The Columbian.

COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, STAR OF THE NORTH, and COLUMBIAN, Consolidated.]

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AT TWO DOLLARS per year. To subscribers out of the county the terms are strictly in advance.

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The Columbian.

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BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1884.

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An absolute cure for Rheumatism, Sprains, Pain in the Back, Burns, Galls, &c. An Instantaneous Pain-relieving and Healing Remedy.

Santa Claus.

'Tis Christmas Eve! How fast the years
Rise up about the heart,
Choke with their dust the fount of tears,
And kill life's better part.
How fast the tide of time devours
Youth's shining fields of morn;
How soon where once we dreamed of flow'rs
Rolls a gray sea forlorn.

'Tis Christmas Eve! The blessed time
When Heaven leans anear,
To share the music of the chime
With earth's untuned ear:
The blessed time when children guess
The truth of Heaven's joys;
For Santa Claus comes down to bless
Their hopes with earthly toys.

Your dreams, dear child, of toy and play
Are bright as dreams may be:
And live enough the coming day
Each wish fulfill'd may see.
When, with a heart adance with joy,
Your little hands unfold
The paper crisp that hides the toy
More coveted than gold.

Ah, shall we never feel again
That bliss of early days,
When in the dusk, with eyes astrain,
Their heads the children raise;
And dimly in the wintry light,
While joy bells fill the air,
Find each dear wish is answered right
Upon the bedside chair?

But soon the dream of eager weeks
Unprofitable seems;
And doll that blinks or lamb that squeaks
Must go the way of dreams;
And soon the restless love, grown faint,
No thrill of rapture feels,
In grace of form, or gloss of paint,
Or cunning work of wheels.

Yet at the children's festival
Let them rejoice awhile;
Though soon the new-found rapture pall
Sweet is the early smile.
And sweet it is to hearts grown old,
That such surpassing joys
Still linger, all undimmed their gold,
About the dear old toys.

A Curious Christmas-Box.

"Tell Mr. Warne I wish to see him," said the senior partner of Dockett, Poole and Co., to the clerk who opened the door in response to his ring. Mr. Warne appeared in a few seconds, and found his employer somewhat disturbed.

"Oh, Warne!" he said, "read this letter; it contains an unprecedented order, and I am afraid we cannot comply with it. What say you?"

Mr Warne took the letter without replying, for, being a cautious man, he never answered a question until he was certain of the ground on which it was based. After a silence, during which Mr. Dockett regarded him attentively, the head clerk handed him the letter.

"Well," said Mr. Dockett, as he folded it, "can it be done?"

"I fancy we can do it," replied Warne. "It's out of our way, certainly; but then, you see, if it can be done, we're bound to do it."

"It will go out by the first convenient mail. You had better see what you can do, although you have plenty of time. I'll speak to Mr. Poole when he returns, and if he sees no objections, we'll forward it in due course. There's no hurry. Thank you, Warne. It is for a Christmas-box, I suppose."

Mr. Warne bowed and smiled, and was just about to shut the door, when he returned, and in a low voice said:

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Dockett; but about those diamonds—"

"Ah, yes! Well, you can take them next week; and be sure no one knows of your charge. Be as secret as the grave. I would not have one lost for its value twice told. They are heirlooms, Mr. Warne. Let Falkenbergs have them for the present."

"Yes, sir," replied Warne. "I thought I'd mention it, for I'm a bit uneasy about those stones."

"Oh! you need not be; they are safe enough. But you don't seem quite well. Is anything the matter?"

"No, thank you, Mr. Dockett; but I feel a bit depressed. I have had a sort of presentiment—a dullness of the heart—"

"Liver, my good friend, liver. Take a few days' leave; go down to the seaside. Well, perhaps chill October is not quite the month for the sea," he added. "But let us see how you are next week, and if not better, go away then for a couple of days."

Mr. Warne thanked his kind-hearted chief, and left the room. Jonas Subwaye, the messenger, was passing the door as he went out. With an obsequious bow, he passed on.

