

# POOR DOCUMENT

## AN OPEN LETTER.

Grand Lake Range, Queen's County, N. B.

March 10th, 1893.

THE GROSSER DYSPEPSIA CURE CO., Ltd.

GENTLEMEN:

I am 72 years of age and have had Dyspepsia for several years. I have employed numerous physicians and taken many patent medicines, but all were of no use in my case. I began to grow worse; everything I ate, even the lightest food caused me intense agony. My appetite was poor and I could not sleep. I was almost without hope when I saw a testimonial in the newspaper stating that Groder's Syrup had done for others. As a last effort to regain health, I thought that I would buy it. Just before Christmas last my son Fred went to St. John and brought me home a bottle of your remedy. I used with the following results:

I eat as I wish and have no distress from my food; my appetite is first-class, my food tastes good to me now, I sleep as sound as a child, I do all my own work without the aid of a servant, and can do a day's washing without feeling much tired, whereas I could not do it all before taking Groder's. I do feel grateful to you, gentlemen, for placing so valuable a remedy upon the market. I give all the credit for present state of good health to your medicine.

I am willing to answer any questions concerning the above, for I firmly believe your remedy will cure other sufferers as it has cured me. I conscientiously make this statement without any inducement or reward knowing it to be one of the best medicines in the market for Dyspepsia.

Respectfully yours,

ELEANOR BURKE

## Story of a Rifled Mail Bag.

BY BELLE CHRISHOLM.

I am an old man now, having passed my seventy-fifth milestone, yet I remember as if it were but yesterday every detail of a case—one of my first criminal cases, which I conducted more than fifty years ago.

It was in the month of March, eighteen forty-one, that I was called to Jackson, Mississippi, having been retained in the interest of a young man who had been accused of robbing the mail. I arrived early in the morning and at once sought my client and had a long conference with him. The rifled mail-bag had been recovered and the letters from which money had been extracted were given me by the prosecuting attorney for examination.

After satisfying myself with their contents so far as the interest of my client demanded I returned them and as I had nothing special to do during the afternoon I went into court for the purpose of getting a little insight into the methods of a Mississippi tribunal.

The first case on the docket was one of theft and the prisoner against whom this charge had been filed was a young girl—not over seventeen—named Katherine Hunter.

She was exceeding pretty and looked like one who had been tenderly reared. There was something very attractive about her—something so pure and innocent that it at once convinced me that she was not guilty of the crime catalogued against her. She looked troubled and her eyes were red with weeping, but when the case was called a multitude of faces turned sharply upon her, frightened her so as to make her for a time forget that she was actually on trial.

The complainant set forth in a positive way that the prisoner had stolen one hundred dollars from her mistress, the wealthy Mrs. Morgan, and although the girl protested her innocence in the wildest terms, the circumstances were all against her and her chances for escaping conviction seemed very slight indeed.

The one hundred dollars was in bank-notes and had been taken from Mrs. Morgan's trunk, which occupied a little closet off her sleeping-room and to which no one had access except this maid—Katherine Hunter.

While Mrs. Morgan was giving her testimony I felt some one clutch my arm lightly and glancing around quickly I encountered the tearful eyes of a young man fixed pleadingly upon me. He was a fine looking youth, with much intelligence in his face, and in a hoarse whisper said:

I see you are interested in the case in progress, and I have been informed that you are a first-class lawyer I wish you would do me the favor to undertake the young lady's defense.

Has she no offense? I inquired.

None worth speaking of, was the answer, and she is innocent—as innocent as the angels in heaven. Save her all I possess shall be yours.

Is she your sister? I asked.

No, sir, he replied, but—but—I am in-

terested in her and she must be saved at any cost.

I was interested in the prisoner simply because I thought she was innocent, but not knowing the history of the case I feared I could not do her justice, and this I confided to the youth who, I was now fully persuaded, was her lover—perhaps her affianced husband. He continued to urge me to take the case, as the counsel employed was wholly unfit to manage it. I am not sure that I should have granted his petition even then had not at that moment caught the prisoner's eyes, and in that glance read a whole volume of humble entreaty. That look decided me at once and informing the young man that I was at his service he consented to give me the whole charge of her case.

I then informed the court that I was ready to undertake the defense, and asked for a few minutes cessation in the examination of witnesses that I might have an opportunity of speaking to my client. Retiring to a private room, in as few words as possible she repeated the story of the theft.

Her mistress first missed the money when she went to her room—just after dinner—and in a quiet way inquired of her if any one had been in the room during her absence, but she did not intimate that she mistrusted her until after Rachel Ross, the chamber-maid, had been questioned. The girl's story was that some time in the afternoon, while passing her mistress' door, she detected a slight noise, and peeping through the keyhole had seen the lady's maid rummaging through her trunk.

Katherine said she denied the charge indignantly and raised no objections when they proposed examining her trunk. Judge of her surprise, then, when twenty-five dollars of the missing money was found in the tray near the top, as if it had been hastily stowed away.

