

A Quaker Detective

We were five passengers in all; two ladies on the back seat, a middle-aged gentleman, and a Quaker on the middle, and myself on the one in front.

The two ladies might have been mother and daughter, aunt and niece, governess and charge, or might have sustained any other relationship which made it proper for two ladies to travel together unattended.

The middle-aged gentleman was sprightly and talkative. He soon struck up an acquaintance with the ladies, toward whom, in his zeal to do, he rather overdid the agreeable—bowing and smiling and chatting over his shoulder in a way painfully suggestive at his time of life, of a "crisis" in the neck.

He was evidently a gay Lothario. The Quaker wore the uniform of his sect, and confined his speech, as many a parliamentarian would save his credit by doing, to simple "yeas" and "nays." As for myself, I make it an invariable rule of the road to be merely a looker-on and listener.

Towards evening, I was aroused from one of those reveries into which a young man without being either a pet or a lover, will sometimes fall, by the abrupt query from the talkative gentleman: "Are you armed, sir?"

"I am not," I answered astonished, no doubt visibly, at the question.

"I am sorry to hear it," he replied; "for before reaching our stopping place it will be several hours in the night, and we must pass over a portion of the road on which more than one robbery is reported to have been committed."

The ladies turned pale, and the stranger did his best to reassure them.

"Not as I think there is the slightest danger at present," he resumed; "only when one is responsible for the safety of ladies, you know, such a thing as a pistol in reach would materially add to one's confidence."

"Your principles, my friend," addressing the Quaker, "I presume, are as much opposed to carrying as to using carnal weapons?"

"Yes," was the response.

"Have the villains murdered any of their victims?" the elder of the ladies nervously enquired.

"Or have they contented themselves with—plundering them?" added the younger, in a timorous tone.

"Decidedly the latter," the amiable gentleman hastened to give assurance; "and as we are none of us prepared to give resistance in case of attack, nothing worse than robbery can befall us."

Then, after blaming his thoughtlessness in having unnecessarily introduced a disagreeable subject, the gentleman quite excelled himself in efforts to raise the spirits of the company, and succeeded so well by the time night set in that all had quite forgotten, or only remembered their fears to laugh at them.

Our genial companion fairly talked himself hoarse. Perceiving which, he took from his pocket a package of newly invented cough candy, and after passing it first to the ladies, he helped himself to the balance, and tossed the paper out of the window.

He was in the midst of high encomium on the new nostrum, more than half the efficacy of which, he insisted, depended on its being taken by suction, when a shrill whistle was heard, and almost immediately the coach stopped, while two faces, hideously blackened, presented themselves at each window.

"Sorry to trouble you," said the man on the right, acknowledging with a bow two lady-like screams from the back seat; "but 'business is business,' and ours will soon be over, if things go smoothly."

"Of course, gentlemen, you will spare as far as may be consistent with your agreeable duty, the feelings of these ladies," appealed the polite passenger in his blindest manner.

"Oh! certainly; they shall be attended to, and shall not be required to leave their places, or submit to search, unless their conduct render it necessary."

"And now, ladies," continued the

robber, the barrel of his pistol gleaming in the light of the coach lamp, "be so good as to pass out your purses, watches and such other trinkets as may be accessible without much trouble."

The ladies came down handsomely and were not further molested.

One by one the rest of us were compelled to get out, the middle-aged gentleman's turn coming first. He submitted with a winning grace, and was rebuffed like a very Chesterfield.

"My own affair, like the sum I lost was scarcely worth mentioning. The Quaker's turn came next. He quietly handed over his pocket-book and watch, and when asked if he had any other valuables, said "Nay."

A Quaker's word is good, even among thieves; so after a hasty "good night," the robber thrust his pistol in his pocket and with his two companions, one of whom had held the reins of the leaders, was about taking his departure.

"Stop!" exclaimed the Quaker, in a tone more of command than request.

"Stop! what for?" returned the other, in evident surprise.

"For at least two good reasons," was the reply, emphasized with a couple of Derringers cocked and presented.

"Help!" shouted the robber.

"Stop!" the Quaker again exclaimed. "And if one of thy sinful companions advances a step to thy relief the spirit will surely move me to blow thy brains out."

The robber at the opposite window, and the one at the leader's head, thought it a good time to leave.

"Now get in friend," said the Quaker still covering his man, "and take the middle seat, but first deliver up thy pistol."

The other hesitated.

"The had better not delay; I feel the spirit beginning to move my right forefinger."

