

### THE TIMES.

An Independent Family Newspaper,  
 IS PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY  
**F. MORTIMER & CO.**

**TERMS:**  
**INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.**

One year (Postage Free) \$1.50  
 Six Months " " .80

To Subscribers in this County  
 Who pay in ADVANCE, a Discount of 25 Cents will  
 be made from the above terms, making  
 subscription within the County.

When Paid in Advance, \$1.25 Per Year.

Advertising rates furnished upon appli-  
 cation.

#### A Detective's Story.

"HARD case up this way," said the telegram sent in my direction by Harney. A break-out of convicts.—Warden Bates killed. Deputy Warden Locke dangerously wounded. Two prisoners escaped. Get up here on the 1.30 train for further details."

Flung on my coat, got under my cap, swung on at the rear car just as the train was moving, and got into Knox county in due time.

Found things even worse than represented by the lightning. These were the particulars:

As Warden Bates made his usual rounds to ascertain if all was right in the prison cells, he was unexpectedly set upon by a desperado, who from some outside source had been helped to a knife, and was stabbed in several places, the keys torn from his grasp, and other convicts were speedily released.

An unusual sound in the rear of the jail buildings had alarmed Deputy Warden Locke, who rushed to the scene, as he went arousing other jail officers. They were met by a half dozen of the liberated wretches, and a fierce fight still raged fiercely.

At this juncture a young fellow, lodging in a house near the jail yard, hearing the unusual outcry, sprang out of bed, and plunging into his pants, in his shirt sleeves and bareheaded, seized the first thing that came to hand, which was a heavy oaken club, and with a short run and a marvelous leap that would have done credit to a gutta percha acrobat, seized the top of the fence inclosing the jail yard and flung himself down inside where the fight was raging hotly. But it were better to use his own words:

"I mowed around me briskly, helping to lay down quite a windrow of them, and gradually made my way to the gate. At that moment a thin, slight fellow charged upon me, intending as I thought to attack me with a vengeance. I braced myself for the shock, when with a light, elliptical spring he vaulted quite over me, and caught by the spikes upon the top of the gate. I was fearful that I had lost him, for he drew his rubber legs immediately beyond clutching distance of my hand; but swinging my club over my head, I calculated upon giving the fellow a compound fracture; instead I only smote against his stockinged foot, and a splinter of my battered club caught in that useful article, jerking it off the fellow's foot.

"He got off, however. It was just about here that I stood—and—faith! here's the stocking now."

I stooped and picked it up from the little hollow where Tom Saunders had tossed it from his club the night before. There were marks of blood upon it. I turned it inside out, and, sticking to the fibre of wool was the entire great toe nail.

"Jove!" ejaculated Tom, turning away with a shiver, "how do you like my style of paring toe nails? A clean slice off. Thunder! how it smarts about this time if the fellow has stopped long enough to find out that he has left horn enough behind him to make a hair comb."

Probably the fellow belonged to a gang outside, who would aid him to avoid discovery.

"Photograph him!" said I to Saunders.

"Slender, medium height, young and light complexioned."

"Manner? What's his usual appearance?"

"Sullen as a thunder cloud. Lowering brow; seldom speaks."

The jail officers agree in their descriptions with Tom.

"You get down by stage or some way to Bayton. In every other direction a stream of fire is ahead of him. To Bayton no especial thunderbolts penetrate. He may cross by water there, strike the stage route and reach Bath. Then he might get out of our reach and bother us."

I took the 6:30 train down toward Bretford, and it was a matter of doubt whether I should be able to connect with the stage there, as it would be ten o'clock by the time I arrived in that place.

It was late in the fall and chilly. The elections were just over, and there was considerable exciting talk in the car.

I got my attention fixed upon one loquacious fellow, plethoric and excited, who kept every one within hearing in a roar of laughter. I rather regretted being across the aisle, for I lost the pith of the jokes entirely. He spared neither party, and his humorous contrasts or parallels pleased in spite of themselves the opponents who could at least appreciate wit from any source.

