

# The Wage of Treason

This, as on every evening, Professor Alexis Ivanovich, scientist and director of the Imperial Gymnasium at St. Petersburg, pressed a kiss, half tender, half mechanical, upon the fair white forehead of Dounia, and stole away from the conjugal domicile, while Dounia remained alone and reflected. Where did Alexis Ivanovich's nocturnal excursions take him? The professor was no longer a young man—he had passed his fiftieth year—and science and his absorbing duties as director of the Imperial Gymnasium, where five hundred pupils studied under him, left him no time to devote to amorous intrigues. And then, was not Dounia young, robust, and beautiful, with her luxuriant auburn hair, her steel-colored eyes, and her perverse, enigmatical smile? She was poor, obscure, and ignorant when he married her; he rich, a grand dignitary of the Slav University, and a councillor to his majesty, the Czar. But love had conquered all obstacles, and Dounia, daughter of a shepherd of the Caucasus, became the idolized wife of the director of the gymnasium. The seductive Circassian had indeed often triumphed in the heart of the savant over despotic duty. How frequently he sat by her, admiring her, and listening as she babbled in French, gently criticizing her linguistic errors. Was not her naive conversation worth a hundred times as much as the subtle literary and philosophical discussions in which he engaged with the lettered men of St. Petersburg? Since several months, however, Alexis Ivanovich's interest in Dounia's French lessons had flagged. He permitted her to confound the tenses, to ignore gender, and to forget the elementary rules of syntax without correcting her, as formerly. Moreover, he left the house regularly every evening and did not return until late at night. Was Alexis Ivanovich deceiving her? She had discarded that supposition long ago. Dounia was too sure of herself, too proud of her extraordinary beauty, to suppose she could have a rival. Still, how could she explain Alexis's absence every night? He did not gamble, for the money in the safe was never disturbed, and it is not usual to visit the games with empty pockets. Once only, a person of unprepossessing aspect and poorly attired presented himself at the door with a letter. Alexis, having read it, handed the bearer a note of five hundred rubles without the least remark, the stranger accepting the same without even giving thanks. Gambling debts are not paid in such a manner, and when Alexis was asked about the incident he merely answered, "I am helping along a good cause," and Dounia did not dare to question any further.

She was patient and waited, hoping the inexplicable absence of her husband would cease soon; she thought to follow and spy his actions never occurred to her. This evening, however, he had hardly crossed the threshold when, enveloped in heavy furs, her face hidden by a hood, and her feet encased in stout boots, Dounia followed rapidly in his footsteps. She shadowed him through the snow-covered streets, oppressed and anxious, the blood mounting to her temples, and her heart beating violently.

This conjugal pursuit, in the night and through the snow, did not have jealousy for its only motive. In fact, Dounia had not the right to be jealous. Dounia was guilty. A young instructor at the gymnasium, a German named Karl Strueber, profiting by the director's occupation and the isolation of his wife, had won her. And it was the thought of this that tortured her—that perhaps she alone was guilty, and that he loved her still, and might be able to justify his nightly absence and convict her of treason, ignoble and unpardonable. Ah, could she but establish his faithlessness! She would then be excusable for her own.

This is why Dounia followed her husband, on that clear and frosty night, through a strange and labyrinthine quarter of the city, whose narrow streets were scarcely illuminated by the mysterious moonlight.

Alexis, having arrived at his destination, was about to rap on the door of a house, within which all seemed silent and dark, when he paused. Retreating hastily, he hid behind the angle of the house and listened. Light footsteps were coming in his direction. "I am being followed," he thought. Coolly and resolutely he drew a revolver from his pocket, cocked it, and waited. Alexis raised his pistol ready to fire. Just then Dounia, surprised at seeing no one, and believing she had been outwitted, threw back her hood in order to get a better view of the locality. The moonlight revealed her features plainly, and Alexis, recognizing her, ran from his hiding place.

"Dounia," he cried, "what are you doing here, unfortunate woman?" "I was following you, Alexis Ivanovich," she answered, with trembling voice; "it was wrong, I know, but I could not resist the desire. I wanted to know where you spent your evenings."

