

"TOO LATE."

"There was nothing in the story!"
Thus the people said;
But they had her name with glory.
Now that she is dead!

"Were the verses worth the reading?"
Hush! she wrote for bread.
Every line seems full of pleading,
Now that she is dead!

Weariness, temples throbbing,
Heart that weighed as lead,
Eyelids used to slumbering,
Ah! and now she's dead!

O ye people, how your scornings
Filled her soul with dread!
"Let me sleep," she moaned; and morning
Came, and found her dead!

Kindly judge, then, those who live,
In her footsteps tread.
Praises, too, in the giving,
Come but to the dead!

—Chambers' Journal.

THE RUNAWAY.

"Would they put her in the asylum," she wondered, "if they caught her?"
Folks would surely think she was crazy.
She stopped at the stone wall to rest, and looked back timorously at the old familiar scene.

Far behind her stretched the meadow, a symphony of olive and green in the late fall. Here and there by a stunted bowlder stood soldierly golden rod, or berry bushes clothed now in scarlet and gold. At intervals in the long slope stood solitary trees, where fluttering, brittle leaves fell in the gentle chill air. In summer time she remembered well the hay makers rested in the shade, and the jug with ginger water she made for the men was kept there to be cool.

She seemed, as she sat there, to remember everything. The house was all right, she was sure of that; the key was under the kitchen door mat, the fire was out in the stove, and the cat looked in the barn.

She held her work hardened hand to her side, panting a little, for it was a good bit of a walk across the meadow, and she was 80 years old on her last birthday. The cows feeding looked homelike and pleasant.

"Good-by, critters," she said, aloud; "men's the time I've druv ye home an' milked ye, an' I'llus let ye eat by the way, or never hurried ye as the boys done."

With a farewell glance she went on again, smoothing as she walked the scattered locks of gray hair falling under the pumpkin hood, and keeping her scant black gown out of the reach of briars. Across another field, then on through a leafy lane where the wood was hauled in winter, then out through a gap in a stump fence, with its great branching arms like a petrified octopus, to the dusty high road.

Not a soul in sight in the coming twilight. John, the children, and the scolding wife who made her so unhappy would not be home for an hour yet, for East Mills was a long drive.

Down the steep hill went the brave little figure, followed by an odd shadow of itself in the waning light, and by tiny stones that rolled so swiftly they passed her often and made her look behind with a start to see if a pursuer were coming.

"They'd put me in the asylum, sure," she muttered wistfully as she trudged along. At the foot of the hill she sat down upon an old log and waited for the train.

Across the road, guarded by a big sign, "Look out for the engine," ran two parallel iron rails, that were to be her road when the big monster should come prancing around the curve.

At last the dull rumble sounded, a shrill whistle and she hurried to the track, waving her shawl to signal.

This, in the conductor's vernacular, was a cross roads station, where he was used to watch for people waving articles frantically. The train stopped, and this passenger was helped aboard. He noticed she was a bright eyed old lady, very neat and precise.

"How far?" he asked.
"Boston," she said.

"There in the mornin'," he said, kindly, waiting for the money, as she opened a queer little reticule, where, under her knitting, wrapped in a clean cotton handkerchief, was her purse with her savings of long years—the little sums Sam had sent her when he first began to prosper in the west, and some money she had earned herself by knitting and berry picking.

At a cross roads, as they went swiftly on, she saw the old sorrel horse, the rattling wagon and John with his family driving homeward. She drew back with a little cry, fearing he might see her and stop the train, but they went on so fast that could not be, and the old horse jogged into the woods, and John never thought his old Aunt Hannah, his charge for twenty long years, was running away.

At Boston a kindly conductor bought her a through ticket for Denver.

"It's a long journey for an old lady like you," he said.

"But I'm never by my age," she said anxiously; "I pearl had a day's sickness since I was a gal."

"Going all the way alone?"
"With Providence," she answered brightly, alert and eager to help herself, but silent and thoughtful as the train took her into strange landscapes where the miles went so swiftly it seemed like the past years of her life as she looked back on them.

"This work is marvelous," she murmured often, sitting with her hands folded, and few idle days had there been in her world where she had sat and rested so long.
In the day coach the people were kind and generous, sharing their baskets with her and seeing she changed cars right and her carpet bag was safe. She was like any one of the dear old grandmothers in eastern homes, or to grizzled men and weary women, like the memory of a dead mother as faint and far away as the scent of wild roses in a hillside country ground. She tended babies for tired women and talked to the men of farming and crops, or told the children Bible stories; but never a word she said of herself, not one.

