

The York Herald

M. Teffy, Esq.

VOL. XI, No. 52.

RICHMOND HILL, ONTARIO, CANADA, FRIDAY, MAY 27, 1870.

WHOLE No. 619.

The York Herald

IS PUBLISHED
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,
BY
ALEXANDER SCOTT,
RICHMOND HILL.

And dispatched to subscribers by the earliest mails, or otherwise, unless otherwise directed.
The YORK HERALD will always be found to contain the latest and most important Foreign and Provincial News and Markets, and the greatest care will be taken to render it acceptable to the man of business, and a valuable Family Newspaper.

TERMS.—One Dollar per annum, in advance; if not paid within Two Months, One Dollar and Fifty cents will be charged.
All letters addressed to the Editor must be post-paid.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid; and no advertising papers without paying up, will be held accountable for the subscription.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Six lines and under, first insertion... \$0.50
Each subsequent insertion... 00.13
Ten lines and under, first insertion... 00.75
Each subsequent insertion... 00.20
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Advertisements without written directions inserted at the discretion of the Editor, and charged accordingly.
All advertisements published for less than one month, must be paid for in advance.
All casual advertisements, from strangers or irregular customers, must be paid for when handed in for insertion.

Business Directory.

JNO. D. MCCONNELL, M.D.,
GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY.
RESIDENCE—Adjoining Thornhill Hotel.
July 22, 1869. 575-ly

DR. HOSTETTER,
MEMBER OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF Surgeons, England. Residence: North of Richmond Hill, opposite the Elgin House. All calls (night or day) promptly attended to. Elgin Mills, January 1, 1870. 598

DR. JAS. LANGSTAFF
WILL GENERALLY BE FOUND AT home from 8 to 9 A.M.
Mr. A. F. Armstrong is authorized to collect accounts.
Richmond Hill, Oct. 14, 1869. 563*

JOHN N. REID, M.D.,
COR. OF YONGE AND COLBORNE streets, Thornhill. Consultations in the office on the mornings of Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, from 8 to 10 A.M.
* All consultations in the office, (Cash.) Thornhill, June 9, 1865 1

R. E. LAW,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST, RICHMOND HILL.
Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared.
Richmond Hill, Dec. 1, 1869. 594-ly

GEO. H. LESLIE & Co.,
CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS, COR. OF Bloor and Yonge Streets, Yorkville, Dealers in Drugs, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs, Patent Medicines, Perfumery, &c.
Yorkville, April 1, 1869. 558-ly

THOMAS CARR,
DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, Groceries, Wines and Liquors, Thornhill.
By Royal Letters patent has been appointed Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
Thornhill, Feb. 26, 1868.

DRUG STORE IN KLINEBURG.
JACOB YELINSKIE BEGS TO INFORM the inhabitants of Klineburg and surrounding country that he has opened a Drug Store in the above named place.
All kinds of Herbs and Herb Medicines supplied.
Klineburg, March 1, 1869. 560-ly

MARGACH, ANDERSON & Co.,
[Formerly J. L. Margach]
Wholesale and Retail Druggists,
44 King Street East, Toronto,
OFFERS FOR SALE A LARGE AND Varied Assortment of
DRUGS, CHEMICALS,
Paints, Oils, Varnishes!
BRUSHES,
ARTISTS' MATERIAL, &c., &c.,
At Low Rates for Cash.

Call when you visit the city, inspect the stock and learn the prices; we shall feel pleasure in showing goods whether you purchase or not. Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Toronto, July 15, 1869. 550-ly

P. A. SCOTT,
LUMBER MERCHANT & BUILDER,
618 Yonge Street, Toronto,
Doors, Sash, Flooring, Blinds, Sheeting, Mouldings, &c.
All kinds of Building Materials supplied.
Post Office Address—Yorkville.
Toronto, May 18, 1868. 3-m.