"Curiosity is very often a bad counselor, Dounia," said the professor, gravely, after a few moments' reflection; "heaven grant you may not regret wanting to know that which I had determined to hide from you. But perhaps, I am wrong after all. The wife should hide nothing from her husband, and the husband have no secret from his wife. I love you, Dounia; my

love alone caused me to let you remain ignorant of certain things, a knowledge of which might prove dangerous to you. Do you know, by the way, that not knowing who you were, I was about to kill you?"

"What, kill an unknown!—one who has never harmed you? You must be engaged in some very grave undertaking to harbor such a resolution."

"Very grave, indeed. But you wished to see and know; come with me and you shall be satisfied." And Alexis Ivanovich drew Dounia, still surprised and frightened, toward the low door of the mysterious house, which opened silently after he had knocked in a peculiar and measured manner.

A regular meeting of the nihilistic committee was being held within, and they were discussing a circular to be sent out which was to inform the afflicted of an important attempt to be made by the revolutionary party against the life of the Czar. Alexis Ivanovich introduced Dounia as a neophyte, and, two or three women approaching her, gave her instructions. She was given pamphlets to distribute, the names of prisoners and sick persons whom she was expected to visit and bring food to, and other duties to perform. The affiliation of the wife of Alexis Ivanovich, one of the leaders of the society and the author of numerous pamphlets secretly published by the nihilistic press, seemed quite natural and aroused no suspicion. Ways and means were next considered, and were discussed quite freely before Dounia, who listened, as if in a dream, to the different plans for carrying out their tragic purpose. The meeting then adjourned.

The following day, while Alexis was at the gymnasium inspecting the classes, listening to the complaints of students, and attending to his daily routine work, Karl Strueber, the handsome German professor, visited Dounia, who had not yet recovered from the shock the terrible experience of the night before had given her. So, then, her husband was a conspirator! He was the associate, the accomplice, of those savage men who terrorized the empire and whose audacity neither Siberia nor the gallows could arrest. Alexis wished to assassinate the Czar! Ah, he filled her with horror now, she was no more ashamed of her fault, and it even seemed to her that, in deceiving him, she punished him for the crime he meditated.

So she abandoned herself to the embraces of her lover with a frenzied passion that savored of the primitive ardor of the dwellers in her mountain home. The dull German! to be meditative at such a time. But he had a mission to perform, and waited for an opportunity, although he was for a time disconcerted by Dounia's savage voluptuousness. At last he succeeded in putting the following questions to Dounia: "Does your husband receive many visits from men of peculiar aspect, who, upon entering, hand the doorman a ticket?"

"No, never," replied Dounia, surprised.

"Well, then, does he go out often?" "Every evening," she answered, promptly, paling immediately thereafter as she thought of the terrible meeting which she had attended. In the meantime, a light dawned upon her. Why did her lover ask her these questions? Who was this German, concerning whom vague rumors had reached her ears? Quite a number of Germans were employed in the police

—could Karl Strueber be a spy?

Strueber, not noticing her abstraction and carried away by his desire to obtain more information concerning Ivanovich's movements, continued to interrogate Dounia eagerly, thus exposing himself. Dounia, a prey to conflicting emotions, had answered half mechanically, and now realized that she had betrayed the secret of her husband—consigned to the prison, the knout, Siberia, or even to the gibbet, the man whose honor she had already sullied. A gust of pride and revolt swept through her, and the wild nature of the mountain girl asserted itself within her. She had, indeed, consented to betray the husband, but she would not betray the conspirator. The Circassian never gives shelter to a spy. Her resolution was taken immediately. No, she would not deliver Alexis over to the executioner. She arose, trembling but superb. Strueber sought to detain her. "Remain," she murmured, with a bewitching and provoking smile; "I shall return; I am thine forever." In the neighboring room she wrote a few words, called the moujik, and commanded him to take the note to his master.

Ten minutes later, Alexis Ivanovich arrived at the threshold of the chamber where Karl Strueber was tenderly embracing Dounia, while endeavoring to obtain further information concerning the vast conspiracy of which the police already had an inkling. The next moment the bloody form of Strueber, felled by a crushing blow of a battle-axe, which Alexis had torn from the wall in his library, lay stretched at Dounia's feet, while Alexis, with fiery enthusiasm, cried: "Rise, Dounia, wife of my bosom! Thou hast aided us to punish a treacherous spy. Thou art a second Judith, my beloved!"—Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Edmond Lepelletier.

