THE SCRANTON TRIBUNE-MONDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 28, 1895.



On Excise Officers.

William Carleton Tells How He Got Some Good Whisky.

The gauger eyed him closely for a

short space, and pulling out half a crown, said: "Harkee, my lad, a word with you in private."

"The boy I speak of you must have met," said Stinton. "It's not five min-utes-no, not more than three, since he came inside the field." "That my feet may grow to the ground, then, if I seen a boy in or about this place, widin that time, barrin' my-

self.

Young Condy Cullen was descended from a long line of private distillers, and, of course, exhibited in his own per-son all the practical wit, sagacity, cun-ning and fertillity of invention which the natural genius of the family, sharp-ened by long experience, had created from generation to generation as a standing capital to be handed down from father to son. There was scarce-ly a trick, evasion, plot or maneuver that had ever been resorted to by his ances-tors that Condy had not at his finger ends; and though but a lad of 16 at the time we present him to the reader, yet be it observed that he had had his mind, even at that age, admirably trained by even at that age, admirably trained by four or five years of vigorous practice in all the resources necessary to meet the subtle vigilance and stealthy cir-cumvention of that prowling animala gauger

It might be very amusing to detail, from time to time, a few of those keen encounters of practical cunning which encounters of practical cunning which take place between the poteen distiller and his lynx-eyed foe, the gauger. They are curious as throwing light upon the national charcacter of our people, and as evidences of the surprising readi-ness of wit, fertility of invention and irresistible humor which they mix up with almost every actual concern of life, no matter how difficult or critical it may be. Nay, it mostly happens that the character of the peasant in all its fullness rises in proportion to what the isagled upon to encounter, and that the isagle of the boax upon the gau-ger keeps pace with the difficulty that is story. to render himself and his keg invisible in a manner so utterly unaccountable. On the other hand, when he reflected on the open, artless character of the boy's song, the capricious change to to a light-hearted whistle, the surprise so naturally, and the respect so defer-entially expressed, joined to the dis-similarity of dress, he was confounded again and scarcely knew on which side to determine. Even the lad's reluctance to approach him might proceed from fear of the whip. He felt resolved, however, to ascertain this point, and with the view of getting the lad into his hands he showed him a half crown

Two men in the garb of gentlemen were riding along a remote by-road one morning in the month of October, about the year 1827 or 1828. They had nearly reached a turn in the way, which skirted the brow of a small declivity that lay on the right. In point of fact, it was a moderately inclined plane or slope, rather than a declivity; but, be this as it may, the flat at its foot was studded over with furze bushes, which grew so close and level that a person might almost imagine it possible to walk upon their surface. On coming within about 250 yands of this angle the horsemen noticed a lad not more than 16 jogging on toward them with a keg upon his back.

upon his back. upon his back. The eye of one of them was immedi-ately lit with that vivacious sparkling of habitual sagacity which marks the practiced gauger among 10,000. For a single noment he drew up his horse, an action, which, however, slight in itself, intimated more plainly than he could have wis bed the obvious interest which had just been excited in him. Short as was the pause, it betrayed him, for no sooner had the lad noticed it than he crossed the ditch and disappeared around the angle we have mentioned, and upon the side of the decilvity. To gallop to the spot, dismount, cross the means, you young rascal. See here, Cartwright," he continued, addressing his companion-"the keg, my precious." again turning to the lad-"Oh, no, no it would be cruel to suspect you of any-thing but the purest simplicity. Look here, Cartwright"-having stripped the boy of his coat and turned it inside out -"there's a coat-there's thrift-there's around the angle we have him one thing is clear, that he cannot escape us." "Sneak for yourself, Stinton," replied

"Speak for yourself, Stinton," replied his companion. "As for me, not being an officer of his majesty's excise, I de-cline taking part in the pursuit. It is a fair battle, so fight it out between

He had scarcely concluded when they heard a voice shiging the following lines in a spirit of that hearty hilarity which betokens a chearful contempt of

Oh! Jemmie, she sez, you are my true

"Ay, jist of the Kerrigans of Killoghan." "I knew the family," mid Stinton; "they are decent in their way-but come, my lad, don't loss your temper, and answer me another question. Where were you bringing the whisky?" "To a betther man than ever stud in your shoes," replied Condy, in a tone of absolute defiance—"to a gintleman, any-way," with a peculiar emphasis on the word "gintleman." "But what's his name?"

ord "gintleman." "But what's his name?" "Mr. Stinton's his name-Gauger "Mr. Stinton.