On again, guided by kindly hands through the great bewildering city by the lake, and now through yet a stranger land. Tired and worn by nights in the uncomfortable seats, her brave spirit began to fall a little. As the wide level plains, lonely and drear, dawned on her sight she sighed often.

"It's a dreful big world," she said to a gray bearded old farmer near her; "so big I feel enmost lost in it, but," hopefully, "across them deserts like this long ago Providence sent a star to guide them wise men of the east, an' I ain't lost my faith."

But as the day wore on, and still the long, monotonous land showed no human habitation, no oasis of green, her eyes dimmed, something like a sob rose under the black kerchief on the bowed shoulders, and the spectacles were taken off with trembling hand and put away carefully in the worn tin case.

"De ye goin' fur, mother?" said the old farmer.

He had brought her a cup of coffee at the last station, and had pointed out on the way things she thought might interest her.

"To Denver."
"Wal, wal; ye're from New England, I'll be bound!"

"From Maine," she answered, and then she

grew communicative, for she was always a chatty old lady, and she had possessed her soul in silence so long, and it was a relief to tell the story of her weary years of waiting to a kindly listener.

She told him all the relations she had with two grandsons and their families. That twenty years ago Sam (for she had brought them up when their parents died of consumption, that kills so many of our folks) went out west. He was always adventurous, and for ten years she did not hear from him; but John was different and steady, and when he came of age she had given him her farm, with the provision she should always have a home, otherwise he would have gone away.

Too well, for five years they were happy, then John married, and his wife had grown to think him a burden as the years went on, and the children when they grew big did not care for her, she felt she had lived too long.

"I growed so lonesome," she said pathetically, "it seems I couldn't take up heart to live day by day, an' yet I knowed our folks was long lived. Ten years back, when Sam wrote me a doin' fair an' send me money, I begun to think of him; fur he was allus generous an' kind, an' the gratefulest boy an' so I begun to save to go to him, fur I knowed I could work my board fur a good many years to come. Fur three year he ain't hardly wrote, but I laid that to the wild kind he lived in. I said b'ars an' Injuns don't skere me none, fur when I was a gal up in Aroostook kentry there was plenty of both, an' as fur bullfathers them horned cattle don't skere me none, fur I've been used to a farm allus. But the lonesomeness of these modders has sorter upset me an' made me think every day Sam was fadder off than I ever calculated on."

"But what will you do if Sam ain't in Denver?" asked the farmer.

"I hev put my faith in Providence," she answered simply, and the stranger could not mar that trust by any word of warning.

He gave her his address as he got off at the Nebraska line, and told her to send him word if she needed help. With a warm hand clasp he parted from her to join the phantoms in her memory, of folks that had bin kind to her, God bless 'em, and then the train went rumbling on.

But many of the passengers had listened to her story and were interested, and they came to sit with her.

One pale little lad in the seat in front turned round to look at her now and then and to answer her smile. He was going to the new country for health and wealth, poor lad, only to find eternal rest in the sunny land, but his last days brightened by the reward for his thoughtful act of kindness.

"She probably brought those boys up," he thought, "and denied her life for them. Is she to die unwarded? I wonder! The cannot be any good in the world if that be so." He thought of her and took out his poor purse; there was so little money in it, too, every cent made a big hole in his store; but the consciousness of a good deed was worth something. "I mayn't have the chance to do many more," thought the lad, buttoning his worn overcoat.

He slipped off without a word at a station and sent a telegram to Denver.

"To Samuel Blair"—for he had caught the name for her talk—"Your Aunt Hannah Blair, of Maine, is on the W. and V. train coming to you."

It was only a straw, but a kindly word might blow it to the right one after all.

When he was sitting there after his message had gone on its way, she leaned over and handed him a peppermint drop from a package in her pocket.

"You don't look strong, dearie," she said; "hain't ye no folks with ye?"

"None on earth."

"Ye're both lone ones," she smiled; "an' how sad it be there ain't no one to fuss over ye. An' be keeful of the drafts, and keep flannel allus on your chest; that is good fur the lungs."

"You are very kind to take an interest in me," he smiled; "but I am afraid it is too late."

Another night of weary slumber in the cramped seats, and then the plain began to be dotted with villages, and soon appeared the straggling outskirts of a city, the smoke of mills, the gleam of the Platte river, and a network of iron rails, bright and shining, as the train ran shrieking into the labyrinth of its destination.

"This is Denver," said the lad to her, "and I'll look after you as well as I can."

