

Democratic Watchman

BELLEFONTE, CENTRE COUNTY, PENNA., THURSDAY, APRIL 22, 1868.

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Miscellaneous.

Bad History of a Young Lady.

ADOPTED DAUGHTER OF HENRY WARD BEECHER.
 We have some painful facts to narrate about a woman who was recently found in this city in a most degraded and wretched condition. A simple sketch of her antecedents will show how rapid is one's going downward after the first step is taken, and how mercilessly retribution follows after wrong-doing and crime.

The woman in question was a few years since a young lady in the seminary of Prof. Crittenden, in Brooklyn, N. Y. She was then a profuse of Henry Ward Beecher, lived with his family, and was being educated by the Rev. Mr. Beecher, she was placed under the most favorable circumstances, and had her every want that was reasonable gratified. She was surrounded by the very best of associations and had been adopted by Mr. Beecher because of her natural brightness of disposition and intellect. In the school, however, she was regarded as an eccentric and wayward being, yet she was admired by all of her companions for her superior quality of mind.

No young lady in Prof. Crittenden's school (one of the best in the East) could write so brilliant and beautiful a composition as she, and all had to yield to her in intellectual superiority. We have this from one who was a schoolmate of hers, that her compositions were gems of thought and language, and she promised to become prominent as a female writer. Now comes the first circumstance that poisoned the happy life.

She became a passionate admirer of one who reciprocated her affections, but was forbidden to tender his hand in marriage. He was already married to another. The first disappointment occasioned a violent brain fever, which completely prostrated her, and in the course of her recovery she was obliged to resort to stimulants, by which she acquired a taste for what has since plunged her into the depths of degradation.

Afterwards she went to Boston, and became a teacher in the House of Refuge. It was an advantageous station for a lady of education and character, and she is said to have filled it at first with great promise of usefulness. Soon, however, she yielded to the appetite which she had planted within herself when recovering from her previous illness, and she was picked up in the streets one night in a state of intoxication. *Faint's delectable Avers.* Efforts were made to reclaim her, but it was almost impossible to retain a woman once disgraced. She soon married, and, as we have been informed, married against the wishes of those who had been her former friends and protectors. From this time she sinks rapidly, and whether by means of an avenging Deity, or from the natural laws of cause and effect, others may decide for themselves.

Three or four years elapse, and she came with her husband to Chicago last year. He found employment there, but in the great fire last fall his situation was lost to him. Pretty well all winter long he remained destitute of work, pawning away his household goods and clothing manfully, and when spring came they determined to come to Milwaukee. They had one child, and on their way here that was taken away from them at Kenosha. Their poverty had now become lamentable indeed, but undoubtably their situation might have been much better but for the accursed article of rum which they had now become addicted. Having banded their child at Kenosha, they came on here and hired a miserable room in the Third Ward of this city. A few days passed, and the wretched woman whose career we have been sketching, was forced to go out and beg from door to door. In the course of her aims seeking she chanced upon one who had been her schoolmate in Brooklyn, and upon another who had known her in Boston. Fearing the worst, still ignorant of what a wretched creature she had become, they went to her room where she and her husband were almost freezing and starving. She confessed to them that she had nothing to eat for three long days, and on their rickety old bed there was but a single sheet to protect them from the cold. There was a single chair with but three legs to it in the room, and scarcely any other articles of furniture cumbered up the room.

These friends at once began to exert themselves in her behalf, got others interested to aid her and her husband, gave clothes and food, and promised them both plenty of work, and it seemed now that her destiny was taking a favorable turn. The woman wept over her poverty, manifested touching looks of re-animating, but here too, the fire was only being smothered, a few days to break out again the first favorable opportunity. The money that was given her by bread, was spent at the rum hole; and when she was next visited, she was found all demoralized by intoxication. From that time she turned her back upon all friendly offers of assistance, abandoned her first quarters, and was afterwards found by the authorities in low houses of prostitution, and has now again probably left the city in company with her husband. She has almost reached the lowest round of misery, and

A Hard Story.

