

WHAT THE SHERIFF DID.

HIS EXPERIENCE WITH A MAIDEN WHO WAS FAIR TO SEE.

She Had a Blind Father With a Horror of Strangers—There Was a Burglar in the Case—What a Clever Woman Can Do If She Tries.

The town of Monroeville was the county seat of Randolph county, and a place of about 4,000 inhabitants when I was elected sheriff of the county. I had charge of the jail, of course, and though an old bachelor I occupied the apartments set aside for the jailer's family in the wing of the building. My turkey was also a single man, Floss by name, and while we slept at the jail we took our meals outside. Ours was a peaceful community, and it was seldom we had a prisoner who had been sentenced for anything beyond theft or vagrancy. In a town of that size everybody knows everybody else, and the arrival of a new family is a matter of public talk.

One day about six months after I had become sheriff a new family arrived in Monroeville. It wasn't much of a family so far as numbers went, consisting only of father and daughter, but there was a big ripple of excitement nevertheless. There were several reasons for this. The name of the family was Taylor, and it was reported that Miss Bessie Taylor, the daughter, was going to apply for a position as school teacher. She was a young woman of 20, stylish and handsome. It was also said that the father was blind and, well off in purse, and that he had lost his sight by accident while testing an invention. Again the gossips had it that Miss Bessie could have been married half a dozen times if she had consented to leave her father, but that her love for him was so great that she had determined not to fall in love till after his death. The story, as a whole, as it passed round the town, was quite romantic, and when the young woman appeared on the streets, and was declared to be the handsomest girl in the county, and when it became a settled fact that the gray-haired old father couldn't distinguish day from night, there was more talk about the Taylors than about any ten other families in town.

After three or four weeks it was learned that Miss Bessie was not going to teach school. The doctor had prescribed country air and perfect rest for her father, who had money enough and to spare. It was further learned that the father was a great chemist, and that he had lost his eyesight while seeking the antidote of a subtle poison. They rented a pretty house, put in very stylish furniture, and in a few weeks the young woman was at the top of the social ladder. This story is sort of confession, and I may tell you at the outset that I fell in love with Miss Bessie at first sight. As I was twice her age and not at all her style of man, it was silly in me, of course, but the man who makes a fool of himself seldom realizes it until too late to save his reputation. Through some relatives of mine who called on the family soon after the young woman's arrival, I was introduced, and paid my respects, and I made no great effort to conceal my feelings. I found Mr. Taylor a very quiet and reserved man. Indeed, as he himself gave me to understand, he had a horror of strangers and avoided them when he could. He had not only lost his sight, but was so lame he could only hobble about. After my first call I did not meet him again, though I sometimes heard him moving about in the house.

The Taylors had been with us over two months when one of the society ladies gave a party, to which all the best people in the town were invited. Miss Taylor was there, of course. I had the distinguished honor of escorting the fair young lady to and fro, and it is needless to add that the flame of love burning in my bosom increased by several candle powers. I got home soon after midnight, to be upset by the news of a burglary in town. Within an hour it was known that the Post Office and a store had been entered and robbed, and two dwellings had been visited and plundered. As sheriff I assisted the town marshal to investigate. In the Post Office the safe had been blown open and about \$500 secured. In the dry goods store the safe, which was an old-fashioned one, had been opened with a false key and plundered of about \$900. In the other cases the dwellings had been left alone and the robber had gone by the window. The money and jewelry secured amounted to nearly \$2,000. The two families robbed were at the party, as was also the owner of the store, who was a single man and slept in a room off his office. None of us could lay any claim to detective ability, but the investigation satisfied us that one man had done the four jobs. The man was the late of November, and a light snow had fallen early in the evening. In the alley back of the Post Office we found certain footprints. We found the same under the alley window of the dry goods store, and the very same around the two private houses. The fellow's rapid and thorough work proved him a professional, and the town was in a state of excitement for a week.