"That fellow always reminds me of Uriah Heep!" said Warne, to a fellow-clerk. "He gives me a cold chill whenever I meet him. Suppose I am out of sorts."

"I told you that you were as sensitive as those Corsican Brothers," returned his friend. "Next time you go to a theatre, try something lively.

"Dockett thinks that I had better go to the seaside for amusement," said Warne, smiling, as he looked at the fast-falling rain.

"Must have meant the 'Grand,' I should think," retorted his lively friend; "that's about my form, when I want to 'Brighten' up.

The senior clerk stopped his ears and fled away.

Four days passed, and the head clerk had not been idle. The commission from abroad had been attended to, but some difficulty was experienced in carrying it out. Still, the matter was in train. Mr. Warne's mind was more easy respecting the diamonds also, for the noble owner had arrived from abroad, and had requested them to be forwarded to her residence in the country by a safe hand. This took some responsibility from his shoulders; and another load had been lifted from his mind by the dismissal of Jonas Subwaye for eavesdropping and insolence when discovered in the act.

This incident occurred five days after the conversation we have related, and after some arrangements respecting the diamonds had been completed.

Jonas Subwaye was loth to go, and very insolent when he did go. It seems, however, that he tried to obtain another situation almost immediately, for a gentleman called upon Mr. Warne, in Mr. Dockett's absence, for a reference. Warne, being unwilling to injure the man, said all he could in his favor, but did not disguise the truth, so the application failed. The would-be employer, after some conversation on business, left his card, and soon afterwards the office.

This was on the day before Mr. Poole entrusted to Mr. Warne the packet of almost priceless stones, and the clerk's spirits rose. He had permission to remain in the country over Sunday, and on Friday morning he left the office, his small but valuable package being securely fastened underneath his vest, and further concealed by the overcoat he wore.

"Good-bye," he said to his "funny" colleague; "I'm off. You will find all the documents about that old Cape consignment in the left pigeon-hole in my desk. If wanted, write to me at W——. Good-bye. We shall meet again soon."

"Good-bye," replied his friend. "I hope your trip will cure your 'blue' fit. You're a regular Corsican Brother."

"I won't appear to you on the sliding panel with shivery music, at any rate," retorted Warne. "How I should frighten you! Good-bye."

"No doubt. Ta-ta," replied the other, shaking Warne's hand warmly. "Good luck to you."

Mr. Warne nodded, and passed into the partner's room for final instructions, and to give a receipt for the case of diamonds. He took a cordial farewell of Mr. Dockett and his partner. At eleven o'clock he entered the down express from the G—— station. He was the only occupant of the compartment, and congratulated himself upon the fact. The express was due at W—— at 3:30 p. m.

It arrived at its first stopping-place without accident. At 3:40 it reached W——, having been delayed by a sudden disclosure of a red light by a workman in the long B—— tunnel. A portmanteau, labeled for W——, was thrown from the van, and the train sped on its way.

* * * * * * *

"I say, Bill, whose is this?" said the porter to the ticket-taker.

"I don't know; it ain't mine. Some one's lost the train, I suppose. Here's Mr. Spencer, perhaps he's got a telegram about it."

The station-master approached and said, "Where's Jeffrey?"

Jeffrey was the ganger for the tunnel which was situated on that portion of the line of which Mr. Spencer was "local" inspector.

The porters had seen him just before, and in a short time Jeffrey came up.

"Why did'nt you manage things better than to delay the down express?" asked Spencer.

"I didn't delay her," replied the man, quickly.

"Well, your men did, in the tunnel; she was ten minutes behind. You ought to know better by this time. I've a great mind to report it."

"Report it, if you like, sir," replied the ganger. "None of my gang have been in B—— tunnel since noon to-day, I'll swear. They're all on the up section, yonder, this afternoon. Ye can see for yourself."

The station-master was puzzled. He said he would see the engine-driver on his return that evening. As he turned away, the neglected portmanteau caught his eye.