There is a doctor in the Northwestern part of Philadelphia who is especially remarkable for being, as the women term it, "short and crusty." A week or two since he was called to visit a patient who was laboring under a severe attack of cheap whisky.

"Well, doctor, I'm down, you see—completely floundered—I've got the Tremendous Delirium, you perceive."
 "Tremendous, you fool! where'd you get the rum?" queried the doctor.
 "All over in specie, broke out promiscuously, doctor."
 "Served you right! Where'd you get your rum?"

"Father died of the same disease, took him under the short ribs and carried him off bodily."
 "Well, you've got to take something immediately."
 "You're a trump, doctor—here, wife, I'll take a nip of old rye."
 "Lie still, blackhead. Mrs. B., if your husband should get worse before I return, which will be in an hour, just give him a dose of that trunk strap; maybe that will fetch him to a sense of his folly."

The doctor sailed out grandly and within an hour sailed in again, and found his friend of the "Delirium Tremendous" in a terrible condition, writhing and struggling with pain. His wife, a female of the plain but ignorant school, came forward, and laying her hand upon the doctor's arm, said:
 "Doctor, I gave him the strap as you directed."
 "Did you thrash him well?"
 "Thrash him!" exclaimed the astonished woman; "no, but I cut the strap into hash and made him swallow it."
 "Oh, Lord, doctor!" roared the victim; "I swallowed the leather, but—but—"
 "But what?"
 "I swallowed the strap, but I'm blowed if I could go the backer!"

The doctor administered two broad pills and made his exit.

The body of a young man was found in the water, in New York, on Friday last. On examination it was discovered that the young man had received a stab immediately over the heart. Upon removing the flannel under short a patent leather bag was found attached to the neck by a common watch guard. And the wonder and eagerness of the bystanders the bag was with some difficulty pulled open, when an elegant velvet-bound miniature was disclosed representing a beautiful young lady with light hair (which was braided and folded upon the ear) and dark eyes, dressed in a black silk dress, with cameo brooch and worked lace collar. The clothes evinced a person of wealth, and the fact that every pocket of his whole suit was turned inside out sets at rest the doubts as to the fact that the robber and murderer. The young man was of a florid complexion, had light hair and blue eyes, a thin small hands and feet.

For some time we saw a good thing yesterday. In the Court of Quarter Sessions, a petty case was being tried. A well known criminal lawyer, who prides himself upon his skill in cross-examining a witness, had an old-looking genus upon whom to operate. The witness was a boss shoemaker.

"You say, Sir, that the prisoner is a thief?"
 "Yes, Sir; 'cause why, she confessed it."
 "And you also swear she bound shoes for you subsequent to the confession?"
 "I do, Sir."
 "Then—giving a sagacious look to the Court—"we are to understand that you employ dishonest people to work for you, even after their recalcitancy are known?"
 "Of course; how else could I get assistance from a lawyer?"

Not much made out of that witness!—*Philadelphia North American.*

The conductor who was discharged from the employment of one of the Ohio railroads, some time ago, for inviting a friend to ride over the road with him, as he did not like to ride in the train alone, has been reappointed by the superintendent. But we see he is again the hero of another adventure, which has been made public. The newspapers say (and what they say must be true, you know) that on a recent trip the train, of which this conductor had charge, overtook a cripple, limping along by the side of the track, when our hero, the conductor, kindly invited him to get on and ride. The wooden-legged man thanked him, and replied that he would rather not, as he was in a hurry. That conductor thinks seriously of throwing up his commission. The Cincinnati Commercial is guilty of the above.

In Kentucky, a plowman became enamored of a milkmaid on a neighboring farm. His addresses were rejected, and the disappointed swain, full of melancholy and romance, procured a rope, went to the farm, and—hed all the cows' tails together!

The Fancy Ball in Washington.