**Camera Aids Astronomers.** Before photography was applied to stars the highest number catalogued was 457,847. The number of stars the camera will show is estimated at over 30,000,000.

**Defined.** Willie—Pa, what are "Conversational Powers?" Pa—Oh, any of the South American Republics.

## GOWNS MADE IN BRUSSELS.

That City Turns Out Quantities of "Paris Frocks."

"Do you know where many of the frocks are made that American women buy in Paris?" asked a man who has lived abroad for many years.

"In Brussels," he went on. "That is about the greatest dressmaking centre of the world. I know one woman who has a dressmaking establishment in which she employs 600 girls. Her output is tremendous, and there are many similar establishments."

"Every freight train that leaves Brussels for Paris carries big consignments of dresses. Labor is cheaper in Brussels than in Paris and conditions of living different. Then there is no Sunday holiday for the workers in millinery establishments. The proprietors are so swamped with orders that they keep their hands going."

"My wife tells me that she can get in Brussels an exquisite hand embroidered gown for \$100, and the best turned out there—a court dress in fact with train—for \$140. Brussels is fast becoming an American shopping centre."

## WHEN A FISHHOOK SNAGS.

Two Simple but Ingenious Methods of Releasing It.

In Ireland when an angler's hook catches in a root under water he cuts a willow sprout, bends it into a hoop, passes it over rod and line and lets it float beyond the obstruction, when a sharp pull on the line generally frees the hook.

In England, says a writer in *Forest and Stream*, an angler has improved on this method. In his kit he carries several of the wire paper clips used in filing letters. If his hook becomes snagged he attaches the clip to a bit of brush, then springs the clip over his line, and when the branch has floated beyond the snagged hook the clip acts as a pulley in freeing it. He says it is an effective and cheap clearing ring, and it is not heavy.

## A Peculiar Name.

There is a post hamlet in Cass County, Missouri, with nothing peculiar about it except its name, and that is Peculiar. Its origin, according to local traditions was as follows:

When the settlement had become sufficiently populous to need a postoffice, one of the prominent citizens sent a petition to Washington to have one established. In due course the petition was granted and he was asked to suggest a name that would please the people. He replied, "The people are not particular so long as the name is peculiar."

Thereupon the postoffice was christened Peculiar, and the name has never been changed.

## Dangerous Insects.

Recent investigations have shown that the notorious tsetse of Africa is not the only insect capable of transmitting the dreadful trypanosomiasis, or sleeping-sickness. In the neighborhood of Brazzaville exists an insect, of the genus *Chrysopa*, which propagates the same infection, and Doctor Martin now announces that trypanosomes are evolved in the body of a mosquito of the genus *Stegomyia*, another species of which is known as the propagator of yellow fever in America. The more the subject is studied, the more dangerous insects appear as spreaders of disease.

## Shorthand Without Hands.

A youth of fifteen named Possneck, who two years ago lost both his hands in a machinery accident at Arnstadt, has accomplished the remarkable feat of gaining a speed certificate for shorthand. After his mishap, by which his hands were cut off at the wrists, he was received into a cripples' home. The Duke of Saxe-Meinungen, one of the patrons, took an active interest in the lad and paid for two artificial hands. The cripple soon became so expert in their use that he is an excellent penman and can write shorthand at the rate of 115 words per minute.—London Tit-Bits.

## New Coffee Plant.

The African explorer, Carpentier, has found in Sassandra a new species of coffee-plant, which is very abundant in some places, although it is a dwarf form, varying in height from three feet to less than a foot. In their wild state the berries are not suitable for coffee-making, but it is hoped that by cultivation this plant may be improved, as other species in the Congo State have already been. At present the new plant is only a botanical curiosity.

## Long Distance Piano Record.

The world's record for continuous piano-playing has been broken by C. W. Healy, who commenced playing a piano at Prince's Court, Melbourne, one evening at eight o'clock. Healy played continuously until 10.30 at night on the following Saturday evening—a period of fifty and a half hours—and he has thus constituted a new record, the longest time before this having been forty-eight and a half hours. During the performance Healy sustained himself on beef tea and chocolate.

## Antiquity of Bows and Arrows.

One curious result of the recent study of the mural paintings and engravings on the walls of caverns in the Pyrenees anciently occupied as dwellings by men, is the evidence which it has afforded that bows and arrows were already in use at that very early period. In a grotto at Niaux, bisons, horses, deer and wild goats are represented, and arrows are shown striking into many of the animals. Some of the arrow-heads thus placed are colored red.

