

THE EVENING NEWS.

MONDAY, JULY 17, 1872.

WHAT I SAW IN A MIRROR.

[CONCLUDED.]
As he uttered these startling words, the ruffian leveled a revolver at my head, and his face—a most villainous one naturally—deepened in its lines until his features became fierce in their murderous intent.

"Who are you? What do you want? How came you here?" I exclaimed, clutching him by the shoulder.

"Never you mind," was the gruff response.

"You've spoilt my game; but I'm game to settle you if you hinder my leaving the house. I've got this shooting iron, and I mean to use it, too, if you don't keep quiet, and show me the way out."

All this time he kept his visitor alighted at my face, and the visage of the ruffian, small as it was, made me feel very uncomfortable. It was a singular predicament to be thus all alone in a room with a desperate and determined man, who, having a pistol staring him in the face, evidently preferred risking the gallows by murdering me, if he could aid his present escape.

"You want to leave the house, do you?" I remarked. "Well, I can't stop you, so put down your pistol and go. But I'll show you the door with pleasure."

As I spoke I could not help laughing faintly at the grim oddity of the situation, but my visitor could apparently find nothing to laugh at, for he was dreadfully in earnest. He followed me into the hallway, still keeping his revolver cocked and unmercifully near my head, at the same time narrowly watching me as I undid the fastenings, evidently fearing some aggressive movement.

During the few seconds that had elapsed since we had fairly faced one another, I had fully matured my plan of action, for I naturally wished to capture the ruffian, and I have had practice. He led me to believe that he was in no cool demand. Having carried off the matter so successfully, the burglar believed I intended to make no trouble nor resistance, so as I opened the street door he quickly passed out, at the same time unconsciously lowering his weapon. Then came my turn, and as he stepped off the doormat I let the door swing with a crash, and by a desperate bound flung myself suddenly upon him. The momentum of my spring was so great that it sent us both into the hallway door, the stone steps, the pistol accidentally exploding as we rolled together. The ruse had proved successful, for the burglar was taken wholly by surprise, and his revolver having fallen from his grasp, I found myself more than a match for him. The report of the pistol started the echoes of the hall, and the light from the hall gas jet gave additional force to my loud calls for the police. Fortunately, one of that much abused class happened to be within call, and I had the satisfaction of seeing my unwelcome visitor safe in his custody.

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There is very little more to tell, for the prisoner was recognised as an ardent and desperate offender, and my evidence proved sufficient to send him to Sing Sing, while I keep the pistol he dropped on my doorstep as a trophy of that eventful night. The occurrence made no end of noise in the neighborhood, so to please my wife we moved to other quarters.

There is a moral to my story, however. Always be careful that your fastenings are right and secure, else you may find unwelcome visitors on the premises, who may prove far more troublesome than I found my friend, the burglar.

THE SEALED INSTRUCTIONS.

I had served twenty-five years on board an East Indiaman, and for the last ten years had commanded the *Belle*, one of the finest crafts that ever floated. I was an old sea dog, and had dwelt so long on salt water that I felt almost a hater for the land.

On the 10th of October, 1822, I received orders to put myself in readiness to sail for Cayenne. I was to transport seventy-five soldiers and a convict. I had orders to bring the individual well, and the letter I had written to the Admiralty inclosed another with a huge red seal, which I was not to open until between 27 and 28 degrees west longitude; that is, just before we were about to cross the line.

The letter was a long packet, so well closed on every side that it was impossible to catch the slightest glimpse of its contents. I am not naturally suspicious, but there was something in the look of that letter that I did not altogether like, though I could give no reason why. However, I carried it into the cabin, and stuck it under the glass of a little shabby English clock, which was fastened above my head. I was busy fixing the letter under the clock, when who should come into my cabin but the convict and his wife! This was the first time I had seen either of them, and I may say that the poor-looking couple I never met. The woman was scarcely more than fifteen, and as handsome as a picture, while the husband was an intelligent, magnificently-formed man, on whose features nature had never written "villian."