The fancy ball given on Tuesday evening, at the residence of Senator Gwin, fully realized the highest expectations of those who participated in its novel pleasures, and was pronounced one of the most magnificent entertainments of the kind ever given in this country. The house is large and admirably adapted for a large gathering, nor had any pains or expense been spared in preparing and ornamenting the many spacious apartments thrown open. A fine band of music discoursed inspiring strains for the dancers, and there was a profusion of refreshments served up during the evening, with a sumptuous supper at midnight.

The guests were announced in their assumed characters by an usher and were received by Mrs. Gwin who was dressed as a *Marquise of the Court of Louis XV.* For the benefit of our lady readers at a distance we will state this splendid costume was a skirt of white moire antique silk trimmed with deep flounces of rare lace, with a train of cherry-colored tulle trimmed with a ruche of the same material. The bodice was trimmed with lace, and the coiffure was of that elaborately arranged and powdered fashion peculiar to the old French court. She was assisted by her eldest daughter, becomingly attired as a Greek Girl, and attended by a younger daughter, dressed as a *Court Page.*

The President of the United States, Secretaries Cobb and Thompson, and about twenty Senators, were privileged to appear in citizens' dress. All other guests were invited to appear in fancy costume, and the variety, brilliancy, and beauty of many of the dresses indeed the scene novel and interesting.

Prominent among the ladies present were: Mrs. Senator Clay as Mrs. Partington, attended by the wife, Mrs. Senator Thompson as Madame De Stael, Mrs. Senator Hale as a Spanish Duenna, Mrs. Senator Douglas as Aurora, Lady Napier as a French Marchioness, Lady Quaker as a Lady of the Old Time, Madame de Stael as a Countess of Henry the Fourth, Miss Case as a Marquise of the same reign, Miss Winter as Folly, Miss Hale as Morning, Miss Martin as a Viandiere, Miss Bradley as Night, Mrs. Pendleton as the Star Spangled Banner, Mrs. DeLaer as Hannah Prim, Mrs. Greenhow as a Housekeeper, Mrs. Hughes as a Spanish Peasant Girl, Mrs. Berg as an Indian Princess, Miss Parker as the Goddess of Liberty, Miss Semmes as Lady Charlotte Berkeley, Miss Ray as a Flower Girl, Miss Porter as Madame Pompadour, Mrs. Evans as Isabella of Spain, Mrs. Clayton as a Lady of the Republic Court, Miss Beach as a Gipsy—but we have not space to further prolong this head-roll of beauty.

The costumes of the gentlemen were equally varied and elegant, as an enumeration of a few of them will show. Mr. Clingman appeared as a gentleman of the 20th century, Mr. Cochrane as Matador, Mr. Keitt as Buckingham, Major Haveland as a Knight in veritable armor, Major Magruder as a Highland Chief, Capt. Nelson as Falgout, Lieut. Mowry as the Knight of Guyenne, Mr. Hughes as an Oxford Student, Mr. Kingman as a Diplomatist, wearing President Monroe's court dress, Mr. Towerbridge as a Ranzero, Col. Magruder as the King of Prussia, Mr. Buchanan Henry as Sir Rodger de Coverly, Mr. Lydard as an Egyptian Officer, Mr. Gillet as a Fillibuster, Mr. Irving as a Quaker, and the Turkish Officers were present in their full and richly embroidered uniforms.

The effect produced by so large an assemblage in these varied costumes, which were generally made of rich materials, and were ornamented with plumes, gold lace, and jewels, was picturesque and beautiful; and while some threaded the mazes of the dance, others engaged in humorous conversation, often identifying themselves with the characters which they assumed. The supper was served up in Gaultier's best style, and it was daylight out of doors before the guests ceased dancing.

Miracle of Honesty.

At a party one evening, several contested the honor of having done the most extraordinary thing; and a revered gentleman was appointed sole judge of their respective pretensions.

One party produced his tailor's bill with a receipt attached to it. "A BUIS went through the room that this could not be outdone."

