

The Express Messengers's Story.

IN THE summer of 1863 I was serving as messenger on the British and American (now called Canadian) express. My route lay between Portland and South Paris, though my office was in Norway, a mile and a half distant from the latter station, between which two points I traveled with my own team. As three and sometimes four lines of stages connected with the Grand Trunk road at South Paris, through all of which our express done business, my route was an important and a responsible one. I ate my dinner and then went into the Portland office to get my orders for the country.—After the porters had taken out the various articles consigned to my charge, Mr. Prindle, our agent, called me to his desk and, exhibited a package directed to a party in South Paris, containing three thousand dollars.

"Do you know that man?" he asked me pointing to the superscription.

"Yes," said I.

"Do you know where he lives?"

"Yes."

"How far from your depot?"

"A mile and a half, I should think, on the old Rumford road."

"Well," he pursued, "I don't care to have this lay over at the depot, and you had better deliver it yourself."

I told him I would do so.

I may here remark that we had no regular office at South Paris. It was my custom to deliver such matter as was consigned to parties living in the village, within a radius of half a mile or so, while packages going beyond those limits, I usually left with the station master, to be called for. And so, even at Norway, it was understood by our patrons that we did not deliver express matter beyond the limits of the village corporation.

As I was leaving the office I observed one of the porters, assisted by a clerk lifting a soldier into the wagon of the Kennebec express.—Said soldier's right leg was swathed in thick bandages from the knee to the toes, and he hobbled upon crutches; his uniform was worn and soiled, and he appeared to be one who had seen hard service.

"Poor fellow!" said the clerk, as he met me on the sidewalk. "He's got two minnie balls through his leg—wounded at Gettysburg. He started from the International for the depot on his crutches, but he gave out here."

At that time when the great battle was a thing of the present, a hero of Gettysburg was an object of interest to me; and I felt almost like taking off my hat to the war-worn and shattered veteran; but he had gained his seat and was driven away before I had an opportunity to salute him.

At the depot I saw my freight safely in the car, and after we had started I took a turn through the train. I found our Gettysburg hero in the forward car, occupying a whole seat with the rim of his hat pulled down over his face, probably asleep. Poor fellow! He was weak and weary.

We arrived at South Paris at half-past three P. M., where I found my team waiting for me—a common express wagon drawn by a horse which I considered rather superior to express horses in general. As the last package was placed in the wagon I observed the veteran of Gettysburg hobbling toward the platform. I had strapped up the tail-board, and was on my way to my seat when he addressed me:

"Say, my friend, which way are ye going?"

"Just around the village to deliver freight," I told him.

He looked disappointed.

"I was in hopes," he said, that I should find somebody going up the old Rumford road a piece. My leg is played out."

I remembered the package I had to deliver on the same road, and I told him if he didn't mind riding around through the village, I would take him as far as the old Jordon place. He said it would be a great help to him. So, with the assistance of the station-master, I helped him to his seat. He was a large heavy man, and as he seemed unable to help himself in climbing, the labor of hoisting him was not a light one.

"I shall come down easier," he said, laughing.

"All right," I replied, as I took my seat by his side.

I made quick work of delivering my stuff in the village, and when we had struck the old road beyond, I asked my companion his name. He said it was John Smith. Then I led him to tell me of his experience in the army, and more particularly at Gettysburg. He said he

was a Maine boy but was not in a Maine regiment. He was in Ohio when he enlisted and joined a regiment in that State.

I asked him which one.

He told me the Forty-eighth.

This staggered me; I proceeded with questions and ere long had gained from him all he knew of Gettysburg and more too.

I don't like to be sold; but had been sold now certainly. The man by my side was a humbug. In the first place, I knew that the Forty-eighth Ohio was at Vicksburg, with Grant, while Gettysburg was being fought.

And then I had heard the whole story of Gettysburg from wounded officers who had come from the field and this man's story was not like the story they told me. I had made up my mind that the fellow was a "Sucker," or a "Sponge," when I was interrupted in my meditations by a sudden lurch of the wagon, one of the wheels having dropped into a slough-hole upon that side on which the war-worn and shattered hero sat. I expected, when I had recovered my own balance, to see him pitched from his perch; but not so. I saw that bandaged leg, which first had been useless as a dead man's leg, suddenly straightened out; and the swathed foot was planted flatly and squarely upon the board, and with a full pressure upon the disguised limb he held himself and regained his equilibrium.