## Status of the Atomic Theory.

The suggestion has been made that, owing to recent discoveries, the atomic theory of the constitution of matter, established for a century, is no longer tenable, since particles smaller than atoms are now known to exist. But Prof. Herbert R. Moody points out that the theory is still as useful as ever, since, under the conditions that surround us on the earth, most atoms do not undergo change that can be discovered in any ordinary way. The atomic theory is based upon weightings and the changes in weight which atoms undergo are not such as can be detected.

## Gold from the Sea.

This has no reference to the wild plans that have from time to time been exploited for extracting gold from sea-water, but it relates to the attempts made in Queensland and New South Wales to recover gold and other precious metals from the sands on the seashore. The treatment of these sands has been undertaken, it would appear, with some promise of success. Not only gold but platinum and uranium have been found. It is thought that the metals find their way to the strand from submerged rocks which are broken and triturated by the violent waves assailing the coast.

## Bleeding Fish to Keep Them.

The Norway fisher cuts and bleeds fish the moment they are caught. He cuts the throat and bleeds them from the tail. Fish so finished keep far better. Fish are best just before spawning time, thereafter they become poor, then watery and unfit. Some folk are grouched by herring and mackerel, and will get sick every time they eat 'em. No matter how fresh the fish the people vomit, purge and break out in bold hives. It is not uncommon to find dead oysters mixed up in the heap. These dead ones are liable to poison the live ones.

## Neon and the Aurora.

By means of sounding-balloons, Telesserenc de Bort has collected specimens of the air up to an altitude of more than eight and a half miles. Analysis shows the presence of helium only in the layers lower than above six miles. Neon, on the contrary, is found at all levels, and this fact is regarded as confirming the identification of several spectroscopic lines of neon in the spectrum of the aurora borealis.

## The Old Surf Bath.

It is not so many years ago when surf bathing of a very primitive kind prevailed at the eastern end of Long Island and, for aught I know, at other points. Every Saturday morning, or afternoon, as the tide willed, throughout the Summer big farm wagons trundled down to the beach and were swung around abreast of the line of breakers. Old fishermen served the purpose of modern bathing pavilions, and the sea costumes were those of last year's village street. A long rope was drawn from under the seats and hitched to the wheel, and then some sturdy ex-whaler or life crew man in red flannel shirt and old trousers tied at the ankles slipped his waist through the loop at the end of this primitive life line and, wading out, kept it as taut as circumstances permitted, while the women and children hunt to it and reveled and wallowed and shrieked, rejoicing in their "Saturday tub."

## Where Father Got Stung.

One afternoon not long ago, in the vicinity of Druid Hill Park, in Baltimore, there might have been seen a young man industriously pushing up and down a baby carriage, intently reading a book the while.

"Henry! Henry!" called a young woman from the second story of a house opposite.

Henry heard not, but continued to push the baby carriage and to read his book.

In about an hour the cries for "Henry" were repeated.

"Well, what do you want?" he demanded, rather impatiently.

"Nothing, dear," was the irritating response, "except to inform you that you've been wheeling Harriet's doll all the afternoon. I think it's time for the baby to have a turn now."

## Explained.

"Why do so many sick people in hospital wards like to be put in a bed next to a patient from the country?" said the young nurse to the house doctor.

"Graft," said the doctor. "Most country or suburban patients come from homes where there are chickens and maybe a cow. When the folks come in for a visit they bring eggs that were laid that morning and fresh milk, cream and butter. If the person lying beside the country patient is very sick he appeals to the sympathies of the country visitors, and the next time an extra egg and an extra pint of milk come."

## A Philanthropic Spaniel.

Old Buller, the curly brown spaniel, well known to Middlesex, is dead. He was a philanthropist. With a money box hanging from his neck he collected for Ealing Cottage Hospital. In the last five years he took in \$400, and he showed fine discrimination as to the sides of the streets he worked in winter. In summer he frequented parks, making his appeal to numerous ladies and gentlemen. Old Buller was 110 years old, and died from pleurisy.

## Trolley Lines in America.

There are 1,250 street and interurban railway companies in America, with a total of 35,000 miles of single track and 75,000 passenger cars. The total number of passengers carried annually is 10,000,000,000, and the gross annual income is \$440,000,000.

