

A Stage Driver's Story.

FOURTEEN years ago, I drove from Danbury to Littleton, a distance of forty-two miles, and as I had to await the arrival of two or three coaches, and I did not start until after dinner, I very often had a good distance to drive after dark. It was in the dead of winter, and the season had been a rough one. A great deal of snow had fallen, and the drifts were plenty and deep. The mail that I carried was not due at Littleton by contract until one o'clock in the morning, but that winter the postmaster was obliged to sit up a little later than that hour for me.

One day in January, when I drove up my mail at Danbury, the postmaster called me into his office.

"Pete," said he, with an important, serious look, "there's some pretty heavy money packages in that bag," and he pointed to it as he spoke. He said the money was from Boston to some land agents up near the Canada line. Then he asked me if I'd got any passengers who were going through to Littleton? I told him I did not know. "But suppose I have not?" says I.

"Why," said he, "the agent of the tower route came in to-day, and he says that there were two suspicious characters on the stage that came up last night, and he suspects that they have an eye upon this mail, so it will stand you in hand to be a little careful."

He said the agent had described one of them as a short, thick-set fellow, about forty years of age, with long hair, and a thick, heavy clump of beard under his chin, but none on the side of his face. He didn't know anything about the other. I told him I guessed there wasn't much danger.

"O no, not if you have got passengers way through; but I only told you of this so that you might look out for your mail, and also look out sharp when you change horses."

I answered that I should do so, and then took the bag under my arm and left the office. I stowed the mail under my seat a little more carefully than usual, placing it so that I could keep my feet against it, but beyond that I did not feel any concern. It was past one when we started, and I had four passengers, two of whom rode only to my first stopping-place. I reached Gowan's Mills at dark, when we stopped for supper, and where my other two passengers concluded to stop for the night.

About six o'clock in the evening I left Gowan's Mills alone, having two horses and a pung.

I had seventeen miles to go, and a hard seventeen it was, too. The night was quite clear, but the wind was sharp and cold, the loose snow flying in all directions, while the drifts were deep and closely packed. It was slow, tedious work, and my horses soon became weary and restive. At the distance of six miles I came to a little settlement called Bull's Corner, where I took fresh horses. I'd been two hours going that distance. As I was going to start, a man came up and asked me if I was going through to Littleton. I told him I should go through if the thing could possibly be done. He said he was very anxious to go, and as he had no baggage I told him to jump in and make himself as comfortable as possible. I was gathering up my lines, when the hostler came up and asked me if I knew that one of my horses had cut himself badly. I jumped out and went with him, and found that one of the animals had got a deep cork cut on the off fore foot. I gave such directions as I considered necessary, and was about to turn away, when the hostler remarked that he thought I came alone. I told him I did.

"Then where did you get that passenger?" said he.

"He just got in," I answered.

"Got in from where?"

"I don't know."

"Well, now," said the hostler, "that's kind of curious. There ain't been no such man at the house, and I know there ain't been none at any of the neighbors."

"Let's have a look at his face," said I. "We can get that much at any rate. Do you go back with me, and when I get into the pung, just hold your lantern so the light will shine into his face."

He did as I wished, and as I stepped into the pung, I got a fair view of such portions of my passenger's face as were not muffled up. I saw a short, thick frame, full, hard features, and I could almost see that there was a heavy beard under the chin. I thought of the man whom the postmaster had described to me; but I did not think seriously upon it until I had started. Perhaps I had gone half a mile, when I noticed the mail-bag wasn't in its place under my feet.

"Halloo!" says I, holding up my horses a little, "where's my mail?" My passenger sat on a seat behind me, and I turned towards him.

"Here is a bag of some kind slipped back under my feet," he said, giving it a kick, as though he would shove it forward.

Just at this moment my horses lumbered into a deep snow drift, and I was forced to get out and tread down the snow in front of them, and lead them through it.

This took me all of fifteen minutes; and when I got in again I pulled the mail-bag forward and got my feet upon it. As I was doing this, I saw the man taking something from his lap, beneath the buffalo, and put it into his breast pocket. This I thought was a pistol. I had caught a gleam of a barrel in the starlight, and when I had time to reflect, I knew I could not be mistaken.

About this time I began to think somewhat seriously. From what I had heard and seen, I soon made up my mind that the individual behind me not only meant to rob me of my mail, but he was prepared to rob me of my life. If I resisted him he would shoot me, and perhaps he meant to perform that delectable operation at any rate. While I was pondering, the horses plunged into another deep snow drift, and I was again forced to get out and tread down the snow before them. I asked my passenger if he would help me, but he didn't feel very well, and wouldn't try; so I worked all alone, and was all of a quarter of an hour getting my team through the drifts.