PETER S. GIBSON,
PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR,
Civil Engineer and Draftsman.
Office at Willowdale, on Yonge St., in the County of York.
Orders by letter promptly attended to.
Willowdale, Dec. 15, 1868. 595-ly

Law Firms.

J. N. BLAKE,
BARRISTER, CONVEYANCER, &c.
Office—Church Street, 2 doors north of King Street, Toronto.
December 29, 1869. 599

WILLIAM MALLOY,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c.
Office: No. 78 King Street East, Toronto; over the Wesleyan Book Room.
Toronto, December 2, 1869. 594

DUGGAN & MEYERS,
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
Solicitors in Chancery, Conveyancers, &c.
Office—Provincial Insurance Buildings, Street, Toronto.
JOHN DUGGAN, Q.C. ADAM H. MEYERS, JR.
Toronto Dec. 24, 1868. 544-ly

READ AND BOYD,
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
Solicitors in Chancery, &c.
Office—77, King St. East, (over Thompson's East India House) Toronto.
D. B. READ, Q.C. J. A. BOYD, B.A.
May 6, 1866. 52-ly

MENABE, MURRAY & JACKES,
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
Solicitors in Chancery, Conveyancers, &c.
Office—In the Court House, Toronto
August 1, 1865. 95

Licensed Auctioneers.
M. FISER,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER FOR THE County of York, Lot 4, 3rd concession, Vaughan. P. O. Address, Concord. Orders promptly attended to.
Concord, March 16, 1870. 606

HENRY SMELSOR,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER FOR THE Counties of York and Peel, Collector of Notes, Accounts, &c. Small charges and plenty to do.
Lasker, March 2nd 1865 39-ly

FRANCIS BUTTON, JR.,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER FOR THE County of York.
Sales attended to on the shortest notice and at moderate rates. P. O. Address, Buttonville, Markham, July 24, 1868. 497

H. D. BENNETT,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER FOR THE County of York. Residence lot No. 14, 2nd Con. Vaughan. P. O. Address, Carville. All orders left at the "York Herald" office, Richmond Hill, or at the P. O. Maple, will be attended to.
Vaughan, Oct. 10 1867. 1-y

JOHN CARTER,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
FOR THE Counties of York, Peel and Ontario. Residence: Lot 8, 6th concession Markham. Post Office—Unionville.
Sales attended on the shortest notice, and on reasonable terms.
Orders left at the "Herald" office for Mr. Carter's services will be promptly attended to June 27, 1867.

EDW. SANDERSON,
Licensed Auctioneer,
FOR THE COUNTIES OF YORK AND PEEL.
Residence—Lot 20, rear of 3rd Concession of Markham. P. O. Address—Buttonville.
Parties requiring Mr. Sanderson's services can make arrangements at the HERALD office.
January 4, 1865. 31

TIME! TIME!! TIME!!!
A. L. SKEELE IS PREPARED TO repair Clocks, Watches and Jewelry, at his shop opposite the Grammar School, Richmond Hill.
A trial is respectfully solicited.
Richmond Hill, March, 24, 1870. 610

FARMERS' BOOT & SHOE STORE
JOHN BARRON, MANUFACTURER and Dealer in all kinds of Boots and Shoes, 33 West Market Square, Toronto.
Best Boots and Shoes made to Measure, of the Best Materials and Workmanship, at the Lowest Reasoning Prices
Toronto, Dec. 3, 1867.

RINGWOOD MARBLE WORKS.
P. WIDEMAN, MANUFACTURER OF all kinds of Monuments, Headstones, &c.
Call and examine my Stock and Prices before purchasing elsewhere, as you will find it to your interest.
* Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
Ringwood, Sept. 13, 1867. 497

Card.
N. B.—THE PUBLIC WILL PLEASE take notice that Mr. John Taylor has ceased to collect for John N. Reid, M.D., and that Mr. John Garton, of Thornhill, is authorized to collect for the subscriber until further notice.
JOHN N. REID, M.D.
Thornhill, December 22, 1869. 597

LIBRARY ASSOCIATION,
RICHMOND HILL
THIS ASSOCIATION HAS TRANS-ferred their Library to the HERALD Book Store, where Stockholders and others may procure Books every Friday afternoon, from 4 to 6 P.M.,
A. SCOTT, Librarian.