She had always thought Rachel honest, though she had never taken kindly to her, principally, she thought, because the girl had always shown a dislike for her. The person she pointed out to me as Rachel Ross was a bold-faced impudent-looking specimen scarcely up to the required level of class in intelligence and it required but the look of intense hatred which I saw in her little gray eyes, when she turned them on the prisoner to convince me that the rogue was before me.

Rachel Ross! Rachel Ross! I repeated, a new light breaking in upon me as something in the letters I had examined in the morning came back to me with peculiar force. I went to the prosecuting attorney and requested the loan of the rifled letters again. Selecting the one I wanted I returned the others and hurried back to my seat in the court-room.

Mrs. Morgan then resumed her testimony, which did not differ materially from the statement given me by my client. She identified the bills, two tens and a five, found in the prisoner's trunk, and swore positively that no one else except herself had access to the closet where the trunk was kept.

I asked her a few questions regarding the prisoner's former character and was assured that up to the date of the theft she had never given her the least occasion to mistrust her.

Rachel Ross was then put upon the stand and in a bold way told how in passing Mrs. Morgan's room she had heard a suppressed noise which aroused her suspicions and how in stooping down to look through the keyhole she had discovered the maid, Katherine, in the trunk-room beyond, tossing through the little hair-trunk which stood back from the door, in direct range with the keyhole through which she was stealthily peeping.

Finally she discovered the package of money in the girl's hands, which was immediately thrust into her pocket, a proceeding that so horrified her that she ran away without waiting to confront the culprit, as she should have done.

When she sat down, flushed with concealed triumph, I asked to have Mrs. Morgan recalled, and when she had again taken stand I inquired if it were impossible for this chambermaid to enter her trunk-room.

Certainly not, sir, the door was never locked between it and my chamber, was the answer. What I meant was that no one except my maid had any right there. Do you think that she could have had any knowledge concerning the money in the trunk? I asked.

She might, for I have frequently gone to the trunk in her presence for money to pay her wages, she replied, somewhat reluctantly.

Have you known of the prisoner having used more money than was her custom since the money was stolen? I questioned, watching her closely.

No, sir, I think not; I am sure she has not; returned Mrs. Morgan, decidedly.

Rachel Ross was then recalled and I asked her why she had not informed her mistress of her discovery before she had been compelled to do so and her answer was that she did not like to expose the poor girl, who seemed to be friendless.

How long have you been with Mrs. Morgan? I asked, disgusted with her professions of friendship.

Not quite a year, sir, she answered promptly.

How much does she pay you?

A dollar and seventy-five cents a week. Have you been using your money as you earned it since you have been in her employ?

Certainly, sir, what I needed of it. How much do you suppose? I urged.

I don't know, I am sure. How should I, spending it along as it was necessary, thinking it was nobody's business since I

earned it myself? she replied, defiantly, glancing round the court room to see if her sarcasm was appreciated.

Then you have not laid by any considerable sum since you have been working for your present mistress? I insisted.

No, sir, she retorted, sharply.

And you had no money when you came here? I insisted.

No, sir, disdaintfully.

If you had really wished to injure the prisoner you could not have raised twenty-five dollars of your own to put in her trunk, then? I questioned.

Indeed I could not. I never had that much money at one time in my life, and I would not have been fool enough to throw it away in that fashion; even if I had, she answered sippantly.

Besides the money found in the girl's trunk was identified by Mrs. Morgan, a fact you might have remembered if you had paid attention to her testimony.

Without being in the least crushed by what she evidently considered her sharpness, I said quickly:

Will you tell me if your home is in this state?

It is, sir.

Please name the town in which you reside? I continued.

She hesitated and the defiant look passed from her bold face, but finally she replied: I live in Lawrence on the Mississippi.

Do you take receipts from your servants when you pay them? I inquired, turning to Mrs. Morgan.

Always, she responded; the girl has told you the truth about the payments.

I don't doubt it in the least, I replied, but as particular proof is the thing the court demands I would be under some obligation if you would procure some bearing Miss Ross' signature, Madam.

The lady went out somewhat reluctantly I fancied but in a few minutes returned with four receipts which she had taken from the witness. The signature in each was the same—written in an odd, irregular hand that would be hard to counterfeit.

Now Rachel Ross, I exclaimed in a quick, startling tone, at the same time looking her sternly in the eye. Be kind enough to inform the court where you got that seventy-five dollars which you sent your sister at Lawrence.

The witness turned white to the lips and trembled so violently that I was sure she was going to faint, but she did not, and after a brief interval, to give the jury time to witness her emotions, I repeated the question.

I—never—sent any, she gasped, holding the rail to prevent falling.

You did, and you know it, I thundered for I was beginning to get excited too. She made me no answer, and turning to the court, I said: May it please your honor and gentlemen of the jury, I came here to defend a man charged with robbing the mail, and in the course of my preliminary examination I had access to the letters that had been rifled. When I entered upon the case and heard the name of the witness pronounced I went and got this letter which I now hold for I remember of having seen one bearing the signature of Rachel Ross. This letter was taken from the mail pouch and contained seventy-five dollars, and by examining the postmark you will see that it was mailed from the place on the day of the robbery.

