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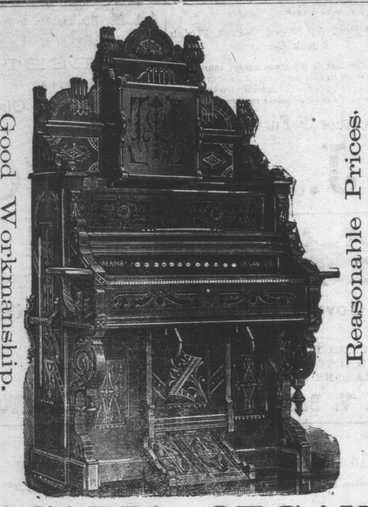

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Middleton, April 20th 1885. n2tf.

Poetry.

How Teddy Robbed the Mail.

The snowflakes were falling one winter day,
As I watched in the twilight, cold and still,
Hoping to see the postman's Grey
Climbing the snowy, slippery hill.

For my heart was heavy with anxious care,
And I longed for a word from the absent one,
With a longing that comes when the shadows fall,
And the busy, toilsome day is done.

But swift through the darkness the postman passed,
With never a message of weal or woe,
And I turned with a sigh, from the deepening gloom,
To the warmth and cheer of the twilight glow.

Then, up on my knee climbed the baby Ted,
With marvellous tales of his doings that day,
Of coasting and skating with Tom Malone,
Of old Rover's tricks, and of Kittie Gray.

But now with a dropping, golden head,
Long lashes veiling the eyes of gray,
The chubby hands clasped with boyish grace,
White-robed, he knelt at my feet to pray.

Tenderly touching the silken hair,
Watching the grave eyes, sweet and clear,
I whispered, kissing the dimpled cheek,
"Ask God for a letter, Teddy, dear!"

With a faith that rebuked my trembling heart
With his heavy burden of anxious care,
He promptly responded, "Yorse I will;
And Dod will send it to-morrow, sure."

Next morning, at mail time, Ted rushed out
Sure of the letter for which he prayed,
But old Grey passed at his usual pace,
Leaving poor Teddy almost dismayed.

Swift as an arrow, down the street
Dashed the sparkling eyes and floating hair,
For the postman had stopped at the very next house,
And his horse was patiently waiting there.

Over the thills of the ancient team
Dashed the tiny robber, with eager haste,
And plunging his hand in the well-filled bag,
Was off, ere the postman gained his place.

Then homeward marched, with triumphant air,
A resolute look on his tiny phiz,
And gravely announced, as he reached my side,
"Dod sended the letter, and here it is!"

The letter I longed for, it certainly was,
And it brought me a message of hope and joy,
But I marveled much at the way it came,
For I saw the prank of my naughty boy.

He listened, with gravely serious air
To a solemn lecture; and when it was through,
Said, "Next time we pray for a letter, mamma,
Let's ask Dod to send a new postman, too!"

—*Zion's Herald.*

Select Literature.

Mr. Carton's Will.

[From the Gentleman's Magazine.]

PART II.

(*Continued.*)

Mr. Purvis was a solicitor whom I happened to know, who had a large practice in the criminal courts. His offices were in Marylebone road, and thither I hurried as fast as I could drive. He was at the Old Bailey, and did not return until nearly 6.30 o'clock. I waited for him, as it was uncertain at what minute he might be back and as I might have crossed him if I had gone after him to the Old Bailey. At last, after I had been waiting for more than an hour, he came in, and in a few minutes we were closeted together. He was a sharp, active little man of about 40, and he not only seemed to master, by a sort of intuition, all that I wished to tell him, but very nearly succeeded by a few adroit questions, in extracting from me what I had resolved to keep secret.

"Mrs. Grahame, then, has no idea who this stranger may be?" he asked, when I finished my story.

"Not the least."

"A young lady with £70,000 is, of course, entitled to do pretty much as she pleases," he said, after a moment's pause; "but if she goes away in this manner, she cannot complain if her friends take the trouble of looking after her. I would advise you to go at once to Mr. Durant, at 90 Bartholomew road, Camden Town. He has offices in Oxford street and is in Paris as well, but he lives in Camden Town, and that is where you are likely to see him at this time. Mr. Durant is a private detective, and one of the cleverest men in the business. If any one can help you he can. You had better go to him at once, and, if you take my card, you will find that he will give you every assistance."