I pretended not to notice; but I had noticed and reflected. The right leg so carefully nursed, was as stout, and as strong, and as free for use as my own. Had the fellow taken all his trouble of deception for the sole purpose of getting a ride. I could not believe it. Had he done it for the purpose of exciting sympathy that he might beg with better success? He did not look like a man prone to beg. Then why was it?

I had been in my present position of messenger nearly two years, and as I never went upon my route without more or less money entrusted to my care, I had learned to be suspicious.—This man had been present when Prindle gave me the money package of three thousand dollars, and probably overheard the agent's directions. He meant to rob me, or he had come with me for that purpose. I looked into his face, and now that I regarded him no more as a war-worn veteran and hero, I discovered him to be an ugly, repulsive looking person. And he was a powerful fellow to boot—I should say, almost twice as heavy as myself.—But I was not to remain long in doubt.

We had entered a secluded part of the deep wood upon my left hand, when my companion drew a revolver from his pocket and pointed the muzzle toward me.

"Give me that pocket book of yours?" he commanded. "Don't make no words! Give it up or die! Quick!"

My pocket-book, besides the three thousand dollar package, contained full two thousand dollars belonging to parties in Norway. My instinct was born of office. I thought more of the property entrusted to my care than of myself. Just then I heard wagon wheels in the distance—something coming up behind us.—Should I try and wait for the coming team, or should I try and gain the next house. Just beyond was the brow of the hill and at the foot of the hill a farmhouse. I struck my horse with the whip, and as he leaped from under the blow, the ruffian caught the reins with one hand and grasped my throat with the other, the pistol falling upon the foot-board as he did so. As soon as he had given my cravat a twist or two that stopped my breath, he let go the reins and made a grasp for my pocket-book, thinking, no doubt, to seize it, then leap from the wagon and make for the woods.—and this he might have done, but for an accident, for he was a perfect Hercules in comparison with me.

When my opponent let go the reins I had sense enough to catch one of them—the near rein—and gave it a smart pull which movement brought the horse so suddenly to the left that the wagon overturned and we were spilt out into a muddy ditch—I upon the top of the robber. In the course of my struggles my cravat gave way and I was for a moment free; but the burly rascal caught me by the leg and had brought me to the earth, when the team that had followed us drove up, and I recognized Summer Burham and his son—two of the best detective officers in the State.

My friend had not thought of the approaching wagon; but he saw it now, and when he observed it had stopped he would have leaped away; but now it was my turn to try the leg game; I caught him by the ankle and tripped him

up; and before he could regain his feet, the son was upon him, and very shortly afterwards old Summer himself, with his two hundred and eighty pounds of compact, leviathan corporeity laid his huge hand upon the villain's shoulder.

"Well, well, my boy," said Burham when he looked into my hero's face. "I'm afraid I've interrupted another of your little games! What were you up to here?" As he spoke he snapped a pair of handcuffs upon my war-worn veteran's wrist.

The latter gave one more look into the ruddy face of the Cyclopean officer, and then subsided.

I told my story in a very few words, after which Mr. Burham informed me that my hero had never been to the war but had enlisted four different times, and "jumped" a big bounty each time. He had also robbed a sutler at Augusta, and done other various things. A telegram had been sent from Portland to Norway informing Burham the rascal was on the outward-bound train.

"This telegram did not reach me," said Mr. Burham "until after the train had left South Paris. I telegraphed to Bryant's Pond and to Bethel, and I was thinking to wait for the next freight train, when Dunham the baggage Master told me of the man who had ridden off with you. When he had described him I knew he had my man; so I had only to find your track in order to besure of his."

I will only add that my wagon was not seriously damaged, and while the officers turned back with the bounty-jumping sutler-robbing hero, I drove on and delivered the money package safely to its owner; and further more, that from that day to this I have made it a rule never to allow a stranger a seat by my side upon my express wagon.

More Scared than Hurt.

