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WHOLE NO. 171.] DURHAM, COUNTY OF GREY, ONTARIO, MAY 12TH, 1870.

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ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES, Durham, Ont.

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Durham, March 16th, 1870.

DENTISTRY.

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A TANGLED WEB.

AN INTERESTING STORY.

Defeated, but as little discomfited, as we might gather from his pithy soliloquy, his next step was to double up, as he termed it, the authorities, who, he knew, would never have gone the length of apprehending the woman without having got hold of evidence sufficient to justify Sir William Rae, the Lord Advocate, a considerate and prudent man, that the charge lay heavy on the prisoner. He had no right of access, at this stage, to the names of the intended witnesses; but to a man of his activity it is no difficult matter to find these out, from the natural garrulity of the people, and a kind of self-importance in being a crown testimony. Then to find them out was next to drawing them out, for it may be safely said for our writer that there was no man, from the time of John Wilkes, who could exercise a more winning persuasion; one by one he ferreted them out, wheedled, threatened, adjured, but found himself resisted in every attempt to break them down or to turn them to him. At every stage of his inquiry he saw the case for the prisoner assuming a dark aspect—as dark, he so termed it, as the face of a hanged culprit.

'The beagles have got a track. There are more foxes in the cover than one; and shall it be said I, David M——, cannot beat out another as stimulating to the nose?'

In a quarter of an hour after having made this observation to himself, he was posting on horse-back to the farm of D——, where he arrived in as short a time as he generally took on his journeys.

'I am afraid to ask you for intelligence,' said the farmer, as he stood by the horse's side, and addressed the writer, who kept his seat.

'Get me two and five-eighths of a glass of whisky in a jug of milk, and I'll tell you then what I want. I have no time to dismount.'

The farmer complied.

'The case looks ugly,' said the writer, as he handed back the jug; 'these witnesses would hang a calendered saint of a hundred miracles. Are any tramps in the habit of coming about you?'

'Too many.'

'Do you know any of them?'

'Scarcely—not by name?'

'Any women?—never mind the men,' said the writer, impatiently.

'Yes; there is one who used to come often; she sold small things.'

'Is that all you know of her? Has she no mark, man? Is her nose long or short? no squint, lame leg, or pock-pits?'

'She had usually a small cage, in which she kept a couple of white mice.'

'White mice!' ejaculated the writer; 'never was a better mark.'

'You don't know her name?'

'No; nor do I think any of my present people do.'

'When was she here last?'

'About a month ago.'

'Anywhere near the time of the girl's death?'

'Ay, just about that time, or maybe a week before.'

'And you can give me no trace of her?'

'None whatever, except that I think I saw her take to the east, in the way to Arbroath. But I do not see how she can be of any use.'

'I don't want you to see that she can be of any use,' said the writer, laughing; 'but I want you to hear whereabout she is.'

'I will try what I can,' said the farmer.

'And let me know by some messenger who can ride as fast as I can.' Then adding, 'Gilderoy was saved by a *brown* mouse, which gnawed the string by which the key of the jail door of Forfar hung on a nail, whereby the key fell to the ground, and was pulled by him through an opening at the bottom. Heard you ever the story?'

'No.'

'But it is true, nevertheless. What would you say if a *white* mouse, or two of them, should save the life of your wife?'

'I would say it was wonderful,' replied the farmer, with eyes a-goggled by amazement.

'And so would I,' answered Mr. M—, as he put the rowels into the side of his horse and began a hard trot, which he would not slacken till he was at the Cowgate Port, and not even then, for he made his way generally through the streets of the town with equal rapidity, and always the safer that he was the 'fresher.'