His crime, to be plain, was the misfortune of being a hundred years ahead of his age. He and others had attempted something which our government called treason, and which is punished with death. It then occurred to me a considerable wonder that he should be placed under my charge, but more of this afterward.

He had, as I said, his wife hanging on his arm. She was as merry as a bird; she looked like a turtle dove cooing and nestling beneath his great wing.

Before a month had passed over our heads, I looked upon them as my own children. Every morn I used to call them into my own cabin. The young fellow would sit at my table, while I sat at mine, and we would have a long talk. He would often help me at reckoning, and soon learned to do better than I could. I was amazed at his ability. His young wife would sit upon one of the round stools in my cabin, working at her needles.

One day he sat all three sitting in this way, when I said:

"Do you know, my young ones, as it seems to me, we make a very pretty family picture? Mind, I don't mean to ask questions, but maybe you have not much money to spare, and you are both of you, I think, too handsome to dig in the burning sun of Cayenne, like many a poor wretch before you. It's a bad country—a bad country, take my word for it. I, who have roughed it through tempest and sunshine, till I've skinned a rhinoceros, might get along there; but you—I am afraid for you. So, if you should chance to have a bit of foolish friendship for your poor old captain, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll get rid of that old dog; and he's not much better than an old dog, after all, as he will tickle myself down there with you if you like. You see I have not a living soul in the world to care for, or that cares for me. I want relations, I want a home, I want a family. I should like to make my home with you, my pretty young ones! What say ye?"

They said nothing at all, but sat looking first at each other, and then at me, as if they doubted whether they understood what I said.

At last the little bird threw her arms around my neck and cried like a baby, "Yes, we'll go with you!"

"But," said she suddenly pausing, "you haven't looked at the letter with the big red seal."

"Hang it!" I exclaimed, "It had slipped my mind entirely."

To be continued.

RAILROADS.

UTAH CENTRAL RAILROAD

Pioneer Line of Utah

ON AND AFTER

MONDAY, JULY 17th

1872.

Trains will leave Salt Lake City daily at 8 a.m. and 2 p.m.; arrive at Ogden 7 a.m. and 5:30 p.m.; leave Ogden City at 8 a.m. and 5:30 p.m.; arrive at Salt Lake City 10 a.m. and 7:30 p.m.

In addition to the above

MIXED TRAINS

WILL RUN

DAILY, SUNDAYS EXCEPTED

Leaving Salt Lake City at 5:30 p.m. and Ogden at 5 a.m.

Passengers will please purchase their tick at the office. Fifty cents additional will be charged when the fare is collected on the train.

For all information concerning Freight or Passage, apply to

M. H. DAVIS,
Ticket and Freight Agent,
JOHN MILBURN,
Superintendent

UTAH SOUTHERN RAILROAD

ON AND AFTER JULY 17, 1872,

MIXED TRAINS

WILL RUN

DAILY.

Leaving Utah Central Railroad Depot, Salt Lake City at 8 a.m. and 2:30 p.m.

Sunday (excepted) 8:30 a.m. Little Cottonwood Canyon 8:45 a.m. 10 a.m. 4:45 p.m.

Arrive at Draper 8:30 a.m. and 5 p.m.

Leave Draper 8 a.m. and 4:30 p.m.

Arrive at Salt Lake 10:30 a.m. and 7 p.m.

Arrive at Ogden 8:45 a.m. and 6:15 p.m.

Arrive at Salt Lake 10:30 a.m. and 7 p.m.

Twenty-five cents additional will be charged when the fare is collected on the train.

For all information concerning Freight or Passage, apply to

M. H. DAVIS,
General Freight and Ticket Agent.

FERAMORZ LITTLE,
Superintendent

C. P. R. R.

February 8th, 1872

San Francisco and Sacramento.

Leave going East

8:45 a.m. 10:30 a.m. San Fran

12:30 p.m. 2:30 p.m. San Jose

4:15 p.m. 6:15 p.m. San Fran

8:30 a.m. 10:30 a.m. San Jose

12:30 p.m. 2:30 p.m. San Fran

4:15 p.m. 6:15 p.m. San Jose

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