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How it got there considering the room was guarded day and night, was a mystery. Its contents were still more mysterious. They were as follows:—

It was forty-two years ago that you are warned that the strong room of the bank is not entirely safe. At any time, anyone can enter it. If we wished to steal we certainly would never have told you about it, or returned the box. You have barely set the table to see what you ought to have looked after yourself. If the police are there tonight, we will never explain the easy way of getting into your strong room, but most likely some one else will let you know that we have told the truth, when they help themselves to what is there. We are honest and will not steal, but if the police find our hiding-places and do nothing, it is a few gentlemen of the directors are there alone from twelve to one, my husband will meet you there, as he said he would several weeks ago.

More and more astonished than ever on the receipt of this extraordinary letter, and more puzzled still at the strange way in which it had been delivered, after a long consultation they agreed upon a plan of action. There were things perfectly evident: one that the writer of the letter really had access in some mysterious way to the strong room; and the other, that he had discovered that the police had been put on his track, instead of his suggestion being attended to. So it was determined that some of the directors who could conveniently do so should visit the strong room at the time indicated by the letter.

This plan was carried out. But, as might be expected, the directors were not alone. The police had advised them too well for that; and half a dozen of the best English detectives were dressed up in the garb of gentlemen, and mingled in such a way that any one would have supposed that they formed one group, and were now at last literally fulfilling the requisitions of the mysterious letter.

They waited until nearly twelve, and then one of the directors, a little impatient, approached the table, said:—
"Well, it's a most extraordinary affair. I'm not a coward, but I certainly should be almost afraid were I alone; but, Felden, you are used to these matters, and you have examined the room. Where the fellow can come from is to me a perfect mystery."

Perhaps, if he had not used these words at that moment, the "mystery," as he called it, might have been instantly solved. Of course every eye was directed to the table where the letters had been placed; but though every precaution had been taken, there was not the least sign of anyone, but themselves, or any voice save their own in the room. They waited there the whole night long, but nothing was seen or heard.

About four o'clock in the morning, it was midnight, and day was scarcely breaking at eight—the detectives whispered that it was useless for them to remain any longer; they themselves would wait as long as the gentlemen chose, but the bear of breaking into that strongest of all strong rooms—if it could be broken at all—was long past. The gentlemen, nothing loath, departed, after "tipping" their assistants liberally, but vexed that their search should end so, and half suspecting that they had only been on a fool's errand. The detectives also, convinced that their work for the night was done, left the room about six o'clock. At that time, being winter, the whole building was enveloped in fog and darkness.

The next morning the board held an extraordinary meeting, in order to discuss the result of the gentlemen who had had little or nothing to say of any consequence; and after a long argument about nothing, were about to separate, when a porter entered with a letter, which he stated had been found on the table in the strong room, when the man whose business it was entered—about eight o'clock. Every one had left the room more than an hour—perhaps two—before, and no one had been admitted in the ordinary way. The mystery increased. But of course the letter was read, and it ran as follows:

"You know me as you know me. Last night I heard someone speak to Mr. Felden, who I know is a member of the police, and of course I did not come, but I will have my share of another chance. Come to night, if two or three gentlemen are there alone it will be with me. If any detectives are there I shall give it up at last. You may choose as you wish."
"J. S."

This extraordinary communication was a source of no small anxiety to the bank directors. How it could have been left on the table in the strong room, guarded as it was, no one could imagine. They, however, at last agreed to do what perhaps would have been wiser if done at first, namely, to depute a few of their number to visit alone. There was, they concluded, but little danger in doing so, as from the strange letters which they received, it would appear that the intruders in the secret precincts were only one man and his wife—probably the man alone. So it was arranged that three gentlemen, who were selected as the best able to deal with such a case, should remain all night in the strong room, and that no one else should be with them, but that the police should be within call, in case they were needed.

Every suitable precaution was taken when night came. The sentinel paced up and down outside; the detectives were not far off; and after the most rigorous search had been instituted, the gentlemen were locked in. Hour after hour passed by, but nothing appeared. Sometimes for half an hour they pretended, by silence, that the room was empty, in order to tempt the deprecator; if present, from his hiding place. Then they would move about, and talk in such a way that any person who overheard them would know that they were alone; but not a sound or whisper, save what they themselves uttered, was heard. At last one of the men, who paced the floor rather impatiently, beginning to think that perhaps

after all it was only a clever trick, cried out:

"You ghost, you secret visitor, you midnight thief, come out! There is no one here but two gentlemen and myself. If you are afraid, I give you my word of honor as a gentleman that the police are not here—only we three of the directors to whom you wrote. Come out, I say!"