The robber did as he was directed, and the Quaker took his place by his side, giving the new comer the middle seat.

The driver, who was frightened out of his wits, now set forward at a rapid rate. The lively gentleman soon recovered his vivacity. He was especially facetious on the Quaker's prowess.

"You're a run Quaker, you are!" "Why, you don't quake worth a cent."

"I am not a 'Shaking Quaker,' if that's what thee means."

"Of the 'Hickory,' or rather of the 'Old Hickory' stripe, I should say, restored the lively gentleman; but the Quaker, relapsing into his usual monosyllables, the conversation flagged.

Time sped, and sooner than we expected, the coach stopped where we were to have supper, and a change of horses. We had deferred a redistribution of our effects till we should reach this place, as the dim light of the coach lamp would have rendered the process somewhat difficult before.

It was now necessary, however, that it should be attended to at once, as our jovial companion had previous announced his intention of leaving us at this point. He proposed a postponement till after supper, which he offered to go and order.

"Nay," urged the Quaker, with an approach to abruptness, and laying his hand on the other's arm, "business before pleasure," and for business there is no time like the present.

"Will thee be good enough to search the prisoner?" he said to me, still keeping his hand, in a friendly way, on the passenger's arm.

"I did so, but not one of the stolen articles could be found."

"He must have got rid of them in the coach," the gay gentleman suggested, and immediately offered to go and search.

"Stop!" thundered the Quaker tightening his grasp.

The man turned pale, and struggled to release his arm. In an instant one of the Derringers was levelled at his head.

excited so completely, he forgot both the language and the principals of his persuasion.

Placing the other pistol in my hand, with directions to fire on the first of the two men that made a suspicious movement, he went to work on Luthario, from whose pockets, in less time than I like to tell it, he produced every item of the missing property, to the utter amazement of the two ladies, who had begun, in no measured terms to remonstrate against the shameful treatment the gentleman was receiving.

The Quaker I need scarcely add, was no Quaker at all, but a shrewd detective, who had been set on the track of a band of desperadoes, of whom our middle-aged friend—who didn't look near so middle-aged when his wig was off—was the chief.

The robbery had been adroitly planned. The leader of the gang had taken passage in the coach, and after learning, as he supposed, our defenceless condition, had given the signal to his companions by throwing out the scrap of paper already mentioned. After the unexpected capture of the first robber, it was attempted to save the booty by secretly passing it to the accomplice, still believed to be unsuspected, who counted on being able to make off with it at the next stopping place.

The result was that both, for a season "did the State some service."

THRILLING INCIDENT.—During the late flood two men near Long Eddy took a roving and went upon some low land near the Delaware river to fasten a stack of hay, and before they could make it fast and return, the sudden rise of water cut off their communication with the high lands. They were compelled to seek refuge on the stack, and despite ropes and ties it soon floated off.

In a moment more they were floating down the raging tide. No help for them, and no paddle or pole to guide their tender and tottering craft. Down, down the overwelling and surging torrent, they floated and rolled along.

No boat could reach them, for the water was so rough and too rapid. Soon they passed Calloway, twelve miles distant, and in a short time were approaching the Cochecon bridge, five miles further down. Three miles more and the falls would shake their lay raft to atoms, and their hopes ended. Near Milanville, they were discovered far up the river, and a boat was made ready to rescue them. Just in time only a short distance above the rapids they were rescued and safely landed on shore, after a most fearful ride of twenty miles upon a stack of hay. Many thanks to the brave and skillful men who snatched them, as it were, from a watery grave.

A Railroad Adventure.

The inauguration of fast time on the principal lines of road throughout the country has developed an unusual degree of caution in running trains; hence the following story: A lightning train on a certain road leading east from this city, left last night, just as the moon was rising in the east. The engineer was alert and watchful, and as his hand grasped the lever and his eagle eye scanned the track, he was thinking about Jim Fisk and the twenty-four hours' run to New York, with an occasional remembrance of his wife and little ones at home, who would have nothing but an insurance policy to console them if he went into the ditch and stayed there.

In the midst of these reflections a tear dimmed his eye for a moment, and when he looked at the track again, there right before him was the headlight of a locomotive!

Quicker than lightning he whistled the brakes down and reversed his engine, and when the speed of his train was checked sufficiently, he sent his fireman off in hot haste to flag the approaching train. By this time the passengers were all out in the woods, and the conductor was at the side of the frantic engineer, when the following conversation occurred: Conduc-

tor (furious) "What the deuce did you do for the train?" Engineer (breathless) "Collision, sir! Don't you see that locomotive?" Conductor (red hot) "No, sir, I see the moon, you blundering fool!" In less than two minutes the train was thundering ahead at the rate of forty miles an hour.—Indianapolis Miner.