## WORKING ON THE CARS.

No Place Like New York for That, Says a Western Visitor.

"We have something of a reputation out West for hustling," said an Omaha man, "but I never saw such persons as New Yorkers, both men and women, for working on the surface, the subway and the elevated cars, to say nothing of the ferryboats. I wonder the companies don't find some plan for renting desk room in public conveyances. It is customary to see men reading on the cars everywhere, but you have to come to New York to find half the passengers on a car correcting typewritten manuscripts, humming over musical scores, casting up accounts in little memorandum books or on the back of an envelope, and poring over shorthand lessons."

"Persons studying foreign languages read them aloud on the cars and nobody appears to pay any attention to them except visitors from other cities."

## The Dulcitone.

The dulcitone of Thomas Machell of Glasgow has the keyboard of a piano, but the key hammers produce sound by striking steel forks—like shankless tuning forks—instead of wires. A semicircular steel spring carries the vibrations from each fork to the sounding board. The tone is softer than that of the piano, but it has great clearness and carrying power and is adapted for solo playing as well as for accompanying other instruments or the voice. Important advantages are the lack of necessity of tuning and the portability. A dulcitone of five octaves weighs but forty-five pounds, but a piano of the same range has a weight of 250 pounds or more.

## Reversible Turbines.

One of the objections urged against turbine-engines has been their inability to run backward as well as forward. John Ogg of Aberdeen has invented a form of turbine which avoids this difficulty. The steam enters the machine through a hollow axle, and thence acts upon the wings of the rotating disks mounted upon the axle. When it is desired to reverse the motion, a new set of disks, having their wings set at a reverse angle, are brought into play, and by means of grooved valves the steam is projected against them, thus producing a backward motion. The reversal of motion can be produced instantaneously.

## FREAK RUBBER TREES.

Revolted Against Parasites and Killed Them Off.

Some years ago a big planter in the Congo abandoned a rubber tract of several hundred miles which had become infested with the parasite of the region. All the trees drooped and died down to the roots, only these surviving. Part of the trunk under the inner bark continued to yield the rubber milk, as usual, but the fluid was found to be thoroughly poisoned and apparently useless. A visit to the abandoned tract some years after the blight had fallen showed, to the amazement of the owner, that the trees had taken on a new life. When the milk was tested he found that it made rubber of a superior quality, and now brings the highest price in the market. Apparently nature had revolted against the destructive insects and with their poison the trees had inoculated themselves against further affliction of the kind.

## The Colors of Eggs.

Mr. A. R. Horwood of the Leicester (England) Museum remarks that the colors of birds' eggs can in a large number of cases be traced to the necessity of "protective resemblance." White eggs are usually laid by birds nesting in holes in trees, or in dark situations, like owls, woodpeckers and some pigeons. Most birds nesting on or near the ground lay eggs of an olive green or brown ground color. The eggs of grouse, ptarmigan, and so forth, resemble the heather amongst which they are laid. Those of the ringed plover, little tern and oystercatcher resemble the sand and shingle of the beach. The dappling's eggs closely simulate bare soil or dried bents. The young chicks show similar "protective" colors.

## An Animal Census.

According to an official of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, the latest enumeration of the animals known to science, includes no less than three hundred and ninety species. The real number is believed to be much larger.

It has been estimated that of insects alone the earth harbors two million species; but the late Professor Riley, a recognized authority on the subject, held even that estimate as far too low. According to his opinion, ten million would be a moderate estimate of the number of insect species. The number of individuals is, of course, incalculable.

## Alaska's Great Mountain.

The claim of Mount McKinley, the culminating peak of the Alaskan range, to be regarded as the loftiest point in North America, is sustained by the report of an exploring party, made by one of its members, Mr. A. H. Brooks. The party made a journey of 800 miles on foot in Alaska during the season just passed. Mr. D. L. Reburn, the topographer of the expedition, believes that the measurements of mountain heights which were made have a probable error not exceeding 100 feet. According to these measurements Mount McKinley's elevation definitely exceeds 20,000 feet; that of Mount Foraker is 17,000 feet.

## Clever Thieves Get \$85,000.

Aaron Bancroft, a broker, eighty-six years of age, was robbed in New York city last Thursday afternoon of securities valued at approximately \$85,000, but he did not discover his loss until Monday.