It was more in jest than earnest that Major Clifford—now he was a military man—shouted out this absurd speech. For as we said, he had begun to suspect after all some practical joke was being acted out on him, and had more than once been before perpetrated, and he did not much like being victimized himself. His act of omission, however, was great when, in reply to what he had said, he heard a strong voice saying:—
"If you have kept your word, I will keep mine. Put out your light, for I have one, and then I'll come."

The Major and his fellow directors did not much like putting out the light, but they were not cowards, and after some demur it was done. Where the voice came from was, however, a mystery, for there were no hiding places in the room, every side being of thick, many-plated iron and steel; the ceiling was also of the same material. When the light was out they waited in silence, while the Major grasped firmly in one hand a revolver, and in the other held the lantern and a few matches. For a little while a low grating sound was heard, and then a voice, evidently that of someone in the room, said:—
"Are you there alone, sure?"

The Major who cared for nothing in bodily form, struck a match and instantly a crash was heard, and a low, snoring sound was heard, and the light was lighted, nothing could be detected—no one was there. Again the Major called upon the mysterious somebody to come forth, and again a voice, was heard saying:—
"How can I trust you now?"

The Major was angry, and his companions alarmed, and after trying in vain to trace the point from which the voice proceeded, he exclaimed:—
"We will put out the light again, only come quickly and make an end of this bother."

So saying, he put out the light again. A moment or so after, the same grating sound was heard, and the light of some heavy body, and the next instant a man was visible standing in the middle of the vault, with a dark lantern in his hand. Of course he came from somewhere, but the puzzle was—how? A ghost could not have entered more mysteriously for they already knew that the walls and ceiling had been most carefully examined, and there was no possible way of ingress. The man, however, soon spoke for himself and the Directors; who were still at a loss to explain his presence there, listened in astonishment.

It appears that he was a poor man, and occupied a precarious living in a strange way. When the tide was low, it is the custom of a certain class of people, unknown to refined society, to enter the sewer, to search for any article of value which may have been accidentally washed down into them. It is a very dangerous task, and of course, revolting in the extreme, but they not infrequently find very precious things hidden in filth.

This man was one of those strange adventurers. One night he had discovered an opening leading to some place above. There was a large square stone which he found could be easily raised. He listened for some time, and finding all was silent, lifted up the stone without much difficulty, and found, after some little investigation by the light of his lantern, that he was in the strong room of a bank.

These men, like miners, can readily determine the exact spot of ground under which they are; and he soon had a clue to the whole mystery. He told his wife, who was a woman of much superior education to his, of the whole affair; and he then wrote, as we have seen, to the directors. After that his wife wrote until the last letter, as the spelling shows.

Down in the sewer he was able to hear all their movements as well as if above ground; and thus was not only able to know their plans, but to frustrate them, and of course could watch in time to remove the small but valuable box which we saw as afterwards returned; to leave the letters on the table, and to appear so mysteriously.

Of course, no one ever thought of looking to the stone pavement, which was supposed to be solid and immovable, as it was known there were not vaults below, although the iron walls and door had been most carefully tested.

The mystery was now cleared up, and the directors calling for other lights, examined the place carefully and fully verified the statements.

He was then liberated at the usual entrance, after his address had been taken, and a time had been appointed when he should appear before the board.

The whole affair, which caused a great sensation at the time was duly inquired into, and such precautions taken that a repetition of the adventure would henceforth be impossible.

The directors felt that they owed the strange man a debt of gratitude.

Although gold and silver were now lying in heaps upon the cellar floor, there was incalculable wealth hidden there, in the shape not only of notes and the most

valuable securities, but also in solid bullion and hard cash. It is impossible to say what a clever burglar might, if he only knew of the secret entrance, have taken away undetected, and until beyond possible detection, as money is always available, and leaves no trace behind; in fact, a perfectly fabulous amount might have been stolen, so thick were the walls, and so secure was the room considered.

The very strictest search, proved that nothing had been taken, except the box which was returned intact. When this point was fully settled, it was agreed by the directors that the mysterious visitor to their strong room should be rewarded for his honesty; and it was currently reported that they settled upon a liberal annuity, sufficient to support him in comfort for the rest of his days.

