

Beaver & Gephart

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The Strike at Groton Gorge.

Arthusa Allen was only eighteen when she came to Groton Gorge to take charge of the district school—a slight, dark-eyed slip of a thing, with a low voice, and such a shy, timid way, that the big girls and the rebellious boys at once jumped to the conclusion that she would be conquered at once in her capacity of "school-ma'am."

They discovered their mistake, however, in a very brief period of time. Miss Allen might be quiet, but she had the spirit of a Joan of Arc. She reduced her little flock to order, and she kept them there, too.

Mrs. Binns, who presided over the Gorge House, also bore testimony in behalf of Arthusa Allen.

"I didn't suppose, when I first seen her, that she would amount to a row of pins," said Mrs. Binns, who weighed three hundred pounds, and stood five feet eight in her stockings.

"A slim, school-girl-looking creature like that! And I hadn't a room to spare, and I didn't see how I could possibly accommodate her. But she spoke up so pretty-like, that she hadn't no friends and didn't mind where to go, so says I: 'If you don't mind a room over the laundry, I can clear out some of the stores and put up a cot-bed for you, and you can have your place daytimes,' says I, 'with them Chinese cackling and screeching, but it's still and peaceable at nights. And if you'll help me make out the bills and keep the accounts, Miss Allen,' says I, 'I'll consider it in your board, for I ain't no scholar and never was.'"

Mrs. Binns was an ungainly creature to look at, but she was as beautiful at heart as the Venus di Medici's self, and Arthusa soon felt herself at home in the little room over the laundry, whose windows looked out at the thread-like fall of a silver cascade and the unflattering gloom of the firs beyond.

For Groton Gorge was as lovely a place as ever leant from mountain plateau over the misty valley below; and the Grotto House was full of city boarders.

Nor was the domestic staff contemptible. Mrs. Binns had all her servants from the city during the summer season, and to all appearances, everything went on velvet.

It was a foggy August morning, when Mrs. Binns awakened to find herself roused in every joint by acute rheumatism, and utterly incapable of moving.

"I'll make it my business to instruct you," said Arthusa, brightly. "Pack up your things. Be ready to jump into the wagon when I come back."

"Can't I do nothing Miss Allen?" said big Junius, wistfully.

"I'm going to get Susan Rich to do the washing," said Arthusa. "If you would turn the handle for her some-times—"

"I'll turn it for her now till doomsday, if it'll help you, Miss Allen," said Junius. Susan ain't half a bad girl, neither, if she didn't chaff a fellow so."

"Thank you, Junius," said Miss Allen. "You will oblige me very much, indeed."

Mrs. Binns, who had once been house-keeper in a grand Poughkeepsie family, and now lived on her interest money, volunteered as cook, with the assistance of Marian Sevier, the rector's daughter, who had spent a winter in New York and taken lessons of Miss Parlow.

"It will be such fun," said pretty Marian, dancing up and down. "And Mark is to be Arthusa's caterer, and send in supplies to her."

"Yes," said Mark Sevier—a college professor—who had just come home to the parsonage to spend his vacation—"the Gorge House shall be liberally supplied, even if I have to turn highway robber for Arthusa's benefit. But I hope, Arthusa, there need be no danger of our coming to that extremity. I know the farmers who raise lambs, and calves, and tender young 'broilers.' I can put my brooks where trout do congregate, and boys who would like nothing better than to catch them. I know where the berry-pickers live, and there isn't a melon-patch or a plum orchard that I can't press into the service. You shall live like epics at the Gorge House?"

"Oh, Mr. Sevier, how can I ever thank you?" said Arthusa, who had scarcely known how to manage this portion of her duties.

A NOTED LIE.

Origin of the Saying "And It Wasn't a Day for Ducks, Either."

In 1860, a year before the war, a party of Northern Illinois hunters hid themselves to the lakes of Minnesota for an annual duck hunt of a few weeks, making the journey to St. Paul, which was at that time but little more than a frontier village, by a steamer from Dubuque, Ia.

"How many did you ever kill in one day?" queried a cross-eyed passenger from down about Burlington.

"You may not believe me, sir," replied Traux, "but in the late fall of '27 I went out alone one morning about seven miles with my dog and gun and brought home 200 ducks by actual count, and it wasn't a very good day for ducks, either."