With your permission I will read it to you. The court nodded assent and I read aloud:

Dear Sister Ruth, I enclose seventy-five dollars, which I want you to keep for me till I can come home, don't say one word about it to no one as I don't want the folks to know I've got so much money, now don't mention it to a livin' soul. I'm gettin' all right and enjoyin' myself, only I don't like that gude for nothin' Kate Hunter that is here, but never you mind she'll have to go one of these days or I miss my gear, your sister till deeth. RACHEL ROSS

Passing the letter and receipts obtained from Mrs. Morgan to the Judge, I said: You will observe that one hand wrote the letter and signed the receipts. It is quite evident that the balance of the one hundred dollars—the twenty-five dollars found in the prisoner's trunk—was put there with the design of criminalizing her.

Without another word I leave my client's case in your hands, assured that you will do her justice. The jury had heard the witness testify that she had no money, and after satisfying themselves that she had written the letter they could do nothing but bring in a verdict of "not guilty."

The applause in the court room showed in what channel the sympathies of the people ran, and to answer the charge of that is here, but never you mind she'll have to go one of these days or I miss my gear, your sister till deeth. RACHEL ROSS

The same evening a prominent citizen called and presented me with a purse containing one hundred dollars, which he informed me was raised by the young girl's friends in return for what I had done for her. Consequently, when at a later hour the young man came to me with his earnings I told him I had been recompensed and suggested that he use the amount tendered in setting up a little home of his own. He took my advice and before I left town I had the pleasure of attending a quiet wedding in which he officiated as groom and my fair client was the happy bride.

Mrs. Poits—I know that one of the young men who visit you so regularly is your brother, but who is the other one?

Mary Ann—Yes'm, one of 'em is my brother, and—and—I guess the other one is going to be his brother-in-law after a little while—

## "DUE NOTICE."

A man whose weight is scarcely five feet six and whose weight is not an ounce over one hundred and forty pounds. He has a mild blue eye, a frank face and his voice is pleasant to the ear. You'd pick him out in a crowd as a mild-mannered, tender-hearted man and yet he is "Dakota Jack" and has killed nine or ten men. He has been slashed and cut and shot and clubbed, but he seems to bear a charmed life.

It is high noon and the long straggling street of the frontier town is almost deserted by human life. Not because the sun beats down fiercely, nor that the civilized population is asleep, but because town marshal said to Dakota Jack last night at ten o'clock:

"If you are in this town at noon tomorrow I will hunt you down and kill you like a dog."

Well, twelve o'clock has come. The threat came from a man whose bravery is unquestioned and whose skill with the gun is marvellous. He had uttered similar warnings before. Some of the desperadoes had left for other fields; others had remained in defiance and fallen by his bullets. That he meant what he said in this case no man doubted and yet Dakota Jack remained. He did not bluster or threaten in return. He was taciturn and uncommunicative when his friend asked what he intended to do. At ten o'clock in the morning he was abroad as usual. At eleven o'clock he entered the saloon in which a gunsmith was doing business and had his revolvers cleaned and reloaded. At a quarter to twelve he took his position in the center of the public square and waited. The men filed from the street and said to each other:

Now you will see some of the prettiest shooting ever done in this town! Dakota Jack is bound to see it out!

The town marshal sat in his office a block away. Word had come to him that Dakota Jack had refused to leave. At eleven o'clock he also cleaned and reloaded his guns. At a quarter to twelve, and he would not move sooner. He would even give Dakota Jack five minutes' grace.

The marshal knew where to find his man. They caught sight of each other when afar off—too far to risk a shot. Dakota Jack backed across the street to have the shelter of the awning-posts and telegraph poles. Five hundred faces appeared at doors and windows, and spectators spoke to each other in whispers.

The marshal advanced to within thirty yards and then halted. The weapons of both men were still in their holsters. They glared at each other for a long minute without moving a hand or uttering a word. The spectators held their breath. The one was defiant, the other determined. Would Dakota Jack take water? Would the marshal crawl? If not, there would be a killing.

Jack, are you going?

I'll see you d—d first!

Men within ten feet of the marshal could not follow the movement as he pulled his guns. It was the same in the case of Dakota Jack. Both left cover for the open street and began firing. Pop, pop, pop! Both fired right and left handed. Both advanced as they fired.

Jack's hit!

Tom's hit!

That's elegant shooting!

That's something to be remembered.

The firing did not last over three minutes, but the time seemed to be a quarter of an hour to the spectators. They saw the marshal stagger to and fro and they cheered Dakota Jack. They saw the bad man lurch to the right and left and they cheered the marshal.

Jack's down!

Tom's down!

Hold on—wait!

Two last shots rang out at once. Both men were down, but they had made a dying effort only twenty feet apart, as they lay on their backs gazing out their lives. Of the twenty-four bullets twenty-two had been fired. The hot lead had bored its way through shoulders, arms, bodies and legs. Blood had mixed with the dust of the street and made a hideous colored mud. Bones had been splintered, muscles severed, arteries cut. They lay there with pallid, blood-stained faces up-turned to the noonday sun, each hand still firmly clutching a pistol, and the crowd gathered and looked down upon them and some one said:

Boys, it was a game fight and a good show let's licker!

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