

## LOSING THE COMBINATION.

"I've seen some queer cases since I became a commercial tourist," said the drummer, putting his feet in the wood-box and settling his hat so far back that it seemed an invisible peg.

"But an old party by the name of Hensley, who used to keep a post office, express office, general merchandise emporium and I don't know what, all in a little Arizona town, showed me one of the smartest tricks I ever witnessed."

Land another fellow by the name of Finch, who was in the tobacco business, took passage in a shabby little shanderoon that used to carry the mail and express between Globe and Millerton, a distance of some 45 miles. We reached the latter place about sundown, hungry, dusty and bruised in the lumber regions, as every one is and always will be who rides in a thoroughbred wagon all day.

It was a forlorn, dusty, sunburnt little place, with the inevitable, "Main" street (which ought to be called) "Only" street in most such burgs, upon which all the saloons and the blacksmith shop fronted.

The post office, which this man Hensley kept, was the largest establishment in town, and after supper Finch and myself, having made our rounds, stepped in to mail our order and have a smoke by the stove.

There were some half a dozen loungers sitting around on boxes and kegs while the postmaster was slowly and laboriously writing the post marks on his outgoing mail—a rubber stamp would have been a curiosity in Millerton. He was a round-shouldered, sharp-featured man, with hair the color of mottled straw paper, and no beard. He looked particularly meek and inoffensive, with a Sunday-school-superintendent way about him, which earned him the sobriquet of "Deacon."

Just behind him stood an office safe with the ordinary combination—the only safe in town, and, as I have since learned, the repository of money and valuables from a large portion of the citizens. It was about ten o'clock and the Deacon had just locked the safe, preparatory to joining the circle around the stove, when the door was flung open and three masked men, with leveled rifles covering the crowd walked noiselessly in and closed the door after them.

"Stay just where you are, or something will go off and you'll hear something drop!"

Instinctively we all assumed the required position and were then there robbed in good shape.

Luckily my watch was a nickel one, and I had only a twenty-dollar piece in my pocket, so I submitted with good grace. Even then I was the capitalist of the party, and the robbers made but little out of us. Then they turned to the post-master and told him to "shell out," which with great alacrity he proceeded to do, holding up his hands and offering himself to be searched.

"Two'n't do, old Skinner," said the spokesman, "we don't want to go through your overalls. It's the safe I mean, open it—quick, now!"

There's nothin' worth havin' in the safe," said the Deacon. "It ain't worth your while to wait till I open it. Some o' the boys from the saloons are likely to come around here any minute now."

"Open the safe, an' no more chin music," said the leader sternly, or— and he offered a disagreeable alternative by sighting along the barrel of his rifle at the trembling postmaster.

"Don't do that," he shivered. "You'll skelter me so I can't open it." Laying hold of the combination he gave a number turns back and forth, brought it carefully to a stopping place and tried the bolt. It didn't open.

He uttered that noise made him nervous, and went through it all again very deliberately and accurately.

"Now I guess I've got it," said he confidently trying the bolt again. Again it refused to open.

"Look here, old man," said the robber, "You're trying Shenanigan on us. Now I'll just give you five minutes to open that safe or get your brains scattered over it and he held a watch—my watch—in his hand to count the minutes.

"For God's sake, gentlemen," said the poor postmaster, with great beads of perspiration breaking out on his forehead, "you're breaking out on his forehead because the combination of his safe is out of order. I'm doing the best I can. Give me a little time."

With feverish care he began going through the combination again, while I almost held my breath for fear he should miss it. And he did miss it. The safe refused to open. The robber threw his rifle to his shoulder. We heard the ominous click of the hammer and the wretched storekeeper fell on his knees in abject supplication.

"Gentlemen, for the love of God, don't kill me in cold blood! The combination won't work. I've tried to open it—wish I may die if I haven't!"

"You lie, you sanctimonious old coyot!" replied the robber. "You've got a minute and a half more to live! In an agony of fear the old man begged and prayed and protested, with a fervor that left no doubts in my mind of his sincerity, and he had tried and could not open the safe.

The suspense and dread became painful and I could hear my heart beat with anxiety lest the robbers refused to believe him and kill the poor old man in cold blood. In the midst of his supplications he appeared suddenly to think of a plan to convince them that he told the truth. Taking out an old leather pocket-book he offered it to the leader, saying:

"There, sir! The combination's on the page just as the man at the safe wrote it. Try it yourself or read it to me and you can see that I follow it."

I breathed more freely as the man lowered his rifle, took the book and looked inside old Hensley saying:

"Three turns to the left to 118. To turn to the left till you reach 84 and shoot the bolt."

Still the bolt did not shoot, and the old man renewed his prayer, until, with a volley of curses, the leader flung the old pocket-book down, muttered that he had half a mind to cut the old skink's throat anyhow, hastened to

the door. A moment afterwards we heard their horses galloping down the road.