On arriving at his office he sat down, and, without apparently any premeditation, unless what he had indulged in during his trot, wrote off with his usual rapidity four letters to the following effect:—'Dear Sir,—As agent for Mrs. S——, who now lies in our jail on a charge of murder, I request you will endeavor to find some trace of a woman who goes through the country with a cage and two white mice. Grave suspicions attach to her, as the person who administered the poison, and I wish your energies to be employed in aiding me to search her out.' The letters were directed to agents in Arbroath, Forfar, Kirriemuir, and Montrose, and immediately committed to a clerk to be taken to the post-office, with a good-natured laugh on the lips of the writer, and, within the teeth, the little monologue: 'The wrinkled skin easily conceals a scar.'

From some source or another—probably the true one may be guessed—an *uberrima fides* began to hang around a report that a new feature had spread over the face of Mrs. S——'s case; and that, in place of her being the guilty person, the culprit was a tramp, with white mice in a cage. Nor were the authorities long in being startled by the report; but where that woman was no one could tell, and a vague report was no foundation for authoritative action. But if it was not for a Lord Advocate to seek out or hunt after white mice, that was no reason why the prisoner's agent should not condescend to so very humble an office; and, accordingly, two days after the despatch of the letters I have mentioned, the same horse that carried the writer on the former occasion, and knew so well the prick of his rowels, was ready saddled at the door of the office. The head of the agent was instantly drawn out of some other deep well of legal truth, some score of directions given to clerks, and he was off on the road to Glammis, but not before some flash had shown him what he was to do when he got there. The same rapid trot was commenced, and continued, to the great diminution of the sap of the animal, until the place he was destined for loomed before him. He now commenced inquiries upon inquiries.—Every traveller was questioned, every door got a touch of his whip, until, at length, he got a trace, and he was again in full pursuit. I think it is Suidas who says that these pretty little animals, called white mice, are very amatory, and have a strong odor; but this must be only to their mates. I doubt if even the nostrils of a writer are equal to this perception, whatever sense they may possess in the case of pigeons with a pluckable covering. But however this may be, it was soon observable that our pursuer had at least something in his eye. The spurs were active; and by and by he drew up at a small road-side change-house, into the kitchen of which he tumbled, without a premonitory question, and there, before him, sat the veritable mistress of these very white mice, spacing the fortunes of some laughing girls, who saw the illuminated figures of their lovers in the future.

'Can you read me my fortune?' he said in his own peculiar way.

'Na; I ken ye ower weel,' was the quick reply, as she turned a pair of keen grey eyes on him.

'Well, you'll speak to me at any rate,' he said; 'I have something to say to you.'

And going into the adjoining parlor, he called for a half-mutchkin. He needed some himself, and he knew the tramp was not an abstainer.

'Tell the woman to come ben,' he said, as the man placed the whisky on the table.

'What can you want, Mr. M——, with that old, never-mend vagabond?'

'Perhaps an uncle has left her five hundred pounds,' said the writer, with a chuckle.

'Gude save us! the creature will go mad,' said the man, as he went out, not knowing whether his guest was in humor or earnest.

But whatever he had said to the woman, there she was, presently, white mice and all, seated alongside of the writer, who could make a beggar or a baron at home with him, with equal ease, and in an equally short time.

'You're obliged to me, I think, if I can trust to a pretty long memory,' he said, handing her a glass of the spirits.

'Ay; but it doesna need a lang memory to mind giein' me this,' she replied, not wishing any other reason for her obligation.

'And you've forgotten the pirn scrape?'

'The deil 's in a lang memory; but I hinna,' she replied, with more confidence, for by this time the whisky had disappeared in the accustomed bourne of departed spirits.

'Weel, it's a bad business that at your auld freend's, at D——,' said he, getting into his Scotch, for familiarity. 'Hae ye heard?'

'Wha hasna heard? I kenned the lassie brawly; but I didna like her—she was never gude to a puir cratur like me.'

'But they say ye ken mair than ither folk,' said he.

'Maybe I do,' replied the woman, getting proud of the impeachment.—'Hae we nae lugs and een, ay, and stamachs, like ither folk?'