He wrote Mr. Durant's address on his card, and I started for Camden Town.

"Is Mr. Durant at home?" I asked the maid-servant who opened the door in answer to my knock.

"No, sir, and I don't expect he'll be back until late," she replied.

"That's unfortunate," I said; "I wanted to see him very particularly."

"Would you like to leave a message or a letter for him, sir?"

"Can I write a line?"

"Certainly, sir," she replied, and showed me into a well-furnished parlor, where she provided me with writing materials, and shut the door.

I wrote a short letter to Mr. Durant, saying that Mr. Purvis had recommended me to him, and that I would be obliged if he would call at 54 Doughty street at his earliest convenience. Before I fastened the envelope I rang the bell, and asked the servant if she thought that Mr. Durant would get the letter in time to be at Doughty street that night.

"I shall ask Mr. Durant, sir," she said, "What name shall I say?"

"You had better show her this letter," I replied, "it will explain matters."

I gave her the letter and Mr. Purvis' card in the envelope, which was not closed, and in a few minutes a very handsome, lady-like young woman came into the room.

"Mr. Durant is in Gloucester," she said, when she had asked me to sit down; "but he is coming back by a train that gets into Paddington at 2.15 to-morrow morning. If the case is urgent, I can telegraph him to go on to Doughty street when he arrives."

"Oh, not at all," I replied; "the case is urgent, but he could not do much before 9 or 10 o'clock, and it would be absurd to send him on such a journey after his arrival at such an hour."

"I do not, of course, know what the case is," she said smiling, "but time is sometimes of great importance in his business, and I know that he would like to be of service to any friend of Mr. Purvis."

This was said in a tone that seemed to invite my confidence. She was a very intelligent woman of about 30 years of age, and apparently of French extraction. No harm could be done by telling her why I wanted to see her husband, so I told her in a few words of the way in which Miss Grahame left home that morning, and of what I had heard at the bank.

She listened attentively to my story, and said, when I had finished, "I shall telegraph to Mr. Durant at once. He will go straight to your house when he arrives. Has any search been made to see if Miss Grahame has left anything—any letter or anything else—that may throw light on the matter?"

"No—at least, not that I am aware of."

"Then I should advise you to get Mrs. Grahame to search her daughter's bedroom carefully before Mr. Durant comes. He will be with you at a little before 3 o'clock to-morrow morning. The bonds were worth about £12 000?"

"Yes. There were about £8000 worth of American, and about £4000 worth of French bonds."

"Do you know the number of the bonds?"

"No."

"Well, they will have them at the bank, of course."

After a few further remarks, I wished her good evening, and drove back to Doughty street. To my surprise, I found on my return that Mrs. Grahame was dressed and ready to go out.

"I am going," she said, "to see Mr. Beach. You had better have your dinner, you must be exhausted by this time. I shall be back as soon as possible."

"Nonsense," I exclaimed, "I shall go with you."

"No," she replied. "Louise may come back, or there may be a message or telegram from her. One of us ought to be here, and you could not do any good by coming with me. Besides, the drive will do me good; the suspense of waiting here is dreadful."

It was about 8 30 when she left, and she did not return until nearly 10.30, when she came back from Bayswater with Mr. Beach, who seemed very much shocked and perplexed. The last post, had in the mean time gone round, but there had been no tidings of any sort from Miss Grahame. It would tedious to repeat the various surmises and conjectures with which we sought to while away the time until about 12·30 when Mr. Beach went home, promising to be back the next morning at 9.35, and to call into the bank on his way to get the numbers of the notes and bonds that Miss Grahame had taken with her.

When he had gone, Mrs. Grahame and I arranged to sit up until Mr. Durant arrived—neither of us, of course, had any thought of going to bed—and, presently, more with the view of giving her something to do, than in the hope of any good result, I told her of Mrs. Durant's suggestion that she should search Miss Grahame's bedroom. She seemed glad to have anything to divert her thoughts for the time being, and went upstairs to commence the search, while I took a book, and tried to fix my attention on it.