The robberies took place on a Thursday evening. On the following Sunday evening I called on Miss Taylor, and she almost immediately asked for all information I had secured up to date and then made a confidential communication. On that Thursday evening an attempt had been made to enter her father's house by a bedroom window, but hearing the prowler at work the father had raised an alarm. Miss Taylor felt it her duty to tell me this, but she requested me not to give it publicity, as her father was extremely sensitive, and people might say she was selfish to leave a helpless old man alone in the house as she had. There were marks of a chisel on the window sash, and when I was told that the robber might have secured \$3,000 in cash it had got in, I extended my heartfelt congratulations. I also offered to speak to one of the town watchmen and have him keep a special watch on the house, but this Miss Taylor strongly objected to and made me promise not to do it. I told you I was in love with the girl, but I wasn't the only one. Seven or eight young men were badly gone on her and enjoyed the same privilege of calling, but I later myself I had the inside track. About three weeks after the robberies Miss Taylor and other young ladies organized a social club. The meeting to perfect the organization was held at her house. Among those present was a young man named Carleton, who was cashier in a private bank in town. He carried a key to the door of the bank, and it being a

large key, he carried it in his overcoat pocket.

Next morning after the meeting at Taylor's it was discovered that an attempt had been made to rob the bank. Some one had entered by the front door, using the key, blown out the lock on the door of the vault, and had begun operations on the safe inside when frightened away. He, however, secured a tin box belonging to a depositor which held stocks and bonds to the value of \$10,000. On this occasion a detective was sent for but he had no better luck than we did in the other case. His conclusions differed from ours, however. He was satisfied that the criminal was no stranger to the town, and that he had entered the bank with one of the three keys in daily use. He thought he hinted pretty strongly that Carleton's key was the one used by the robber, but I couldn't figure out how that could be. The detective had not yet dropped the case when one of the town watchmen came to me with a curious story. On three or four occasions, late at night, he had seen a man leave the Taylor premises, and he was sure of it, and had not been able to overhail him and get sight of his features. He was positive that at 11 o'clock on the night the Taylor house by way of the alley and yard. The watchman knew that Taylor was old and blind and the only man who spoke had its first regular meeting in a public hall. Most of the members were single, but there was one newly married couple named Gleason, who left their house unguarded when they came. When they returned home they found it ransacked and robbed. When I returned to my apartment at the jail I met with a surprise. There were no prisoners in jail at that time, and Floss had gone to bed at 10 o'clock. At 11 he had been awakened by some one moving about in his room, and being a man of great courage he had bounded out of bed and attacked the intruder. In the fall the stranger's head struck a piece of furniture and he was rendered unconscious. When he came to, Floss had the iron on him and had taken away his revolver and knife.

I found in the stranger a man about 25 years of age, well built and evidently a powerful fellow. He had a crafty look and there was a wicked snap to his eyes, but on the whole he was what we would call a gentleman. He had come in by way of a window, and to get the window open he had cut out a pane of glass with a chisel and a bunch of false keys with him and being caught dead to rights, as the police term it, he had no excuses or explanations. He was a perfect stranger to us, and he refused to give his name or any other information. We locked him up in the strongest cell and next morning I had half the town to see him. It was generally believed that he was the man who robbed Gleason's house, but we could get no trace of the plunder. Neither could we ascertain when or how the stranger had come to town. He was charged with burglary and held for trial, but nothing could be learned about him. On the day of examination the court room was crowded, and among the ladies present I saw Miss Taylor. The detective who had worked on the bank case came down to get a look at the prisoner and warn us to look out for him, as he was evidently a shrewd, cool hand, who would do his best to escape the law. We had carefully measured the tracks in the snow, and when we came to measure the burglar's boots we were satisfied that he was the one who had committed all the robberies.

