

The Mystery of Easthampton

The time has come when I am at liberty to make public one of the strangest stories ever given to the world—a story as strange and so romantic that if it were not absolutely true it would be pronounced unlikely to the verge of impossibility. Its most minute details have been known to me for more than four years, but for several reasons it has not been permitted me until now to narrate them.

It was April, 1840, forty-five years ago. It was six years before the Mexican War. Where San Francisco, with its 390,000 inhabitants, now stands, was then, and for some years later, the little Mexican settlement of Yerba Buena, whither a young man who wrote *Life in the West* before he went in a Boston ship for hides, Denver, with its 50,000 inhabitants, was founded nineteen years after.

We make history so fast in this country that forty-five years with us count for more, indeed, in the world's progress than a cycle of Cathay. In this sleepy corner of Long Island, however, there has been precious little change for the better, and Easthampton was a more important place than now in this month of April aforesaid. It was perhaps on just such a day as this—the sea as blue, the air as clear, the sails of the old windmills active—that a high-bred, dignified gentleman, about fifty years of age, walked to the little inn, followed by an attendant.

In a pleasant voice, and with a Scotch accent, he asked if he could have accommodations. The landlord looked at him with a certain hesitation. "Is that man your servant?" he asked. "He is," was the reply. "Well, he must eat at the same table with you."

"I shall conform to your customs and regulations," was the smiling answer. For five long years did this courteous gentleman sleep in the cramped chambers, breakfast, dine, and sup at the frugal board of this humble hostelry. Then he became an inmate—fortunate enough he was to find such good friends—of the home of the Huntington family, and in that substantial house (it is the fourth from the old Presbyterian church, going south) he spent about twenty-five years more. He was a man of marked piety and benevolence, of charming manners and address, of extreme culture, of rare social qualities. He had been the friend and associate of Jeffrey and the literary giants of his day. He had ample means, and remittances came to him through a chain of banks, ending in a well known New York house, who denied any knowledge of his personality or belongings.

He led a blameless, a lovely life, in this quiet town. He was the friend of all, the comforter of the afflicted, the helper of the needy. Books and magazines in large store came to him. He versified the Psalms, and taught Latin to the boys. A blameless and lovely life indeed; but a martyrdom, a living death, one would have said, to a man of his tastes and antecedents. Think of it! He remained an exile, in this town for nearly thirty-one years—from early in his fiftieth to the end of his eighty-first year. In all this time he never saw the face of a relative or an old friend. I went at first on Sundays to the Episcopal church at Sag Harbor, seven miles distant, but he was instrumental in the building of the little one in Easthampton, which we just passed; he contributed largely to its support, and he was made a lay reader, and for a long time conducted the services himself. With the exception of this church-going at Sag Harbor, the only time in thirty-one years that this remarkable man passed the limits of a single trip to Southampton, twelve miles distant. The servant, a Scotch valet, went to the West, and married. He made his appearance at intervals, evidently to extort money from his old master.

During his entire life in Easthampton this man successfully defeated all attempts to discover his identity. When he entered the little inn in April, 1840, the name he gave was John Wallace; John Wallace he was to the end; and John Wallace is the name which you will find, under a cross and anchor, on the plain white marble slab in that southern cemetery over which the old windmill watches. To the excellent family with whom he lived, and whose kindness to him was on earth and tender regard for his memory are altogether lovely, he, walking or sleeping, stalwart or failing, in the close intimacy of three decades, gave no word. The inhabitants of the village, his neighbors and benefactors, accepted his kindness and constructed theories about him. With the perverseness of poor human nature, they constructed them to his detriment. He was a bishop of the English Church—another good man gone wrong? He was a murderer. He was—Heaven knows what not! As years passed by, and the place was more and more frequented in summer by city folks, curiosity spread, and grew apace. The most strenuous efforts were made to discover who John Wallace was. One man, bearing an old New York name, and since dead, had the ill grace to threaten him. He told him that the "conus marshal" was coming, and that unless he told that functionary just who he was, he would be put in prison. After this interview the life excellent Dr. Huntington found the poor old gentleman in a pitiable state, and learned of the threat just made. "Give yourself no concern," said he. "The 'conus marshal' has been here. He asked your name. I told him, and he has gone." But on the night of the 31st of December, 1870, there came to the door a conus marshal who could not be barred out, a messenger who brought at once a summons and a release. Mr. Wallace raised himself from his peaceful pillow—there was not even time for him, like Colonel Newcome, to say "Adieu"—his head dropped and his eighty-first year, his lonely life, and the year of our Lord 1870 came to an end together. One can almost fancy that even in the solemn moment when his soul left the weary body there may have come to him a flash of satisfaction that he had baffled all the curious, intrusive disturbers of his peace. In the expressive language of Shakespeare, "he died and made no sign."