For a few years since I was a passenger on a Southern railway, and found myself in the company of Bishop Quintard, of Tennessee. A more accomplished Christian gentleman, a more kind and genial companion, I have seldom met with. We were passing through Bedford, in this State, and I presumed the pastor of the Grace Street Church, would have no objection to my stopping at his parsonage for the night. I accordingly called on him, and he was most kind to receive me, and to show me the various points of interest in the city.

One day, while I was in Bedford, I was passing through the city, and I saw a man who I recognized as the Bishop of Alabama. He was in full view of the famous peaks of Otter, Bishop Quintard observed to me that he never passed the Peaks in recent days, without being reminded of the memory of our mutual friend, Bishop Cobbs, who, he said, seemed to be the champion of every social duty he happened to see. Bishop Quintard went on to say that Bishop Cobbs and he were once evening in company with several other Bishops of their church, all pleasant social conversation, and one of them requested Mr. Cobbs to tell them how he broke the man in Bedford from swearing. Bishop Cobbs stated that he was passing along the public road one morning in Bedford, and that the foot of a heavy hill he came up to a man with a loaded weapon, and a team that seemed inclined to back. He had a very lively conversation with the man, and he was very polite and affable, and was very much interested in the subject.

The Bishop said he rode gently up to the man, and in a kind and respectful tone said:—
"My friend, can you not drive your team up the hill, without swearing so dramatically?"

"No, sir, neither can you, set the man and if you think you can, set down and try it!"

The Bishop said he felt inclined to smile at the unexpected reply; but assuming a more serious air, he said to the man:—
"I could never be induced to profane my Master's name on account of a foolish horse. Where do you live, sir?"

"Just over there, at the foot of the Peaks of Otter, where I have lived nearly all my life, sir," said the man.

That was what I thought said the Bishop, but he wanted to see if this, that you should have spent the larger portion of your life at the foot of those tall peaks whose ascending summits are always pointing up to the throne of him who has said:—"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain," and yet profane the name so awfully!"

The man let the reins attached to his team dangle a little lower from his hand, looked at the bishop with an expression of surprise and said:—
"It does seem a little strange indeed!"

"Not a little strange, merely," said the Bishop, "but awfully wicked, my friend." The Bishop said he made the man turn back, and he said:—"I presume you have an idea of the number of wicked ones that have sinned in time?"

"I have not," said the man, "I could never derive any benefit from profane swearing," said the Bishop.

"Never in my life," said the man. "But the day of final account will show that you are a fearful sinner; it does not pay, and you had better quit," said the Bishop.

"I believe I will," said the man. The Bishop said, so far as he could care, the man never uttered another oath.—*Religious Herald.*

Sunday in Paris seems to be becoming in one respect at least, more like Sunday in London than was the case formerly. Nearly all the respectable shops are closed, and the business trade in the streets is small. The cafes and boulevards, with the cafes and restaurants, are however far from being deserted. Sunday is a holiday for the school boys, who spend the day with their parents or friends of their parents, and do not return to their dismal college dormitory until night. It is largely for the benefit of this public of school boys and their parents that morning performances take place at the theaters. Yesterday there were matinees at thirteen of the Paris theaters, and there is no exaggeration in saying that they were all well attended. The performances vary from those of the classical works of Racine, Corneille and Moliere, down to the modern melodramas and operettas. Liking in, on the way, Victor Hugo's "Hernani" a comedy of Labeche, and a scene by the composer Herrman. Then for the lovers of music there are the Conservatoire and Paderewski Concerts; and for the lovers of pulpit oratory the lectures of Peire Dile, the Dominican preacher, the successor and rival of Lacordaire, and the sermon of father Hyacinthe—or rather should say of M. Lyautey—both of whom lectured on the subject of Divorce. Father Dile is entirely opposed to the institution of divorce, while M. Lyautey thinks that it ought to be admitted only in very grave cases.

Sunday being a holiday, not only for the boys and girls who are at school, but also for the servants, many families dined out, and all the restaurants are consequently filled and gay on Sunday than on any other day of the week. Then after dinner, if you have not had enough amusement, you have the whole range of theaters, from the humble shaft of La Vierge to the still humbler temple of the Grand Moulin Parissien, each offering something attractive. The cinemas are open as usual, the churches are filled with a special Sunday audience, and all persons of amusement are beating the big drum to attract the public. With such a varied programme, it is no wonder that a man, no matter what, naturally may be of what faith he may have, finds it difficult in passing Sunday in Paris. Picture galleries, churches, elegant restaurants, amusement institutions, or still more varied and equally within his reach.