A long drawn sigh of relief sounded in chorus; the deacon picked up his lank limbs from the floor and began brushing the dust from his knees.

The loungers put their hands back into their pockets and looked blankly at each other.

"Deacon," said I, "That old safe of yours nearly cost you your life. Did it ever refuse to work before?"

"Yes," said he, "Once before, I tried to open it and couldn't."

"I should get it fixed at once," put in Finch. "It's a risky thing to fool with these road agents."

"Just then a man came in one of the gambling fraternity—and said: 'Deacon, please let me have that \$100 that I put in the safe this morning.'

To my astonishment the old man seized the combination, twisted it carefully around, shot back the bolt, and opened the refractory safe as if it deposited a heavy payment. 'By Jupiter,' I exclaimed, 'You didn't follow the combination in the pocket-book that time!'

"No," said the Deacon dryly, 'That's the one I kept for robbers!'

**Parting in Anger.**

One morning in Wilkesbarre there was a great colliery explosion. Hundreds of Cornish miners were killed, and their corpses lay at the mouth of the coal mine on recognition. Wives were wringing their hands and children crying, and a wail of desolation filled the air.

Sitting at the mouth, by a pale corpse, was a young wife. She looked at her husband, but uttered no cry; her eyes were dry. She rocked herself to and fro, her face white with anguish.

"Oh that I had spoken fair to him at the end!" she moaned. "Oh that he could come to life one minute, that I could say, 'Jimmy forgive me,' but nothing will help me now. Oh I could bear it all if I had only spoke fair to him at the end. Oh Jimmy!"

And then, at last the story came. They had been married a year—and Jim—and they both had "temper" but Jim was always the first to make up. And this very morning they had trouble.

It began because breakfast wasn't ready, and the fire wouldn't burn, and they had said hard words, both of them. But at the very last, though breakfast had not been fit to eat, Jim had turned round at the door and said:

"Give me a kiss, lass, lass. You know that you love me, and we won't part in ill blood."

"No Jimmy, I don't love you," I said pettishly.

"Give me one kiss, lass," pleaded Jimmy.

"No, not one!—and now—and then the tears rushed to her eyes.

With awful sobs she flung her arms around the corpse.

"Darling Jimmy! speak to me now she murmured, 'say you forgive me!'"

"Do not grieve so hopelessly," I said, "perhaps Jimmy knows what you feel now."

But the mourner's ears were deaf to all comfort, and the willing cry came again.

"Oh, if I had only spoken to him fair at the last!"

It is not an uncommon story, this. We quarrel with those we love, and part and meet and make up again; and death is merciful and waits till we are at peace.

Yet how possible is just such an experience to any one of us, who part with some dear one in anger or who lets the sun go down upon their wrath! but it is always the noblest nature, the most loyal heart, which is the first to cry—

"I was wrong; forgive me."

**She Knows Him.**

"You know the defendant in this case, do you?" asked a Kansas lawyer of a female native of the soil.

"Know which?" she asked.

"The defendant, Jake Lynch."

"Do I know Jake Lynch?"

"Yes."

"You want to know if I know Jake Lynch—well, if that ain't a good one. Why, mister, the Lynch family an'—"

"Can't you say yes or no?"

"Why, Jake Lynch's mother an' my step-dad's father was once first cousins, an'—"

"Then you know him?"

"Who, Jake Lynch? Me know Jake Lynch. You're a stranger in these parts, ain't you?"

"That has nothing to do with the case. If you know Jake Lynch, say so."

"If I know him! Lemme tell you that Jake Lynch's birthday and my brother Hiram's is on the same day, an'—"

"You know him, of course, then?"

"Who—Jake Lynch? Ask Jake if I know him! Ask him if he ever inter-dooned to Betty Skelton."

"I don't care to ask him anything. I simply want to ask you if Jake Lynch is known to you personally?"

"Fussonly? Well, I don't know what you mean by 'fussonly,' but if you want to know if I know Jake an' if he knows me, I can tell you in mighty few words. Jake Lynch's father an' my father—"

"Now, I want you to say 'yes' or 'no.'"

"Thought you wanted me to say if I know Jake Lynch."

"That's just what I do want."

"Well, then, lemme alone an' I'll tell you all about it. Jake Lynch was born in Injancany an' I was born in the same county an'—"

"And of course you know him?"

"Who—Jake Lynch? Do I know Jake Lynch, when the very best he did here on was one he traded my man a span of young steers for? Why, man, Jake's wife was Ann Eliza Skiff, an' her an' me is the same age to a day an'—"

"That will do. I see that you do know him."

"Know him? Know Jake? Why man—"

"That will do."

"Why, I was married on a Chewday an' Jake was married the next day, an' his oldest boy an' my oldest girl is most the same age, an'—"

"That will do."

**A Cool Countenance.**

Boils, Pimples, Blisters and Skin Humors disfigure the countenance. Purify the Blood by using Burdock Blood Bitters to remove the impure matter which loads it, and the result will be a clear skin, good complexion and perfect health.