Often during his life in the village he would come from the post-office building a letter in his hand, and remark, "This is from my lady friend in Edinburgh." When he had passed away, Mrs. Huntington, with rare good taste and pathetic kindness, wrote a letter describing his last moments. She addressed it to "Mr. Wallace's Lady Friend, Edinburgh," and sent it through the chain of banks through which the old man's money had come. In due time a reply arrived—cold, formal, unsympathetic. It was signed Mr. Wallace's Lady Friend.

"Who was Mr. Wallace? I see the question in your eyes. I went to Easthampton in the autumn of 1878, and did my best to find out. I talked with Mrs. Huntington and Miss Coraelia Huntington (author of a charming little monograph entitled Easthampton and its ways in days gone by, called 'Sea Spray') and I should count a pilgrimage fruitful which gave me the pleasure of their acquaintance. I found them at the time of my last visit enjoying a green old age, loved and respected by all. They told me much of great interest about Mr. Wallace, and among other things they spoke of finding copies of his accounts (of charities in his native land) with the headings torn off. He had been carelessly torn, and on it I found a name. I sent this name with a mass of notes to my late accomplished friend Robert MacKenzie, Esq., of Dundee, Scotland, author of *A History of the Nineteenth Century*, and other interesting works. In a few weeks he wrote me that he was 'on the trail.' In a few weeks more he sent me what he properly called 'a very tantalizing letter.' Said he, 'I know the mystery to the very bottom, but—I may not tell you.'

Not a little disappointed, I communicated this information to a circle of equally disappointed friends. One of them, a distinguished divine, told me that 'if made his flesh creep like one of Wilkie Collins's stories.' Then I went to Scotland? No—to Colorado, of all places in the world, and at the foot of Pike's Peak, in the summer of 1879, I found out all about the poor exile. As living persons are concerned in the matter, I may not publish the details thereof; but they are among the strangest happenings of any life. Suffice it to say that on my return I held all the clues, proofs, and facts in my hands, and that only now am I permitted to tell the truth about John Wallace.

Perhaps some of you know how distinguished and important a judicial officer is the High Sheriff of a great Scotch county. Such distinguished and important officer was, in 1840, Sheriff W., resident in Edinburgh. He was a bachelor of fifty years of age. He was famed for his benevolence and his good works. He was the friend of the poor, the widow, and the orphan. His services to the state had earned him a public testimonial. He had honor, love, obedience, troops of friends. He was a founder and ardent supporter of Sunday schools. People flocked from cultured Edinburgh homes to hear his weekly addresses to the children.

One day, at the height of his fame, there was made against him the subtle charge of a grave and mysterious crime. At six o'clock in the evening the Lord High Advocate went to a mutual friend. "Go to Sheriff W.—at once," said he, in sad and measured tones, "and tell him that when I go to my office at ten o'clock tomorrow morning a warrant will issue for his arrest."