DURING the recent alarm excited by the prevalence of fever, a good many persons adopted all sorts of preventatives. Any suggestion which tended to accomplish this purpose was seized with avidity and applied without scruple. A young man was of this number. His insane dread of the disease amounted to a monomania. Every conceivable nostrum was taken, and every possible liquor imbibed as a preventive—lemonade, brandy and wine, citrate of magnesia, mineral water, buchu, cathartic pills, and iron lozenges were taken successively the same day, and in turn rejected for newer and more efficient remedies. Toward night he began to feel bad. His stomach was in evident disorder, and racking pains prevailed in the region of the head and back. Satisfied that Yellow Jack was laying siege to him in earnest, he sent for a physician and begged of him pitiously to save his life.

The doctor examined him carefully.

"You haven't got yellow fever," he said, "but you've eaten something that has disagreed with you. I shall have to give you an emetic. The prescription was forthwith applied, and the result awaited with impatience.

Suddenly the odor of brandy filled the room.

"Why, you've been drunk," said the doctor.

"Wait, doctor, wait," gasped the patient in his paroxysm.

Then came lemonade.

"Why, it's punch you've been drinking."

"Wait, doctor, wait."

And then mingled with these compounds, came the smell of buchu, the sickening effluvia of nitre, tempered and subdued by port wine.

"Why, man, what is all this?" cried the astonished man of science.

"Wait, doctor, we haven't got to the bottom yet," and then out came a dark liquid, which the patient in his distress denominated "molasses and water." Then came gin, whiskey and maderia, to be succeeded in their turn by Congress water, Vichy and Kissengen. The doctor was in despair, which was augmented by the now frantic inquiry of his patient:

"Doctor, have I got (ne fever?"

"Got the deuce! No. Yellow fever, cholera, or small pox would be a waste of material with you. Have no dread, sir; nothing less than an earthquake can ever do you any damage," and the physician took his leave, and the patient rapidly recovered.

Positiveness is a good quality for preachers and orators, because he that would obtrude his thoughts and reasons upon a multitude will convince others the more as he appears convinced himself.

Poetical Selections.

ATTRACTION.

Attraction is a curious power,
That none can understand;
Its influence is everywhere—
In water, air and land:
It keeps the earth compact and tight,
As though strong bolts were through it;
And, what is more mysterious yet,
It binds us mortals to it.

You throw a stone up in the air,
And down it comes, ker-whack!
The centrifugal casts it up—
The centripetal—back,
My eyes! I can't discover how
One object 'tracts another;
Unless they love each other, like
A sister and a brother.

I know the compass always points
Directly to the pole.
Some say the North Star causes this,
And some say—*Symon's Hole!*
Perhaps it does—perhaps it don't:
Perhaps some other cause;
Keep on *perphapsing*—who can solve
Attraction's hidden laws?

Attraction is a curious power,
That none can understand;
Its influence is everywhere—
In water, air and land.
It operates on every thing—
The sea, the tides, the weather,
And sometimes draws the sexes up,
And binds them close together.

Employers and Employees.

"THE servant, man or woman, who begins a negotiation for service by inquiring what privileges are attached to the offered situation, and whose energy is chiefly in stipulations, and reservations, and conditions designed to 'lessen the burdens' of the place, will not be found worth the hiring. The clerk whose last place was too hard for him, has a poor introduction to a new sphere of duty. There is only one spirit that ever achieves a great success. The man who seeks only how to make himself most useful, whose aim it is to render himself indispensable to his employer, whose whole being is animated with the purpose to fill the largest possible place in the walk assigned to him, has, in the exhibition of that spirit the guarantee of success. He commands the situation, and shall walk in the light of prosperity all his days. On the other hand, the man who accepts the unwholesome advice of a demagogue, and seeks only how little he may do, and how easy he may render his place, and not lose his employment altogether, is unfit for service, and as soon as a supernumerary is on the list, he becomes disengaged as the least valuable to his employers. The man who is afraid of doing too much is near akin to him who seeks to do nothing, and was begot of the same family; they are neither of them in the remotest degree a blood relation to the man whose willingness to do everything possible to his touch places him at the head of the active list.

An Eye to Business.

AN enterprising traveling agent for a well-known Cleveland tombstone manufactory, recently made a visit to a small town in a neighboring county. Hearing in the village that a man in a remote part of the township had lost his wife, he thought he would go and see him, and offer him consolation and a grave-stone on his usual reasonable terms.