I was pleased, on leaving the train at Bretford, to find that the old fellow also got off, and still more pleased to find him heading, wheezy and aldermanic, towards the one hotel.

"Really, gentlemen," said mine host, in fat, sweetened tones, "I hardly know what to do. There's a horse race here to-morrow, a sort of wind-up to the fair, and I'm just chuck full. Howsoever, if you don't mind sharing the same room and ten chances to one the same bed, why, walk in, walk in, gentlemen."

"Land alive! I can't be put out in no way," says my companion, flashing his heavy gray eyebrows loosely about.—"You remember me, Nash, of course, Dyer, always at the races—always bet and invariably lose."

"Dyer! yes, seems to me I remember you," says Boniface.

"No doubt, no doubt, come one year to lose, the next to win—never win, but still continue to come to punish myself."

After partaking of a hearty supper, the landlord informed us that a fire had been kindled in our room, but, of course I expected the social chap would spend an hour or more in the bar-room; on the contrary, he declared he must get to bed, so as to be clear-headed on the morrow, and thus be able to use judgment on horse-flesh.

We sat some time before the cheerful fire in our room, telling over some comical or other incidents, and smoking our cigars; but directly my feet feeling uncomfortable in a pair of new, rather tight boots I drew them off and placed my feet on the fender. My companion prepared to do the same. One boot was removed, and he began on the other, but soon desisted with a violent contortion of the facial muscles.

"Corns?" queried I.

"Bunions—real John Bunyans at that."

By and by, with a huge gasp, and a careful twisting, the useful article was removed.

The last uncovered foot, however, was not advanced readily to the fire, and I really sympathized with the corkscrew pain that I calculated he felt.

After stooping forward to knock the ashes from my cigar, I was seized with an idea so sudden and extraordinary that I wonder I did not cry out something and betray myself.

What had I seen that led to this extraordinary idea? Only a huge bunched up place in the stocking of my companion just where the great toe would naturally be located.

I felt that the surface of my body was undergoing that curious transformation known as "goose flesh," although I at the time mentally portrayed myself as a fool. It was a fine time of day if an honest man couldn't have a sore toe if it pleased him without giving a neighbor a good fit. The idea was very disagreeable, and although I talked on briskly and shook myself, the thought, like a leech, still stuck to my brain.

How could I be so absurd as to cling to this idea? How reconcile the anatomy of this man before me with my pocket memorandum?

"Slender, medium height and young, sullen and lowering brow." Antipodes!

Just then my companion tipped forward to knock aside the ashes. His coat collar stood back uncompromisingly, showing a slender neck draped in front with a small cataract fall of gray whiskers. Looking still closer, I found as he just then laughed uproariously at something which I had said, that there was no rising, falling, or wrinkling of vest or coat. The man who laughed was but the core of the plethoric form before me.

What then? Evidently the bulk was made of stuffing.

If a legion of ants had been crawling over me just then it would not have produced a more disagreeable sensation. Here I was, closeted with a ruffian of the most ferocious dye, whose hands were even now stained with a fellow creature's blood, and the least sign to betray that I suspected his identity would be my death warrant. Yet I must have him, and I must also have help to secure him.

Directly I fumed out about the cigars, and wondered if the landlord had no better ones—said I'd find out before he had gone to bed.

I went whistling out, not unmindful that a sharp pain from a stiletto might be the result.

As I ran down stairs I tore a leaf from my pocket memorandum, and I scratched up on it these words:

BRETTFORD, 11 o'clock.—"Harney—Quick! get down on the midnight express. Come prepared to do up a sore toe. CARNES."

"Here! landlord," I exclaimed, get that telegraphed to A—in two minutes—quick—caution—and you shall have a suitable reward."

With this I snatched a handful of cigars and went whistling back to my room, while a score of thoughts more vivid than pleasant ran through my mind.

I found him still seated unsuspectingly before the fire—offered him a cigar, and again resumed my smoking.