'And could ye do naething to save this puir woman, the wife o' a guid buirdly man, wi' an open hand to your kin, and the mither o' a family?'

'I care naething aboot her being the wife o' a man, or the mither o' a family; but I ken what I ken.'

'And sometimes what ye dinna ken, when you tell the lasses o' their lovers ye never saw.'

'The deil tak their louping hearts into his hand for silly gawkies. If they werena' a' red-wud about lads, they wadna heed me a whistle. But, though I might try to get Mrs. S——'s head out o' the loop, I wadna like to put my ain in.'

'I'll tak guid care o' that,' said the writer; 'I got ye out o' a scrape before.'

'Weel than—'

'And weel than,' echoed he.

'And better than weel than; suppose I swore I did it mysel'—and maybe I did, that's no your business—they wadna hang a puir wretch like me for her ain words, wad they, when there's nae proof I did it but my ain tongue?'

'Not likely,' replied he; 'and then a hunder gowden guineas as a present, no as a bribe—'

'I want nae bribes—I gie value for my fortunes. If it's wind, wind is the breath of life; a present!'

'Would mak your een jump,' added he, finishing his sentence.

'Jump! ay, loup! whaur are they?'

'You will get the half when you come into the town, and the other when Mrs. S—— is safe. You will ca' at my office on Wednesday; and, after that, I'll tak care o' you. In the meantime you maun sell your mice.'

'Geordie Cameron offered me five shillings for them; I'll gie them to him.'

'No,' replied the writer; 'no to a *man*. Ken ye nae woman-tramp will tak them, and show them about as you do?'

'Oh ay; I'll gie them to Meg Davidson, wha's to be here the night. But whaurfor no Geordie?'

'Never ye mind that, I ken the difference; and if Meg doesna give you the five shillings, I will.'

'Weel buy them yoursel',' said the woman.

'Done,' said he; 'there's five guineas for them, and you can gie them to Meg as a present. Now, are ye firm?'

'Firm!' she cried, as she clutched the money, and gave a shrill laugh, from a nerve that was never softened by pity or penitence. 'I think nae mair o't, man—sir, I mean, for ye proved yoursel' a gentleman to me afore—than I now do in spacing twins to your wife, at her next down-lying.'

A rap on the table, from the bottom of the pewter measure, brought in the landlord.

'Fill that again,' said the writer.

And the man having re-entered with the pewter measure—

'You're to give this woman board and lodging for a day or two, and I will pay you before I start."

'That will be oot o' the five hundred frae her uncle,' said the man, laughing. 'She's my leddy noo; but what will become o' the mice?'

'There's Meg Davidson passing the window e'en noo,' said the woman.

'Send her in,' said the writer to the change-house keeper.

The woman going under this name was immediately introduced by the man, with a kind of mock formality; for he could not get quit of the impression that his old customer had really succeeded to the five hundred pounds—a sum, in his estimation, sufficiently large to insure respect.

'Maggy,' said the writer, 'tak this chair, and here's a dram. What think ye?'

'I dinna ken.'

'Ye're to get the twa white mice and the cage for naething, and this dram to boot.'

Meg's face cleared up like a June sun come out in a burst.

'Na,' she said; 'ye're joking.'

'But it's upon a condition,' rejoined he.

'Weel, what is't—that I'm to feed them weel, and keep clean?'

'You'll do that, too,' said he, laughing, 'for they're valuable creatures, and bonny; but you're to say you've had them for a year.'

'For twa, if you like,' replied the woman; 'a puir fushionless lee that, and no worth sending a body to the deil for.'

'Here they are,' said the tramp, 'and you're to tak care o' them. They've been my staff for mony a day, and they're the only creatures on earth I care for and like; for they never said to me, 'Get out, ye wretch,' or banned me for a witch; but were aye sae happy wi' their pickles o' barley, and maybe, a knot o' sugar, when I could get at a farmer's wife's bowl.'