"Not claimed?" he said. "Put it in the cloak-room till called for by the owner, Mac; he'll follow it soon."

Macdougal did so, and then went to his "tea."

But the owner of the portmanteau never came.

* * * * * * *

The same afternoon a telegram was received by Messrs. Dockett, Poole & Co., from the Countess of J——, dated 5 p. m.:

"Am surprised your messenger has not arrived. Did he leave town as arranged? Reply at once."

Mr. Dockett turned pale as he read the telegram, and walked hastily to Mr. Poole's room. His partner was astonished at his appearance.

"Good heavens, Dockett! what's the matter?" he cried.

"Read that," said the other, hoarsely. "Warne has been robbed, or murdered, or—" he checked himself at once; his partner finished the sentence.

"Or levanted with the diamonds? Yes."

"This will ruin the firm," continued Mr. Dockett, with forced calm. "Poor Warne! I'm afraid he's waylaid. We must reply to this at once. I'll go down myself, and telegraph to say so."

Mr. Dockett wrote out a reply, saying merely that—"Our senior partner will wait upon the Countest of J—— this evening," and then he sent a clerk home for his bag, with a note for his wife, and waited.

A tap at the door aroused him. "Come in?" he cried.

"Beg pardon, sir," said Warne's friend, Jamison; "beg pardon, sir, but there's a man here about that consignment to the Cape."

"What does he say about it?"

"He says he can do it for £20, complete, springs and screws."

"Very well. When will it be ready?"

"In about a month, sir, he says."

"Make a memorandum of it, then; and if Mr. Warne——"

"Yes, sir," said the clerk, as the chief hesitated.

"Never mind," said Mr. Dockett, checking himself, "that will do."

The clerk retired, drew up the memorandum, and gave it to the person in the office.

"Nice job this, eh? Don't often have such articles to export, I suppose," said Jamison.

"Not often. We've had only one before; but some likes one thing, and some another. We mounts bears and monkeys frequent, but them others ain't so pleasant."

"Some morbid fancy, I suppose," continued the man, as he folded up his pocket-book, in which he had placed the memorandum.

"Wants it for his strong-room, I hear; and when anyone as don't know, or has no right there, then he'll be kind o' scared, I expect. It's a curious Christmas-box to send out, isn't it?

The man laughed at the eccentric idea, and departed.

* * * * * * *

The next morning but one, people who read the "agony" columns of the papers were startled by the announcement of—

"ONE HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD,"

for any information that would lead to the discovery of William Warne (described), who had travelled from London to W——, by the Great Direct Railway, and had last been "seen in the train at Amering Junction, at 2:20 p. m.," and so on. "No one noticed a fellow-passenger in the compartment."

But the advertisement called forth no response, beyond the little information that could be gleaned from the officials. The stoppage in the tunnel was commented upon, and this was regarded as a really suspicious circumstance, as the railway people positively declared that no work had been necessary in the tunnel that afternoon.

Some additional light was thrown upon the subject by the testimony of a signalman. He said he fancied he saw two men carrying something across the metals that evening, but on being cross-questioned he confessed to being rather confused at the time, for he had been dozing till awakened by the ringing of the electric train-bell in his cabin, and it was just then that he thought he noticed the dark figures on the line. On the other hand, no one else had seen any strangers about, and it was argued that if robbery merely had been the men's object, they would not have encumbered themselves with the body of their victim. There was no trace of a struggle in the carriage in which the deceased had been traveling. His newspapers, and one or two small parcels, were untouched; his hat was on the cushion, his umbrella in the rack. It was as great a mystery as ever, at the end of the inquiry. No one came forward to claim the reward, nor was the Countess of J—— likely ever again to set eyes upon her magnificent suite of diamonds.