I did not see Miss Taylor to speak to her until the day after the prisoner had been remanded. Then I found that she was considerably interested in the case, and she particularly mentioned the great relief her blind father felt that the bad man had been safely caught. She had seen the burglar in the court room and had almost concluded that in him she recognized a man who was formerly a respectable citizen of Milwaukee. She had no great curiosity about it, but it not against the rules would call at the jail and get a closer view of him. The jail was open to all during certain hours, but I arranged with Miss Taylor to wait until after hours, when she would meet with no one to ask questions. The prison part of the jail contained eight cells fronting on a corridor. There were two barred windows in this corridor, and prisoners were seldom locked in the cells. In the case of the burglar we gave him the range of the corridor by day, but locked him in a cell at night. When Miss Taylor called I went with her to the wicket myself. Floss was just lighting up, and the burglar stood at the wicket. Miss Taylor exhibited considerable reluctance to approach, but I began explaining about the cells, as it was no particular interest in the man, and she finally drew close up to the door. I remembered afterward her calling my attention to the lamp a few feet away, and my going over to it and turning the wick down a bit. When I returned she was undecided as to whether it was the man or not. When she was ready to go, I permitted her to hold her hand for a moment, and from the tender look in her eyes I realized that I had awakened the flame of love in her heart. Before going to bed that night I poured out my soul to her to the extent of six pages of note paper, and when I fell asleep it was to dream that she had consented to be my darling forever more.

On the next day at noon Miss Taylor took the train for Chicago, saying to some of her friends that she had to run down on business for her father and would return next day. She took a large and heavy trunk with her, but no significance was attached to that circumstance until later on. On the morning of the succeeding day Floss called to our burglar to come to the wicket for his breakfast, and he did not respond. Five minutes later we found we had no prisoner. By the use of fine saws he had cut his way out of his cell and out of the corridor as easy as a man saws wood. You can see through the case, of course, and I; but, dolt that I was, it took me four or five days to get my eyes open. Miss Taylor was that burglar's wife. He was also her "father." When we came to search the house we found his gray hair and other disguises. He was her blind father by day and her burglar

husband by night. As no one had ever seen him except when disguised as her father, he could not be identified when Floss captured him in the jail. The woman visited the jail in his interest, of course, and she no doubt passed the saw through the wicket while my back was turned. Outside of the parlor there was scarcely any furniture in the house, and it was found that what there was had been hired by the month in Chicago. We found none of the plunder, but we did find my love letter. She had called at the post office before she went. She had read that letter and written across the envelope: "Owing to previous engagements your offer is respectfully declined."—M. Quad, in N. Y. Sun.

NO BELIEF IN SPIRITS.

An Answer To "Convert's" Letter On His Conversion to Spiritualism.

In last week's issue of PROGRESS appeared an article, which contained an account of the writer's experience in his investigation of the supernatural. He is, how he was induced by a friend, to accompany him to the house of a medium where he was confronted by a relative, who had been consigned to the tomb for upwards of fifteen years. This incident, he claims, changes the current of his beliefs, and from a "hardened sceptic" he at once becomes a devout disciple of spiritualism. He then makes a gallant attempt to bolster up his new creed by adducing arguments, so eminently ludicrous in their puerility and imbecility, that they could not fail to evoke ridicule, and arouse to the utmost the visible faculties of the commonsense, practical and intelligent individual of the nineteenth century.

If such sentiments, as those exhibited in the article referred to, had emanated from the brain of the inmate of an insane asylum it would have occasioned me no surprise, but that they should have proceeded from the mind of an intelligent being, who receives all the advantages, social and moral, which the civilization and scientific research of the current century affords, is to my mind most lamentable.

If the writer had advanced something of a hypothetical nature, and had then proceeded cautiously by an inductive course of reasoning, at the same time carefully pointing out by what means we may be able to distinguish so-called spiritualism from the psychological phenomenon known as hypnotism, then it may be that he would have arrived at a conclusion sufficiently well backed up to satisfy a few credulous individuals as to the authenticity of his statements, at the same time laying the foundation (an unsound one of course), upon which he could base his idiotic and altogether preposterous beliefs.

The writer reopens by imploring the public to remain unbiased till they have subjected spiritualism to an *experimentum crucis*, after which he blunders into an exposition of his own gross ignorance and narrow mindedness, by his admission that he regards Dr. Street and Prof. Wallace (two obscure enthusiasts), and others which he does not deem it necessary to name (doubtless because he is unable to do so, and if they were named would, I am confident prove to be of the same calibre as the two already mentioned), as the expounders of modern science, entirely ignoring the existence of such men as, Huxley, Tyndall and Herbert Spencer, whose efforts (conjoined with the efforts of many others in this and previous centuries, which lack of space renders it impossible for me to name) have at last effected the release of science from the "putrid corpse of superstition" to which it was for many ages chained.