That night Sheriff W.—died out of Scotland. He had just time to say to a friend that he was not guilty of more than an indiscretion, that he could not face even the shame of that. The disappearance is mourned in Edinburgh after all these long years, and tears came to the eyes of old friends when it is mentioned. The man who so

patiently bore the long crucifix of a self imposed exile; the man who endured the penance of thirty-one years among strangers in a strange land, the man who read the beautiful service in the little Easthampton Church, was John Wallace. Under the white marble tablet in the old Easthampton cemetery sleep the scholar, the great lawyer, the courteous gentleman, the humble Christian, Sheriff W.—A. A. W., in Harper's Magazine for August.

A Traveller's Story with a Porter. "This is the porter-house, is it?" asked the sad passenger sitting at the corner-table in the restaurant. "Yes, sir," said the waiter, with the weary air of a man who was tired of having to tell this tale in a thousand times a day, "porter-house steak, sir; same as you ordered, sir."

"Do you cut porter-house steak from between the horns this year?" asked the sad passenger, with a questioning of a man who wanted to know. "Sir!" said the waiter. "It seemed to be a true tender, last year," said the passenger, "with the air of a tired man indulging in pleasant reminiscences of the past, but I remember now it was cut a trifle lower down than usual."

"Dear!" echoed the astonished waiter. "course, sir. He was butchered, sir." "Butchered to make a Roman holiday," sighed the passenger. "He would be more likely to make a Roman swear. Well, it was time he was killed. He had many more years to live on this earth. Ah! there is the brass-tip from one of his horns. Dropped into the steak, no doubt, while you were slicing it off. What do you do with these steaks when the guests are through with them?"

The waiter looked puzzled. "Why, sir," he said, "they ain't nothing left of 'em when customers get through with 'em, sir." "Possible?" said the sad passenger; "what becomes of them?" The waiter looked nervous. "What, he said, 'the customers eat 'em up'?" The sad passenger looked up with an air of interest. "Incredible!" he exclaimed; "can not accept your statement without proof. They may hide them under their chairs, or secrete them in their napkins, or they may carry them away in their pockets to throw at burglars, but I can not believe they eat them. Here, let me see one of them steaks, and I will believe you. Trust me, good waiter, I—"

But the waiter pointed to a placard inscribed: "Positively no trust, and no change on 'em." He took the placard to look out for that man at the corner table, as he didn't seem to be satisfied with his steak and had asked for trust.—[Detroit Free Press.]

Not a particle of calomel or any other deleterious substance enters into the composition of Ayer's Cathartic Pills. On the contrary, they prove of special service to those who have used calomel and other mineral poisons as medicines, and feel their injurious effects. In such cases Ayer's Pills are invaluable.

An Amicable Arrangement. "How is it, Uncle Rastus," said a gentleman to an old dorky, "that you never married? Aren't you an admirer of the softer sex?" "I fo't a ducl wouce 'bout er gal, sah?" replied Uncle Rastus. "Yes, sah, yeahs an yeahs ago. Sam Jackson an' mysef we bouf lubbed de same gal; we were bouf 'bout er get dar, an' de business climaxed in er duel. We bouf wath a tiffle narrows, an' sted ob me hittin' Sam or Sam hittin' me, we brought down a vallyble mule dat wah standin' neah de fence."

"And did you fire again?" asked the gentleman, very much interested. "No, sah; dat was a very vallyble mule, sah, an' we bouf got kinder skeart like. So we entered into an amicable prearrangement."

"How did you settle it?" "Sam tuk de gal an' 'greed to pay fo' de mule, an' I hain't neubber lubbed sense."

The other day Mr. Dowdney was reported as holding that the rebellion would turn out in the end to be a good thing. Now this little story is given to the world:

Lieutenant-Governor Dowdney was President of the Qu'Appelle Valley Farming Company, formed to purchase and work the famous Red farms. He still holds his stock in that company. The terms belonging to that company were all employed in the Government service during the rebellion \$10 per day each. It is stated that upon the opening of negotiation, when the Hudson Bay Company were willing to furnish teams at \$6.50 per day, the Qu'Appelle farm teams were kept on at \$10 a day. It is further stated that in one case the manager of the farm received \$300 for work which he valued at \$200.