"It isn't no burden," she said brightly. "I've \$20 dollars yet, an' that's a sight of money."

The train halted to let the eastward bound express pass, there was an air of excitement in the car, passengers were getting ready to depart, gathering up luggage and wraps, and some watching the newcomers and the rows of strange faces on the outward bound.

The roar of the car slammed suddenly, and a big bearded man with eager blue eyes came down the aisle looking sharply from right to left. He had left Denver on the express to meet his train. His glance fell on the tiny black figure.

"Why, Aunt Hannah!" he cried, with a break in his voice, and she put out her trembling hands and fell into his big arms, tears streaming down the wrinkled face.

"I knowed Providence would let me find ye, Sam," she said brokenly, and no one smiled when the big man sat down beside her and with gentle hand wiped her tears away.

"Why, I've sent John \$20 a month for five years for you," he said angrily, as she told him why she ran away, "and he said you could not write, for you had a stroke and was helpless, and I have written to you often and sent you money. It's hard for a man to call his own brother a villain."

"We won't, Sam," she said gently, "but just furt; an' I won't be a burden to ye, fur I can work yit, an' for years to come."

"Work, indeed! Don't I owe you everything?" he cried. "And my wife has begged for you. There are so few dear old aunts in this country, they're prized, I tell you. Why, it's as good as a royal coat-of-arms to have a dear handsome old woman like you for a relation."

Then he found out who sent the telegram and paid the lad, who blushed and stammered like a girl and did not want to take it.

"I suppose you want a job," said the big man. "Well, I can give you one; I'm in the food commission business. Give you something light. Lots of your sort, poor lad, out here. All the references I want is that little kindness of yours to Aunt Hannah."

"Here's the depot, Aunt Hannah, and you won't see b'ars and Injuns, nor the buffaloes you were talking about, but the prettiest and sunniest city you ever set your dear eyes on."

He picked up the big carpet bag, faded and old fashioned, not a bit ashamed of it, though it looked like Noah might have carried it to the ark.

They said good-by, and the last seen of her was her happy old face beaming from a carriage window as she rolled away to what all knew would be a pleasant home for all her waning years.—Patience Stapleton in Once a Week.

A Contented Child.

Pond Mother—How do you like your new governess, Johnny?
Johnny—Oh, I like her ever so much.
"I'm so glad my little boy has a nice teacher at last."

"Oh, she's awful nice. She says she don't care whether I learn anything or not, as long as pop pays her salary."—New York Weekly.

STATE BALL IN ENGLAND.

THE ROYAL ENTERTAINMENTS AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

A Lively Description of the Ceremonies Which Are Necessary Before Princes and Princesses Can Have a Good Time—Only the Very Elect Are Present.

Invitations to state functions are eagerly coveted and are distributed with eccentricity. Foreign ambassadors and representatives are bidden to all state festivities, viz., to two balls and two concerts every season. These invitations include the ministers in office, with their wives and daughters, and the higher nobility. There are less exalted dignitaries who are invited to one ball and one concert only, and smaller personages still who are only bidden to one ball or even to only one ball in every two seasons. The humdrum of these, however, must be comparatively high in the social ladder. To be invited to a ball, and to be invited to a ball of old family, a land owner, wealthy, of irreproachable character, possessed of a seat in parliament, diligent in attendance at levees and drawing rooms—all of these may not qualify for entrance into the magic circle. Yet many with fewer qualifications step in.

HOW GUESTS ARE INVITED.

What exactly is required is undefined and practically unknown. How the blanks obtain a card, and why the dashers are systematically ignored, affords an inexhaustible subject of conversation. Those who are fortunate enough to be on the list of guests which is submitted to her majesty for approval receive a plain card on which the lord chamberlain intimates that he is "commanded by the queen to invite Mr. So and So to a ball" on a given date at 10 o'clock. At most social entertainments it is fashionable to be late, or to be hurrying to and from some smarter or more select assembly. At the state ball, on the contrary, it is correct to appear before the time specified, that you may yourself receive your royal hosts when they deign to shed upon you the light of their august presence. The lower you elect to wait the greater is presumed to be your loyalty. If at a quarter past 10 you arrive at Buckingham palace, you find already a brilliant throng assembled.

At the palace door servants receive you who combine the utmost brilliance of raiment with the utmost deference of manner—a combination too rarely seen. No cards are asked for, no inquiries are made. For the queen's invited guests the state rooms are lavishly decorated and lighted. There is no dragon to guard the portal, and all you have to do is to enter and enjoy.