About half an hour elapsed when she came back into the parlor, in a great state of excitement, with a letter and a card in her hand, saying; "See, I found these in the workbox on her toilet table. She evidently put them there just before she went out."

On the card was printed Mr. Clifford, solicitor, and on the upper part of it was written lightly in pencil, and in a strange handwriting, "With a message from Mr. Beach."

The letter which was from Mr. Beach was as follows:

"Cornwall Gardens, Bayswater,
"May 5, 184—.

"My Dear Miss Grahame—My friend, Mr. Clifford, a solicitor, who is the bearer of this letter, has just called at my house, and given me some very serious information which he will communicate to you. I would have come myself if it were possible, but he will explain to you how I am engaged. Do exactly as he tells you to do, and meet me at 10,30 o'clock. In the greatest haste, yours sincerely.

"Miss Grahame. JOHN BEACH"

"Gracious heaven! I exclaimed, he denied all knowledge of her, and here is his own letter to her yesterday."

"Yes," said Mrs. Grahame, "you see it is as I told you; the girl has been enticed away and robbed. God grant she is not murdered as well. I shall go at once to Mr. Beach's house and see him; he can hardly deny knowing where she is now that we have his own letter to her."

I had some difficulty in dissuading Mrs. Grahame from starting off at once for Bayswater, but it was half-past one o'clock, Mr Durant would be with us in a little more than hour, and I succeeded at last in satisfying her that we had better wait until we saw him, as we could do nothing by ourselves. She saw quite clear by that the whole thing was the result of a conspiracy between Mr. Beach and Mr. Clifford, but for my part, the more I thought about the matter the more mysterious it seemed. There, to be sure, was Mr. Beach's letter. She had evidently gone away in consequence of that letter, and the man who went into the bank with her must have been Mr. Clifford, who brought the letter. But, on the other hand, Mr. Beach was a wealthy man of high standing in his profession; it was extremely unlikely that he would be guilty of such a crime as the evidence so far seemed to indicate. And, then, assuming for the sake of argument, that the present disappearance of Miss Grahame was caused by her having been in some way kidnapped by Messrs. Beach and Clifford—a very unlikely assumption—the other circumstances of which I was cognizant—the man she was walking with on Friday night, her preoccupied manner on Saturday and Sunday, and the letter she received from Manchester on Monday, morning were left utterly unexplained. When the minute hand of the clock pointed to 2.45 I began to feel nervous, lest something would have happened to prevent Mr. Durant from coming to us. I had long before given up any hope of seeing Miss Grahame that night—or, rather, morning, as it was now—but my hopes clung in some undefinable way to the detective. Not, perhaps, that I had any great hopes that he would be able to solve the mystery, but, rather, that I felt it would be a relief to hear the opinion of some disinterested and competent person on the subject. At 3.50 we heard the rumble of a cab on Doughty street. I ran down stairs and opened the hall door. It was still dark, and the cabman was looking about the street to find the house to which he was taking his fare. Seeing me on the door-step he drove over to me. A smart, active looking man, dressed in a light tweed suit and apparently not more than 33 or 34 years of age, got out of the cab saying;

"This is number fifty-four, I think?"

"It is," I said. "Are you Mr. Durant?"

"I am, he replied. "Are you Mr. Pemberton?"

I answered him in the affirmative, and asked him to walk upstairs.

I must say that I was very much disappointed at the appearance of Mr. Durant. He did not look in the least like any of the detectives I have read of in novels. I had imagined him to be a man of at least 45 or 50, deep and reserved with the general appearance of concealed wisdom. But he was totally unlike anything I had conjectured. He was simply an active looking young man with very regular features, perfectly frank, unassuming manners and a complete absence of mystery, or of that species of self-importance which is denoted by the vulgar term of "side." The most noticeable feature in his countenance were a pair of quick gray eyes, and a rather determined looking mouth, otherwise there was nothing particularly remarkable in his appearance.