He started; the road was a horrible one, but the agent persevered, and arrived at the bereaved man's house. In a subdued voice he asked the man if he had lost his wife. The man said he had. The agent was very sorry to hear it, and sympathized very deeply with the man in his great sorrow; but death, he said, was an insatiable archer, and shot down all, of both high and low degree. He informed the man that "what was his loss was her gain," and would be glad to sell him a grave-stone to mark the spot where the loved one slept—marble or common stone—as he chose at prices defying competition. The bereaved man said there was a slight difficulty in the way. "Haven't you lost your wife?" inquired the agent. Why, yes, I have," said the man, "but no grave ain't necessary; for you see the cussed critter ain't dead—she 'scouted with another man."

The other afternoon a stick of wood fell from the tender of a passenger train on the New Jersey Railroad, and struck the locomotive of a train going in the opposite direction. The wood was driven back into the window of a car, and broke the arm of a Mr. Martin.

A Kentucky Judge.

AN incident in the judicial career of the Honorable Thomas B. Monroe, who for twenty-five years occupied the position of Judge in Kentucky, will illustrate the high purity of his character, and may serve to remind the judiciary of our day how conscientiously the Judges of the olden-time held the scales of justice.

A student in the Judge's law school one day asked him if in deciding a cause he ever felt any bias or prejudice for or against the parties. The Judge promptly said: "Never but once: I'll tell you the story. There was a very important case, which was argued with great ability before me by the most distinguished lawyers at the bar of Frankfort, and it took two weeks in the trial. Every morning as the court opened a little woman dressed in black, modestly and unassumingly curtsied to the court, as if unseen, and took her seat near the door. Just before the court adjourned she retired, not without always making a courtesy. It attracted my attention, and I inquired who she was. I was told she was a party to the suit then on trial. When the cause was submitted, and I was preparing my opinion, I found it impossible to dismiss from my mind this little woman and her curtesy. I began to doubt whether I could do justice in the case. I studied the matter closely, and finally decided in her favor. It involved the title to all she possessed in the world. 'I never,' said the old Judge, 'was entirely satisfied that my decision was correct, until it was finally unanimously affirmed by the Supreme Court of the United States. I feared my judgment had been warped by the simplicity and delicacy of the little woman in black.'—*New Orleans Times.*

A Curious Discovery.

A MAN at Constantinople, having left in charge of a friend of his a purse without seam or joint, in which he had placed a considerable number of diamonds, complained on his return from distant travel that his number of diamonds was not correct. The friend maintained the integrity of his trust, and adduced as proof, the entire woof of the purse, in which neither seam nor joint appeared and the seal of the owner still remained untouched at the mouth of the purse. The owner of the jewels was forced to admit both facts, but still persisted that the amount of diamonds was no longer what he had left. The case was brought before more than one magistrate, but nothing could be elicited upon the subject, and the unaltered condition of the purse, which the owner could not deny, was considered conclusive evidence against his claim. In despair he applied to the Sultan himself, and the strange persistency of his demand impressed the latter so much that, though compelled, upon the face of the facts, to dismiss his claim as untenable, the subject remained impressed on his mind, and induced him to try the following experiments: At prayer the next morning, when the slave who usually brought the carpet upon which he knelt had withdrawn, he made a long slit in it to be again withdrawn by the slave. When the latter came to fulfill his duty of removing the precious carpet, he remained aghast at the injury it had received, and immediately apprehending the dreadful effects of the Sultan's displeasure, hastened with the rug to the quarter of the city where certain cobblers resided, and seeking out one peculiarly renowned for his skill, committed it to his best exercise of it, and carried it back so restored that the next morning it laid spread for the Sultan's use, without the trace of either damage or reparation. The Sultan no sooner perceived what had been done than he called the slave, who tremblingly confessed what he had done. He was immediately dispatched in search of the pre-eminent cobbler, and when the man appeared before the Sultan, the latter sending for the sealed purse about which the controversy had been held, charged him with having in like manner repaired a slit in the woof of the apparently uninjured bag. The man instantly admitted the fact and thus the reclamation of the poor defrauded friend and diamond owner was substantiated.

The preaching of divines helps to preserve well inclined men in the course of virtue, but seldom or never reclaims the vicious.

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.

An idle reason lessens the weight of the good ones you gave before.