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BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1869.

VOLUME III, NO. 35.

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Original Poetry.

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Miscellaneous.

RATHER AN ADVENTURE FOR AN UNDERGRADUATE.

"For Heaven's sake, take me over!" So cried a pale, panting man to William Egerton...

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After a few compliments to the barmaid...

"Well, sir," said the sergeant, "did you see anything or anybody in particular?"

"Well," answered Egerton, "I saw an awful lot of ruffians, and the worst to look at was a brute with a knobby stick in his hand..."

"How are you, Mr. Egerton?" exclaimed the sergeant cheerfully. "I am delighted to see you, sir; you've come in the nick of time. I was just going to write to you, to ask you if you could make it convenient to come over here..."

"Well," said Egerton, "come over to my hotel in half an hour and dine with me, and then you can tell me all about it. I'm staying at the Albion."

"I'll be there, sir, without fail," said the sergeant, and he bowed and departed.

It was as good as his word; and when the meats of the Albion had been removed, and the wines of the Albion were sparkling on the table between him and Egerton, he unfolded his tale and emptied his glass at leisure.

"I'll begin at the beginning, sir," he said. "Of course you recollect that about a month ago there was a story in the papers about a man that kept a pike in his wife, and his wife's mother, an old woman over seventy. One evening, the man and his wife, went out to a merry-making, some miles off, leaving the old woman to take the pike home, and taking the gate, and all that. They'd done the same thing often enough before, and no harm came of it as most of the people that had went backwards and forwards on that road were friendly with the pike-keeper, and his wife and her mother, and many of the foot passengers used to go into the toll-house, and sit a bit, and have a talk. Amongst these was a tramp called Jack Andrews. Nobody knew any harm of him; he was a handy chap, and was always tramping about the country, doing odd jobs here and there. Well, the very evening the pike and his wife went out to the merry-making, Jack Andrews happened to go into the toll-house, and heard them talking about it, and seeing they shouldn't be home very likely before morning, well, they didn't get home until one in the morning, and when they got home they found the door of the toll-house open, and when they went in they saw the poor old woman dead on the ground, with her skull beaten in, and the money that was ready for the collector, who was expected to call next day, was gone. It was a tidy sum, and all in coin. There was an inquest, of course; and it came out in evidence that Jack Andrews had known about the money and where it was put; and a stranger, brought through the toll-gate, between twelve at night and one, when there was generally little or no traffic on that road, said the gate was opened to him by a man, who, by the description, must have been Jack Andrews, though he ought by that time to have been a good six hours' tramp away from the place. The verdict was an 'Murder against some person or persons unknown.' However, I got a warrant for the apprehension of Jack Andrews."

"I never saw him, and I don't know anything more of him by sight than the glimpse I got as we chided him for 'two no doubt, from my information, if you him the other day, when you came and spoiled the business (excuse me) with your boat. From inquiries we have made, we've every reason to believe that the man you took over in your boat is now in this town, and thinks he is going to sail the day after to-morrow for Australia. But I think we shall spoil his little game. If you can swear he is the man you put across the river, I can swear the man you put across is the man we chased; and I have evidence to prove that the man we chased is Jack Andrews. Whether he committed the murder or not, is another question. The man I speak of goes every night to a public house in this town; I keep it well watched, and I've sufficient force at hand for all emergencies. If you've no objection, we'll go to-night, where you can see him without being seen yourself."

"I'll go at once, if you like," cried Egerton, springing up excitedly.

"It ain't time yet, sir," said the officer, looking coolly at his watch; "I ain't no clock yet, and our men seldom goes to the public house before ten, and never leaves it until it closes."

"So coffee and cigars were enjoyed; and afterwards, Egerton and the officer sat down to the public house in this town; I keep it well watched, and I've sufficient force at hand for all emergencies. If you've no objection, we'll go to-night, where you can see him without being seen yourself."

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"Yes, you are," growled Bob Jefferys, "and being mistaken," continued Egerton, "I think that instead of drinking your punch, I ought to stand a bowl."