**Four Years of Suffering.**

Mrs. Torrance McNish, of Smith's Falls, Ont., after four years intense suffering with Scrofula, from which her head became bald, was cured by Burdock Blood Bitters, after the best medical aid had failed.

**Pitcher's Castoria.**

## GENERAL BUSINESS.

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

It cures Colic, Constipation, Four Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

THE CENTRAL COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

Now Opneing

AN IMMENSE STOCK OF

New Dry Goods

imported direct from LONDON and GLASGOW! also

DOMINION Manufactures.

Variety, Style AND Value

UNSURPASSED.

William Murray.

CHATHAM, March 28th, 1888.

House Furnishings.

CLEAN UP YOUR HOUSE.

I HAVE IN STOCK the Largest and Best Assortment of House

Furnishings ever shown in this County.

CARPETS in Hemp, Union, Wool and Tapestry,

STAIR LINEN, STAIR CARPETS, FLOOR OIL CLOTHS, LINOLEUMS, 4/4

6/4, 8/4, STAIR RODS, CURTAIN POLES, LACE CURTAINS, SCRIM,

CURTAIN CHAINS, HOOKS, FANCY BRASS NAILS, LAMBR-

QUINS, CURTAIN NETS.

Room Paper! Over 7000 Rolls.

very cheap and good styles.

PAPER BLINDS.

Opaque shades plain and fancy, made to order to fit any window.

SHIRTINGS in White and Unbleached, Plain or Twilled, 2

yds. and 24 yds. wide.

PILLOW COTTONS 40 in. 42, in 45 in.

WHITE do. Plain and Twilled.

UNBL'D do. do. do.

TABLE LINEN, Napkins Plain and Fancy.

TOWELS, in Cotton, Linen, and Bath Towels.

HONEY COMB QUILTS in white and Colors.

ALHAMBRA COUNTERPANES.

EGYPTIAN QUILTS.

Every article you want in the Dry Goods line, I can supply at prices, second to none. Of course you know Fairley's is the place to buy

FURNITURE OF ALL KINDS.

B. Faurey, Newcastle.

FOR THE SPRING TRADE.

We have made our SEASON'S PURCHASES and CONTRACTS

with Manufacturers, and our representatives

Having Revised their Prices

AND

Rearranged Their Samples,

we now on

Road. We ask our many customers in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia to continue to

favor and await their arrival with latest quotations and novelties.

CLARKE, KERR & THORNE,

Hardware Merchants.

St. John, Feb. 7th, 1888.

NOW ARRIVING.

SPRING IMPORTATIONS

FULL LINES OF

DRY GOODS,

Hosiery,

Haberdashery, etc.

Carpets,

Cutlery,

ENGLISH & AMERICAN HATS,

Latest Styles.

J. B. Snowball.

## Legal Notices.

Equity Sale.

Notice is hereby given that on Tuesday the thirty first day of July A. D. 1888, at two o'clock in the afternoon, at or near the Post Office in the County of Northumberland and Province of New Brunswick, there will be sold at Public Auction, and by virtue of the provisions and directions contained in a certain Decree of the Supreme Court in Equity, bearing date the thirtieth day of August A. D. 1887, and made in a certain suit, therein pending where-in Isabella J. Letson, John Ellis and Francis E. Winslow, Trustees of the Estate and Effects of the late Francis J. Letson, deceased, are Plaintiffs and Andrew H. Johnson and Minnie J. Johnson his wife, George J. Wilson, John Brown and William B. Howard Trustees of the Estate and Effects of Andrew H. Johnson an absconding and concealed debtor and Edward Johnson an absconding and concealed creditor, are Defendants, with the approval of the undersigned Referee, the said County of Northumberland, being part of lot number thirty six or the George Henderson lot bounded northerly or in front by the Wellington Road, Easterly by Canard's road, southerly by lands owned by William Murray and Westerly by Parish School number two so called, and being the same land and premises formerly owned by the late William McFarlane and conveyed by this deed by deed to said Andrew H. Johnson, as by reference thereto will more fully appear. Together with all and singular the buildings, improvements, privileges and appurtenances to the said premises belonging or in any wise appertaining and the revenues and reversions thereof, and all and singular the rents issues and profits thereof, and all the estate, right, title, interest, thirds and fourths and all singular the claims and demands whatsoever, both at law and in Equity of whom the said defendants be, to, out of, or against, the said premises and every and any part thereof."

For Terms of Sale and other particulars apply to the Plaintiff's Solicitor

WILSON C. WINSLOW, Plaintiff's Solicitor.

FRANK W. WINSLOW, Referee in Equity.

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For Terms of Sale and other particulars apply to the Plaintiff's Solicitor

WILSON C. WINSLOW, Plaintiff's Solicitor.

FRANK W. WINSLOW, Referee in Equity.

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