THE BALLROOM.

It is in the ballroom that life centers. Imagine an immense gilded hall, along the sides of which run four rows of seats, covered with red satin, and rising tier above tier. At the bottom of the hall is a high gallery for the musicians; at the top is a dais raised a foot above the floor, on which gold chairs are ready for the princesses and potentates. Within the walls of that room are collected the rank, the beauty and the fashion of the "smartest" capital in Europe. The light of electric lamps is flashed back, soft, yet bright by glittering jewels, and shows the sheen of satin robes.

About 11 o'clock the band strikes up the national anthem, and the royalties enter in solemn procession. The queen is rarely present. The Princess of Wales fills her place and is the center of all eyes as she glides in under her tall diamond crown, and takes her seat in the center of the dais. The Prince of Wales throws an air of jollity over all this splendor. His children follow him, with such other royalties as happen to be in London. The ballroom never looks so well as when three royal princesses sit alone upon the dais with three diamond crowns, like the fairy tales of childhood. The princess and young princesses do not sit in state, but hover round, and chat and joke with each other; while the ladies in waiting form a long, dull row behind, without a spark of interest in their faces.

In the ballroom two circles are formed for dancing—one in front of the royalties, and the other lower down. In the former only those are supposed to dance who are in the prince's set, or who claim his acquaintance. Before each dance the royalties hold a family consultation to select their partners, and literally lay their heads together as they glance round the favored circle. When the choice has been made, the lord chamberlain comes down with a message to the honored guest; the partners selected for the princesses come up and wait upon the floor till the royal ladies descend and accept their guidance. The princesses step down and approach their partners, who await their coming near at hand. Royalties, however, dance very much with each other. The square dances are very curious, in these the Princess of Wales never walks backward, but merely pauses until the music sounds another advance. Round dances have a charming effect. When the royal personages join in the valse all the other airy whirling figures melt suddenly away, while the princesses and princesses circle round alone with their partners in the cleared space. Should you know a royal personage it is necessary to be on the alert lest they should look your way, when the lady must at once bend the knee with a swift ducking gesture. A man merely bows. The effect of the courtship as a prize passes on reminds one of a gust of wind bending a field of flowers.

REFRESHMENTS FOR GUESTS.

All this time refreshments are served to guests in out of the way corners. But soon after 12 o'clock the doors of the great supper room are thrown open, and the Princess of Wales rises to head a procession of royalties, which files down the ballroom between two lines of bowing guests. If you have been overlooked by royal eyes now is your opportunity. Watch closely as they pass, and you may yet touch a royal hand. Royal souls accompany the princesses and princesses into supper, and stand at a respectful distance to see them eat. It is not etiquette to touch food until the greater personages are satisfied. These are very merry, particularly the Prince and Princess of Wales, who seem full of talk and airy jokes; with their children around them they give a pretty family feeling to the scene. The supper room is an interesting sight in itself, with solid gold plate of immense value arranged on and over the sideboard. When the royalties have returned to the ballroom the guests fall to upon the supper, which is excellent. After supper dancing continues, but elderly people begin to long for bed, and sink away unperceived. Eyes are all of this brilliance, but it is not etiquette to leave while royalty remains. At the last the rush for carriages is fearful. How long it seems to wait in the dreamy vestibule, hearing everybody's carriage called except one's own. Ere you drive away day has broken and bathes a sleeping city in its calm, clear light.—London News.

Forfeiture.

The emptiness of our common every day salutations was never more neatly illustrated, perhaps, than in this little dialogue:

Brown—Have you seen Robinson lately, Dumley? I hear he has been sick.

Dumley—Yes, I saw him this morning. Brown—How is he?

Dumley—Well, I declare! I forgot to ask him. I just said, "How are you, old man?" and passed on.—Youth's Companion.

THE DEATH OF JOHN ADAMS.

He Passes Away July 4 Listening to the Sounds of Rejoicing.

After a long and brilliant career John Adams retired to his home in Quincy, Mass., intending to complete a history of his times before his death. He was then nearly 70 years old, and did not hope to live many years. Indeed, he predicted that his vanity and bad temper would throw him into a fit of apoplexy from which he expected never to recover, and it is a wonder he did not, for his florid, corpulent frame was little calculated to resist such an attack. Yet he lived nearly another quarter of a century, dying in his 93d year, on the Fourth of July, 1826, the fiftieth anniversary of American independence. The animosities of his public life were forgotten, and nothing is more beautiful than the friendship, embittered by many years of political opposition, that was revived between John Adams and Thomas Jefferson in old age.