When the door was closed, and we were seated, I told him as briefly and clearly as I could of the letter Miss Grahame had received that morning (that was a matter which there was no occasion for me to conceal); of the manner in which she had gone away; the information I had received from the bank; and, finally, of the letter and card which Mrs. Grahame had recently discovered. He listened to me attentively, and did not interrupt me by a word. When I had finished, he took the card, which I had handed to him with the letter, and looked carefully at it. Something about it seemed to strike his attention, for he got up and examined it for a minute or so under the gaslight. Then he sat down again and read and reread the letter slowly and laboriously, as if it were almost undecipherable, though Mr. Beach's handwriting was extremely legible. At last he laid it carefully on the table, and said to me in a casual way:

"Mr. Beach, you have said, is a solicitor, and was executor to the late Mr. Carton?"

"Yes."

"How many clerks has he?"

"Only one. He is, or is supposed to be, a wealthy man, and does not take contentious business."

"Would you describe the appearance of the clerk to me?"

I described the appearance of the clerk as accurately as I could.

"Have you any of Mr. Beach's letters beside this?"

Mrs. Grahame had two, which she produced. He examined them carefully for about a minute, and then said, in a quiet matter-of-fact tone:

"If you will compare these three letters together, I think that you will see that the last one is a forgery."

At first the three letters seemed to be in exactly the same handwriting; but, when we compared them more closely, and were guided by a few hints from Mr. Durant, it became evident that the letter which Mrs. Grahame had found was not the writing of Mr. Beach at all.

"What on earth is the meaning of it then?" I exclaimed, when I had satisfied myself that I was a forgery.

"I am pretty certain I have a clew to that," said Mr. Durant, in the same matter-of-fact and unexcited tone. "You see these words in pencil on the card. They are in the handwriting of a man whose real name is Paul Austin. He is a well educated man, with most plausible and gentlemanly manners—in fact, he was originally an ensign in a foot regiment. Now, however, he is one of the most accomplished and daring swindlers in London, and is not six months since he came out of jail, after undergoing five years' penal servitude for forgery."

"But how did he know anything about Miss Grahame?" both Mrs. Grahame and I exclaimed together

"That is just what I am coming to," said Mr. Durant, as calmly as if he were talking about something of the most commonplace nature. "I have been having Aston watched for some time past about another matter—a long firm affair—and within the last week or so he has taken a furnished house in Greek street, Soho. During the last four weeks a young man, who does not belong to the professedly criminal classes, has been seen in his company very frequently. The description of this young man tallies exactly with the description that you have given me of Mr. Beach's clerk. If this clerk is the man who has been with Aston, of course everything is explained, for there is no doubt about Aston having written the words on that card. One of the men has taken lodgings in the house next to Aston's to keep a watch on him, and if Miss Grahame has gone to Aston's house he is almost certain to have seen her. I shall be off now, and I trust I shall bring Miss Grahame back in the course of a couple of hours."

"I shall go with you," I said.

"On no account," said Mr. Durant; "you could do no good, and would be only in the way. I must have the house quietly surrounded first; when that is done, I shall let myself into the house where my assistant is with a duplicate latchkey I have at my office. But everything must be done very quietly. Aston and his friends are probably on the lookout, and it is quite likely that they knew your appearance."

I could not say anything in answer to this, so I showed Mr. Durant to the hall door, where the hansom was still waiting for him, as it had not been discharged.

"Was it not a strange mistake for Aston," I said, as we parted, "to leave his own handwriting on the card, after all the trouble he must have taken?"

"Pooh!" replied Mr. Durant, "that is the kind of mistake that criminals are always making. They are what we call 'fly flats'—clever fools. He thought he'd have been off with the money before there'd have been any suspicion about Miss Grahame. I hope I shall be in time to get the bonds and notes before they have gone too far."

"But Miss Grahame——"

"Oh, don't trouble yourself about that, She's quite safe. Criminals stick to their own line of business like honest folks, and violence or murder is not Aston's game."

He got into the hansom and drove away, while I went back to wait with Mrs. Grahame until we should see or hear from him.

Mrs. Grahame was nervously jubilant. She was naturally very apprehensive about the safety of her daughter, but she was elated by the accuracy of her prediction that Miss Grahame had stayed away in consequence of a fraud, and not of her own free will. As for me, the whole thing had become so mysterious that I gave up thinking about it.

