## THE TIMES NEW BLOOMFIELD, PA., NOVEMBER 8, 1881.

# A Burglar in the Coffin.

2

\$6 VOU are not afraid, Maggie ?" " Me afraid !" said Maggie .-

"I'd no fear born with me. As for the house, its the strongest fastened ever I was in. You say yourself there's no lock a burgiar could force, and I'm not one to let tramps or the like in of my own free will. God knows the place will be safe enough when you come back-as safe as though there were a regiment of soldiers in it; and I'll have all bright for your new wife, Mr. Archihald."

She called her master Mr. Archibald still, this old woman ; but she was the only one who still used his Christian name. He was an elderly man himself, and had few intimate friends, hospitallty not being one of his virtues.

He was rich, and there was much that was valuable in the house; more ready money, too, than most men keep about them : but then it was as secure as a bank vault-patent locks and burglar alarms that first sent a bullet into any one who sought to enter by stealth, and then rang a bell to wake the household, were attached to every door, and a furlous watch.dog, that lived on raw meat. was in the back garden. The Van Nott mansion could have withstood a siege at a moment's notice.

Mr. Van Nott was a money dealer. He had ways and means of accumulating property which were mysteries to his neighbors, and they were suspicious that the little back parlor, sacred to business, had even seen such lesser dealings as the loan of money on the gold watches, cashmere shawls, and diamonds of genteel distress.

Two or three mortgages that he had bought up had been rather cruelly foreclosed, and he was a hard landlord and a bad person to owe money to altogether. On the whole, he was disliked in the place, and, rich as he was, would have found it hard to get a wife to his liking among his neighbors at Oakham.

However having resolved to marry again-there had been Mr. Van Nott, who died years before-he sought out a wealthy widow of saving disposition, who lived on a small farm some miles out of town, and having already disinherited her daughter for espousing an estimable man of small means, and had turned her only son out of doors for equally prudent reasons, was not likely to bring any troublesome generosity into his household, and had offered himself to her and had been accepted.

And now, though both their economical souls revolted against it, custom decreed a wedding of some sort, and a honeymoon trip somewhere, and they had decided to do it as cheaply as possible. For this brief time Mr. Van Nott must leave his business and his houses, and it was on the eve of departure, that he held the above conversation with his old servant, standing with his portmanteau in his hand, and regarding dier gravely.

"Yes, yes,', he said, "I presume it is all safe enough. And I'll speak to the t watchman, and give him a dollar to take a particular look at this house. Well, good-bye, Maggie; make things as neat as possible. If they look dirty my wife may think the furniture old and want something new for the parlor.', And Mr. Van Nott departed.

"A carriage !" oried Maggie, "Has he changed his mind and brought her home at once? But he can't be-he's not married yet." And taking one of candles, she trotted to the door, but not before the bell had rung sgaln. "Who's that ?" she cried, holding the

door slightly ajar. "A stranger," said a voice, "one who

has something particular to say to you."

"You'll have to wait for to morrow," said Maggie. You can't come in tonight."

"My good woman," said the stranger, "are you Margaret Black ?"

"That's my name."

"Mr. Van Nott's housekeeper for twenty years ?" " Yes." "My good woman, if you are attached

to your master I have very bad news for you."

"Gracious Lord !" cried Maggie, but but she did not open the door much wider-only enough to thrust her head out, "Don't scare me mister. What Is It yo

"The worst you can think of," said the man. "Mr. Van Nott traveled on the-road. There has been an accident."

"Preserve us !" cried Maggie, letting the door fall back, " and him on his way to his wedding. He's hurt badly then ?"

"He's dead," said the man. " Dead and we've brought him home."

Maggie sat down on a chair and began to ery.

"We've done what we could," said the man. "The lady he was to marry and her friends will be down to-morrow. Mean while my instructions are that you shall watch him, and allow no strangers to enter the house. There are valuable things here, I'm told; and Mr. Van Nott's lawyer must take possession of them, and seal them up before strangers have access to the room.

"Oh, dear, dear !" cried old Maggie .-"That it should come to this. Yes, 1'll watch alone. I'm not afraid, but-oh dear !!!

Then she shrank back and let two men carry a horrible coffin into the front parlor.

They came out with their hats off, and the other man held his also in his hand.

"I don't mind that," said old Maggie,

"but it's terrible, terrible !" "If you'd like me to stay," said the

man. "No," said Maggie. "I've no fear of

living or dead folks. You can go." Then she locked the door, went into

the parlor, putting the candle on the mantle, looked at the coffin through her tears.