New Firm.

H. SANDERSON & SONS,
CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS,
RICHMOND HILL,
Having purchased the Stock and Interest of R. H. Hall, (late Chemist and Druggist of the same place) have greatly enlarged the old stock and have now on hand a good assortment of
Drugs, Paints, Perfumery,
Chemicals, Oils, Toilet Soaps,
Medicines, Varnishes, Fancy articles,
Dye Stuffs, Patent Medicines, and all other articles kept by Druggists generally.
* Physicians' Prescriptions carefully compounded, and all orders attended to with care and despatch.
Farmers and Physicians from the country will find our stock of Medicines complete—warranted genuine—and of the best quality.
Richmond Hill, Nov. 25, 1869. 593.

P. O. SAVINGS BANK.
RICHMOND HILL POST OFFICE.
DEPOSITS OF ONE DOLLAR, (OR any number not exceeding three hundred dollars by any one depositor.) will be received at the Richmond Hill Post Office, for which Government will allow Interest.
For particulars apply to
M. TEEFY, Postmaster.
* Mr. TEEFY is Government Agent for the sale of
MARRIAGE LICENSES
Office hours: from 6.30 A.M. to 9.30 P.M.
May 4, 1869. 563-ly

GREEN BUSH HOTEL,
215 and 217 Yonge Street, Toronto.
THE FARMERS AND TRAVELLING public will find first-class accommodations at the above House, at low rates. There is an extensive Stable attached, and large covered sheds. An attentive and obliging hostler.
57 J. L. PARKER, Proprietor.

GOLDEN LION HOTEL,
YONGE STREET,
NELSON DAVIS, PROPRIETOR.
* Good Stabling attached. Trusty Hostler always in attendance.
Yonge St., April 7, 1869. 559-ly

MARRIAGE LICENSES
RICHMOND HILL.
M. TEEFY, NOTARY PUBLIC AND Commissioner in B.R., is Government Agent for issuing Marriage Licenses in the County of York.
Office hours—7 A.M. to 9.30 P.M.
Richmond Hill, October 23, 1869.

JAMES BOWMAN,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES,
ALHRA MILLS,
Markham, Nov. 1, 1865. 22

WILLIAM COX,
SUCCESSOR TO JAMES HOLLIDAY,
Butcher, 2nd door north of G. A. Barnard's store, Richmond Hill, keeps always on hand the best of Beef, Mutton, Lamb, Veal, Pork, Sausages, &c., and sells at the lowest prices.
The highest market price given for Cattle, Sheep, Lambs, &c.
Also, Corned and Spiced Beef, Smoked and Dried Hams.
WILLIAM COX,
Richmond Hill, October 15, 1867. 1-y

DENTISTRY.
W. C. ADAMS, D.D.S., 95 King Street East, Toronto, near Church Street, is prepared to wait upon any who need his professional services in order to preserve their teeth, or relieve suffering and supply new teeth in the most approved style. Also to regulate the teeth of those who need it. Consultations free, and all work warranted.
June, 1865.