The shrewd excise man stood and fixed his keen eye on Condy with a glance of such piercing scrutiny as scarcely any consciousness of imposture could withstand.

could withstand. Condy, on the other hand, stood and eyed him with an open, unshrinking, yet angry glance; never winced, but appeared, by the detection of his keg, to have altogether forgotten the line of cunning policy he had previously adopt-ed, in a mortification which had pre-deminated one durilating and art

t crown, said: "Harkee, my lad, a word with you in private." The fact is, that during the latter part of this dialogue, the worthy excise-t man observed the cautious distance at which the boy kept himself from the grasp of him and his companion. A suspicion consequently began to dawn upon him that, in defiance of appear-ances, the lad himself might be the actual smuggler. On reconsidering the matter, this suspicion almost amounted to certainty; the time was to short to "Do you think," said Condy, with a look of strong contempt at the gauger for deeming him so utterly slily as to tell him; "do you think that you can make me turn informer? There's none of that blood in me, thank goodness." "Do you know Stinton?" "How could I know the man I never scon?" pendic Condy will out of temto certainty; the time was to short to permit even the most ingenious cheat to render himself and his keg invisible

"Do you know Stinton?" "How could I know the man I never seen?" replied Condy, still out of tem-per. "But one thing I don't know, gin-tlemen, and that is, whether you have any right to take my whisky or not." "As to that, my good lad, make your mind easy-I'm Stinton." "You, sirf" said Condy with well-feigned surprise. "Yes, replied the other, "I'm the very man you were bringing the keg to. And now I'll tell you what you must do for me; proceed to my house with as little delay as possible; ask to see my daugh-ter-ask for Miss Stinton--take this key and desire her to have the keg put into the cellar; she'll know the key, and let it also be us a token that she is to give you your breakfast. Say I desired that the keg be placed to the right of the five-gallon one I seized on Thursday last, that stands on a little stillion un-der my blunderbuss." "Of course," said Condy, who ap-peured to have misgivings on the mat-ter, "I suppose I must, but some-how--" with the view of getting the lad into his hands he showed him a half crown and addressed him as already stated. The lad, on seeing the money, appear-ed to be instantly caught by it, and approached him as if it had been a balt he could not resist, a circumstance which again staggered the gauger. In a moment, however, he selzed him. "Come now," said he, unbuttoning his coat: "you will oblige me by strip-ping."

"Why, sirrah, what do you grumble Condy still eyed him with suspicion-

"and, sir," said he, after having once more mounted the keg, "am I to get nothing for sich a weary trudge as I bad wid it but my breakfast?" "Here," said Stinton, throwing him half a crown; "take that along with it, and now be off-or, stop-Cartwright will you dine with me today, and let us

"With all my heart," replied Cart-

the key of the cellar, as a token that he was to got the five gallon----" "Oh!" groaned the gauger. "I'm knocked out, outwitted--oh!" "Bought and sold," added Cartwright. "Go on," said the gauger, "I must hear it out!" "As a token," proceeded Miss Stinton, "East he was to get a five-gallon keg on the little stillon, under the blunder-bues, for Captain Dalton." "And he got it?" "Yes, sir, he got it: for I took the key as a sufficient token." "But, Maggle-fury and witches hear me. child-surely he brought a keg here and left it; and, of course, it's in the cellar." the key of the cellar, as a token that SCRANTON-MADE STOVES

cellar?

"No, indeed, papa, he brought no keg here, but he did carry the five-gallon one that was in the cellar away with

him. "Stinton," said Cartwright, "sen

round the bottle." "The rascal." ejaculated the gauger "we shall drink his health."

And on relating the circumstances the company drank to the sheepish lad's health, that bought and sold the gauger. Sizes and Styles



STOCKS AND BONDS.

New York, Oct. 25.—Stocks opened firm on covering of short contracts. The Grangers were firm and moved up about by per cent. The strength of the market was short-lived, however, and in the last hour of trading, was positively weak. General Electric sold down 3, Tennessee Coal 1. Chicago Gas decilined 1%. The market closed heavy. Net changes showed losses of Mal% per cent. Total sales 115.-180 shares. The range of today's prices for the ac-tive stocks of the New York stock mar-ket are given below. The quotations are furnished The Tribune by G. du B. Dim-mick, manager for William Linn, Allen & Co., stock brokers, 412 Spruce street, Scranton. Or hr High-Low-Clos-low of the first street of the first

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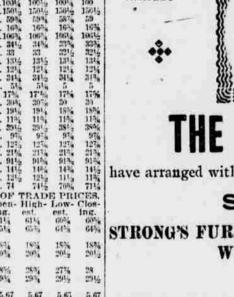
Co., stock brokers, 412 Spruce street,

Scranton,
Op'n/High-Low-Closing, est. est.