"He was good enough to me," she said ; "poor Mr. Archibald ! And this comes of wanting to marry at this time of life, and gallivanting on railroads. I wonder whether he is changed much .--I'll take a look," and Maggie crossed the room and litfed the lid over the face

of the enclosed body. "I'll take a look," she said to herself again. "I'm not afraid of dead folks." In a minute more Maggie dropped the

The head bobbed down again. Maggie reseated herself, She knew that this could not last very long-that there must be a conflict before long. It was as she, supposed. A moment more and the cofflin was empty, and a feroclous young fellow sat on its edge, and thus addressed her :

"We meant to do all quiet," he said "and I don't want to frighten an old woman. Just put them down."

"I'm not frightened," said Maggie. "I'm coming to take them things

away from you," said the man. "Come," said Maggie.

He advanced one step. She took aim and he dodged, but the bullet went through his left arm, and it dropped by his side.

Furious with pain, he dashed toward her. She fired again, and this time wounded him in the right shoulder .--Faint, and quite helpless, he staggered against the wall.

"There, you've done it, old woman," he said. Open the door and let me out. My game is up."

"Mine isn't," said old Maggie. "Get into your cofflin again, or this time I'll shoot you through the heart."

The burgiar looked pitcously at her, but saw no mercy in her face. He went back to the cofflin and laydown in in. Blood dripped from his wound and he was growing pale. Maggie did not want to see him die before her eyes, but she dared not call aid. To leave the house before daylight would be to meet this man's companions, and risk her own life. There was nothing for it but to play the surgeon herself, and in a little while she had stopped the blood and saved the burglar's life. More than this-she brought him a cup of tea, and fed him with it as if he had been a baby. Nothing, however, could induce her to let him out of his coffin.

About one or two o'clock she heard steps outside, and knew that the other burglars were near, but her stout heart never qualled. She trusted in the bars and bolts and they did not betray her.

The daylight found her sitting quietly beside her wounded burglar, and the milkman, bright and early, was the ambassador who summoned the officers of justice.

When the bridal party returned next day the house was neat and tidy, and Maggie, in her best alpaca, told the news in a laconic fashion.

"Frightened !" she said in answer to the sympathetic ejaculation of her new mistress. "Frightened! Oh, no! Fear wasn't born in me.

## A Desperate Deed.

SARATOGA was greatly excited re-cently, on the discovery of an appalling and unnatural crime. We give the particulars bastily as they come to us: As the guests of the United States Hotel were departing for the races, Eli Perkins walked briskly up to the desk and informed Mr. Gage, one of the proprietors of the States, that Governor Jewell, of Connecticut, had just thrown his son

"Why, a man throwing his son-his only son-out of a four story window." "I don't see anything fiendish about It," said Ell, "It was an old son and no use to the Governor, and-"

"No use to the Governor ? and do you think because Governor Jewell had no. use for his son he had the right to throw such a son out of the window ?" interrupted Isaac Phelps.

"Why of course he had a right to do as he chose with his own son," said Mr. Perkins. "As I was saying I told the Governor to toss it down to me and he gave it a throw, and----"

"It? What do you mean by calling a boy an It?" Interrupted a dozen voices."

"Why who said it was a boy ?" said Mr. Perkins, greatly surprised. "I said Governor Jewell threw his Sun his weekly Sun, out of the window. It was an old Sun ; he had read it, and I wanted to read it myseif, and-

In just two minutes, by Judge Fitch's old yellow watch, the office was cleared, and no one knew how Ell Perkins finished the sentence. Somebody told our reporter that Eli was trying to illustrate the proverb " That truth, absolute truth, is sometimes stranger than fiction."

#### A WEDDING IN WYOMING.

"AMPING near the town, we secured our stock and then went in. Entering the leading store, I introduced myself to Mr. Stiles, one of the proprietors and the Postmaster.

"It is now half past 2, and at 3 there's to be a wedding down the street at Jonas Burton's. Old Jonas is a rough old coon that we elected Justice of the Peace about a month ago, and as this will be his first attempt at a marriage, I think we will see some fun. Come and go down with me. "

We went to the old 'Squire's cabin .--We found him poring over a large volume of the statutes of Wyoming, swearing like a horse and looking terribly anxlous. After greeting us he said:

"Stiles, the durned galoots thet got up these 'yer laws hadn't gumtion enough to last 'em over night. I've run through the blamed book a half dozen times; an' can't find a dod blasted word about metermony, or how the hitchin' process is proceeded with. I've just got ter put the clamps on this couple hit or miss, an' ef I don't yoke 'em up legal I can't help it."

"Oh !" said Stiles, "just do the best you can. Any kind of a ceremony will do in this country, for people'll never question the legality of the thing. I'll post you as well as I can."

Stiles then explained to him about how he should proceed, and the old man finally thought he could worry through in tolerable shape. Ere long the couple appeared, followed by a crowd of the citizens of the camp. The candidates stood up before the 'Squire, who began :

"Feller citizens, this 'yar man an' this yar woman have appeared before the court to be hitched in the legal bands of wedlock. If any galoot in the mob knows of anything that mout block the game if tuk to a higher court, let him now toot his bazoo, or else keep his jaw to himself now and forevermore. All in favor o' me perceedin' as orthorized by the law, say' L."



Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains, Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet

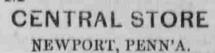
and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacons Oil as a safe, succe, simple and cheep External Remedy. A trial extells but the comparatively triffing oulday of 50 Centss, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims. Directions in Eleven Languages

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

A. VOGELER & CO., Baltimore, Md., U. S. A. May 3, 1881-19

MUSSER & ALLEN



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 FRINTS. We selland do keep a good quality of SUGARS, COFFEES & SYRUPS

And everything under the head of GROCERIES

Machine seedles and oil for all makes of

To be convinced that our goods are

CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST.

"Yes, yes," said old Maggie, "no doubt she'll have fine.extravagant ways. Poor master ! What a pity he should marry, after all-but old fools are the worse fools. A young thing of eightand forty, tco, when he has' a sensible servant, sixty last January, and knows what belongs to good housekeeping. If he wanted to marry why didn't he ask me ? I'd not have gone gallvanting and spending. Ah, well, he'll suffer; not I." And Maggie troited away to begin her sweeping and dusting.

She had truly said that there was no fear born with her; but as the night drew on she began to feel somewhat lonely. Her master's presence was strangely missed out of the great house, and there was something ghostly in the look of his empty chair when she peeped into his little back office.

"If I was superstitious," she said to 'herself, "I should think something -dreadful was going to happen. I feel chilly up and down my back, and I keep thinking of funerals. I'll make myself a cup of tea and see if I can't get over 12. 23

And accordingly old Maggie shut herself in to the snug kitchen, and lighting two candles, drew out a pot of the strongest young hyson, and putting her feet close to the cooking stove began to feel much more comfortable.

The old clock ticked away on the mantle, the hands pointing to half past eight.

"I'm going to bed at nine," said Maggie, "I've worked well to-day. Much thanks I'll get for it, I doubt. Hark ! What's that ?"

It was a sound out side the door-a slow solemn grating of wheels. Then feet trod the pavement, and the bell rang faintly.

lid again, and retreated, shaking from head to foot. She had seen, within the coffin, a face with its eyes shut, and with bandages about the head, and the ghastly features of a clown in a circus minus the red mouth.

But it was a living face, well chalked, and not her master's; and Maggie knew at once that she had been well humbugged-that this story of her master's death was a lie, and that a burglar lay in the coffin, read to spring upon her, or, perhaps, murder her at any moment.

She could of course open the door, and try to escape; but the accomplices of the man were doubtless outside. It was a long distance to the nearest house, and even if they did not kill her they would execute their purpose and rob the place before she returned.

"Master looks natural," said Maggie, aloud, and tried to collect her thoughts.

Mr. Van Nott's revolvers were in the next room, she knew, loaded six shots in each. Maggie could use pistols .--She had aimed at troublesome cats with with great success more than once. If she could secure these pistols she felt safe'

"Poor, dear master," she sobbed, and edged toward the back room. "Poor, dear master." She lifted the desk lid .--She had them safe.

She glided back to the front parlor and sat down on a chair. She turned up her sleeves and grasped a pistol in each hand, and she watched the coffin quietly. In half an hour the lid stirred. A cautious hand crept up the side. A wiry eye peeped out.

It fell upon the armed figure, and closed again.

"You'd better," said Maggie to herself.

Again the head lifted. This time Maggle sprang to her feet.

"You're fixed quite handy," she said. cooly " No need of laying you out if I fire, and I can aim first-rate, especially when I'm afraid of ghosts, as I be now."

out of the window, and to please

"What window-where ?" interrupted a dozen voices at once.

"Out of the fourth story back," said Mr. Perkins, "on to the picket fence-" "What! threw his own son out of the window ?" broke in Mr. Vanderbilt.

"Yes, I suppose it was his own son," said Mr. Perkins, quietly, "a weakly son. You see I wanted to see-"

"By heavens! What are we coming to ?" exclaimed Robert Cutting to John Kelly, wringing their hands - "and what was the provocation ? What had the son done ?"

"Nothing at all," said Mr. Perkins. "You see I asked Governor Jewell if his son was there. He said 'yes, on the lounge here,' and threw-"

"I know," interrupted Mr. Travers, "the u-u-unnatural f-f-father m-m -made a g-g-grab and th-th-threw his son down on the picket fence b-bbelow. O, th-th-the f-f-fiend !"

"Just so," said Mr. Perkins, lighting a cigar.