The writer then proceeds to give a detailed account of his initial experience, stating how his dead sister was materialized before his eyes. This appearance is readily accounted for when we allow the existence of the power which one mind may exert over another. This power is made manifest by the fact that it is possible for a person possessing hypnotic powers to transfer to a correspondent mind impressions and ideas which exist only in his imagination, but which assume apparent reality when received by the mind subjected to hypnotic influence. Again, the hypnotist not only possesses the power to transfer impressions, existing in his own mind, but he also possesses the compound power of causing impressions and ideas dominant in the reciprocal minds to assume a material appearance. From these inductions we may readily conceive how the image of a dead or absent friend may be summoned to our presence, which immediately fades away into nothingness when the influence causing the phenomenon is withdrawn.

The writer of the article on criticism admits that he was breathless with expectation, consequently his mind was under no ordinary degree of tension, which, of course, increased its susceptibility to extrinsic influences.

Judging by the monstrous tales circulated by so-called spiritualists, we find that the spirits generally, it not always appear clothed; from this we have to infer that coats have ghosts, which belief is consistent with that of certain savage tribes who ascribe the possession of a spirit or double, to old garments, tin pans, crockery, etc.—see Herbert Spencer's treatise on synthetic philosophy, vol. 1, chapter 13.

Finally, the new convert adduces an argument capable of being overturned by a school boy possessed of not more than an ordinary share of intelligence. He observes that the existence of mind independent of an organic structure, is less wonderful than the existence of the universe. Fool! Does he not realize that our only ground for rational speculation lies in our own experience? Hence conjectures and

speculations that lead us outside its range ought to be indulged in by dreamers and enthusiasts. We have experienced the existence of the universe, but we have not experienced the existence of mind apart from matter, hence all speculations as to the existence of such a thing as a disembodied writer himself admits that we have not yet developed the sixth sense necessary for its comprehension. In all ages there have been dreamers who are ever ready to grasp at a new creed so long as it is sufficiently mystical. These men are for the most part unhappy beings swayed by their own glib imaginations and the opinions generated in the minds of unscientific and fanatical enthusiasts. Such men as these should be prevented from scattering their opinions broadcast as they can not fail to cast a harmful influence upon the minds and ideas of the credulous portion of the community.

Spiritualism stands today, as it ever will, the opponent of science and truth, and is but the result of the jibbering of heaven knows how many centuries of idiots. In conclusion let me add that the article to which this is a reply is characterized throughout by pitiable weakness of argument and hopeless unoriginality, as a good many of the sentences of which it is composed may be found in the "Sartor Resartus" of Thomas Carlyle. To attempt the instillation of reason into an alleged disciple of the Spiritualistic creed, is, I have found, time wasted. In fact they are so infatuated with their new belief that it would be as impracticable to reason calmly with them as it would be to attempt the explanation of Darwin's theory of the Origin of Species, to an oyster.

Two Husbands at Her Grave.

There still are to be found in the peerage some few families whose members in past years supplied incidents to swell the pages of romance. Some 138 years ago died one John Lord Dalmeny. The circumstances handed down to us appear to be well authenticated. Some years before his death the Lord Dalmeny referred to met casually in London a young lady who made a deep impression upon him, and whom he induced to marry him. The happy couple started for a tour on the Continent. It must be mentioned that the union took place without the relatives of either being aware of it. They lived for some time together in great harmony and happiness, but, and to say, the lady was seized by the malady being realized, the lady was informed that but slight hope remained for her recovery. When this notification was made to her she made a statement to the following effect:—I am the wife of the Rev. Mr. Gough, rector of Thorpe, in Essex; my maiden name was C. Canon, and my last request is to be buried at Thorpe, in compliance with this request the body was embalmed, and the husband, under the feigned name of Williams, brought the body to Colchester. On landing, he was so overwhelmed with grief, it is recorded, that the scene reminded one of the bystanders of a similar scene in Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet." After a full explanation, the Rev. Mr. Gough was sent for to identify the body of his wife. The meeting between the two men was of a very affecting character. A sumptuous funeral was arranged for and carried out. Kitty Cannon, we take it, must be about the only woman on record who has had two husbands to attend her to her last resting-place. Dalmeny is the title pertaining to the oldest son of the Earl of Rosebery.