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A German doctor declares that "early to bed and early to rise" is a delusion and a snare. He has discovered that those who indulge in late hours and lie abed the longest in the morning are the healthiest and live longer than those who get up with the lark. German doctors have made some very remarkable discoveries of late, and it will be surprising if one of them doesn't soon announce that the best way to care a heavy cold is to get into a perspiration and then throw off some of your clothing and sit in a draught with your feet in a pail of cold water.

A woman sold her baby in a bar-room in Horsham, England, for \$4.34 to a man who had taken a fancy to the child. He left the place with his purchase, but the woman followed him, snatched the infant out of his arms, slapped his face and ran away.

A man who had \$65 stolen from him received a note with \$25, saying: "I stole your money. Remorse naws my conscience, and I send it back. When remorse naws again I'll send you some more."

What ails you? You're going over to the store and buy a pair of shoes, and any human being in this house ever puts a finger on 'em they'll suffer for it. If I see I can't have a pair of shoes in my house after being married for upward of forty-three years!

And he pulled down his hat and slammed the door with all his might as he went out.

The number of lady correspondents in London is increasing rapidly. A correspondent of the "Standard" writes that there is more "gadding" among women at the present time than has been the case since public gaming tables were put down by act of parliament.

Governor Blackwelder of Kentucky, according to the "Standard," is attending to the collection of the state's pension certificates, and is very anxious to see the noblest quality of our people. Now, no one is permitted to receive a pension unless he has served in the army or navy of the United States.

The style for this season, I judge, is to go to the "Governor," \$10, please. I am going to take a gentleman to the party to night, and what a carriage!

Mr. Major Wheeler, wife of that old plover said emphatically respected citizen of that name, looked over the builder of the other morning and answered him:—"The shears? Why, they are right down there somewhere. I was using them not five minutes ago."

The Major wanted them to trim off a horse blanket at the barn, and he marched into the sitting room and up to the family work basket. Of course they were there. He rummaged a ball of yarn, a paper of pins, a half made garment, a button box and a pin cushion off on the floor, made a dive among bodkins, worsted, threads and darning needles, and the shears didn't turn up. He stood the work basket on its head, but it was no good. Then he went over to the whatnot and raked off three or four photographs, rattled down a lot of shells and snuffed off two books, but the shears were not there. He was red in the face as he went into the hall and called out:—"I can't find a pair of 'em, and I don't believe you ever had any!"

"Now look again—that's a good man's wife replied. "I know they are right there."

The Major got down on his hands and knees and looked under the things. No shears. Then he stood up and looked on the mantel. The nearest approach to shears there was a bent hair pin. Then he walked around and surveyed each window sill and gave the work basket another rattle.

"I tell you there's a pair of shears here, or else the builder's a liar!" he shouted from the hall after he had given the hair tree a looking over.

"Why, Major, how impatient you are! There's no impatience about it. I tell you the shears ain't here. No one can ever find anything in this house! I had to look a straight line the other day to find a gimlet!"

"You don't see them in the bed room?" "I'll come down."

He entered the bed room, glanced over the bureau and stand, pulled the shams off the pillows and whirled the pillows around and then took down a hair oil bottle from a bracket and looked into it. The shears were not in the bottle nor anywhere else. Stay! They might have been carried under the bed by that mysterious household item which carries articles from room to room in an "invisible" manner. He crawled under, bumped his head on the slats, got dust in his throat, and was backing out with blood in his eye when his wife called out:—"Why, what on earth are you after?"

"After! After!" he shouted, as he almost coughed his head off—"I'm after them infernal shears!"

"Why, here they are! They are lying in my sewing chest, right in plain sight. I don't believe it—I'll never believe it. I looked into that chair over ten thousand times!"

"Well, there they are."

"It's no such thing! You've lost 'em or pawned 'em or traded 'em for gum. You've no more order in your house than an old cooper shop!"

He walked past the chair into the hall and was going out when she called:—"Dear, aren't you going to take the

DRUGS Medicines, Oils. Paints, Glass.

My stock is large, and my assortment complete, and they will be kept so all the time. My experience in the business is long, and I think I may safely claim to be as well able to serve the interests of those favoring me with their patronage as any one.

My Store is just above the "Benbow" Hotel building, on the same side where I shall be pleased to wait upon customers, either in person or by experienced clerks.

ORDERS FROM A DISTANCE PROMPTLY AND CAREFULLY FILLED.

R. G. GLENN,
5, 30, 17,
Knitting Cotton & Zephyr Wool, at 8007 & DONNELLY'S