Even hags have pathetic moods.—Meg was affected, and the writer, having appreciated the virtue, whispered into the ear of his *protege*, 'Seven o'clock on Wednesday night,' and left them to the remainder of the whisky. At the door he settled with the man, and mounting his horse, for which he had ordered a bottle of strong ale, in addition to his oats, he set off at his old trot.

'Now let the crown blood-hounds catch Meg Davidson and her mice,' he said, as he pushed on.

The writer was, no doubt, bent eagerly for home; but he seldom got to his intended destination, though we have given one or two examples of an uninterrupted course, without undergoing several stoppages, either from the sudden calls of business, which lay in every direction, or the seductions of conviviality, equally ubiquitous; and, on this occasion, he was hailed from the window of the inn by some ten-tumbler men of Forfar, whose plan for draining the loch by making toddy of it had not, to their discomfort, been realized, but who made due retaliation by very clean drainings elsewhere. The moment he heard the shout he understood the meaning thereof, because he knew the house, the locality, and the men; and Meg Davidson and her mice were passed into the wallet-bag of time, till he should give these revellers their satisfaction in a boon companion who could see them under the table, and then mount his horse, with a power of retention of his seat unexampled in a county famous for revolutions of heads as well as of bodies. Dismounting from his horse, he got his dinner, a meal he had expected at Dundee; and, in spite of the distance of fourteen miles which lay before him, he despatched tumbler after tumbler without being once tempted to the imprudence of letting out his extraordinary hunt, but rather with the prudence of sending, through his compotators, to the county town the fact that a woman who perambulated the country with white mice was really the murderer of the country girl. This statement he was able to make, even at that acme of dithyrambicism, when, as usual, he got upon the head of the table to make his speech of the evening. It was now eleven, and he had swallowed eight tumblers, yet he was comparatively steady when he mounted; and, though during the fourteen miles he swung like a well-ballasted barque in a gale of wind, he made sufficient headway to be home by half-past twelve.

Next morning, as ready and able as usual for the work of the day, he was at his desk about eleven, and when engaged with one client, while others were waiting to be despatched in the way in which he alone could discharge clients, he was waited on by a gentleman connected with the Crown Office. Having been yielded a preference, the official took his seat.

TO BE CONTINUED.

When a cow or ox gets choked, strap up a fore leg and compel the animal to jump. This will cause the obstacle to fly out.

An Irish clergyman advertises that he will teach a Sunday school twice a week—Tuesdays and Saturdays.

An Irishman called at the office of the Decorah (Iowa) 'Democrat' and asked what they charged a hundred for 'cow bills.' 'Two dollars,' was the reply. 'Then,' said Pat, laying down a ten-cent plaster, 'give me five of thim.'

A countryman stopped at a telegraph window, where a young lady was receiving dispatches, and after looking on a moment, called to his companion:—'Say, Bill, just you come and see 'em make paper collars! Don't she know her biz, hey Bill?'

Editors do not always think of their smart things on the spur of the moment; but one of them down in New England got in a good repartee the other day, Mr. Daniel Pratt, a great bore, came in with his customary introduction: 'I am the Great American Traveler!' 'Well, travel!' was all the reply he got.

The Greensburg (Indiana) 'Press' says that a gay Greensburger, when he goes to see his girl, a little west of that town, 'carries his fine boots under his arm until he reaches the gate, when he doffs his stogas and marches into her presence as fresh and clean as a new-blown pumpkin blossom.'

'Ticket, sir,' said a railroad conductor, passing through one of the trains the other day, to a passenger. 'My face is my ticket,' replied the other, a little vexed. 'Indeed,' said the conductor, rolling back his wristbands and displaying a most powerful bunch of fives; 'well my orders are to punch all tickets passing over this road.'

Here is a maxim given by an American paper for the benefit of all men, in whatsoever branches of business: 'You might as well attempt to shampoo an elephant with a thimbleful of soap suds as attempt to do business and ignore printer's ink.'