The cautious reader may wonder that I did not either remain at a safe distance below stairs, or give the alarm and secure him immediately. Neither plan appeared feasible to me. In the first place it was my business to catch just such fellows as this one before me; in the next place an alarm given among a crowd of persons, undisciplined, not knowing how to act, invariably results in defeat. No, I must wait developments just then. The night express would be in at 1 o'clock, and Harney would come prepared for the emergency; and it was only 11 now. How would the next two hours pass? and what might not occur?

At half past 11 my companion proposed retiring—and as it providentially happened that the room held the two beds, I could not object.

"I never take off my clothes," he remarked, "on such times as this—and then if there is fire one is prepared."

I pronounced the advice excellent, and believed that I should adopt it, and to further win his confidence I suggested that we should place our watches and purses under our pillows. He made a show of doing this, and we flung ourselves upon our couches.

In a short time he began to snore, and not doubting but this might be a feat, I also began breathing even and heavily.

At twelve o'clock some slight noise occurred outside. There was a rustle and a creak in the other bed.

"What's that?" he questioned, and I noticed that his voice was hardly the same as I had listened to an hour before.

"Ur!" I sleepily muttered. He listened intently for a moment, and then fell back and began snoring again. I had no doubt he had planned to rob, perhaps murder me, and get off before the house was astir.

A quarter to one o'clock the train came blowing into the heart of the place. A hot flush passed over me. Was Harney there? and what would follow the attempt to secure this desperado?

At 1 o'clock precisely there was a creak upon the stairs. The landlord was vigilant and understood this business. At the sound, the heavy breathing in the other bed ceased. Then came another long, tremulous creak of the stairs; evidently some heavy person was

trying to cautiously ascend them. As the second unmistakable sound came into the room a prescient feeling drew my muscles into a ball, and I dropped between my bed and the wall. None too soon, for in a minute after I had left my bed a dull thud told me that a knife had been aimed at my vitals. He had taken in my actions at a glance.

The door was flung open. I rolled like a ball under the bed, caught the rascal by the ankles, and gave him a jerk that floored him, allowing Harney and Officer Copps to master him before receiving any dangerous wounds.

The landlord being near with a light, we soon had off the wig and beard and eye-brows, the wrinkles being penciled on to perfection. The stuffing being taken care of, there lay before me the exact memorandum—

"Slender, of medium height, sullen and scowling."

Harney brought word that the other convict, who was thought to have escaped, had been so severely wounded in the affray that he had fallen into a ditch in the rear of the jail, and, being unable to extricate himself, had drowned.

So we got the sore toe and the corporal's seal attached to it nicely bound up for a long term in the penitentiary.

#### Some Odd Fish.

IN THE rivers on the coast of Surinam is a small fish, about the bigness of a smelt, which hath four eyes, two on each side, one above another.—This fish, from its faculty of seeing double, is probably caught half-seas over but in swimming it is observed to keep the uppermost two under. As many fish at particular seasons prime—that is, come to the surface and swim half submerged may not the reflection or refraction of the water have had its dual effect upon the eyes of the intelligent observer?

Captain Leigh, in his voyage to Guiana, recounts: We saw a white thing floating upon the water, which sunk when the ship came within fifty or sixty paces of it. It resembled a man's head without hair. Some said they saw a great many of them, and observed two black eyes and a mouth upon them. We also saw a strange sort of fish, about as long as an ordinary lamprey, and equally round, with a large fin or crest above a foot high over its head, and stooped in a continued series down to its tail. It swims upon one side, so that the fin, together with the body, represents a large fish of triangular form, and it makes its way by shifting from one side to the other. But when it catches its prey the fin is straight, and appears above water an ashy color, though the body is as white and round as a tallow candle.—This is corroborated by Thevenot.

Sir Thomas Herbert gives an account of dolphins, which he says were no bigger than a salmon, and that these also were incredibly swift. He was on the coast of Zaquebar, a large kingdom on the east side of the Cape of Good Hope. There he saw great numbers of dolphins of which he gives the description: That they must effect the company of men, and are nourished like men. They are always constant to their mates embrace, go with young ten months; are so tenderly effected to their parents that when they are 300 years old they feed and defend them against hungry fishes, and when they die carry them ashore and bury them.