An exchange gives the following sensible directions for driving young horses:

"In teaching a young horse to drive well, do not hurry to see how fast he can trot. Keep each pace clear and distinct from the other—that is, in walking, make him walk, and do not allow him to trot. While trotting, be equally careful that he keeps steady at his pace, and do not allow him to slack into a walk. The reins, while driving, should be kept snug; and when pushed to the top of his speed, keep him well in hand, that he may learn to bear well upon the bit, so that when going at a high rate of speed, he can be held at his pace, but do not allow him to pull to hard, for it is not only unpleasant, but makes it often difficult to manage."

One of our exchanges tell its readers "that there is nothing like sticking to one branch of business, however small. A man has peddled pop-corn on the Fitchburg Mass., railroad till he is worth upwards of one hundred thousand dollars and still keeps at it." This is an example for young men to pattern after. When a vocation is decided upon and commenced stick to it, and success will in time crown your efforts. The printing business may be an exception; but aside from this we advise all of our young friends who are engaged in any honorable business, to stick to it.

The Effect of Novel Reading on Crime.

The reading of Eugene Sue's novels first suggested to the mind of the bloody hero of the Panin tragedy the idea of it. This is certainly a new and startling fact. It all novels in which the villain is a hero are calculated to have a similar influence, then the influence of the cheap yellow covered literature, with which the country is flooded may be some anxiety. It would perhaps throw some light on the subject if some attention was given to the previous habitual readings of noted felons, and an effort made to ascertain how far their intentions were moulded or affected by the mental poison they had ornamented their brains with. An insatiate novel reader, who reads every new book that comes out, might find some difficulty in choosing from among the heresies a suitable example to follow, and an ideal formed and selected to follow, beset aside by a new one. Thus the constant panorama of villainous passing before his mind's eye would afford such a variety as to incapacitate him from giving the preference to any one character as a model.

A Small Man.

The "short and long of it" is the caption of a Cincinnati reporter's announcement of the arrival in that city of the "smallest man in the world."

Col. J. H. Chaffin—being just twenty-seven inches high and weighing exactly twenty-five pounds—accompanied by his brother C. C. Chaffin, who is six feet four and three quarter inches high and weighs two hundred and ten pounds. They hail from Liberty, Bedford county, Va., and the Colonel will be forty-four years old on the 22d proximo, while his brother was forty-five on the 22d of August last. The reporter says further that the Colonel wears a "full suit of hair, moustache and whiskers dressed in military, fatigue uniform, and when called upon and "interviewed" was partaking of a hearty dinner of roast turkey, vegetables, milk, &c.

The place to go to get your printing done, is at the ADVERTISER'S Office, Andover, N. Y.

Harper's Magazine.

The November number completes the thirty-ninth volume of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. While no change is contemplated in the general character of the Magazine, the Editors will not fail to avail themselves of any suggestions which may aid to its present interest or permanent value. Special and increased attention will be given to the departments of Popular Science and Industrial Arts. Papers on these subjects will be judiciously illustrated. It is proposed that the various Editorial Departments should give a complete resume of the times. Bank of these departments is placed in the charge of one member of the Editorial Corps, all however, under the supervision of the Editor-in-Chief. The Editor will comment upon topics relating to social and political matters. The Book Table will give the important books of the day. The Monthly Record will note all important political events. The Drawer will present the amusing and anecdotes of the times.

Harper's Magazine contains from five to one hundred percent more matter than any other periodical issued in the English language. Thus the single copy is worth its price. The Magazine is published in its entirety in French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Russian. The publishers feel themselves warranted in asking and accepting for the future a continuance of the favor which has been accorded to their enterprise in the past.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY is an illustrated journal, of current interest. In November a new story will be commenced by William C. Bryant, the author of "Mr. Nones," "Keweenaw," "Montezuma." Subscribers will be furnished with the WEEKLY from the commencement of the story to the close of 1870 for \$3.00.

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HARPER'S BAZAR is a journal for the Home. It is especially devoted to all subjects pertaining to Domestic and Social Life. It furnishes the latest fashions in dress and ornaments; contains Stories, Essays, and Poems—every thing, in brief, calculated to make an American Home attractive.

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