A second provided that he had arrested his tailor, for money lent to him.
 "The palm is his," was the general cry, when a third put in his claim:
 "Gentleman," said he, "I cannot boast of the feats of either of predecessors, but I have returned to the owners two umbrellas that they left at my house."
 "I'll hear no more," cried the astonished arbiter; "this is the very *plus ultra* of honesty and unheard of deed; it is an act of virtue of which I never knew any one capable. The prize is—"
 "Hold," said another, "I've done more than that."
 "Impossible," said the whole company, "but let us hear."
 "I've been taken my county paper for twenty years, and paid every year in advance."

Stratagem.

Three ragged, wretched topera, stood shivering upon a street corner. They had not a penny between them, and neither had drunk a drop within half an hour. They debated the deeply interesting question—how to obtain the next glass of grog. After much miserable muttering over the poverty of the times, and many impracticable suggestions, one of them said—
 "I have an idea! We'll all go into the next shop and drink."
 "Think!" replied his companions; that's canny said; but who's to pay?"
 "Nobody. Do as I tell you. I'll take the responsibility."

Following the speaker's directions, his two companions entered an adjoining rumery and called for whiskey skins. The place was kept by a Dutchman. As he had waited on his customers and while they were enjoying their orthodox beverage at the counter, in walked toper No. 1.
 "How are ye?"—to the Dutchman.
 "How do ye?"—said the Dutchman.
 "Toper No. 1 planned suspiciously at topera No. 2 and 3, and beckoned the proprietor aside.
 "Do you know these men?" he asked, mysteriously.
 "I know no more as dat dey call for de whiskey skins."
 "Don't take any money of them," whispered No. 1.
 "Sir! I'll not take money for the whiskey skins?" said the astonished landlord.
 "No. They are informers!"
 "No. They are informers!"
 "Yes; they buy liquor of you so as to inform against you."
 "Ah! I understand," said the Dutchman. "Dey not catch me. Thank you, sir. You take something?"
 "I don't object," and toper No. 1 took a swig with his companions.
 "What's to pay?" quoth toper No. 2, putting his hand in his empty pocket.
 "Nothing," said the Dutchman. "Ye no sell liquor. Me keeps it for my friends."
 And having smiled the supposed informers out of the door, he manifested his gratitude by generously inviting the supposed anti-informer to take a second glass. Of course No. 1 did not at all decline the invitation.—*Et cetera.*

Found "Drowned."

YESTERDAY AFTERNOON a messenger appeared at the office of our well-known literary Coroner, E. D. Cumney, and requested his presence immediately at the foot of Tenth Street, E. R. for the purpose of holding an inquest upon the "body of a female," which had been found floating there. The good Coroner made the usual inquiries as to the state of the body, which the messenger answered and departed. In a couple of hours the Coroner might have been seen approaching the foot of Tenth Street, E. R., where a crowd of men had congregated. As the carriage drove up, the countenances of the crowd assumed a smile. "Where is the body?" said the Coroner.
 "Here it is, Sir," answered one of the crowd.
 "Confusion—why that is a dead horse!" said the duped one.
 "Vell, vot of it?" asked a burly looking chap.
 "Gentlemen, it is very evident that I have been sold, though I can't say it sets very well. Where is the person who called on me?"
 "Here I am, Coroner."
 "I thought you told me there was a female body here?"
 "And so I did. That is not a horse, your Honor, but a mare, consequently it's a female body."
 The Coroner saw there was nothing for him to do but acknowledge the vehicle, which he did, and jumping into his carriage, rode off amidst the loud hurrahs of the crowd.—*N. Y. Day Book.*

Entertainment in Pittsburg.

SOME medical students at Pittsburg, Renessee county, who had obtained the body of a State prison convict for dissection, created an excitement by hiding it in farmers' barns to frighten such of them as were superstitious nearly out of their wits, and startle those who were not, with the supposition that a murder had been committed on their premises. As soon as the body had been discovered in one barn they removed it to another. Their sport came near having a serious termination to themselves. A number of fishermen at Eagle Bridge, thinking from the description of the body, that it was that of the murdered Barney McIntyre, marched down to Pittsburg in a body, breathing vengeance against those who had "resurrected" him. They were, with great difficulty, convinced of their mistake. The body has since been dissected.—*Albany Journal.*

An Estranged Family Re-united.