"You ain't never alone in one trip?" asked the cross-eyed man as he put down some figures on an envelope with a pencil he had carelessly taken from his vest-pocket.

"Yes, sir, I did," said Traux, with a tinge of ill-humor to his tone.

"Those ducks would weigh about two and a half pounds apiece, wouldn't they?" casually remarked the Burlington man, as he kept on making characters with his pencil.

"I should say they would," remarked the unsuspecting Abe.

"Well, then," said the persistent querist, "you killed just 650 pounds of ducks, and if you can tell me how one man was able to lug that weight seven miles, and carry a gun at the same time, you can do something that no other liar in the Northwest can match."

THE FEMALE DETECTIVES.

How They are Used in Secret Police Work. An old chief in the detective service in this and many other states, told one of our reporters, yesterday, that the Pinkerton national detective agency was now employing a great many women as operatives, often sending them as far as New Mexico and the far southwest to get evidence of the most difficult nature to ascertain.

He says, in fact, that the Pinkertons have found, in their long experience in this business, that there are many cases in which the patient search, untiring energy, and almost fruitless sagacity of the most experienced detectives avail nothing while an experienced woman operative, with the use of a little tact and finesse, can readily ascertain the clew and proof desired.

The methods of female detectives vary entirely with the circumstances surrounding the case, and none but those who have been thoroughly tried and proven are ever employed by the Pinkertons.

"Now," said the old chief, "speaking on the subject reminds me of something I have to laugh about. There was in the city a short time since, a lady who called herself if I remember aright, Angeline St. Cyr, or something of that sort. She was dressed to a queen's taste and wore a pair of \$2,000 diamond ear drops, and jewelry enough to show she had plenty of money at her command. She had a handsome figure, and her clothes fitted so elegantly, and she dressed in such perfect taste, that no one who saw her doubted that she was some wealthy gentleman's daughter. She boarded at a quiet house on one of the sides of the streets with a highly respectable family, and conducted herself in the most ladylike manner, observing all the proprieties.

"What I am going to tell you now will cause an interest to be taken in the matter locally, for there are many in this city who will recognize the portrait of Miss Angeline St. Cyr. She was a very tall, stylish young lady, wore a profusion of bangs and back hair, bonnet of the small close-fitting variety, and was generally dressed for the street in a French gray silk walking dress, and tippet or cape (I don't know the name of it exactly), that seemed to consist almost entirely of jet beads. She generally carried a large pocketbook in her hand, or wore it swung around her shoulders with a strap.

"Now, plenty of people who know this lady well, will read this article, and if any one of them ever ascertained her business in Nashville, or saw her do anything unbecoming a perfect lady, I would be surprised to hear it; and yet I had enough business with her to know just about what she was doing. Notwithstanding this, she came here in the employment of some very prominent parties, got the information she desired, communicated her progress to the employer from day to day, and when she left here, kissed all her lady friends goodbye, telling them she was going to Chicago. They have never heard from her since and never will, unless in the course of her employment she is sent here again.

"I understood," said the old chief "that she got \$8000 reward, in addition to her \$4 per diem and expenses for the job, and I don't believe there is a man, or less clever woman, who could have worked up the case at all. She is in New Mexico now, and I understand she is successfully following her occupation."—Nashville American.

A Singular Circumstance. "The most singular case of deafness I've ever had anything to do with," said the family physician, "is that of a woman up on a Fremont Place. She has such a frightful noise in her head that she can't hear a thing except when she's in a herd, when the rattle of the vehicle sort of drowns the noise in her head, and she can then hear as well as ever. She observed this peculiarity of her affliction, and what did she do the other night but bring home a watchman's rattle and a pair of cymbals. She didn't say anything until her husband came home and sat down to dinner. He began to ask the blessing, and she wishing to hear his remarks began to bang away on the cymbals. He stopped right in the midst of his devotions, and asked her wrathfully if she was crazy, to which she responded by whooping it up a little louder, whereupon he rushed over to my house and said his wife was a raving lunatic. I went back with him to try and fix up matters, but just as soon as I opened my mouth she let fly with the watchman's rattle. The outcome of it is that my friend gets his meals down town, and spends his evenings at the City Club, while his wife, armed with her orchestra, goes calling on her neighbors, and fools the children into believing that the circus has come again."—Buffalo Courier.

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