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Am. Tobacco Co., 97% 937, 9334 933;

Am. Sugar Re'g Co.1015, 1055, December 28% 28% 28% 29% 29% 29% $2736 \\ 2936$





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wright, "upon the terms you say, that of the broach." "Then, my lad, say that a friend, per-haps a friend or two, will dine with me

today-that is enough. today—that is enough." Then they mounted their horses and were proceeding as before when Cart-wright addressed the gauger as follows: "Do you not put this lad, Stinton, in a capacity to overreach you yet?" "No," replied the other, "the young raseal spoke the truth after the dis-covery of the keg, for he lost his temper and was no longer cool." "For my part, hang me if I'd trust

of 100.

ping." "And why so?" said the lad, with a "And why so?" suid the lad, with a face which might have furnished a painter or sculptor with a perfect notion of curlosity, perplexity and wonder. "Why so?" replied Stinton. "We shall-we shall soon see." "Surely you don't think I've hid the keg about me?" said the other, his fea-tures now relaxing into such an appear-ance of utter simplicity as would have certainly made any other man than a gauger give up the examination as hopeless. low for?

broach the keg? I'll guarantee its ex-cellence, for this is not the first I've got from the same quarter-that's entre

It is companion was certainly as-tonished in no small degree on seeing the red coat, when turned, become a comfortrable gray frieze; one precisely such as he who bore the keg had on. Nay, after surveying his person and dress a second time, he instantly recog-nized him as the same. "Now," continued the gauger, ad-dressing the boy again, "lose not a mo-ment in letting us know where you've hid the keg."

You are all the riches that I do ad solemnly swear now I'll ne'er anoder. My heart it is fixed to never love more

My heart it is fixed to hever love more. The music changed to a joyous whis-tle, and immediately they were con-fronted by a lad dressed in an old red coat, patched with gray frieze, who, on seeing them, exhibited in his features a most ingenious air of natural sur-prise. He immediately ceased to whis-tle, and with every mark of respect, putting his hand to his hat, said in a voice, the tones of which spoke of kindvoice, the tones of which spoke of kind-ness and deference:

"God save ye, gintlemen." "I say, my lad," said the gauger, where is that customer with that keg on his back?-he crossed over there this moment."

'When, where, Sir?" said the lad, with a stare of surprise. "Where, when? why, this minute and

in this place."

"And was it a whisky keg, Sir?" "Sir, I am not here to be examined by you," replied Stinton. "Confound me if the conniving young raseal is not sticking me into a cross-examination

already—I say, red coast where is the boy with the keg?' "As for a boy, I did see a boy, sir; but the never a keg he had—hadn't he a gray frieze coat, Sir?" 'He had."

"And wasn't it a dauny bit short about the skirts, please your honor?" "Again he's at me. Sirra, unless you tell me where he is in half a second, I shall lay my whip to your shoulders!"

"The sorra a keg I seen, then, sir—the last keg I seen was—" "Did you see a boy without the keg, answering to the description I gave

You gave no description of it, sirbut even if you did-when I didn't see it, how could I tell your honor anything about it?"

"Where is the fellow, you villain?" exclaimed the gauger in a fury, "where is he gone to? You admit you saw him; as for the keg, it cannot be far from us —but where is he?"

'Bedad, I sawa boy with a short frieze coat upon him, crossing the road there below, and runnin' down the other side of that ditch.'

This was too palpable a lie to stand the test even of a glance at the ditch in question, which was nothing more than a slight mound that ran along a lea field on which there was not even the

field on which there was not even the appearance of a shrub. The gauger looked at his companion— then, turning to the boy, "Come, come, my lad," said he, " you know that ile is rather cool. Don't you feel in your soul that a rat could not have gone in that direction without our seeing it?" Bedad an' I saw him." returned the lad, "wid a gray coat upon him, that was a little short in the tail—it's better than half an hour agone."