Messrs. Dockett and Poole were at their wits' end. Putting aside the tremendous loss the Countess had sustained, which they endeavored in part to repair, the circumstances were so mysterious, and the whole business so unprecedented in their experience, that they could not bring their minds to a calm consideration of the matter—not yet, at least. The terribly sudden death of their trusted clerk, his peculiar behavior, his presentiments, and his troubled appearance about that time, gave them food for thought. Suppose that, after all, Warne had not been murdered—that he had himself made away with the diamonds, and gone abroad with the plunder! Descriptions of him had been sent to every seaport, and copies of his photograph, with details, forwarded to the Colonies. Telegraphic notices had been sent to the Cape, and other places in Africa, Asia and America. The United Kingdom bristled with amateur and professional detectives, for the reward of one hundred had been supplemented by another of five hundred pounds for the jewels, or a portion of that sum for information, with pardon for any one not the murderer, if murder had been committed. It appeared impossible that the delinquent could escape. But all this was to no purpose, for no information could be gleaned.

So the more than nine days' wonder died away, and the mystery remained unsolved.

Business, however could not wait, and Messrs. Dockett & Poole sent away their various consignments, and promoted Jamison to his old friend's position. Jamison felt Warne's death keenly, for he always declared that Warne had been murdered for the diamonds he carried to W——.

About a month after his friend's disappearance, the "Christmas-box," as the clerks called it, was advised as being ready for shipment, and was carried to the strong-room of Messrs. Dockett and Poole. Only one or two of the clerks were in the secret of this curious consignment, which was no less an ornament than a human skeleton, so arranged as to move upon springs, and to clasp a person in its bony arms, if the feet were trodden upon. It would shake hands if moved by a certain spring at the back, and moved its head in assent or dissent, according to the wires touched by the operator.

This ghastly toy was ordered by a firm in South Africa, and considerable expense had been incurred in its production and arrangement. The figure was tried and found to work, the joints were oiled and looked to. The skeleton was then left to itself in the immense safe, closed by great iron doors, which was built in the wall at the back of the partners' room in the house of Messrs. Dockett, Poole and Company.

[The writer wishes to state that this skeleton is no creation of his own brain. It was made to work as described, and is still in existence—so to speak—in the owner's counting-house.]

* * * * * * *

All hope of hearing anything concerning Mr. Warne had by this time been abandoned. Events succeeded each other so quickly in the world, and in the world of London especially, that, except in the minds of his relatives, or late associates, poor Warne was almost forgotten. Curiosity was occasionally aroused by a paragraph, but in less than a month after his disappearance a new sensation had taken the place of the mysterious disappearance and robbery of the Countess of J——'s diamonds.

But when all efforts were apparently unavailing, the mystery was unexpectedly cleared up.

On the very day that the mechanical skeleton was deposited in the strong-room, pending transport to the docks, Mr. Jonas Subwaye, late messenger at Messrs. Dockett and Poole's house, came in to make inquiries, on behalf of his employer, as he said, respecting certain bills of considerable value. The young clerk in the counting-house, who had been formerly associated with Jonas, readily gave him the information, and the man walked away satisfied. But instead of proceeding to his supposed employer's residence, he took the train a short distance out of town. In a small house in a northern suburb he found a companion, who was waiting his return with ill-concealed impatience. A conference was succeeded by a complete change of garments, and as night fell the two men sauntered slowly through the streets in the direction of the city. One carried a small bag, and the other a well-tempered but light bar of iron, which hung from a button inside his coat. They appeared to be workmen connected with a telegraph company, for the caps which they wore bore certain initials, which the uniniated might construe into an official guarantee of respectability.

It was only eight o'clock when they reached L—— street, and knocked at the door of a house a little from Dockett & Poole's premises. A woman opened it, and demanded their business. The answer came readily enough—"To go on the roof, to examine a loose wire." After a pause the woman consulted her husband, and he offering no objection, the ingenious pair ascended the stairs and passed out upon the roof. The woman seeing them safely out of the house was satisfied, and went down stairs again, while our adventurers crept cautiously along the parapet to the roof of the house occupied by Messrs. Dockett and Poole.

