

A PRETTY GIRL BANDIT.

HOW SHE SUCCESSFULLY HELD UP MANY WAYFARERS.

The Romantic Story of the Life and Death of Nell Prescott—A Bloodhound on Her Trail—Her Strange Death—Her Lover Suicides on Her Grave.

The recent exploits of two female highway robbers in Virginia, recalls the rather romantic story of the life and death of Nell Prescott, old Virginia's first highway-woman.

Nell Prescott lived and died "before de wab." She was the pretty daughter of old Job Prescott, who lived at the foot of old Bald Top mountain.

Early in the spring of '53 a cattle buyer named Jennings reported to Sheriff Mulcahey that while crossing Bald Top, and when near the county line, he caught up with a prepossessing, boyish-looking fellow on the trail, who said he had walked from Linwood and was going to Deering, a little settlement nine miles this way from the mountains.

Jennings was dumbfounded by the sudden and unexpected turn of affairs, but as he heard the pistol click, knew there was nothing else to do but to comply with the command, and he at once drew out a roll of bills, amounting to \$300, which was immediately snatched from his hand by his boyish companion, who leaped lightly from the horse to the ground, and then said:

"Stranger, you're broke now, and as I took the pistol from your belt to do the job, I'll give you \$20 so as to get another."

Then the robber disappeared, and Jennings went disconsolately on his way to Huntley, where he found the sheriff. Mulcahey at once despatched a posse of officers in pursuit of the highwayman, and although they scoured the mountains for three days, could obtain no trace of him.

The inhabitants of the sparsely settled country believed they were at the mercy of an organized band of highwaymen, for in no two cases did the descriptions of the robber tally.

For every birth or death registered within the first twenty, and so much less for the remainder. The remuneration is, of course, paid by the Government. No one, then, need fear approaching the registrar, providing they attend within his specified hours, which he is compelled to publish.

The Somerset House regulations issued to all registrars instruct them to keep their eyes open for all births taking place within their district, by consulting the columns of the newspapers and other sources. This will explain the query, "Any more babies lately born in your neighborhood?" which the registrar frequently puts to his clients.

Every birth also means a few extra pence in the registrar's pocket, in addition to that already mentioned. For instance, the alarming sum of 2s. 7d. is paid him for advising the vaccination officer of the district of every birth.

A word of advice in conclusion to those who cannot use the pen. If one parent cannot write and the other can, by all means let the one who can sign the register. In the case of a person who cannot write, he or she has to make a cross in the birth register, the register adding "The mark of John Blank, father," or "Jane Blank, mother," as the case may be.

There once stood in the stately hall of the Earl of Roden a strong box, on which was painted the words: "To be saved first in case of fire."

Another Rain Producer. A rainmaker in India has an apparatus, consisting of a rocket capable of rising to the height of a mile, containing a reservoir of ether.

TAKING A FRIEND'S ADVICE.

MR. THOMAS ADAMS TELLS THE HAPPY RESULT THAT FOLLOWED.

He Was Suffering From a Severe Attack of Rheumatism—Would Have Given Anything to Secure Relief—How a Cure Was Brought About.

A brief statement in respect to the recovery of Mr. Thomas Adams, of St. George, is no doubt of considerable interest to suffering humanity in general and particularly to those who may profit somewhat by the experience hereinafter set forth.

Mr. Adams is a stone mason by trade and resides about a mile east of St. George. At present he is operating the Patten Mills and is well known and respected in the neighborhood.

Amongst the poorer classes, the writer—a late country registrar—has noticed the duty of registering the baby is usually left to the mother. Where the upper classes are concerned, the reverse is the case; the father generally taking the matter in hand.

For the benefit of those who do not know what facts are necessary for the registrar to chronicle in his book, it may be stated that the date of birth must be given, name and sex of child, the maiden surname of the mother, and the name and occupation of the father.

The informant should be prepared with the actual date on which the little stranger arrived, and not leave it for the registrar to consult an almanac by telling him it was so many weeks ago come a certain day.

To the extremely illiterate the names of the baby often presents great difficulty. What to call it they know not, and the registrar has sometimes to read through the list of names at the commencement of his book before one can be chosen, and even then it is possible the selection will be left with him.

When the mother attends she often brings the baby with her. This was the case a short time since, the good lady presenting herself with her cherished offspring at the office of the registrar.

The bouncing boy to be named "Crypusus," if the registrar had no objection and thought it would be "nice." "You see," added the worthy woman, "I am of opinion that his hair will be curly in time, and baring the head of the little rascal, asked the registrar what he thought about it.

The registrar, after a cursory glance at the child, gave a somewhat "excessive" answer, not being a specialist in the direction referred to. "Crypusus," however, was the name recorded.

It is by no means unusual for the registrar to be informed that "This is the last," or "This is the first and last." It should, however, be borne in mind that these remarks are not particularly consoling to the registrar, for, so to speak, he does his work by the piece.

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THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

A Mortifying Experience in a House in a Country Town.

"Once, in a country town," said the retired burglar, "I broke into a small but very comfortable appearing house that I didn't expect very rich returns from, but which I thought would pay for the labor. I skinned around a little in the cellar, finding the usual assortment of jams and preserves, and things, and on the parlor floor I found about the ordinary run of knick-knacks.

The things in general were of rather less value than I had expected to find them, and there was not much of anything worth taking. So I went up stairs and into the front chamber.