STREET INCIDENTS—THE RETURNED PRODIGAL.
 Five years and a half ago, a young married man in the city of Brooklyn, dissipated, intemperate and reckless, deserted his family in the difficulties which his misconduct had brought upon himself and them, and shipped as a sailor. Three years he roamed abroad, and then returned, perhaps with something of a prodigal's longing, to seek his home. "But it was no more. His deserted wife had been taken home, with her three children, by her own mother, and in to that mother's house there was no entrance for him. Never again should he look upon her daughter's face in this world, if her power could prevent it. His youngest child, born after his desertion, he had never seen, and if possible he should never see it."

Motified and desperate, he plunged into his habitual follies with redoubled recklessness. He had one friend a brother, who clung to him. By that brother's aid and influence he was established in a small way in Myrtle avenue, and induced to give his attention to business. Still intemperate was the cherished charm by which his homeless and hopeless existence was beguiled away. So he drank daily and desperately.

Six months passed, when the city missionary from whom these facts are derived, was providentially led to approach the brother referred to, in his own store, on the subject of religion. Satisfied probably, with his own condition, he only sought to engage the missionary's influence for the reformation of his wretched brother. Into this our friend M— heartily entered, and very soon had the satisfaction of securing his signature to a pledge of total abstinence. He watched over him constantly, and exerted an unremitting influence to preserve him from discouragement and relapse. The loss of his wife and children, to whom, though unfaithful, he had remained tenderly attached, preyed upon his mind. He entreated the missionary to intercede for him, and attempt to bring about a reconciliation. He was exhorted to be patient, and prove the sincerity of his repentance by perseverance in a course of total abstinence, which he could not do in which his heart was set. Nor was the subject of religion lost sight of. Every argument was used to bring his mind into the light of its obligations to God, and of its immortal interests. He was induced to attend divine worship steadily, and to discard all profane company and irregular practices.

The missionary visited his wife, and informed her of her husband's hopeful reformation. Her mother vehemently resisted any attempt to bring about a renewed interest in him, or pave the way for his restoration. The daughter was perhaps less implacably disposed, yet was unprepared to entertain any hope of his safe recovery from vice, or of safely committing herself and her children again to his charge. Had the interview been fully reported to him, M— thinks he would have made away with himself in his desperation, either by direct suicide, or by a final plunge into vice. On the contrary, he said nothing of the mother's implacable resolve, but presented to him the most hopeful aspect of his wife's feelings, and encouraged him to persevere, and raise himself to a position which would command her respect and confidence—urging that whatever the result, this would be but his duty, and that far more important interests than his happiness here, hung upon his persistence in the paths of virtue.

The desire to win back his wife and his children wrought upon him with growing energy. He was not only temperate, but keenly attentive to business, frugal and steady. His business increased in his hands, and in a short time doubled, then tripled, and eventually a new and larger establishment was fitted up and occupied. These things began to tell. One day the missionary found him usually cheerful, and on asking what the matter was, was informed that his wife had passed by—though on the other side. "Pras on," was the answer, "and before long she will get over to this side." So she did. Only a few weeks later, he told his guardian angel, with great joy, that she had passed close by the door. Neither spoke, but, said he, "I looked through the window and saw her, and she looked in through the window and saw me." The reconciliation now progressed and developed rapidly. They attended the same church, and eventually recognized each other in the street. Two years of trial had passed.

Three weeks ago the missionary met him with a lady leaning on his arm, whom he had seen before. "Why, whom have you got here?" was the abrupt greeting. "My wife!" exclaimed the happy bridegroom. "My wife and children—we are living at such a number—will you come and see us?" The missionary went, and found them in a new and handsomely furnished home; happier than any couple in their honey moon. This end of four years' desperate drunkenness and vagabondism was a sight worth something to see.—*N. Y. Express.*

The Turkish Pasha has taken dinner with President Buchanan. He came to this country to buy a Steamship, and says his Imperial Master told him to be guided by the advice and direction of the President.

An Elopement.