We see no reason in all this for altering our belief that Mr. Dowdney is utterly unfit to hold the position of Governor of the Northwest Territories.—[Ex.]

McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate is invaluable for Wounds, Sores, Salt Rheum, Cuts, Burns, Scalds and Fester, as a healing and purifying dressing, and not to be impeded on it with other useless preparations, recommended to be as good. Use only McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. Sold by Geo. Rhynas, 1m.

A BAKER'S TESTIMONY.—For a Cough, Cold or any Bronchial affection. "Pectorin," in my opinion, is just the thing. I have used it in my family for Coughs and Colds for the past four years with the most unvaried success, and today my opinion of it is that I continue to think still more of that which I believe, a thinking well of. Geo. Kaps, Manager Ontario Bank, Pickering.

New Life for Functions Weakened by Disease, Debility and Disipation. The Great German Invigorator is the only specific for impotency, nervous debility, universal lassitude, forgetfulness, pain in the back or sides, no matter how shattered the system may be from excess of any kind, the Great German Remedy will restore the lost functions and secure health and happiness. \$1.00 per box, six boxes for \$5.00. Sold by all druggists. Sent on receipt of price, postage paid, by F. J. Cheney, Toledo, Ohio, sole agent for United States. Circulars and testimonials sent free. Sold by Geo. Rhynas, sole agent for Goderich 3m.

A REWARD.—Of one dozen "TRADER" to any one sending in a best four-line rhyme on "GRASSY," the remarkable little song for the Teeth and Esth. Ask your druggist or address.

Says Dryden: "She knows her man, and when you part and swear Can draw you to her with a single hair." But it must be beautiful hair to have such power; and beautiful hair can be ensured by the use of GLEAZER'S HAIR RESTORER. Sold at 50 cts. by J. Wilson, 2m.

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING. EPPS'S COCOA. BREAKFAST. "By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and assimilation, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which will save us many heavy doctor's bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to take advantage of any weakness of our point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Chief Medical Officer, H.M.S. "Gleaner,"* *Service Gazette.*—Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only at Grocers. Labels thus—JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, Eng. Sole agents for Canada, G. E. LORSON, Montreal.

The Best Yet. There is no preparation before the people to-day that commands their confidence more, or meets with a better sale than does Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. It is the only remedy for all forms of Summer Complaints.

The ingredients satisfactory. George (after the theatre)—Do you know what this ice cream is made of? Clara (scorping her dish)—No, George. George—It's made of skim milk, oleo-margarine, corn starch, gelatine, and glucose. Clara (enthusiastically)—Indeed! What a delightful mixture it is!—N.Y. Sun.

Salt-Bath Cure. Are you troubled with Salt Rheum, Rough Skin, Pimples or Canker Sores; if so, go at once to Geo. Rhynas' Drug Store and get a package of McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. Price 25 cents. It was never known to fail.

Old cane seated chairs can be cleaned in the following manner: With a sponge and hot water saturate the cane well, using soap is necessary; then put in open air, or in good current of air, and as it dries it will tighten and become as firm as when new.

Seeing is believing. Read the testimonials in the pamphlet on Dr. Van Buren's Kidney Cure, then buy a bottle and relieve yourself of all those distressing pains. Your Druggist can tell you all about it. Sold by J. Wilson Goderich 2m.

SEEDS 1885. Turnip Seeds, Millet, Hungarian Grass Seed, Corn and Buckwheat. MONEY TO LOAN Private funds to invest at reasonable rates of interest. SAMUEL SLOANE, Hamilton Street, Goderich, Goderich, May 12th, 1885. 1884-4m.