It perhaps is scarcely necessary to inform the reader that these two gentlemen were bound upon a very bold mission, it being nothing less than to take possession of the bills and cash which, to their knowledge, were at that time deposited in the strong-room of Messrs. Dockett and Co. There was no hesitation on their part. They knew the premises, apparently, and were determined to add to the plunder already acquired, and render themselves independent for life. They had made one good stroke, and now, in the true gambling spirit, were risking all in the hope of winning another substantial stake. From the corner of an adjoining house they saw that there was a light in the partners' room. This surprised them.

"I hope the old man ain't going to sit up there all night," growled Jonas Subwaye. "We can't stop perched up here like tom cats."

"He'll not be long, I daresay," replied the other. "There! I told ye so. He's put the light out. Wait a minute, you'll hear the front door shut."

At that hour L—— street was almost deserted, and in a few minutes the bang of the heavy door was heard, and Mr. Dockett left the house for his home on Clapham Common.

"Now's our time," said Jonas. "Steady and make no noise. If the housekeeper appears we'll tie her up. We don't want no lights, we don't."

Slowly and cautiously the worthy pair descended the roof adjoining, and after some time succeeded in raising the trap of a skylight. This operation occupied some time, but perseverance, a fine saw, and a diamond, will accomplish many things. A rope carried by Jonas was then let down and made fast to a neighboring chimney. The burglars then prepared to descend, Jonah first.

Hush! Hush!

* * * * * * *

Mr. Dockett left his office and walked quickly towards Ludgate Hill Station, to catch a certain train, but had only reached St. Paul's when he was accosted by a detective who had been specially active in the matter of the diamond robbery.

"Glad to meet ye, sir," said the policeman. "I was hardly hoping to see you this evening. I think I've got a clue to that diamond job, and was going to your office to leave a note."

"I am delighted to hear it," exclaimed Mr. Dockett, eagerly, "When did you find the clue?"

"Only two hours ago," replied the detective, "and I'd like to ask you a few questions—but not here," he added. "Can you make an appointment for the morning?"

"No time like the present," said Mr. Dockett. "Come in here," indicating a coffee-house, "and we can talk it over."

They entered the shop, and called for coffee accordingly. Then the detective said:

"Do you know a man named Lemarcus, or Leonard, sir?"

"Yes; he's a mechanical artist, or automatic machinist, I forget what he calls himself."

"Very well, he's done a job for you, hasn't he?"

"Yes; by order of a client abroad."

"Has it been sent away?"

"No; not yet. It is in our strong-room at this moment."

"Can I see it to-morrow?"

"Certainly—to-night, if you like. But why?"

The detectives smiled.

"Excuse me, sir, but I'll tell you why after I've seen the skeleton," he said.

"Well, then, come with me and you shall see it now," replied Mr. Dockett, who was getting somewhat excited at the turn events were taking.

Mr. Dockett paid the moderate score demanded, and in company with the detective retraced his steps to L—— street.

"Don't ring," said Mr. Dockett, "I have a key, and I see a light within. The housekeeper is cleaning up."

He gently inserted the key in the lock, the door opened noiselessly, and was carefully closed. The light had disappeared.

"Now, gently," said Mr. Dockett; "follow me closely, for you may trip over a bucket."

Then the two men quietly and cautiously proceeded along the passage leading to the partners' room at the back of the premises.

Just then a cry of horror and despair smote upon their ears.

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This partners' room often mentioned was, as already stated, situated at the rear of the premises. Opening from it was another apartment lighted by a skylight, which in its turn opened upon a wall and a chimney belonging to the next house. A small piece of ground, with no visible outlet, lay beneath the wall. It was a forgotten and forsaken piece of land, and neglected when its surroundings had been built upon, and now of a morose disposition had associated itself with broken ties and egg-shells, and such outcasts from men's society. In the the back wall of the partners' room were two large black iron doors, which gave entrance to a strong-room, about three feet deep and six wide, divided into several compartments, and high enough for an ordinary man to stand upright in. Here the cash-box and the safe were deposited, the latter an immovable and everything-proof construction, supposed to defy burglars, fire, and any force that nature or art could bring to bear upon it. When the safe was locked, when the rigid iron doors were fastened by a ponderous key, and when that key was deposited in a secret receptacle known only to a select few, Messrs. Dockett and Poole considered that their securities were safely secured—burglars or fire, perils from lightning or the sea to the contrary notwithstanding, as per bill of lading.

But the partners had not calculated upon the knowledge possessed by Mr. Jonas Subwaye, sometime messenger in their establishmen. This astute person had, by various ingenious practices, managed to possess himself of all the necessary information, and although his sudden dismissal had somewhat spoiled his plans, he had learned sufficient respecting the deposits in the strong-room to "try his luck," as he expressed it. The imprudence of the young clerk, and the information gained as to certain deposits that day, had determined him to make the attempt without delay, and he had carried out his plan so far with success.

He carefully descended through the skylight, and dropped lightly upon the round table beneath it. He was safe now. He knew every corner of the rooms, and at once made for the small iron box let into the wall, in which he knew the keys were kept. This door soon gave way under his vigorous pressure, and the key of the safe was ready to his hand. Striking a match, he lit a fragment of taper, and then cautiously crossed the room and fitted the key in the lock. The heavy doors opened slowly, but being unable to move them with one hand, Jonas placed his taper on the table and pushed them back. At that moment the light fell and was extinguished.

"Never mind," muttered Jonas, "I can feel my way. I ought to know it, at any rate. What's that?"

His foot struck against something, and pressed upon it. A horrible cracking was heard, and before he could step aside two bony and powerful arms were tightly clasped around him, and he was a prisoner!

It was then that he uttered the cry of mortal terror that Mr. Dockett and the detective had heard.

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They were at that time almost at the door of the room, and at once rushed in. They could, of course, distinguish nothing; but Mr. Dockett, closely followed by the detective, hurried towards the strong-room, whence some muffled groans proceeded. In a few seconds Jonas was a prisoner, and when the housekeeper at length appeared with a light, all the details were easily comprehended.

Not waiting to examine Jonas, who appeared to have been frightened literally out of his senses, the detective rushed into the inner room, where he had noticed the rope was dangling. Suspecting an accomplice to be not far off, he climbed up the rope, and sought upon the roof for Jonas' companion. After a cautious look around, he thought he could perceive him, and immediately gave chase. Terror inspired the fugitive, and he fled over the slates and parapets, but, missing a leap, he fell heavily. Ere he recovered himself he was a prisoner in the detective's powerful grasp, and securely handcuffed before he realized his position.

"This ain't a bad night's work," muttered the officer. "I think we'll make something of you, my friend."

"More than ye think, if ye'll play me fair," said the shivering wretch beside him.

"What do you mean? Speak up!" said the policeman, "or ye might *drop from fright* over this here parapet. There has been fatal attempts at escape, you know," he said, grimly; "so, speak up. I'll make it worth your while."

"Well, I'll trust you," said the other, with an oath. "I know all about that diamond robbery, and where the swag is. Ah! I can do a bit of good yet, if Jonas is trapped."

"He's caught safe enough—very safe indeed," repeated the detective, scenting a joke somewhere, but uncertain where it lay. "Yes, you'll have to give evidence, and I'll look after you. Where is the diamonds?" he asked, roughly and suddenly.

"In Jonas' crib; but I'll tell you no more till I'm safe."

"Oh! don't be alarmed; I'll be responsible for your share," replied the policeman. "Now, come along." And he escorted his prisoner to the office, and they were admitted by a ladder to the partners' room.

Here they found Jonas Subwaye in a terrible state. His mind seemed going. He muttered and pointed to the skeleton, which grinned at the success it had achieved.

But it was not till some days after that Mr. Dockett knew the full particulars of the Skeleton's Revenge, and the terribly dramatic retribution that had fallen upon Jonas Subwaye.