Legs.

ENGLISH LADIES EXHIBITING CASTS OF THEIR BEAUTIFUL LIMBS.

(*Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt Ritchie to the San Francisco Chronicle.*)

White, symmetrical feminine legs are said to be disappearin fromg American soil. They are so much in the ascendant in England that ladies of rank have invented a new method of making known their fair proportions. We read in the March number of the *Galaxy* in a work just published, two American medical men put forth the gross slander that "a handsome leg is a rarity—we had almost said an impossibility—among American women?" We do not believe the ungallant libel, though American ladies are certainly not in the habit of publishing their charms by having casts taken of their shapely legs as an ornament for drawing room tables to be sold for the benefit of the vendor of casts, or to be circulated among friends as a delicate token of friendship and valuable work of art. What we are about to relate appears at the first blush so incredible that we hold ourself responsible for its exact truth.

Upon the drawing-room table of a lady of rank in London—a lady of high position and irreproachable character—may be seen, beneath a glass case, a lovely dimpled little foot, delicate ankle rounded calf up to the knee-joint; it is the cast of the leg of Lady ——, the hostess. In Soho Square there is a small shop, in which you can purchase, for ten shillings a cast of one of the most exquisite of legs, the original—in flesh—belongs to Lady —— de G—— and R——, who went to this little shop, incog., and had her perfect leg moulded, and afterwards generously gave the shopman the privilege of selling copies of the cast, which he did daily, for it was quickly discovered to whom the beauteous leg belonged.

One lady, the wife of a Mayor of a town in the Province, came to London and had two casts taken of her leg; one nude, and one with the neat little shoe, stocking and garter. Strange to say (though no artist will care to strange), the leg with the stocking and garter produced an effect much further removed from modesty, than the leg quite unclad. Brucciani, the cast vendor in Convent Garden, drives a brisk business in casting ladies' legs, and has any quantity of models of all descriptions taken from life, and chiefly from noble life, for sale. How this leg mania originated we have never heard, but there is credes explanation for this sudden passion among the aristocratic fair to have their legs recognized, perhaps it is only because "a thing of beauty is a joy forever."

A Matrimonial Adventure.

A London journal relates the following as of actual occurrence:

'Some time since the Saloons of Paris were entertained by a matrinial adventure, the hero of which was the son of one of the wealthiest bankers. The gentleman was engaged to marry a lady of high rank, and everything was prepared. The bridegroom had sent in the 'corbeille,' which was extremely rich, the diamonds alone being worth over one hundred thousand dollars. Wishing to enjoy the gratification of his bride, he followed closely on the heels of his present, and finding no one in the parlor, ensconced himself behind the curtain.

'Oh, did you ever see such a beautiful corbeille! Louise is lucky; what a generous husband she will have!'

'She ought to be happy to be sure, but do you know what she told me just now?—why, that she had rather have the corbeille without the gentleman who gave it.'

'It can't be; she never said it.'

'She certainly did; and there she is—ask her for yourself. Louise, didn't you tell me you would rather have the corbeille alone without Mr.——'

'Yes, I say so; but that's between ourselves.'

'Much obliged to you, madamoiselle,' said Mr. —— coming forward, 'you shall not have either.'

So saying, he coolly put the splendid present under his arm and walked off, leaving the ladies in an embarrassment, that can easier be conceived than expressed.'

A Wisconsin lover caught his bride carrying in a back log that he could not himself lift, and concluded not to marry in that family.

A little boy of Hudson, New York, couldn't remember the text exactly, but thought it was "something about a hawk between two pigeons." It was—"Why halt ye between two opinions."