The theft was committed in the vestibule of the Produce Exchange Safety Deposit and Storage company.

For twenty-five years it has been Mr. Bancroft's habit every Thursday afternoon to deposit the firm's valuables in a box rented by them from the Deposit and Storage company. The distance from his offices to the vaults is not more than 200 feet, and any one making the trip is in constant sight of the office windows.

Last Thursday Mr. Bancroft placed his securities in a large envelope, tied with tape, and with the firm's name printed upon it. A flight of steps leads from the street level entrance to the vaults. As Mr. Bancroft reached the bottom of the steps he noticed a young man, whom he only remembers as "rather undersized," leaning against the corridor wall.

Just as Mr. Bancroft was about to turn the corner, at the end of the corridor, a tall man came running in the opposite direction and came into collision with the aged broker. The shock threw Mr. Bancroft off his feet, and in falling he dropped the envelope.

That was the cue for the "undersized" young man. He stepped up to Mr. Bancroft, assisted him to his feet, and was so solicitous as to tuck the envelope under the broker's arm. At least Mr. Bancroft thought it was the envelope that fell. He went on to deposit it in his box as usual.

Monday when his son, George Bancroft, unlocked the box he found that the only envelope there contained three old newspapers. A clever substitution had been effected.

## Jail For Huston Is Court's Decree.

The judgment of the Dauphin county court in the case of Joseph M. Huston, architect of the state capitol, who was convicted of conspiracy to defraud the state, was affirmed by the superior court in Williamsport, Pa.

The lower court sentenced Huston to from six months to two years in the eastern penitentiary and to pay a fine of \$500 and costs.

The decision means that Huston must serve the prison sentence and pay the fine imposed by the lower court on his conviction of the charge of defrauding the state in connection with the construction of that building unless it is overruled on higher appeal.

## Taft Calls Extra Session.

Because the senate ignored his request that the bill carrying into effect the reciprocity agreement with Canada be passed, President Taft called an extra session of congress, to convene on April 4, "to determine whether congress shall by necessary legislation make operative the agreement."

The president and most of the Republicans wanted the session to begin on an earlier date, and the time finally was set as it was to please the Democratic leaders, who will be in control of the new house.

## Extra Session Will Cost Clark \$9000.

If there is an extra session of congress, Representative Champ Clark, of Missouri, the Democratic speaker to be, will lose \$9000.

Mr. Clark has signed contracts for ten weeks on the Chautauque lecture circuit at \$900 a week and expenses. He planned to start out from Philadelphia on March 6 and talk his way out to the Pacific coast and back, but if the session is to begin on March 15 he will just throw up his hands and say goodbye to the \$9000.

## Queen's Attendant Slain.

Princess di Trigona, a young and beautiful lady-in-waiting to Queen Helena of Italy, was murdered at a small hotel in Rome by Lieutenant Paterno, an officer in the Italian cavalry.

The tragedy has created a sensation. The causes of the murder and the details of the story that led up to it are thus far unknown or suppressed. The authorities, however, state that the lieutenant strangled the princess and then shot her.

## Honors For Commander Peary.

Civil Engineer Robert E. Peary got his long deferred reward. By a vote of 154 to 31, the house passed a senate bill which proposes to retire Mr. Peary with the rank and pay of a rear admiral and to extend to him the thanks of congress, which carries with it the privilege of senate and house chambers. Very few persons have received the latter honor since the foundation of the government.

## Montana Elects Senator.

Henry L. Myers, judge of the district court of Ravall county, was elected United States senator by the Montana legislature to succeed Thomas H. Carter.

Myers received every Democratic vote, or a total of fifty-three votes, as against forty-five for Carter and three scattering Republican votes.

## Burglars Blow Bank Safe.

Burglars entered the People's bank, in Windfall, Ind., where they blew the outer doors of the safe, obtaining about \$500 in silver and \$400 worth of postage stamps, left by Postmaster Sholty for safekeeping. They were unable to get into the inner vault, which contained about \$4500 in currency.

## Bank Robbers Get \$3000.

The Farmers' State bank, of Matthews, Ind., was entered by robbers, who blew open the safe and secured \$3000. A horse and buggy were also stolen from a farmer near Matthews, and in this the robbers escaped with their plunder.