G. H. HUSBAND, D.D.S.
DENTIST, BEGS MOST RESPECTFULLY TO ANNOUNCE THAT he will be at
Unionville, ... 1st Monday of each month.
Weston, ... 1st day
Klineburg, ... 1st day
Barwick, ... 2nd day
Scarboro', ... 2nd day
Where he will be prepared and most happy to wait upon those who may require his services.
G. H. H., having had over ELEVEN YEARS' PRACTICE, feels confident of giving entire satisfaction.
To those who have favored him with their patronage in the past he returns his sincere thanks, and to those who may do so in the future, he would say that no endeavor on his part will be wanting to meet their approval.
REFERENCES.—The following gentlemen, with confidence, recommend G. H. Husband, to all requiring Dental aid: Dr. Reid, Thornhill; Dr. Bull, Weston; Dr. D'Evlyn, Barwick; Dr. Corson, Brampton.
RESIDENCE.—Thornhill,
Thornhill September 17, 1868. 1y

J. SEGSWORTH,
IMPORTER OF WATCHES, CLOCKS, and Fine Jewelry, 113 Yonge St., Toronto.
* Masonic and other emblems made to order.
Toronto April 27, 1866.

Money to Lend.
MONEY TO LEND ON GOOD FARM Security, in Sums to suit applicants.
Apply to
DUGGAN & MEYERS, Attorneys, Court St.
Toronto, April 1, 1869. 553-3m

GEO. McPHILLIPS & SON,
PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYORS,
Seaford, Ontario,
June 7, 1862. 1

Poetry.

A Woman's Answer to the Proposal of a Coxcomb.
You chance some day, your sort, I mean,
To see a pair of cheeks, or eyes,
That stir you with a soft surprise;
And toward the lady straight you lean,
And coax her to you with a ring,
A peal, a flower, or some such thing.
And if she come, and if she please,
By smiling much and saying naught,
You say you love her past all thought;
And then you fall upon your knees,
And vow that you will die with pain
Unless she love you back again.
She listens with a tender sigh—
Her heart is all unsatisfied;
But through his hunger, or its pride
She puts away the warning cry,
And to her woman's nature true,
"Clothes you with dearness, not your due."
And when the courtship thus begins
Has brought about the fatal hour,
You call the priest—he calls you one;
And then the women gives her dower
Of wealth and beauty, youth and grace,
And like your shadow, takes her place.
And thereforth scarcely dares to stir,
Holding and hoarding all her powers
For the diversion of such hours
As you may choose to grant to her;
And taking from you all her tone—
No will, no pleasure of her own.
What shall I give of heart or hand—
What would he have me say or do?
This is her constant thought, while you
Are thinking—what shall I demand?
So by and by, to him in brief,
The wife and husband come to grief.
For nature, though she suffer long
And patiently, in fate's despite,
Will in the end adjust the wrong,
And set the unequal balance right,
Hence jars and quarrels, and of course
A suit and trial for divorce.
Now when I give away my heart
I mean to choose a mate for life,
And be his true and loving wife
Until death cometh us to part—
No matter and no coxcomb, I,
Therefore I needs must write, good by.

Literature.
Found Dead.
I have been so long importuned for an explanation of the manner in which I succeeded in detecting and bringing to justice the murderer of Christian Soule, that I have determined to write and publish a full account of the affair, and thus make an end of it.
Mr. Soule was a retired stockbroker, reputed to be immensely wealthy, somewhat of a miser, and a bachelor. Who or what his kindred were, no one took the trouble to inquire; and it was as well, perhaps, that the curious did not interest themselves in this direction, for he was not communicative concerning his private matters; and the probabilities are that nothing could have been elicited from him by questioning that he did not choose to state voluntarily.
For years he had inhabited a small apartment on the upper floor of an unpretending public-house in a suburban city; and, save that he was a quiet old man who paid his bills regularly, gave no trouble, and spent the greater part of his time in his retired attic, busy with papers and account-books, little was known of him by the proprietor of the place or its frequenters.
One morning in midwinter, Mr. Soule did not make his appearance at breakfast—his habits being to the last degree methodical,—that a servant was sent to investigate the matter.
He found the old man seated before the empty grate—stone dead!
Of course, there was a tremendous commotion in the house. Doctors were summoned, the coroner sent for, and the customary hubbub incident to such an event followed in regular form, resulting in the conclusion that the deceased had fallen a victim to some sudden malady—but what, the medical authorities failed to exactly discover.
There seemed to be no grounds for questioning the correctness of the above conclusion. The body exhibited no traces of violence, and death had evidently been instantaneous, and it would seem, painless; for the expression of the face was natural, save for the pallor that follows dissolution, and the remnant of a cigar was still retained in the stiffened fingers of the right hand.
The room, too, was in the usual order. A desk and two trunks were unfastened, but their valuable contents were undisturbed, and in the breast pocket of the dead man's coat several thousands in bonds and bank-notes were found intact.
Clearly there was nothing to indicate that a murder had been committed; and yet, when the affair was reported at our office, I said to my mate, Dustan, that there had been foul play, but without being able to assign any reason for the faith that was in me.
Every detective, I suppose, can recall instances in the course of his professional career when he has felt a strong conviction either that a crime has or has not been committed, which rested upon no basis that convictions amounting to certainties had taken possession of the mind. I had been my habit to pay attention to them, and sometimes patient waiting and watching had resulted in startling developments, corroborative of the intuitive perception.
It was for this reason, probably, that I resolved to investigate this matter, and to keep my intention to myself.
Assuming a convenient disguise, such as men in my line of business are familiar