Women are very scarce out in Wyoming Territory. According to a local paper, such few married men as are out there can't get any sleep at nights, on account of their unmarried neighbours standing around the cabins grinding their teeth.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Says the Troy *Times*: "Tuesday afternoon a young lady, standing with a friend in the Union depot, felt somebody's hand withdrawn from her dress pocket, and on casting a side glance at the owner of the hand she saw that he was a flashily-dressed young man, and on looking still further, she saw that her pocket-book was in his hand. As the article in question contained but four cents, she allowed the fellow to keep it, whispering to him, 'take the pennies and buy yourself some candies.'

WATER ENOUGH.—A venerable member of a Presbytery lately fell into a certain canal. He was drawn out half-drowned, and conveyed to a house in the neighborhood and put to bed. 'Will ye tak some spirits and water, sir?' asked his considerate host. 'Na, na,' said the elder, 'I hae had plenty o' water for ae day; I'll tak the spirits.'

A plasterer and his boy being employed by the day to whitewash a house, were so tedious that the owner asked the lad, in his master's absence, when he thought they would have it done. The lad bluntly replied that 'master was looking out for another job, and if he found one, they should make an end that week.'

Josh Billings says: 'There haint been even a bug made yet in vain, nor one that wan't a good job. There is even lots of human men loafing about blacksmith shops and cider mills all over the country, that don't seem to be necessary for anything but to beg plug tobacco, and sware, and steal water-melons, but yu let the kolery break out once, and then yu will see the wisdom of having jist such men laying around. They help count.'

THE $300,000 OFFER.—The Warden of Grey has received an answer from the Toronto, Grey and Bruce Railway Company, relative to the offer of a bonus of $300,000 from certain municipalities in Grey to assist an extension of the line to Owen Sound. It is to the effect that in the absence of the President in England, the Board does not consider itself authorized to accept any reduction or modification of the terms offered by the Company at the County Council meeting in Durham last winter; but that at some future time, the matter may be further considered, &c. Translated into plain English, the reply may be taken to mean that the Company do not care about extending their line through Grey until they are satisfied that they can't get through Bruce.—*Mt. Forest Examiner.*

A Scotch landlady, being told by a customer that he hoped she put no pernicious ingredients into her liquor, retorted, 'There is nae thing pernicious put into our barrels, but the exciseman's stick.'

Complimentary.—'Please, Mr. Smith, papa wants to know if you won't lend him the model of your hat?' 'Certainly my son; what for?' 'He wants to make a scarecrow.'

A man was indignantly exclaiming that his knife had been stolen, when at last one of his neighbors, whose garden had been robbed a short time previous, said to him, 'I found your knife among my cabbage; how came it there?'

An orator who had wrought himself up to a 'pitch of eloquence,' exclaimed:—'And now I'll conclude in the beautiful and expressive language of the immortal poet—poet—I—I've forgot his name, and—and—I—*I've forgot what he said, too.*'

A newspaper contains the account of a new play, and says the audience sat 'spell-bound. There were only four persons present. One was deaf, and the other three were asleep.'

A MYSTERIOUS MURDER.—The journals of Teulouse published accounts of a mysterious murder at Boux (Haute-Garonne). A tailor disappeared more than two months back leaving a wife and three children. He had attended a fair at Saint-Beat, where he went to pay a debt of 800f., and was seen in an inn with his creditor, who had been overheard to say to him, "Pay me the interest only, and leave the capital to another time." A short time back an anonymous writing was picked up in the street of Saint-Beat, bearing the words, "Search the cellars of the town, and you will find the man you are looking for." The authorites in consequence made a perquisition, aided by dogs, and discovered some human remains in a vault beneath the inn in which the tailor had been last seen. The body had been cut into pieces and buried beneath a thick layer of salt, by which it had been preserved from decomposition.

A western journal commenting upon the sad intelligence received that Dr. Livingstone suffered death as a wizard, makes the harrowing announcement: 'This morning we publish the painful rumor that Dr. Livingstone been burned as a buzzard.'

Bickersteth states, upon careful examination, that at least one verse in thirty of the New Testament points onward to the resurrection life.