"The sorra a bit of it I hid-it fell off " me an' I lost it; sure, I'm lookin' after t myself, so I am;" and he moved over hlm speaking, as if pretending to for it in a thin hedge, which while

hopeless. "No, no," replied the gauger; "by no

sould by no means conceal it. "Cartwright," said the gauger, "did you ever see anything so perfect as this, to ripe a rascal? You don't understand alm now. Here, you simpleton, harkee, sirrah, there must be no playing the apwing with me; back here to the same point. We may lay it down as a sure thing that whatever direction he takes

from this spot is the wrong one; so back here, you, sir, till we survey the premises about us for your traces." The boy walked sheepishiy back and appeared to look about him for the keg with a kind of earnest stupidity

keg with a kind of earnest stupidity which was altogether inimitable. "I say, my boy," said Stinton, ironi-cally, "don't you look rather foolish now? Can you tell your right hand from your left?"

"I can." replied Condy, holding up is left; "there's my right hand." "And what do you call the other?" said Cartright. "My left, bedad, anyhow, an' that's

true enough." Both gentlemen laughed heartily

"But it's carrying the thing a little too far," said the gauger. "In the meantime let us hear how you prove

"Aisy enough, sir." said Condy, kase I am left-handed. This," holding up the left, "is the right hand to me. whatever you may say to the hrary.

Condy's countenance expanded after he had spoken into a grin so broad and full of grotesque sarcasm that Stinton and his companion both found their faces, in spite of them, get rather blank under its influence.

under its influence. "What the deuce!" exclaimed the gauger. "Are we to be here all day? Come, sir, bring us at once to the keg." He was here interrupted by a laugh from Cartwright, so vociferous, long and hearty that he looked at him with mazement . "Hey dey!" he exclaimed. "What's

he mailter, what's the matter-what new joke is this?" the m

new joke is this?" In reply to this question Cartwright simply pointed to a certain mark, barely visibly upon the hoar frost, which mark extended down the furze bushes that grew at the foot of the slope where they then stood. As a stanch old hound lays his nose to the trail of a hare or fox, so did the gauger pursue the trace of the keg down the little hill, for the fact was that Condy, having no other resource. Condy, having no other resource, trundled it off toward the furse, into which it settled perfectly to his satis-faction and with all the quickness of youth and practice, instantly turned for such recounters. This accomplished, he had barely time to advance a few such recounters. This accomplished, he had barely time to advance a few yards round the angle of the hedge, and, changing his whole manner, as well as his appearance, acquitted himself as the reader has already seen. That he could have carried the keg down to the spot where they met him was utterly beyond the reach of human exertion, so that in point of fact they never could have suspected that the whisky lay in such a place. The triumph of the gauger was now complete, and a complecent sense of his own sagacity sat visibly on his features. Condy's face, on the other hand, became considerably lengthened and appeared quite as rueful and mortified as the other's was joyous and confident. "Who's sharpest now, my knowing one?" said he. "Who is the laugh against, as matters stand between us?" "The sorra give you good of it," said Cohdy, suikily. "What is your name?" inquired Stin-ton.

at is your name?" inquired Stin-

"Harney Kerrigan's my name," re-plied the other, indignantly; "and I'm not ashamed of it-not to tell it to you

no doubt whatsoever "I most positively would not trust

"Not that perhaps I ought," said Stin-ton, "on second thought, to place such confidence in the had who acted so adroitly in the beginning. Let us call him back and examine him at all even'ts. Now Condy had, during this conver

saition, been discussing the same point with himself. "Bad cess forever attend you, Stin-ton, agra." he exclaimed. "Bedad, it's well I thought o' the Kerrigans; for

sure enough I did hear Barney say that he was to send a keg into him this week he was to send a keg into him this week, some day—and he didn't think I knew him abther. Faix, 4t's many a long day since I knew the shary puss of him, wid an eye like a hawk. But what if they folly me, and do up all? Anyway, Til prevint them from having suspicion on me before I so a test four the using

me before I go a toe farther, the ugly rips." He instantly wheeled about, a moment or two before Stinton or Cart-wright had done the same, for the pur-pose of sifting him still more thoroughly, so what they found him meeting

them. "Gintlemen," said he, "how do I know that aither of yous is Mr. Stinton, or that the house you directed me to is his? I know that if the whisky doesn't go to him I may have the counthry!"