When I got into the sleigh again, I began to feel for the mail-bag with my feet. I found it where I had left it; but when I attempted to withdraw my foot, I discovered it had become fast in something—I thought it was the buffalo, and tried to kick it clear; but the more I kicked, the more closely was it held. I reached down my hand, and after feeling about a few moments, I found that my foot was in the mail-bag! I felt again, and found my hand in among the packages of letters and papers! I ran my fingers over the edges of the opening, and became assured that the stout leather had been cut with a knife!

Here was a discovery. I began to wish I had taken a little more forethought before leaving Danbury; but as I knew making such wishes was only a waste of time, I quickly gave it up, and began to consider what I had best to do under existing circumstances. I wasn't long in making my mind upon a few essential points. First, the man behind me was a villain; second, he had cut open the mail-bag and robbed it of some valuable matter—he must have known the money letters by their size and shape; third, he meant to leave the stage on first opportunity; and fourthly, he was prepared to shoot me if I attempted to arrest or detain him.

I revolved these things over in my mind, and pretty soon thought of a course to pursue. I knew that to get my hands safely upon the rascal I must take him wholly unawares, and this I could not do while he was behind me, for his eyes were upon me all the time—so I must resort to stratagem. Only a little distance ahead was a house, and an old farmer named Lougee lived there; and directly before it a huge snow-bank stretched across the road, through which a track had been cleared with shovels.

As we approached the cot, I saw a light in the front room, as I felt confident I should, for the old man generally sat up until the stage went by. I drove on, and when nearly opposite the dwelling, stood up, as I had frequently done when approaching difficult places. I saw the snow-bank ahead, and could distinguish the deep cut which had been shoveled through it. I urged my horses to a good speed, and when near the bank forced them into it. One of the runners mounted the edge of the bank, after which the other ran into the cut, thus throwing the sleigh over about as quick as though lightning had struck it.

My passenger had not calculated on any such movement, and wasn't prepared for it; but I had calculated, and was prepared. He rolled out into the deep snow with a heavy buffalo robe about him, while I alighted directly on top of him. I punched his head into the snow, and sung out for old Lougee. I did not have to call a second time, for the farmer had come to the window to see me pass, and as soon as he saw my sleigh overturned, he had lighted his lantern and hurried out.

"What's to pay?" asked the old man, as he came up.

"Lead the horses into the track, and then come here," I said.

As I spoke, I partially loosened my hold upon the villain's throat, and he drew a pistol from his bosom; but I saw it in season and jammed his head into the snow again, and got it away from him.

By this time Lougee had led the horses out and came back, and I explained the matter to him in as few words as possible.

We hauled the rascal out into the road, and upon examination, we found about twenty packages of letters which

he had stolen from the mail-bag and stowed away in his pockets.

He swore and threatened and prayed; but we paid no attention to his blarney. Lougee got some stout cord, and when we had securely bound the villain we tumbled him into the pung. I asked the old man if he would accompany me to Littleton, and he said, "of course!"

So he got his overcoat and muffler, and ere long we started on.

I reached the end of my route with my mail all safe, though not as snug as it might have been, and my mail-bags a little the worse for the game that had been played upon them. However, the mail-robber was secure, and within a week he was identified by some officers from Concord as an old offender, and I am rather inclined to the opinion that he is in the State Prison at the present time. At any rate, he was there the last I heard of him.

That's the only time I ever had any mail trouble; and I think that under all the circumstances I came out of it pretty well.

OUT-WITTING THE POLICE.

SOME years ago the contraband trade in Swiss watches was carried to such an excess, that the Paris chief of Police considered himself called upon to make a great exertion to seek to punish the offenders. With this view he repaired incoeg. to Geneva. He then applied to a celebrated dealer in watches to sell him one hundred of the finest quality. When the price was agreed upon, the chief disclosed the condition that they must be delivered in Paris, to which the watch-dealer readily assented, upon an additional sum being added, for the risk of transport. The chief gave a feigned name and address, and it was settled that within a month the watches should be within the French capital. Upon his return the chief gave notice to the French officers on the frontiers of these facts, and after exciting their vigilance by everything calculated to act upon their fear, their pride or patriotism, he watched, not without anxiety, the event of his mission.