Just Received! A large assortment of the various GRASS and CLOVER SEEDS suitable for permanent pastures, as well as FIELD AND GARDEN SEEDS FRESH AND TRUE TO NATURE. SEED GRAIN OF ALL KINDS. Also agent for the celebrated UNION OCEAN, the very best in the market. R. S. PRICE, East street Grain Depot, opposite Town Hall, Goderich, March 25th, 1885. 1884-2m.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage, and receive free a costly box of goods which will help you to do more money right away than anything else in this world. All of either sex, send from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolute ly sure. At once address, TAWE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

SPRING & SUMMER

New Goods arrived, and will be arriving during the Season. I can suit all as to Material and Style. HUGH DUNLOP, FASHIONABLE TAILOR. Remember the Place—West street, next door to Bank of Montreal. GODERICH.

Goderich Foundry and Machine Works, Runciman Bros., Proprietors. CONTRACTS TAKEN FOR STEAM ENGINES, FLOURING MILLS, AND OTHER MACHINERY WANTED. Flouring Mills Changed to the Gradual Reduction System. Horse Powers, Grain Crushers, Straw Cutters, Agricultural Furnaces, Stoves, etc., at Low Prices. All Kinds of Castings Made to Order. J. B. RUNCIMAN, Goderich, Nov. 20, 1884. 1884-1y. R. W. RUNCIMAN

THE PEOPLE'S STORE. BARGAINS! GREAT BARGAINS! FOR CASH OR PRODUCE. SEE THE GOODS MARKED DOWN. W. H. RIDLEY, Jan. 21, 1885. The People's Store, Goderich.

LOW PRICES. COME AND SEE THE BARGAINS. GROCERIES, CROCKERY WARE, CHINA WARE, STONE WARE, &c., &c., &c. Also a Large Line of Moustache Cups, Ladies Cups, Fancy Mugs, Majolica Ware Vases, &c., which will be sold at COST. W. MITCHELL, December 18th, 1884. Hamilton Street, Goderich. 1874

BAGAINS FOR CASH I AM SELLING OFF MY STOCK OF CLOTHING AND GENTS' FURNISHINGS. At a Greatly Reduced Price for Cash. THIS IS A GENUINE ANNOUNCEMENT. ABRAHAM SMITH. Goderich, Nov. 13th, 1884.

Extensive Premises and Splendid New Stock. GEO. BARRY, CABINET-MAKER AND UNDERTAKER, Hamilton Street, Goderich. A good assortment of Kitchen, Bed-room, Dining-Room and Parlor Furniture, such as Box Chairs, Hair, cane and wood seat, Cupboards, Bedsteads, Mattresses, Wash-stands, L. B. A complete assortment of Coffins and Shrouds always on hand also Hearses for hire at reasonable rate. Picture Framing a specialty.—A call solicited. 1751

BOOTS & SHOES Downing & Weddup. Beg to announce to the Public that they have opened business in the above Store in the store lately occupied by Horace Newton. Having purchased a large and well assorted stock of Spring and Summer Goods at close figures, we are determined to give the Public the benefit. QUICK SALES, SMALL PROFITS WILL BE OUR MOTTO. Please call and examine our goods before purchasing elsewhere. Remember the place, next door to J. Wilson's Drug Store. Custom work will receive our special attention. None but the best of material used and first-class workmen employed. Repairing neatly done on the shortest notice. Goderich, March 9 1882. DOWNING & WEDDUP

ART DESIGNS IN WALL PAPER. Now is the time, if you wish one or two nice rooms at home, to see Butler's room paper. He has over 20,000 Rolls of the Latest Designs. Beautiful colors, and at prices less than very much inferior goods. Call and see them. They are the best value in town, and must be sold. The Latest Spring Bazaar Patterns & Fashions, AT BUTLER'S

Amoyance. For from distressing bilious attacks of freckled spots or eruptions on the face, try the Standard Blood Purifier to purify the blood. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy.

Disposable to health, should be removed by the Standard Blood Purifier. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy.

ER'S Vigor. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy.

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ROBINSON'S. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy.

BOILER WORKS. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy.

BLACK & WHITE. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy.