

## 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 was born and lived and died within sixty miles of Parkersburg, and though her span of existence only extended over some twenty years, she made things lively in the mountains while she did live. Yet her daring on the road had a fitting climax in the unique manner of her capture and melancholy death.

Nell Prescott lived and died "befo' de wah." She was the pretty daughter of old Job Prescott, who lived at the foot of old Bald Top mountain. As a school girl she was bright, intelligent, and studious, and it is generally believed that it was the extreme poverty of her parents that drove her to the highway.

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 offered the wayfarer a seat behind him on the horse, which offer was thankfully accepted. Thus mounted the pair rode merrily on their way, chatting pleasantly as they proceeded. Jennings thought his companion was a very entertaining fellow, and was all unconscious of danger until, while passing through a narrow defile, he felt the muzzle of a pistol pressed against his head, and a voice exclaimed from behind:

"Give me your money or else I'll shoot!" Jennings was dumfounded 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. Three weeks afterward a peddler was held up and robbed of \$63 near the same spot where Jennings had been despoiled of his money on the Linwood trail. This deed was done by a small bewiskered desperado. From these robberies were frequent on the mountains.

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. The fact, though, that the crimes were always committed by but one person and in a certain locality, at last led the authorities to doubt the existence of a band of robbers and to believe that all the "jobs" were the work of one individual. At once they set about effecting his capture. Many attempts were made in that direction, but all to no effect. At last, however, it was deemed necessary to have deputy sheriffs constantly patrolling the mountains, and \$500 reward was offered for the capture and conviction of any highway robber. This offer set many private citizens on still hunts, and at last Gabe Jimison and Al Wheaton devoted all their time to the pursuit of the unknown highwayman. One morning, accompanied by Gabe's bloodhound Jennie, they were on their way up Rattlesnake Mountain, when they met a Hebrew pack peddler, who an hour before had been held up by a bearded highwayman on the Bentley road and robbed of \$30.

The peddler accompanied Gabe and his companion back to the place where the robbery occurred, and the dog was placed on the highwayman's trail. The hound was held in leash so as to keep her constantly within range of her owner's rifle. Thus the trio of men, led by the dog, followed the trail around the mountain side, through the woods and across chasms and brooks, Jennie baying loudly the while. After a two hours' journey, and when nearing Huntley, Jennie began tugging furiously at her leash and Gabe knew she was hot on the trail, and at last he caught a glimpse of a human form flitting through the trees ahead. Instantly Gabe Jimison raised his rifle and fired, but apparently without effect, for the chase was continued, but soon ended at a fallen hollow tree, which the highwayman had sought concealment. Gabe and Al knew they had treed their "coon," and that his capture was inevitable, so the hound was not allowed to enter the aperture. Gabe kicked the log repeatedly, then shouted: "Come out o' thar an' smolder ter th' law er I'll smother yer with smoke, for we uns has yer sho'."

There was no response to this stern command. Not a sound could be heard from within the log. Evidently the robber was disinclined to surrender, so Gabe and Al held a consultation of war in whispers which ended in the latter going to summon assistance while Jimison remained to guard the self-imprisoned captive.

It was shortly after 1 o'clock when Al returned, accompanied by three woodsmen and Deputy Sheriff Strong. Strong opposed trying to smoke out the robber by a fire at the base of the fallen tree, and directed another method of getting hold of the robber, which was to split the log open. So, with axes and wedges the log was split, disclosing within a motionless human form. The aperture was materially widened, while the deputy sheriff and Gabe stood on the alert with drawn revolvers, and at last the officer reached down and grasped the form by the shoulder saying at the same time: "I arrest you in the name of the Commonwealth of Virginia for highway robbery."

There was no response. With a vigorous jerk he turned the form over, and then jumped back aghast. The bearded face

that confronted him was that of the dead. Gabe's bullet had done its work. The robber had been shot through the back. In raising the body from the log the whippersnappers were discovered to be false, and when the officer removed them, Gabe Jimison exclaimed: "Holy smoke, it's Nell Prescott! Boys, I'm flabbergasted."

Some of his companions also recognized the pretty face, and despite the fact that the form was clad in male attire, declared it to be that of old Job Prescott's daughter. It was mercifully decided not to inform the Prescott family of the death of Nellie, and so, after viewing the body, the coroner ordered it interred on the mountain side near Oak Grove. After the burial there were no more robberies in that part of Virginia.

A melancholy sequel to the death of Nell Prescott was the suicide by shooting at her grave of the young schoolmaster of Huntley. He had been the girl's lover.

## REGISTERING THE BABY.

An Article in Which St. John People Should be Interested.

As some trouble has arisen in St. John from the failure of parents to register the birth of their children, the following article from a London, England, paper should be of interest to the people of this city:

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 name 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. She wanted the bouncing boy to be named "Crypus," 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 evasive answer, not being a specialist in the direction referred to. "Crypus," 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.

For every birth or death registered within the quarter, he receives a certain fee for 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 eye 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.

If a small certificate of the birth of the child is requested, the registrar will be pleased to supply the same for the sum of 3d., but he will be still better pleased if a full legal certificate is demanded for which he may make a charge of 2s. 7d., the odd penny being for the stamp affixed to the document. This latter certificate is an exact copy of the entry in the register.

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 2d. is paid him for advising the vaccination officer of the district of every birth. This will account for the much-maligned vaccination officer being so thoroughly well acquainted with all fresh arrivals.

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 registrar adding "The mark of John Blank, father," or "Jane Blank, mother," as the case may be. If matters ended here, all well and good. The helpless child, however, in years to come may grow up to be an intelligent and well-educated young man or maiden and require a birth certificate. In the event of an important appointment the birth certificate is often insisted upon, and though probably it would make no real difference to the applicant, the document in question would certainly look much better minus the too familiar mark "X," with the registrar's explanation beside it.

## THE EARL'S TREASURES.

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." After the earl's death it was opened, in expectation of finding some rich treasure; but nothing was found save the toys of an only and departed child, whose memory by these simple relics he fondly sought to cherish.

## 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. In its descent it opens a parachute, which causes it to come down slowly. The ether is thrown out in fine spray, and its absorption of heat is said to lower the temperature about it sufficiently to condense the vapor and produce a limited shower.

## 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.

(From the Bradford Courier.)

A brief statement in respect to the recovery of Mr. Thomas Adams, of St. George, will no doubt be 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. In order to gain all the information possible concerning the circumstances of the cure, a representative of the Courier proceeded thither to investigate the case. Mr. Adams was at work in his mill. He is a man of about thirty-five, healthy and vigorous, a man whom one would not suspect of having had any ailment. When interviewed he cheerfully made the following statement:—"About three years ago when at work at my trade I contracted, through over-exposure, a severe attack of muscular rheumatism, which confined me to the house for three weeks, during which time I suffered the most excruciating pain, being hardly able to move. I was so bad that I could not lie down, had to just let myself fall into bed. When attempting to rise I had to turn over upon my face and crawl up, there being only one position from which it was possible to rise. I would have given anything at this time in order to secure relief. My first thought was to call in a regular practitioner, so I procured one of the best physicians in the neighborhood, but he did not seem to get control of the malady. After treating me for some time he left of his own accord, saying he could do nothing for me. About this time a friend of mind persuaded me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Finally, I decided to give them a trial. I soon experienced a decided improvement, and was mending rapidly, the terrible pain left me and I had considerable relief and was able to get around with the use of a crutch. After the further use of the Pink Pills I was so far recovered as to be able to resume work and since that time have been free from the complaint. I do not now feel any of the soreness and stiffness of the joints. I can get right up in the morning and go off to work without any feeling of uneasiness whatever. I have every confidence in Pink Pills and heartily recommend them. I believe them a good thing to take at any time to get the blood into good condition and if I felt any illness coming on I would, instead of calling a doctor, send at once for a box of Pink Pills."

When strong tributes as these can be had to the wonderful merits of Pink Pills, it is little wonder that their sales reach such enormous proportions, and that they are the favorite remedy with all classes. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all troubles arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape), at 50c. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company at either address.

## 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 skrimished 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 knock-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 was a note of merriment 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 hadn't been disturbed. He opened the closet door, and reached in and

brought out a jimmy, which he stood up against the wall. I wanted to stop him right there, but I didn't exactly like to interrupt, and he reached in again, and this time he brought out a dark lantern. He stood that by the jimmy, and was reaching in again when I stopped him.

"Don't," I said, and he respected my feelings and stopped, and looked at me. I guess we both smiled a little bit then, and then I just went away."

## A WELL AS A BAROMETER.

It is on a Cattaraugus County Farm, and Infallibly Foretells Weather.

There is a curious well on the Flint farm, in the town of Great Valley, Cattaraugus 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 sun can be.

They call the well up there the "whistling well," although it doesn't whistle now. But that isn't any fault of the well. This 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 a hole 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 outgushing 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 and 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 "spells 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 Twin 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 into him 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 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 of Etiquette Wanted.

"Young man," said the prosperous old gentleman who had sold his pork, "you say you haven'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 eating-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.

## "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.

St. John, N. B., 3rd July, 1894.  
IRA CORNWALL, Esq.,  
Agent "YOST" TYPEWRITING MACHINE,  
Saint John, N. B.

Dear Sir: I beg to say that I have been using the old style "YOST," which I purchased from you in August, 1891, constantly ever since that time. During a portion of that time the machine was required to do heavy work in connection with the revision of the electoral lists of the Saint John districts, under the Dominion Franchise Acts, and for the rest of the time has been used for the ordinary work of a law office. Up to the present moment the machine has not cost me one cent for repairs, and seems to be still in perfectly good condition. The writers who have worked on my "YOST" have been unstinted in their approval. My own personal use of it leads me to regard it with the highest favor. The valuable features of the "YOST" are lightness, strength, durability, simplicity, quick and direct action of the type-bar, perfect alignment and absolute economy. I have not examined later editions of the "YOST" but although I am informed they have many improvements on the old style machine, and at a loss to understand how they can be very much better for ordinary practical purposes. Yours very truly,  
E. T. C. KNOWLES,  
Barrister.

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.

Second hand Ribbon and Shift-Key Machines for sale cheap.

IRA CORNWALL, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces,  
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SMITH & TILTON, Agents, St. John, N. B.

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## BOOK DEPARTMENT.

WE Have just received the following recent publications from the pen of well-known authors of books for Boys,—

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Young Buglers, In Times of Peril.  
B is the Briton, R is the Ruler.  
Through the Sikh War.  
St. Bartholomew's Eve.  
In Giv'k Waters.  
Jacobite Exile.

By R. M. BALLANTYNE.  
The Walrus Hunters.  
Poems, Songs and Sonnets by Robert Reid. (Rob. Wanlock).