Within the time limited, a stranger called at the street and number which the chief had given, inquired for him by his feigned name, and upon seeing him, signified his readiness to deliver the one hundred watches agreeably to contract. This agent was taken into custody, was examined, threatened, and re-examined, but to no purpose; he protested that he was only a common messenger in Paris, hired to deliver the articles in question for a stipulated price. The chief, mollified and enraged, went back immediately, still incoeg., to Geneva. He sought out the watch maker, and besought him to disclose the means he had used to pass the watches over the lines; but he met with only a smile and an evasion. Finding that persuasion had so little effect, he next resorted to threats, but with no better success. Finally he determined to use that master key which so often unlocks the bosom where secrets not otherwise discoverable lie hidden. He agreed to give the watch-dealer ten thousand francs, provided he would make a full disclosure, and, moreover, he guaranteed to indemnify him from all the disagreeable consequences which otherwise might have occurred.

This bargain being agreed upon, and consummated by the payment of the money, the watch-dealer began:—

"Sir," said he, "when you came to my shop, disguised like a dealer in watches, I knew you as well as you knew me. Indeed, before you called upon me, I had information that you were in Geneva, and I was therefore on my guard. When, therefore, you made me stipulate that the one hundred watches should be delivered in Paris, I had no doubt but that you meditated me ill, and I governed myself accordingly. I perceived at once that the watches could not be passed the frontier in the ordinary way; I therefore bribed your own servant, and passed them over the frontier as a part of your own baggage, which, on account of your public situation, I foresaw would escape examination."

The chief returned to "the great city" wiser than he left it, for he learned that Geneva watch-dealers could use spies and bribes as well as French detectives.

Anecdote of Disraeli's Wife.

A STORY is told of Lady Beaconsfield's devotion to her lord and his ambition, which if true, is a touching commentary on the selfishness of womanly affection.

On one occasion, when Disraeli was Chancellor of the Exchequer, his wife accompanied him to the Parliament House. It was "Budget" night—the most momentous of all sessions to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, for he had to unfold his financial plans for the ensuing year to a critical and not too easily satisfied House. Disraeli, as he took his place in the carriage, was wholly wrapped up in his figures; it was a crisis in his career; if he failed this night, he might well take Woolsey's advice to Cromwell, "Fling away ambition!"

His wife entered the carriage also, softly so as not to disturb the thinker. In getting in however, her finger was caught by the door, which, shutting upon it, jammed it terribly, and held it so fast that she could not withdraw it. She uttered no cry, made no movement; her pain and agony must have been intense. There was the finger crushed between the panels; to speak, or to endeavor to withdraw it would disturb her lord—would drive the figures and arguments from his head. So there stayed the finger, every moment more painful, until they reached the House; nor did Disraeli hear a word of it till long after the famous debate of that night had become history. All that evening the faithful wife sat in the gallery, that her husband's quick glancing eye might not miss her from it; she bore this pain like a martyr, and like a woman who loves.

No wonder that by her husband's act she has become Viscountess Beaconsfield; still less wonder that, as Lady Beaconsfield, she is honored in England's proudest castles, and has taken her place in the hereditary society as naturally and easily as if she, too, had been "to the manor born."

Turning a Joke.

Some time in '64 there were a number of army officers stopping at a hotel in Washington. Among them was a Captain Jones, who was a first-rate fellow, a good officer and very pompous. Emerson and Jones used to have a good deal of joking together at the table and elsewhere. One day at the dinner-table, when the dining hall was well filled Capt. Jones finished his dinner first, got up and walked almost to the dining-hall door, when Emerson spoke to him in a loud voice and said: "Halloo, Captain! see here: I want to speak to you a minute." The Capt. turned and walked back to the table and bent over him, when Emerson whispered: "I wanted to ask you how far you would have gone, if I had not spoken to you?" The Captain never changed a muscle, but straightened up and put his fingers into his vest pocket and said in a voice loud enough for all to hear him: "Captain Emerson, I don't know a man living that I'd rather lend \$5 dollars to than you, but the fact is, I haven't a cent with me to-day," and turned on his heels and walked away. Emerson was the color of half a dozen rainbows, but he had to stand it. He never heard the last of it, and it cost him more than \$10 to treat on it.

An Obstacle Overcome.

Mrs. Howitt relates the following anecdote of an elephant and an astonished Kentish toll-bar keeper:

Van Amburgh, who was a great man for lions, and who kept wild beasts, had a famous elephant called Jack. As Jack and his keeper were travelling from Margate to Canterbury (they were travelling on foot), they came to Up-Street toll-bar, when the toll-bar man wanted them to pay a higher toll than was right. Jack's driver offered the right toll, but the man would not take it, and kept the gate shut. On this the man went through the little foot-gate to the other side of the bar, and called out to the elephant, "Come on Jack," and at once the elephant applied his trunk to the rails of the gate, and quickly lifting it from its hinges, dashed it to the ground, breaking it into pieces as he did so. He then proceeded on his way without any attempt being made to arrest his progress by the toll-bar man, who now stood petrified to see what a mistake he had made in demanding an unjust toll from an elephant.