As the Fourth of July approached the whole nation prepared to celebrate the event, and invitations poured in to the two ex-presidents who had borne so conspicuous a part in the establishment of independence to grace this occasion with their presence. But it became manifest before the day arrived that John Adams would not even be able to attend the celebration in Quincy. He was failing gradually in body, but he was alive to all that passed about him. June 30 a delegation was sent to ask him for a toast to be proposed in his name.

"Independence forever!" he replied. "Nothing else!" in astonishment from those who remembered his old time florid style of oratory.

"Not another word. Would you gild refined gold?"

The same day he said: "I desire no other inscription over my grave than this: 'Here lies John Adams, who took upon himself the responsibility of the peace with England in the year 1801.'"

The morning of July 4 he lay listening to all the sounds of rejoicing, with his immediate family about him. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon he took leave of them and, saying "Jefferson still survives," expired. Jefferson had died three hours before at Monticello. The news of John Adams' death reached his fellow townsmen as they were leaving the hall after the celebration. They immediately stopped their rejoicing, and forming a procession, marched with muffled drums past the house where he lay.—Chicago Tribune.

Persian Pleas for Pious.

At a village near Kermanshah I begged two "ministers" leave from a curious crowd for the purpose of bathing in an irrigation channel. Before I could dress the villagers were upon me, and the headman noticing that I was covered with bites and stings, the result of sleeping or, rather, of sleepless vigils, on the floors of filthy caravansaries, I sorrowfully remarked that there was no country like Persia for insect tortures. "How else?" said he; "it is the country of Nasr-ud-din Shah."

"Was this meant in compliment to his majesty?" I asked. "How else?" said he; "could aught be said in any other spirit of the center of the world's adoration?" "No, of course not," but I did not understand. He fixed the audience with his eye and while I tried to struggle into my clothing, said: "These insects are as good as daily bleeding. No man can be bleb daily. Praise be to God, who devised this substitute in the land of Iran!"—The Nineteenth Century.

"As the Boys Say."

One day a learned clergyman, conversing in the waiting room of a Boston railway station, made the remark: "And they got away, as the boys say, by the skin of their teeth."

At a small boy who was standing near stepped up to the clergyman, and, taking off his hat politely, asked: "Did I understand you to say, sir, that the boys say that?"

"Why, yes," said the clergyman, a little puzzled; "they do, don't they, sometimes?" "May be, sir," said the boy; "but they had to read it in the Bible first."

"Why, so they did, really?" said the clergyman, laughing.

He had remembered, all at once, that the phrase, "With the skin of my teeth," is found in the book of Job.

"As the boys say" is a very common phrase, but those who use it generally forget that the boys learn most of their sayings from their elders.—Youth's Companion.

Danger of Drinking Ice Water.

Water for drinking purposes should never be below 50 degrees. We can almost always get it even in the hottest weather as cool as this by letting it run for a minute or two from any household faucet, or drawing it from any country well. If not, there is no objection to cooling it to the point mentioned. The East India "monkey" which can now be had almost anywhere in this country, and by means of which the contained water is cooled by its own evaporation, answers the purpose admirably. I am quite sure that if ice water should be generally discarded as a drink, the average duration of life would be lengthened and existence rendered more tolerable.—Dr. William A. Hammond.

Water Cress.

The water cress is a weed, pure and simple. It can never be anything else. Efforts to cultivate it and produce a better and more delicate species have been made, and signally failed. Under artificial treatment it loses the faint, piquant, mustard flavor that is its especial charm, and assumes much of the hot, pungent taste of the horse radish. It flourishes for nearly nine months in the year, and as it is constantly renewing itself, the large, coarse leaves of the old plants may be left to wither, and only the young delicate stems picked. It will not bear cooking of any kind, but eaten raw with a little salt, and fresh bread and butter, it is—well, try it.—New York Sun.

The Trust Principle.

A curious case of the application of the principle of trusts is found on Staten Island and the ferries of the East river in New York. An Italian has gradually outbid other competitors and secured control of all boat blacking privileges. These he works by means of small Italian boys. Here is the way individualism and natural competition are collapsing before concentration. The socialists, nationalists and individualists all use such facts in a different way; but it really looks as though the Twentieth century would try some social experiments not much in favor as yet.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Invention of Omnibuses.