"I'd scarcely begun on the bureau, and hadn't got the top drawer open, when I heard from the bed a sound very much like a laugh. I thought I must be mistaken, for I really didn't see anything to laugh at, and I should have thought that if there'd been anybody awake in the bed they'd have been more likely to be alarmed than to think it was funny to see me there.

But the next minute I did hear a noise from the bed; no laughing now, just a man's voice, deep and solid, and no quavering, saying: "Well!"

"It was a good, big voice, but there wasn't any shootin' in it, not just yet, anyway, and I turned my light on him. He was sitting up in bed, a pretty good-sized, square-shouldered sort of a man, and the minute I saw him I knew that I had heard somebody trying to keep from laughing and that this was the man.

"Wait a minute," he said, and there was something in his way of saying it that made me feel that it was all right to wait. He got out of bed and walked over to the bureau where I was and took a match out of an iron match box that was nailed against the window frame near by and lighted a lamp that stood on the bureau. Then he went across the room to a closet near the door I had come in by, which I suppose I should have looked into myself in the course of time if I had been a bit disturbed. He opened the closet door, and reached in and

A WELL AS A BAROMETER.

It is on a Catteraugus County Farm, and Infinitely Foretells Weather.

There is a curious well on the Flint farm, in the town of Great Valley, Catteraugus county. It is a natural barometer. Nobody ever passes that farm, winter or summer, if the weather is settled, without asking something like this:

"Does the well threaten a change?" For every one knows that if there is bad weather coming the well will let them know it sure as sure can be.

They call the well there the "whistling well," although it doesn't whistle now. But that isn't any fault of the well. The well was dug about fifty years ago by the father of Col. Flint, who now occupies the farm. He put it down forty-five feet, but found no water, and dug no further.

Instead of water, a strong current of air came from the well at times. The opening was covered with a flat stone, and for amusement holes was drilled in the stone and a big tin whistle fitted into it. This whistle had two tones—one when the air rushed from the well, and a different one when the counter current sucked the air back into the mysterious depths. It wasn't long before the discovery was made that within forty-eight hours after the outbursting current from the well started the whistle to shrieking a storm invariably followed.

When the tone of the whistle was changed by the reversing of the current, it was discovered that the change meant a change in the coming of fair weather. These weather signals never failed. When the weather was settled the whistle was silent. The whistle got out of order some years ago, and for some reason, was never repaired, but the coming and going currents of air still prophesy the coming of their respective "aptes of weather" with unvarying infallibility.

Hunters Attacked by a Moose. Judge Fred Whiting of Oldtown was wearing all the honors of the big moose killer in Bangor Thursday. He was just home from a trip to the vicinity of the South Twp Lakes, where he had an experience he says he shall never forget. He was out hunting with a friend when a big bull moose came into view not far away.

The old fellow spied the two hunters and without much ado started for them. He came on with a tremendous lunge and the first bullet sent him on his only increased his desire to get at them. He was dropped to the ground when not far away and it took eleven bullets in all to kill him. His tenacity of life was wonderful. Mr. Whiting says he had always regarded the stories of an attack by the moose bulls as imaginary, but what he saw of the strength, courage and fury of the animal changed his mind, and he now "has a good deal of respect" for the monarch of the woods and is willing to give him a wide berth.

Professor Elquitte Wanted. "Young man," said the prosperous old gentleman who had sold his pork, "you say you ain't had a square meal for a week?" "I have not, sir." "And you've seen better days?" "I have."

"Used to move in good society?" "Yes, sir." "Then come along with me to a first-class eatin'-house and I'll pay for some quail on toast. I want to learn the correct way to eat the blamed dish."

Don't think that just because a man has done you a favour he is under everlasting obligations to you.

Advertisement for Sunlight Soap. Text: DON'T WORRY! TRY SUNLIGHT SOAP. IT BRINGS COMFORT ON WASH DAY. Image: A woman washing clothes in a tub.

Advertisement for Colonial House, Phillips Square. Text: COLONIAL HOUSE, PHILLIPS SQUARE. BOOK DEPARTMENT. We have just received the following recent publications from the pen of well-known authors of books for Boys...

Advertisement for Henry Morgan & Co., Montreal. Text: HENRY MORGAN & CO., - Montreal. DOCTORS DIFFER. Occasionally, but never on the question of "HEALTH BRAND" Combinations being absolutely the best thing for women and children to wear.

Advertisement for Bonnell's Grocery. Text: BONNELL'S GROCERY. Here just received 50 BBLs. NO. 1 GRAVENSTEIN APPLES. For Sale at Bonnell's Grocery, McLean's Block, 200 Union St., St. John, N. B.

THE NEW YOST

NOW TAKES THE LEAD. THE No. 4 Machine acknowledged to possess all the features of a perfect WRITING MACHINE. See what some of the users of the OLD STYLE "YOST" machines say of them. these are but samples of many other equally strong endorsements.

Advertisement for the Yost typewriter. Text: THE NEW "YOST" far surpasses the machines referred to above, and the No. 4 has many entirely new features. The Yost is by far the cheapest Writing Machine, because it is the most economical in respect to INKING SUPPLIES, REPAIRS, DURABILITY, EASE OF LEARNING, EASE OF ACTION, SIZE, WEIGHT, BEAUTY OF WORK, SPEED, ETC., ETC. Image: A Yost typewriter.

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