Mr. Bear was at a public dinner, two gentlemen by the name of Bird being in the company. After the cloth was removed, Mr. Bear, who was a good singer, was called on to oblige the company with a song. He immediately arose, and said, "Gentlemen, your conduct on this occasion is so highly improper that I cannot help noticing it." "Why, why?" said the gentlemen. "That you should call on a Bear to sing when you have two Birds in the company."

A stout backbone is as essential to physical health as to political consistency. For weakness of the back and disorders of the liver and kidneys, the tonic and moderate dietetic action of the Bitters is the one thing needful. Remember that the stomach is the mainstay of every other organ, and that by invigorating the digestion by this preparation, the spinal column and all its dependencies are strengthened. For Hostetter's Almanac for 1880 apply to Druggists and Dealers generally. 49 ct.

Baby Saved.

We are so thankful to say that our baby was permanently cured of a dangerous and protracted irregularity of the bowels by the use of Hop Bitters by its mother, which at the same time restored her to perfect health and strength.—The Parents, Rochester, N. Y. See another column. 21 No. 52

SELLERS'

COUGH

SYRUP!

50 Years Before the Public!

Pronounced by all to be the most Pleasant and efficacious remedy now in use, for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Whooping Coughs, Tickling sensation of the Throat, Hoarseness, etc. Over a million bottles sold within the last few years. It gives relief wherever used, and has the power to impart benefit that cannot be had from the cough mixtures now in use. Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents per bottle.

SELLERS' LIVER PILLS

are also highly recommended for curing liver complaint, constipation, sick-headaches, fever and ague, and all diseases of the stomach and liver. Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents per box. 40 1y

R. E. SELLERS & CO., Pittsburg, Pa.

J. M. GIRVIN. J. H. GIRVIN

J. M. GIRVIN & SON.,

FLOUR, GRAIN, SEED & PRODUCE

Commission Merchants,

No. 64 South Gay, St.,

BALTIMORE, MD.

We will pay strict attention to the sale of all kinds of Country Produce and remit the amounts promptly.

J. M. GIRVIN & SON.

MUSSEY & ALLEN

CENTRAL STORE

NEWPORT, PENN'A.

Now offer the public

A RARE AND ELEGANT ASSORTMENT OF

DRESS GOODS

Consisting of all shades suitable for the season

BLACK ALPACCAS

AND

Mourning Goods

A SPECIALITY.

BLEACHED AND UNBLEACHED

MUSLINS,

AT VARIOUS PRICES.

AN ENDLESS SELECTION OF PRINTS!

We sell and do keep a good quality of

SUGARS, COFFEES & SYRUPS

And everything under the head of

GROCERIES!

Machine needles and oil for all makes of Machines.

To be convinced that our goods are

CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST!

IS TO CALL AND EXAMINE STOCK.

No trouble to show goods.

Don't forget the

CENTRAL STORE,

Newport, Perry County, Pa.

DRUGS. DRUGS.

JACOB STRICKLER,

(Successor to Dr. M. B. Strickler)

PHARMACIST,

NEW BLOOMFIELD, PENN'A.

HAVING succeeded the late firm of Dr. M. B. Strickler in the Drug Business at his Store-room, on MAIN STREET, two doors East of the Big Spring, I will endeavor to make it in every way worthy the patronage of the public. Personal and strict attention AT ALL TIMES given to the compounding and dispensing Physicians' prescriptions, so as to insure accuracy and guard against accidents.

BEAR IN MIND

that my stock has been recently selected and care taken to have everything at the BEST QUALITY. The public may rest assured that ALL medicines that leave my store shall be as represented—PURE and UNADULTERATED.

I HAVE CONSTANTLY ON HAND

HAIR OIL and POMADES
HAIR, TOOTH and NAIL BRUSHES.
SURGEONS, TOILET and
CARRIAGE SPONGES.
PUFF BOXES, TOILET POWDERS,
CASTILE and FANCY SOAPS.

PERFUMERY OF ALL KINDS,

Together with Fresh and Genuine Patent Medicines of every description.

ALSO,

Segars, Tobacco, School Books, &c.

ORANGES, LEMONS & BANANAS,

In season.

Pure Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Purposes.

Terms, Strictly Cash.

By strict attention to business, I hope to merit the confidence and favor of the public.

JACOB STRICKLER, Ph. G.

April 29, 1879.