All the ruffians saw a frightful oath that Egerton spoke like a gentleman, and even Bob Jefferys smiled grimly at him, saying, "You couldn't say a finer, younger fellow; take a glass of this with us, and then you shall stand the next bowl."

So Bob Jefferys returned thanks in a brief speech for the toast that had been proposed, and a second bowl of punch was soon produced at Egerton's expense.

As they were drinking it, Egerton suddenly asked Jefferys: "What's the matter with your wrist?"

"The devil is that to you?" was the fierce rejoinder.

"Oh, nothing!" answered Egerton quietly; "but I don't see why you should take offence."

"No offence, sir, no offence," returned Jefferys, softer than before. "I get tired at everybody's asking me the same thing; it's a little bit of a wound I got, it isn't much." And he concealed his left hand under the table.

"Perhaps you are not aware that the plaster is working off," remarked Egerton. "I supposed the wound is nearly healed."

Jefferys looked at his wrist, glanced suspiciously at Egerton, and then raised the plaster, which he had been working up by his shirt-sleeve, until a sharp eye could see the curved part of an anchor.

"Yes," growled in some confusion; "it's very much well."

Egerton now said it was time for him to go, nodded to the party, and with a general "good night," stammered out.

In the bar he found Sergeant Gump, to whom he whispered: "I can swear to the man; he has two false front teeth, and there is the anchor on his left wrist. Besides, I've heard his name, and watched his face, and I can't make any mistake."

Sergeant Gump smiled, and whispering, "Follow me," walked into the taproom, the door of which was immediately opened by the two men who had been sitting close by it.

As Egerton saw Egerton return with Sergeant Gump, he seemed to have some misgiving; and when the latter walked up and said: "I'm a police-sergeant and I want you, Jefferys attempted to leap over the table, but was dragged down by the man with the noisy stick."

"You're another of 'em, I suppose," he muttered, seeing how matters stood. "Come, lend a hand here, mates."

His mates were preparing for a rescue, when Sergeant Gump remarked calmly: "It's a charge of murder!" whereupon they held aloof, and looked helplessly at one another.

Jefferys now made a desperate resistance, howled and shrieked, cursed his mates, and uttered the most fearful threats against Egerton; Sergeant Gump soon produced a pair of handcuffs, which, notwithstanding Jefferys' piteous allusions to his wound, his hands were secured, the sergeant having previously taken the liberty of tearing off the plaster, and exposing to view a wound worse than a tattooed area of long standing.

It was easily understood here that Bob Jefferys was proved to be no other than Jack Andrews, in whose chest was found a suit of clothes, some of which were stained with blood. Egerton could and did state in evidence that the clothes, which were proved to have been those worn by Jack Andrews when he was rowed across the Cam by Egerton, were considerably stained with blood from the wearer's own nose. However, the life preserver which was fished up from the river was now to be seen exactly like one which Jack Andrews was in the habit of carrying before the murder, and which he was never known to have in his possession after he had been rowed by Egerton across the Cam; and the life-preserver was just the sort of instrument to inflict the injuries from which the old woman at the pike died. Moreover, a man who could not well have been anybody, except Jack Andrews, had opened the turnpike gate at the very moment that the old woman must have been breathing her last; and, after the murder, Jack Andrews had appeared to be accountably familiar with cash as he had before been accountably unfamiliar. In fact, two and two were put together by legal gentlemen in so convenient a manner, that a jury returned a verdict of willful murder against Jack Andrews; and Jack Andrews was hanged by the neck until he was dead. And Egerton, both in court and in the newspapers, received a severe reprimand for having very nearly enabled a criminal to escape from justice; and young gentlemen were warned to take to heart his example, and if they would not assist, at any rate abstain from obstructing the law, even when his officers were believed to appear in the unpopular form of bailiffs.

NEW GREENBACKS.—A portion of the new issue of greenbacks will be ready about the 6th of September. It is stated that the new one-dollar note will have a vignette of Washington and a representation of the discovery of America by Columbus on the face, instead of the vignette of Chief Justice Chase on those now in use. The two dollar note will have a vignette of Jefferson and a view