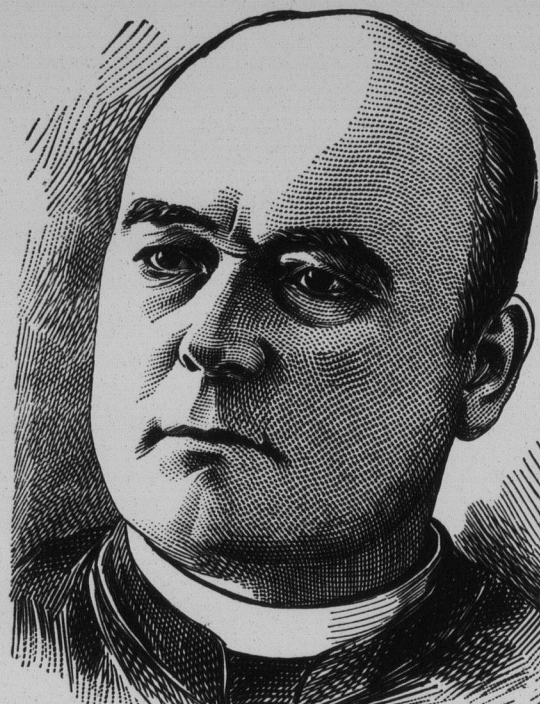
Tried by His Peers.

"Pa, what does it mean to be tried by one's peers?" "It means, my son, that a man is to be tried by a jury composed of men who are his equals, on an equality with him, so they will have no prejudice against him." "Then, pa, I s'pose you'd have to be tried by a jury of bad-headed men?"

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Clergymen of all denominations have of late done much to benefit the health and general physical condition of our people.

Many good and right thinking men and women are of opinion that the faithful clergyman can in many ways, show to his people the way of health as well as pointing them to the way of salvation.

Men and women, in order to become good and active Christians, should first have bodily health and strength, if there is a possibility of getting these blessings. He or she who struggles with disease and pain, has not power to actively advance the work of our common Master.

How mad and foolish—yes, hypocritical—to urge a starving and famishing man or woman to give up worldly thoughts and sins and look for the peace that cometh from above. To do good, the pangs of hunger must first be appeased; then will it be in order to talk of things spiritual.

In like manner should clergymen and all good church people deal with the sick and suffering. They must first be relieved of physical agony, before the sin-sick soul is directed to the great Physician. It is cheering to know that our clergymen and many true church people recognize the fact, and are doing a quiet but grand work for those in agony and disease.

Ministers and priests have not thought it derogatory to their dignity and standing in the church, to show their people how broken-down health can be restored, and to explain how a new and better physical life may be obtained.

Clergymen in Canada who have been great sufferers from nervousness, sleeplessness, dyspepsia, indigestion, rheumatism, and kidney and liver troubles, have found a complete cure in Paine's celery compound, and have publicly testified for the benefit of humanity.

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"O! Paine's celery compound I can speak from experience. I had been laid up with fever and rheumatic gout from the fifth of January till the middle of June; hence my system was fearfully run down. I was very thin and so feeble that for weeks I could not move along without help. I then began to take Paine's celery compound according to prescription, and to-day I am as fleshy and strong as I was ten years ago."

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As a blood purifier it has no equal, and its beneficial influence on the digestive system cannot be questioned. In view of these facts, I do not hesitate to advise sick persons to give Paine's celery compound a fair trial in the various ailments for which it is recommended. As far as I am concerned I intend to follow up, if possible, the celery treatment until a complete cure is effected."

MANY A BITTER FIGHT

OVER LEGAL DOCUMENTS ARISES FROM STUPID WORDING AND PUNCTUATION.



Books, newspapers, and all manuscripts furnish proof of the prevailing ignorance of spelling also. And as to composition, how many of us can write clear, crisp and correct English? Very few. Why so? Because the art is not taught in schools, and in later life we cannot acquire it. Leave adults to struggle with the bad habits of years and save the children from a like fate. There are two ways to do this; practice with a pen, which is tedious torture, and a method hinted at by a man who thus notes

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