with, and telling Dustan that I was employed to watch a suspicious character for a day or two, I took up my quarters at the public-house before referred to. My general appearance was unimpeachable, and consequently, as I had hoped and anticipated, I was shown not only to the upper floor, but also to the room lately occupied by Mr. Soule, which was, probably, not a favorite lodging with the other guests of the house, who were familiar with the event that had transpired. I do not know that I can exactly explain why I wished, as I certainly did, to become the occupant of that particular room. I assuredly did not expect that any of the ordinary traces of murder lingered about the floor or walls; but I was conscious of a half-defined impression that invisible photographs of what scene had been enacted there might be imprinted on them; and that by some occult means or spiritual process, which I did not even try to evolve from my inner consciousness, they would be revealed to me. It was about ten o'clock in the evening when I followed the surly porter to my lodging. The night was desperately cold, and I had stipulated for a fire, under pretext of having letters to write, and I found an economical supply of coal burning in the grate. I drew the identical chair in which Christian Soule had died, in front of the fire, sat down and strove to conjecture what he was thinking of when he last occupied that seat, a living man. It was a wide subject for contemplation, for it embraced the whole range of the human thought. Still, that boundless field could be narrowed down to probable limits. Soule was said to be rich and miserly; and, as he was engaged in no active vocation, it was safe to presume that he occupied his time principally in computing his gains from the accumulation of interest, or otherwise, and devising new and safe investments for his means. When death overtook him, he had evidently concluded the mechanical labours of his desk. So the chances were that he was thinking of his money and its representatives, both of which he had to a large amount in that apartment. Did he know that people said he was rich? And if so, did it ever occur to him that evil disposed persons might suspect that his unpretending room possibly contained something worth looking after, and that it was somewhat risky to retain so much money and securities of value in such an exposed situation? It was quite possible, even probable, that such ideas were the last that filled Christian Soule's mind. The more I thought of it, the more certain I became that this was, in point of fact, the case; that, so to speak, the mind of the dead man still floated in the air I breathed, and had placed itself in some sort of direct communication with mine. It was a curious and not quite a comfortable feeling; and as the time wore on to midnight, I began to feel an unpleasant premonition that something altogether beyond the ordinary course of events was about to take place. The first noteworthy occurrence was a sudden rush of icy air that proceeded from no aperture that I could discover. The immediate result of this was to fan into a blaze the embers which had before been smouldering; the secondary, the appearance on one of the walls of a fantastic shadow. I watched it interestedly, but more for the reason that I could not understand its origin than for any other cause. Gradually it assumed a definite shape, and soon grew into the semblance of a man, seated as I myself was. I fear I cannot describe very accurately what followed, but as I gazed, the shadow elaborated until I had before me a representation of the whole apartment. I felt rather than saw that the man in the chair was asleep. Presently the door slowly unlocked, and another person cautiously entered the room. Both figures now stood out plainly in the chair I recognized as Mr. Soule; the other was a small, light-complexioned man with a stoop in the shoulders that almost amounted to deformity, a sallow, unhealthy look, and eyes that were curiously parti-colored. The stranger looked stealthily around for a moment, and then crept forward towards a desk on the opposite side of the room. His hand was upon the key which was in the lock, when Mr. Soule, seemed to awake suddenly. The stranger darted for the door, but the old man caught him and held him fast. The intruder fell upon his knees and raised his hands as though in supplication; the other listened, and little by little the angry expression on his countenance gave place to a look of pity and contempt. Then, with a gesture towards the door, he turned his back to his chair, and the stranger man slunk away and disappeared. For some time Mr. Soule remained seated by the fire, apparently lost in thought. Then I noticed his head began to droop, and he seemed to sleep again. Half an hour elapsed, and then the door again opened, and I once more saw the slouchy figure peeping into the room. He listened, as if to satisfy himself that the legitimate occupant was really sleeping, and stole towards him on tiptoe. He stood over him for a minute or two, as though lacking the nerve to perform some contemplated deed. His cadaverous face assumed a still more ghastly hue; and then he drew from his waistcoat pocket a tiny vial, which he held to the old man's nostril. One convulsive gasp followed, and I understood that Christian Soule came to his death by inhaling