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Bargains in Note Paper and Envelopes.  
Five quires Egyptian Vellum, 25c. Five quires Wood Pulp and five  
Five Packets Envelopes to match, 25c. Packet Envelopes to match for 25c.  
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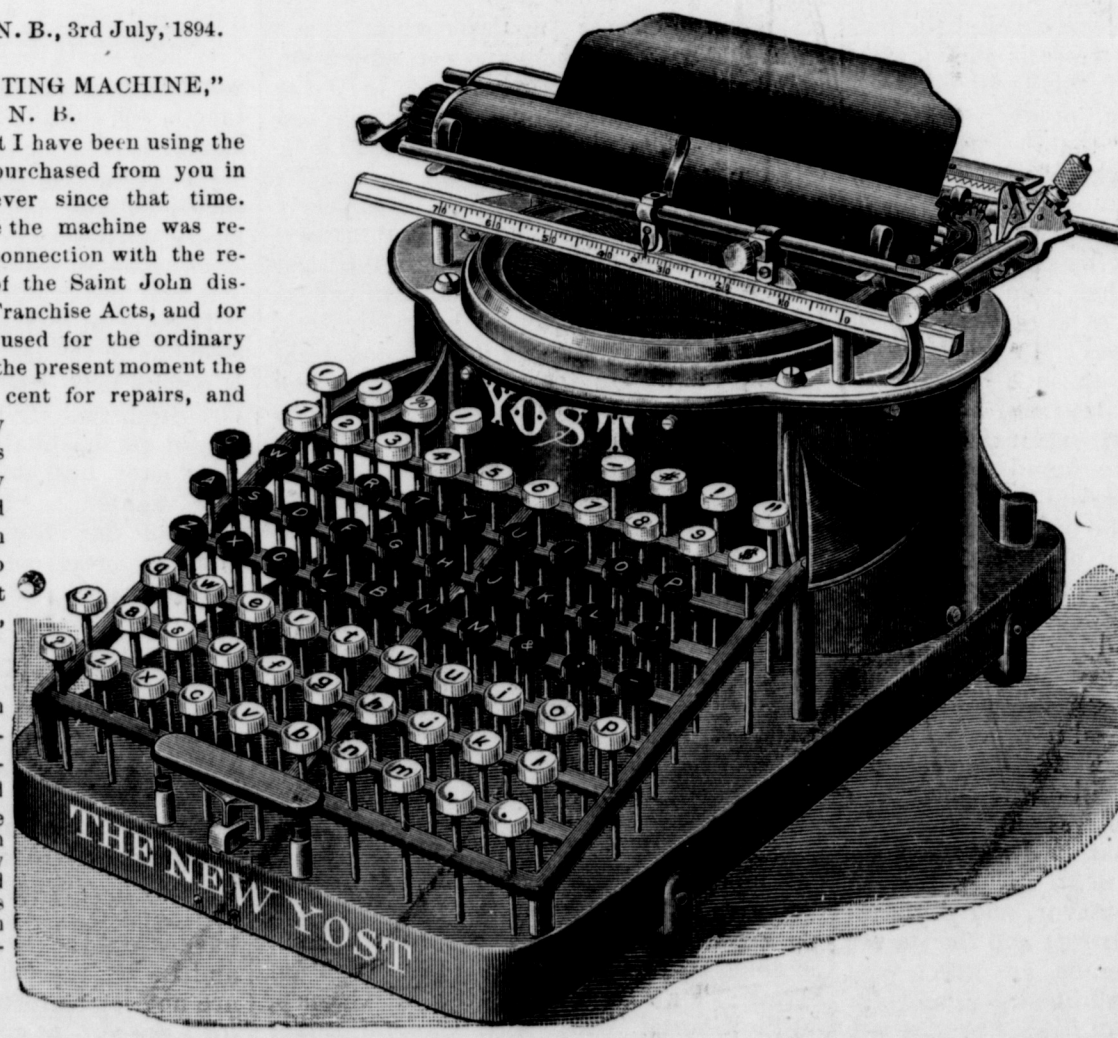
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Have just received 50 BBLs. NO. 1 GRAVENSTEIN APPLES.  
For Sale at Bonnell's Grocery,  
McLean's Block, 200 Union St., St. John, N. B.



St. John, N. B.,  
June 28th, 1894.

IRA CORNWALL, Esq.,  
City.  
Dear Sir: We have been using a "YOST" writing machine in our office daily for about four years, and it has given us every satisfaction.

Yours truly,  
MANCHESTER,  
ROBERTSON  
& ALLISON.

YARMOUTH, N. S.,  
July 3rd, 1894.

Dear Sir: I beg to say that I have used the "YOST" typewriter for over 36 months, and the longer I use it the more I am convinced that it is superior to all other machines. I consider the pad a great improvement over the ribbon on account of its cleanliness, and a great saving of expense. I find the pointer a great convenience for locating position. The type-guide I consider invaluable, as it overcomes the greatest weakness in other typewriters, viz., imperfect alignment. I would recommend any intending purchasers to investigate the "YOST" before buying a typewriter.  
E. K. SPINNEY,  
Hardware Merchant,  
General Insurance Agt  
&c., &c.