By this time there was great excitement throughout the hotel. Ladies, headed by John Hay, white with excitement, came rushing over from the cottages, wringing their hands, and the strongest men, like Senator Frelinhuysen and Governor Cornell, were ready to lynch the author of this fiendish act. As the local reporter of the Saratogian arrived on the spot, Mr. Gage and Mr. Tompkins, accompanied by Leonard Jerome and Col. Kane, ran round the hotel to see the victim of this horrible crime, Senator Warner Miller and Mayor Smith Ely accompanied them to take the dying boy from the sharp pickets and to take the post mortem statement.

Ell Perkins was the only unexcited man about. He sat quietly reading his newspaper.

"Why don't you get excited about this fiendish act, Ell ?" exclaimed Mr. Marvin.

"Wha' fiendish act ?" asked Mr. Perkins.

Everybody said "I."

"Contrary, 'no." "

Nobody said "no."

"The motion's carried unan'mously, an' the Court rules that thar hain't nuthin' to pervent the tryin' of the case. Grip yer fins."

The candidates joined hands. "Amos Peabody, do you solemnly swa'ar thet ye'll freeze to 'Mandy furever an' ever ? Thet ye'll love an' pervide fur 'er an' treat 'er squar an' white, accordin' to to the rules an' regulations sot down to govern sich cases in the laws o' the United States, so help yer God ?

"Yaas, sir; I do, sir,"

"That fixes your end o' the bargain. Mandy Thomas, do you solemnly swa-'ar that ye'll hang on to Amos for all comin' time, that you'll nuss him in sickness an' be squar' to him in wellness, that ye'll always be to him a good, true, honest, up-an'-up wife under the penalties prescribed by the laws for the punishment of sich offences : do you swa'ar this, so help yer God ?"

"I swa'ar I will."

"Then by the power in me vested as Justice o' the Peace, in an' fur this precinct, I pronounce you, Amos Peabody, husband, an' you, 'Mandy Thomas wife, and legalize ye to remain as sich now an' furevermore, an' ye'll stand committed till the fees an' costs in the case be paid in full, an' may God have mercy on your soul an' blees this union with his heftiest blessin's."

The fees and costs were adjusted, and, after receiving the congratulations of the assembly, the newly made husband and wife departed for their cabin up the creek.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-pound is a remarkable remedy for all those painful complaints and weaknesses so com-mon to our best female population. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinknam, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

IS TO CALL AND EXAMINE STOCK. No trouble to show goods. Don't forget the

CENTRAL STORE. Newport, Perry County, Pa.

HELP tourselves by making money when a solden have dramee is offered, thereby a twark keylaw have advantate of the good chances for making money have advantate of the good chances for making money who do not improve such that the sold of the sold who do not improve such as the business will pay the do not improve such as the sold strike to work for work that is the sold and the sold strike to work for work that is the sold and the sold strike to work for sold entrance of the sold strike to work for sold entrance of the sold strike to work for an devoke your whole times to the work, or only your sold entrance of the sold that is nessing in the sold the sold the sold at that is messing and the sold strike to the work, or only your sold the sold the sold the sold at that is messing at the sold the sold the sold at that is messing at the sold the sold the sold at that is messing at the sold the sold the sold at the sold the sold the sold the sold the sold the sold at the sold the so

ESTATE NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given. That letters of administration on the estate of Rev. S. B. Richmond late of Torone township, Perry County, Pa. deceased, have been granted to the undersigned. P. O. Address—Landisburg. Perry County, Pa. All persons indebted to said estate are request-ed to make immediate payment and those having chains will present them duly suthenticated for settlement to ALBERT E. RICHMOND.

CHAS. H. SMILEY, Att'y. Administrator May10, 1381.

### Permanent Employment.

WANTED.-D. H. Patiy & Co., nursery men, want a few good reliable men to sell trees, vines and shrubs, through this State. They promise steady employment to good salesmen.-Forful particulars address D. H. Parry & Co., Geneva, N.Y. 37-49

RAND BOULEVARD HOTEL. J Corner 59th St. and Broadway,

#### NEW YORK.

On Both American & European Plans.

Dr. Both American & European Plans. Fronting on Central Park, the Grand Boule-vard, Broadway and Fifty. Ninh Street, this Ho-tel occupies the entire square, and was built and furnished at an expense of over \$400,000. It is one of the most elegant as well as finest located in the eity; has a passenger Elevator and all modern improvements, and is within one square of the depots of the Sixth and Eighth Avenue Elevated E. R. Cars and still nearer to the Broad-way cars-convenient and accessible from all parts of the city. Rooms with board, \$2 per day. Special rates for families and permanent gnesis. Aug.21. '90 15] [E. HASKELL, Froprietor.

#### Estate of Samuel Miller, Deceased.

LETTERS of Administration on the above signed, all persons indebted to said estate are ro-quested to make payment, and those baying claims to present the same without delay to WALLACE DRWITT, Administrator, Sept. 20, 1851.]