back to my room; but, when I came to think it all over, I was sure that he would have me arrested in the morning and sent to prison. I know what horrible places prisons are, for I have been in hundreds of them, and was not going again; so I crept back after a while, and held the vial to his nose, for which you can't blame me. It was only done in self-defence. I made nothing by it. When I saw the man was dead, I was afraid to go away, and was afraid to stop where I am; and, come to think of it, I don't know as I'm sorry you found me out, though how you did it God only knows. You haven't told me what that vial contained. He shuddered, and named a diabolical distillation—the infernal invention of some French chemist, I believe—which fortunately, is only known to very few on this side of the Atlantic. I have never repeated the name, and most assuredly never shall, to a human being. I took Wolfe to the station-house that night, where he voluntarily reduced the above confession to writing, and signed it in the presence of my mate Dustan, who was not a little mystified as to how I had obtained a clue to the murderer. "I suppose there's no chance for me?" Wolfe said, as we conducted him to his cell. "I should say none to speak of," Dustan responded dryly. "Men of your stripe are at a discount in this day and generation." "Well, I've been hunted all my life, and hanging can't be much worse than what I've suffered for years. Good morning, gentlemen." The creature had the grace to save the hangman from the mortification of exercising his art upon him; for when we next visited the cell he was stretched upon the floor, dead, and beside him were the shivered atoms of the tiny vial.