That unfortunate man was still in the hospital ward, and never likely to leave the prison alive. One day he sent for Mr. Dockett, and in the presence of the chaplain and the surgeon, made a full confession of his guilt. In broken accents he related how he had taken to gambling, and then to pilfering, to pay his debts at play and on the turf. From bad to worse he fell, till the diamonds tempted his cupidity, and, with the assistance of his accomplice, who had already turned "evidence," he had caused the temporary stoppage of the train, and, disguised, had murdered and robbed poor Warne.

A thrill of horror pervaded the listeners, and the doctor asked, amid an anxious silence, "What did you do with the poor man's remains?"

Jonas was silent for a moment, but, being exhorted by the chaplain, replied, in a terrified whisper, "We sold it for the skeleton to——" He stopped, looked at Mr. Dockett, and covered his face with his trembling hands.

"Great Heaven! is it possible?" cried the chaplain. "Then, that—that mechanical skeleton, the cause of your arrest, was really the remains of your victim."

The man rose to speak, then extending his arms, a look of horror on his face, as if to keep off the apparition he dreaded, he fell back—dead!

"May the Lord have mercy upon him!" prayed the chaplain. "The ways of God are indeed past finding out."

There is little more to add. The diamonds were found, thanks to the assistance rendered to the police by the accomplice of Jonas Subwaye, who, in accordance with the promise, but very unwillingly, was permitted to go at large with a share of the reward, provided he never returned to the United Kingdom. Messrs. Dockett and Poole are still alive; and it was from the junior partner that I, the writer of this story, obtained the leading particulars of this Curious Christmas-Box forwarded to South Africa.

THE CIGARETTE LUXURY.

We have taken pains to tell our readers what cigarettes are made of. The statements were based on well-known facts, which are continually corroborated by incidental evidence like the following. Says a New York city exchange:

A little red-headed Italian boy, who gave his name as Francis Chicaban, and who said he was eight years old, was brought before Justice White at the Harlem Police Court recently, charged with being a vagrant. He was barefooted and had on ragged clothing. He spoke English very imperfectly. The officer said he found the boy gathering cigar-stumps from the gutter and sidewalks, and showed Justice White a basket half-filled with the butts of old cigars covered with mud and water-soaked.

"What do you do with them?" asked the justice.

"I sell them to a man for ten cents a pound," replied the boy; "but I don't know his name, and they are used in making cigarettes, like they sell in all the stores."

The officer corroborated the child's statement, and said that there were many boys and girls scouring the city in search of stumps and half-smoked cigars. These were first dried and then sold to various persons who used them in making cigarettes.—*Chicago Eye.*

Then mayest be sure that he who will in private tell thee of thy faults is thy friend, for he adventures thy dislike, and doth hazard thy hatred; for there are few men that can endure it, every man for the most part delighting in self praise, which is one of the most universal follies that bewitcheth mankind.

A crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a thinking cymbal, where there is no love.

To be perfectly just is an attribute of the divine nature; to be so to the utmost of our abilities, is the glory of man.

NOTIONS CONCERNING BRIDEMAIDS.

Instead of being so many graceful ornaments at the marriage ceremony, as nowadays, the bridemaids in olden times had various duties assigned to them. Thus one of the principal tasks was dressing the bride on her wedding morning, when any omission in her toilet was laid to their charge. At a wedding, too, where it was arranged that the bride should be followed by a numerous train of her lady friends, it was the first bridemaid's duty to play the part of a drill mistress, "sizing" them so that "no pair in the procession were followed by a taller couple." She was also expected to see that each bridemaid was not only provided with a sprig of rosemary, or a floral posy pinned to the breastfolds of her dress, but had a symbolical chaplet in her hand. In many parts of Germany it is still customary for the bridemaids to bring the myrtle wreath, which they have subscribed together to purchase on the nuptial eve, to the house of the bride, and to remove it from her head at the close of the wedding day. After this had been done, the bride is blindfolded, and the myrtle wreath being put into her hand she tries to place it on the head of one of her bridemaids as they dance around her; for, in accordance with an old belief, whoever she crowns is sure to be married within a year from that date. As may be im