More than two hours had elapsed, and the sun was shining brightly, when at last, we heard a cab rumbling up Doughty street, and, looking out of the window, we saw a four-wheeler, with a policeman sitting on the box, which was coming in our direction. Miss Grahame was in the cab. She was rather tired and confused, but otherwise quite well. The account she gave of her adventure was very briefly as follows;

When Aston, whom she described as a perfect gentleman, came to her with the forged letter of introduction, he told her that he had just been to Mr. Beach to tell him that the bank at which Miss Grahame kept her account was going to suspend payment that day. He told her also that that he met Mr. Beach just as he was leaving his house to go to Greek street to make a will for a lady who was dying there. They were, he said, to go on to Greek street to meet Mr. Beach after they had been to the bank, and from Greek street she was to go on with Mr. Beach to the Bank of England to deposit the bonds and notes, while he, Mr. Clifford, went to his offices in Regent street. When Miss Grahame received his card, she supposed, from the words which were pencilled on it, that he was a friend of Mr. Beach, and so told the servant to show him up in a way that led the servant to think that she knew him. I may leave to the reader's imagination the assurances he gave her that she had not one moment to lose in taking her property away from the bank, and the manner in which he deplored the dreadful calamity that was about to befall so many people. When they got to Greek street, a neatly dressed maid servant came out to ask Miss Grahame to come into the parlor to Mr. Beach. It was not until the hall door was close that she discovered how she had been trapped. She was then told that everything would be done to make her comfortable, but that she would be detained for about 48 hours. Of course, being perfectly powerless, she had to accept the situation. Aston and an accomplice of his, together with the woman who personated the maid servant, and who was with Miss Grahame all the time she was in the house, had been apprehended by Mr. Durant and his assistants.

All the bonds, and £1400 out of £1800 that Miss Grahame drew from the bank on Monday morning were found in Greek street. But the bonds and money had been taken with the prisoners to the police station, where Miss Grahame had had to go to make the charge. Of the remainder of the money, £250 was afterwards found secreted in the lodgings of Mr. Beach's clerk—a man named Mullins. He confessed after the trial that the others had got their information from him; and they were sentenced, the men to long terms of penal servitude, and the women to 18 month's imprisonment with hard labor. I may mention also, that Aston had laid his plans so well, that if he had had a few hours more the bonds would have been converted into cash, and he and his accomplices would probably have escaped altogether.

"I think it is time to get to bed now," said Miss Grahame, after we had been discussing the matter for about half an hour.

"Yes," said Mrs. Grahame, "I am very tired, and I shall sleep well now that you are safe back again."

I got up to leave the room, but, to my surprise, Miss Grahame motioned to me to stay where I was. She went out of the room with her mother, but came back in a minute, and said hurriedly:

"Wait for a few minutes till I put mamma to bed; I want to see you."

I sat down in astonishment and waited wondering what was going to happen next.

In about 20 minutes she came back, and said, as she put on her hat and jacket:

"It's all right now, mamma is tired out, and she has gone off to sleep. You must put on your hat and come out very quietly. Don't make a noise."

"Where to?" I exclaimed

"Don't ask me now I have a surprise for you. Come on quickly, but make as little noise as you can."

When we got out of the house, she walked quickly on to the cab rank in Guilford street, while I followed her, wondering more and more at this new vagary.

"Where to, sir?" said the cabman whom she hailed.

"Euston square station, and drive quickly, please," she replied, as we got into the hansom.

I thought it better to let her have her own way, as I had curious suspicion that we were in some way approaching to an explanation of what I had seen on Friday night.

"I do hope we shall be in time," she said when we got into the Euston road.

"In time for what, for goodness' sake?" I asked.

"Oh, never mind; you'll see directly," was the answer.

"Where does the Stafford train come in?" she asked a porter, when we alighted at the station.

"No. 3 platform on the right, miss."

It was not more than five minutes before the train from Stafford came puffing in, looking tired, as I always think that trains do after a long journey. A number of heads looked out of the windows. A number of doors opened as the train came to a standstill.

