is the very finest quality of Chinese vermilion and chrome yellow and green. There is a popular idea that some of the buffalo robes which we find in market are tanned by white men after being brought into the States, but such is not the case. Many whites have attempted it but failed, and the Indians seem to be the only people who are possessed of the knowledge which enables them to impart a softness and pleasant surface to the buffalo robe which is not found on any other skin.

As soon as the hunting season is over the Indians put the hides and furs on poles which are dragged by ponies, sometimes 300 miles to the nearest trading post. The whole band generally comes in with them. At the trading posts are opposition runners, acting in behalf, respectively, of the two great companies of that country—Durfee & Peck and the Northwestern Fur Company. These runners keep on the watch, and as soon as a band comes in sight they mount fleet ponies, and start off to secure the customers for the goods to be traded by their employers for the results of the season's hunt. Those with whom the Indians decide to trade are compelled by customs to give the band a great feast, which usually lasts a day and night. Then the business of exchange commences.

The articles most in demand by the red men are coffee and sugar, of which they are passionately fond. In dry goods, they want blankets, cloth, prints, the most gaudy and variegated. A few of them buy saddles and bridles. An ornament called an Iroquis shell, which is picked up on the sea shore somewhere in Europe, is in great demand. An Indian has been known to receive three-fourths of his trade in these shells.

The Indians know the boats which are loaded with goods to be disposed of to them by the tops of the smoke-stacks being painted red. They call them "big canoes," and as soon as they get into the Indian country the news is carried ahead by runners, so that by the time the boat arrives at its destination the news is widespread. However much they may chance to be exasperated against the whites from any cause which may have temporarily aroused their hostility, they never molest these boats.

Among the employes of Durfee & Peck several years ago was an old Indian chief named "Two Bears." He was very widely known and popular among his people, and was a very valuable assistant. In 1865 Jesse Chisholm—probably the oldest trader in the West, who came to this part of the country nearly seventy years ago from Tennessee—died away up in the mountains. Old "Two Bears" was there, and thought so much of him that he took from his own neck a gold medal which had been given him by President Harrison, placed it on the neck of his dead friend and had it buried with him. Mr. Durfee related to the writer of this, some time ago, an incident about this red man, which illustrates the amusing dignity and pride which the Indian sometimes displays. Mr. Durfee was up the river with one of his boats, and had on board several ladies. "Two Bears" was pointed out to him as a prominent chief, and he invited him on board, taking him directly to the ladies' cabin. Now, it chanced that our red friend was not just then clad in his Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, but on the other hand, presented an appearance that would have hardly been countenanced in genteel society. As soon as he saw the ladies he wanted to eave, and appeared deeply mortified at having been inveigled into their presence clad in so scanty a dress. No urging could induce him to remain a moment, and he marched off the boat. In about an hour he came back, decked off in all the gaudy habiliments of a First Family Sioux, stuck all over with gewgaws and feathers, and mounted on a pony no less gaily caparisoned. Everybody was expected to go out and see him in all his glory, which they did, and his wounded pride was healed.

EXTRACTS FROM PRIVATE LETTERS OF A YOUNG AMERICAN GIRL.

No. IV.

Oh, these Germans! I never shall get used to their queer ways. They are the most sensitive people about receiving money, I ever saw. Herr Wigand, instead of