"You are either a deeper rogue or more stupid fool than I took you to be,

more stupid fool than I took you to be," observed Stinton, "but what security can you give us that you will leave the keg safely at its destination?" "If I thought you were Mr. Stinton I'd be very glad to lave you the whisky where it is, and even to do without me breakfast. Gintlemen, tell me the truth, bebreakfust. ekase I'd only be murdhered out of the

bekase I'd only be murdnered out of the face." "Why, you idiot!" said the gauger, losing his temper and suspicions both together; "can't you go to the town and inquire where Mr. Stinton lives?" "Bedad, thin, thrue enough. I never thought of that at all; but I beg your pardon, gintlemen, an'I hope you won't be angry wid me, in regardthat its kilt and quartered I'd be if I let myself be made a fool of by anybody." "Do what I desire you," said the ex-ciseman; "inquire for Mr. Stinton's house, and you may be sure the whisky will reach him." "Thank you, sir. Bedad, I might have though of that myself." The last clause which was spoken in a sollioquy, would have deceived a saint himself.

himself. "Now," said Stinton, after they had recommenced their journey, "are you satisfied?"

recommenced their journey, are you satisfied?" "I am at length," said Cartwright. "If his intentions had been dishonest, in-stead of returning to make himself cer-tain against being deceived, he would have made the best of his way from us— a rogue never wantonly puts himself in the way of danger or detection." That evening, at 5 o'clock, Stinton, Cartwright and two others arrived at the house of the worthy gauger to par-take of his good cheer. A cold, frosty evening gave a peculiar sest to the com-fort of a warm room, a blasing fire and a good dinner. No sooner were the viands discussed, the cloth removed and viands discussed, the cloth removed and the glasses ready, than their generous bost desired his daughter to assist the servant in broaching the redoublable

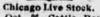
keg. "That keg, my dear,' 'he proceeded, "which the country lad, who brought the key of the cellar, left here today." "A keg!" repeated the daughter, with surpr

"Yes, Maggie, my love, a keg; I said so, I think." "But, pape, there came no keg here to

sauger and Cartwright The "No keg!" said th

New York Produce Market.

New York Produce Market. New York, Oct. 24.-Flour-Dull, steady, unchanged, Wheat-Firmer, dull: No. 2 red store and elevator, 71/4c.; afloat, 725/cc.; f. o. b. 71/5c.; No. 1 northern, 65/cc.; op-tions steady; February, 70/jc.; March, 12/sc.; May, 71/4c.; October, 67/sc.; March, 12/sc.; May, 71/4c.; October, 67/sc.; Decem-ber, 65/sc.; Corn-Quiet, steady; No. 2, 25/sc.; elevator, 40/sc.; afloat; options easy; October, 35/sc.; Ostober, 24c.; Novem-ber, 25/sc.; November, 24c.; May, 25/sc.; spot prices, No. 2, 24c.; No. 2 white, 25c.; mixed western, 23/sa25/sc.; white do. and white state, 25a25c. Beef-Steady, dull, unchanged, Lard-Quiet, steady; un-changed, Butter-Quiet, steady, un-changed, Butter-Quiet, steady, un-changed, Butter-Quiet, steady, un-dite; western fresh, 18a20c.; Himed, 16 a16/yc.



Chicago Live Stock. Chicago, Oct. 25.—Cattle-Receipts, 700; market steady; common to extra steers, \$2.2005.30; stockers and feeders, \$2.3003.55; cows and bulls, \$1.2503.50; calves, \$2.5005; Texans, \$2.6003.25; western rangers, \$2.25 a4. Hogs-Receipts, 22.600 head; market active and 5 cents lower; heavy packing and shipping lots, \$2.5003.85; common to choice mized, \$3.4003.85; choice assorted, \$1.7503.30; light, \$3.4003.50; pigs, \$232.70, Sheep-Receipts, 2.000 head; market steady; inferior to choice, \$1.5003.50; lambs, \$324.75;

SLIGHTLY MISTAKEN.

Disciple of Sherlook Holmes Dednee Somewhat at Random. From the Philadelphia Record.

From the Philadelphia Record. "There's a great deal in this science of deduction," said an ardent admirer of Sherlock Holmes to a chance ac-quaintance on the rear platform of a trolley car. "For vinstance. I see from your bronzed cheeks that you have just returned from a long vaca-tion; you have just dined, for you ap-pear to enjoy that cigar hugely, and a cigar always has finer flavor after din-ner."

ner." Deduction, is it?" said he whose fam-ily history the original Sherlock would have known at a single glance. "Well, I ain't had no vacation, and I ain't had no dinner. I'm a bricklayer-been working for three weeks on the top of a five-story building, and I'm friends with this cigar because I'm uster amok-in' a pipe, and its the first rope I've bought for eight years. See?" The apostle of the mystic science, suddenly discovering that he had passed by his street, left the car at the next corner. Dailef is fir them

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odnoss the above results in 30 days. It ar refully and quickly. Curs when all others failing men will regain their lost manhood, and ch