For a minute there was a confused mass of muffled travellers, porters, bags, rugs and boxes.

"There he is! There he is!" cried Miss Grahame, starting from my side and rushing through the crowd.

I followed her as well as I could. But she was quicker than I was, and she must have been twenty yards away from me when she threw her arms around the neck of a fine, handsome looking young man, whose appearance seemed in some strange way to be familiar to me, and kissed him rapturously.

"Oh! Arthur," she said, when I came up to them, "This is my brother Edward. Edward, this is Mr. Pemberton, who will be your brother before long."

As we walked back to Doughty street, I learned his history, of which the following is a brief summary:

Twelve years before the time I speak of he ran away to sea when he was a boy of 14. His first voyage was to Melbourne, and thence he had written home to say that he was coming back in a vessel called the Caxton. The day before the Caxton started, however, he changed his mind, and went in another ship to California, to try his fortune at the gold diggins. There he made a good deal of money at first, but lost it immediately afterward in gambling. Then for some years he had a very rough and tumble life, until latterly, when he got into a large firm in New York, in which he had very recently become a partner. At first he did not write, because he intended to give his mother a surprise by coming home with the money he made at the gold diggins. When he lost this money, he did not like to tell the story of his misfortunes, and put off writing until he had some good news to relate. As time went on, it became more difficult to write, because he would have to commence by explaining why he had not written before, and end by telling a weary tale of ill-luck. Finally when his fortunes had mended, which was only during the last few months, he determined to adhere to his old plan of not saying anything until he presented himself in person to his mother. He arrived in London at about 5 o'clock on Friday evening, having come to England on some business for his firm. When he got to London, he found that he would have to leave by the 9 15 train that night for Manchester, where he would be detained for a day or two. Then he started for Doughty street, but stopped on his way at a shop in Lamb's Conduit street, where his mother used to deal, and where the people knew him very well before he left England. The same people were in the shop still, and from them he learned, to his astonishment, that the Caxton had been lost at sea with all hands, and that he was supposed to be dead. It at once occured to him that it might give his mother a great shock if he were to go to the house before she was prepared to receive him. Accordingly, he wrote a letter to his sister telling her briefly what had happened and asking her to come round to the shop in Lamb's Conduit street to see him. The messenger brought the letter to Miss Grahame a few minutes after I had left for the hospital. She went out at once, and saw her brother in the parlor of the house in Lamb's Conduit street. Mrs. Grahame was in a very delicate state of health at the time, and suffering very much from sleeplessness; and, as Miss Grahame knew that if her brother were to call and leave again that night her mother would not only receive a great shock, but would not have a chance of sleeping until he came back, they arranged that he was not to go to the house until he returned from Manchester, when he would be able to stay for some weeks, and that she was to break the news to her mother a few hours before his arrival. I need hardly add that the letter she received on Monday was from her brother, saying that he was coming back by way of Stafford on Thursday morning, and that it was with him that I saw her on Friday night.

It is unnecessary for me to tell how the news was broken to Mrs. Grahame. She was almost delirious for some hours, and for days she could not bear to see her son out of her sight.

"I suppose you have been wondering why I did not tell you anything about Edward all Saturday and Sunday?" said Miss Grahame to me that evening.

"Yes, I have been wondering very much," I replied.

"Well, you see he ran away as a scapegrace, and then he had been leading a wild life for years. I thought that you would only have conceived a prejudice against him if I told you about him before you were introduced to each other. You would have thought he was a horrid, rough, Yankee boor instead of the nice gentlemanly fellow he is."

We were married before he left London, so that he might give his sister away at the wedding, and, when I had passed my examination, Mrs. Grahame and Louise and I went out to New York, where we stayed for some months at his house. Money is made or lost very quickly in the States, and some four years afterward he retired from business on a comfortable fortune, and came back to England with a very charming little wife. We live near each other, and Mrs. Grahame, who is a model mother-in-law is in a constant transit between our houses.

THE END.

Schr. Ivica,

Capt. Longmire.

This well known packet schooner will commence running on her regular trips between

Bridgetown & St. John

about March 20th. All freight carefully handled.

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Bridgetown, March 9th '86. 48tf.