The invention of omnibuses is due to the Philosopher Pascal, who, in February, 1667, obtained a "privilege" or a patent for public carriages to travel through certain streets of Paris. They held eight passengers, who paid six sous each, and were very successful, although an act of the parliament of Paris forbade them being used by lackeys, soldiers and other humble folk. Pascal died in 1667, and his useful invention did not long survive him.

The omnibus reappeared in London about the beginning of the century, and was adopted in several French provincial towns before Paris accepted it again.—New York Telegram.

Natural Gas!

The gas well is going lower every day, and the prospects for a strike grow brighter with each turn of the drill. This city is certain to have natural gas or oil in the near future, and NOW is the time to buy real estate if you expect to own a home here or desire to double your money on the investment. Read carefully the following list of Bargains offered by the W. S. Britton & Co. advertising agency:

Sixty vacant lots in one of the best additions to the city. Lots large, high and dry, short distance out, and most reasonable prices, ranging from \$250 to \$375. BARGAINS.

Ten very fine lots ranging in price from \$75 to \$150 each. Long time, or will sell all together at a SPECIAL BARGAIN. Don't fail to see us before buying a lot.

House and lot. Large house of 8 rooms, 2 halls, summer kitchen, wood house, stable, cistern, hydrant and plenty of good fruit. Lot 50x165 feet. Price \$3,500.

House and lot. Fine location, convenient to town, school and railroad; house has 4 bedrooms and a room, a good summer kitchen, smoke house, Apple, cherry and peach trees and abundance of small fruits. Price \$1,300.

House and lot. Good house of 4 rooms, summer kitchen, new wood house, 100 bbl cistern, hydrant, plenty of fruit, everything in good repair. Price \$1,000.

House and lot. Close to central school building. Lot 60x165 feet; house contains 7 rooms and hall; wood house, cistern, etc. Fine shade trees and fruit. Price \$1,500, a decided bargain.

House and lot; house of 6 rooms, nicely napped and piped for gas, wood house and other outbuildings; everything in best repair. Lot 50x165 feet and can be bought for \$800.

Lot with 2 houses, within 2 squares of court house. Large house has 9 rooms and is piped for gas; small house has 3 large rooms, and the two outbuildings. Price \$3,500; will trade.

Farm of 75 acres, 2 1/2 miles from city. All thoroughly tilled, fine sugar orchard, house of twelve rooms and hall, closets, wardrobes, etc. Cistern, cistern, well with wind pump, smoke house, wood house, good orchard, small fruits in abundance. Good barn, cribs, granaries, wagon shed, etc. Everything in good repair, and a good bargain. Price \$4,500 if sold within the next 60 days.

Remember that Crawfordsville is one of the finest cities in the State, and one of the most pleasant places to live, that we have free gravel roads, and whether or not we strike gas or oil, the properties offered above are bargains at the prices asked for them.

W. S. BRITTON & CO., CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND.

Office Above Moffatt, Morgan & Co.'s Drug Store, Back.

HEAVY PLUNDER.

It Is Secured by Unknown Thieves Near Terre Haute, Ind.

A VALUABLE MAIL POUCH STOLEN.

Its Contents, Consisting of Heavy Remittances to Western Gentlemen, and Estimated at \$10,000 in Value, Secured—No Clue to the Robbers.

MADE A BIG HAUL.

St. Louis, Aug. 19.—When the fast-mail train from New York arrived about 2 o'clock Sunday morning over the Vandalla road the head mail clerk, Charles Deshields, notified Thomas Culkin, superintendent of mails at the post-office, of a robbery of his car at Terre Haute, Ind. The first indication he had of the robbery was when the train reached Effingham, sixty miles this side of Terre Haute. He there received a telegram from the station agent at Terre Haute, asking him if he had not lost a mail-pouch. He made an examination and found his Albany pouch missing, and when the train reached Vandalla, Ill., he so telegraphed the agent at Terre Haute.

The postal authorities here are extremely excited about the affair, and very little definite information has been obtained from Terre Haute. It is known positively, however, that during the five minutes' stop of the train at Terre Haute Saturday night a through registered mail-pouch, en route from Albany to St. Louis, was taken from its hook in one end of the car, and that the man who took it either left the car with it or threw it out to an accomplice. After the train had left Terre Haute the bag was found in the depot yards a short distance from where the train had been standing.

The pouch had been cut open and rifled, all the registered letters having been secured by the thieves. The pouch contained principally checks and money for cattle-dealers of this city, but the amount is known only in Albany. It is known, however, that the amount will reach \$10,000 and possibly a much larger figure. The government detectives are hard at work on the case.

Postmaster Hyde said that