At Kilgarring, Pembroke, there is a cataract in the river, called the Salmon Leap, because they take their falls in their teeth and spring over the cataract. This notion still prevails in Norway and Sweden.

Perhaps the tallow-candle fish mentioned by Captain Leigh is a relation of the one noticed in the *Colonist*, December, 1879, as follows:

In the waters of British North America, as we are informed, there is a fish as surprising in its way as the sea serpent, and infinitely more useful. It is a species of smelt, and may be poetically described as an aquatic glow worm. We are told it may be literally used the same way as a candle, by simply setting a light to the tail, when it will burn with a flame as steady as that of the "dips" which our grandfathers used to have to put up with before gas was invented.—It is a small silvery fish, averaging about fourteen inches long, is excessively fat,

and affords an excellent and valuable oil which is so inflammable that the dried carcass will serve as a torch. Among the natives the fish is known as the colahan, and by them, as by many others who have tasted it, it is considered one of the most delicious products of the sea, being far more delicate in flavor than the herring. The fish are caught in wicker baskets, and are smoked as much as their oily nature will allow.

Here are some very odd fish from the Danube.

The river Danube has a great plenty of fish, and one sort uncommon called the hellsow, a very large fish, some of them twenty feet long, which are supposed to come of the Euxine sea. They taste like sturgeon, and have a hollow nervous chord down the back, which when dried they use instead of a whip. When they fish for them they blow a trumpet, the noise of which brings great shoals about their boats. There is a fish called a grundel, that has six beards, two short and four long.

Mr. Fotherby tells us that in the Caspian sea there is a deformed sort of fish called the glutton, whose head seems to be within its belly. It has a round tail seven or eight feet broad, and as many long, by which it can overturn a large boat.

Poisonous fishes are often alluded to in ancient works, and it is but due to their authors to say that their statements have been fully confirmed by subsequent inquiry into results. There is no doubt that congers, pike and barbel in Europe are poisonous at certain seasons, and the roe of the barbel especially so. But it is curious to observe that identically the same fish caught in two different latitudes shall possess the extremely opposite qualities of wholesomeness and otherwise.

Dr. Stuart Eldridge states that the salmon is doubtless the most common toxic fish of Japan. From the spring onward this fish is out of season and if eaten after that period of the year occasions such accidents as follow the eating of tainted meat. In Japan the like danger follow the eating of the kateuo (bonito) and the maguro. The *Lethrinus nambo* can be eaten with impunity until it attains a certain size—says a length of five to five and a half inches—after which it became poisonous. Here then it would appear that the age of the fish has something to do with its injurious qualities. Pappenheim gives a list of more than forty poisonous species, principally inhabitants of the torrid zone.—Among these we find mackerels, perche, herrings, sea pikes, and a large number of species belonging to the order of Plectognathis. The latter order contains five genera that are poisonous; the most common genus in Japan is the *tetracosow*, or swill fish, the species of which are known by the general name of fugu, so poisonous that their sale are prohibited by law; but there is strong evidence to show that it is the roe of the fish and not its flesh that has the fatal effects to which several medical men attest.

#### An Eloquent Passage.

The following is from the gifted pen of the late George D. Prentice: "It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a mere bubble cast up by eternity to float a moment on its waves and then sink into nothingness. Else why is it the glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are forever wondering unsatisfied? Why is it that the stars that hold their festival around the midnight thrones are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory. And finally, why is it that forms of human beauty presented to our views are taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? There is a realm where the rainbow never fades; where the stars will be spread out before us like the islands that slumber in the ocean; and where the beautiful beings which pass before unlike shadows will stay in our presence forever."

A sour godliness kills every bud of hope about us; a sunny soul kindles into a glow of life and freshens the whole circle in which it moves.