LOVE will laugh at guardians, as it ever has at locksmen. An instance in proof came under our observation yesterday. A young girl, between 17 and 18 years of age, an orphan, was sent from Louisville, or near that city, to Cincinnati, to be educated at a boarding school, and remained in the institution for some time. Previous to leaving her former home, however, she had been wooed and won by a plain young Kentuckian, neither over stylish in personal appearance or dress, nor yet heavily laden with gold, stocks or mortgages. The guardian of the young lady, a prominent citizen of Louisville, was opposed to the association, and forbade, not exactly the bans, for he had no idea matters would reach that climax, but the attentions of the young gentleman, and the fact that there is a great deal of money in a girl's way, was a remark the young lady proved the truth of. The Kentuckian stated the city, and managed to obtain communication with his fiancée, who was secretly watched and guarded, and a plan was finally arranged for an elopement. On Monday afternoon the lover went to a well-known clothing establishment and procured a full suit of boy's clothes, from cap to boots, and sent the bundle to the lady's house. Posting himself at a convenient corner, he soon had the satisfaction of seeing her emerge from the building, unattended, and admirably disguised in her new suit. Forthwith, through the aid of friends somewhere, the heart's wishes were gratified, and the two were made one.

About 9 o'clock in the evening, two young gentlemen inquired for rooms at the Walnut Street House; and registering their names as "E. W. and A. K. Dewey, De Kalb, Ill.," were shown to a double-bedded apartment. Mysterious circumstances on the morning led to an inquiry by Judge Sweeney, the landlord, when the fact was exposed that Mr. "A. K. Dewey" was a woman. An explanation followed, and the history of the affair was given about as we have related it above, the gentleman giving his own name, that of the lady and her guardian, and such references as indicated the fact that it was an "old true tale" of love and elopement. What adds still greater interest to the romantic runaway, is the fact that the young lady is heir to a large property in her own right, said to be at least \$100,000, as soon as she arrives at legal age. The happy couple left by the river yesterday on a honey-moon trip, to remain beyond the reach of the guardian until the horses shall arrive at the age of eighteen, of which period she lacks some five or six months. *Cincinnati Gazette.*

A Methodist Minister Swindled by the Ball Game.

The party of swindlers who were in town during the first part of the week, a part of whom left for St. Louis on Wednesday, succeeded in playing the "patent safe game" upon a Methodist Minister from Virginia, who was on his way to Council Bluffs. The *modus operandi* was as follows: One of the party introduced himself to the minister on board a steamer at the levee, and represented himself as a fellow-passenger to St. Louis. The gentleman was exceedingly polite and affable, and after discussing various subjects, proposed a walk before the boat started. The minister, who is quite an elderly man, accepted the arm of his companion, and the two strolled toward the Ohio and Mississippi railroad depot. On their way they fell in with another man who exhibited a patent safe, and after going through with the usual ceremony of opening it, and exhibiting a paper inside, which was removed, by the confederate of the safe man, the latter proposed to bet that there was a slip of paper inside, which they could not get. The minister refused to wager anything, declaring it was against his principles, but assured the man with the safe that there was no paper in it. The stranger still insisted on backing his assertion, when the confederate, who was in company with the old man, handed the latter a check for \$775, on a New York bank, and proposed that he should lend him what money he had, and take that as security, and he would make the bet.

The minister complied, and counted out \$883 in gold and Virginia notes, which were no sooner handed over, than the rascal with the safe seized the money, and started on the run down the street. The old man began to cry out, but the other fellow told him to keep quiet; and pulling out a pistol started after the chap with the cash, crying, "I'll make him give back that money, or kill him!" The two turned the next corner, and were soon out of sight. The minister made his loss known to a policeman, but too late to recover the money as such a number—will you come and see us?" The missionary went, and found them in a new and handsomely furnished home; happier than any couple in their honey moon. This end of four years' desperate drunkenness and vagabondism was a sight worth something to see.—*N. Y. Express.*

The minister ought to submit through any trials the whole sphere of our action. Only the utter of the sword raised against his fortune.