A Beautiful Incident.
A young man recently ran away from the galleys of Toulouse. He was strong and vigorous, and soon made his way across the country, and escaped pursuit. He arrived next morning before a cottage in an open field, and stopped to get something to eat, and get a refuge while he reposed a little. But he found the inmates of the cottage in the greatest distress. Four little children sat trembling in the corner; their mother sat weeping and tearing her hair, and the father was walking the floor in agony. The galley-slave asked what was the matter, and the father replied that they were that morning to be turned out of doors because they could not pay the rent.
"You see me driven to despair," said the father; "my wife and my little children without food or shelter, and I without means to provide for them."
The convict listened to the tale with tears of sympathy, and said:
"I will give you the means. I have just escaped from the galleys. Whosoever brings back an escaped prisoner is entitled to a reward of fifty francs. How much does the rent amount to?"
"Forty francs," answered the father.
"Well," said the other, "put a cord round my body. I will follow you to the city, where they will recognise me, and you will get fifty francs for bringing me back."
"No never!" exclaimed the astonished listener. "My children should starve a thousand times before I would do so base a thing."
The generous man insisted, and declared at last that he would go and give himself up if the father would not consent to take him.
After a long struggle, the latter yielded, and taking his preserver by the arm, led him into the city and to the mayor's office.
Everybody was surprised to see that a little man like the father had been able to capture such a strong fellow; but the proof was before them.
The fifty francs were paid, and the prisoner sent back to the galleys.
But after he was gone, the father asked a private interview with the mayor, to whom he told the whole story. The mayor was so much affected, that he not only added francs to the father's purse, but wrote immediately to the Minister of Justice, begging the noble young prisoner's release. The minister examined into the affair, and finding that it was a comparative small offence which had condemned the young man to the galleys, and that he had already served out half his term, ordered his release.
PILES.—Use Dr. J. Briggs' Pile Remedy for piles of every description. Sold by druggists. 582c
"You colors are beautiful," said a deeply rogued lady to a portrait-painter. "Yes," answered he; "your ladyship and I deal at the same shop."
Two Irishmen, on a sultry night, took refuge underneath the bed clothes from a skimming party of mosquitoes. At last, one of them, gasping from heat, ventured to peep beyond the bulwarks, and by chance espied a fire-fly which had strayed into the room. Arousing his companion with a punch, he said: "Jamie, Jamie, its no use. Ye might as well come out! Here's one of the crayers sarchin' for us wid a lantern!"
When General Hood's army was beleaguering Nashville, a tall colonel of an Ohio regiment, in General Thomas' army, who was frightfully thin and skeleton like, was met outside by a squad of Union stragglers who commanded the colonel to halt and surrender himself as a deserter. "A deserter!" he exclaimed; "from what have I deserted?"
"From the graveyard, you skeleton!" was the reply. The colonel handed over his whisky bottle, and every one in the crowd "smiled" at the joke.

Found Dead.
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It was for this reason, probably, that I resolved to investigate this matter, and to keep my intention to myself.
Assuming a convenient disguise, such as men in my line of business are familiar

Literature.
Found Dead.
I have been so long importuned for an explanation of the manner in which I succeeded in detecting and bringing to justice the murderer of Christian Soule, that I have determined to write and publish a full account of the affair, and thus make an end of it.
Mr. Soule was a retired stockbroker, reputed to be immensely wealthy, somewhat of a miser, and a bachelor. Who or what his kindred were, no one took the trouble to inquire; and it was as well, perhaps, that the curious did not interest themselves in this direction, for he was not communicative concerning his private matters; and the probabilities are that nothing could have been elicited from him by questioning that he did not choose to state voluntarily.
For years he had inhabited a small apartment on the upper floor of an unpretending public-house in a suburban city; and, save that he was a quiet old man who paid his bills regularly, gave no trouble, and spent the greater part of his time in his retired attic, busy with papers and account-books, little was known of him by the proprietor of the place or its frequenters.
One morning in midwinter, Mr. Soule did not make his appearance at breakfast—his habits being to the last degree methodical,—that a servant was sent to investigate the matter.
He found the old man seated before the empty grate—stone dead!
Of course, there was a tremendous commotion in the house. Doctors were summoned, the coroner sent for, and the customary hubbub incident to such an event followed in regular form, resulting in the conclusion that the deceased had fallen a victim to some sudden malady—but what, the medical authorities failed to exactly discover.
There seemed to be no grounds for questioning the correctness of the above conclusion. The body exhibited no traces of violence, and death had evidently been instantaneous, and it would seem, painless; for the expression of the face was natural, save for the pallor that follows dissolution, and the remnant of a cigar was still retained in the stiffened fingers of the right hand.
The room, too, was in the usual order. A desk and two trunks were unfastened, but their valuable contents were undisturbed, and in the breast pocket of the dead man's coat several thousands in bonds and bank-notes were found intact.
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