

Lloyd Fletcher's Escape.

CONDEMNED to death! Condemned to perish ignominiously on the scaffold!

The poor man wept aloud in the extremity of his anguish. His trembling lips could frame no prayer, and thus the last avenue of escape was closed against him.

Charles Lancaster, an Englishman, and a neighbor of Fletcher's, had been found brutally murdered, in a lone spot in the suburbs of London.

Footprints in mud corresponded exactly with the boots the prisoner wore, and to crown all, they had been the most bitter and inveterate enemies for months previous.

He seemed to be recovering from the deep stupor of intoxication as he entered his wife's presence on the morning described.

At the time of his arrest, his hands were found lame and bruised; so this, with the rest, made a sum total too crushing for the skillful counsel he had employed.

It lacked now only three days to the execution, and here he sat, in his lone, comfortless, white-washed cell, with his hands shackled.

"Can nothing be done? Must I die thus, poor, miserable dog that I am? Oh, God! where art Thou? Will Omnipotence allow an innocent man to perish? Out upon such a God as that!"

The iron door swung back on its creaking hinges, and the stalwart form of the keeper appeared before him.

"Come, come, Fletcher, less noise here! be a man! You haven't the first fellow that's had to swing—not by a long shot!

"But I'm innocent of the crime as my little girl baby, at home, Oh, my God! my wife—my children—"

"Oh, shut up! here's your old woman, now."

The hardened turnkey waited a moment to witness the meeting of this suffering couple, and then, with muttering curses, withdrew.

But the condemned man and his loving, faithful wife took no notice of his departure, but clasped in each other's arms, waited for calmness to speak.

"Oh, Sarah! God have mercy on us, all my husband! And now listen. Lie down here—place your head on my lap. I have something to say to you."

"Tell me, Sarah, did they search you this time? he asked, grasping her hands eagerly.

"Yes, Lloyd and they found nothing. I repented my harsh promise to you before I reached home. Come what may, suicide must not be your fate. But listen. You see that I am calm and comparatively happy. And let me tell you what has produced this change. A sweet little dream in which I saw you, Lloyd, and our darlings, all together, comfortable and happy."

"Oh, Sarah, talk not of dreams to a doomed man like me! Perhaps we may be happy in another existence; but no, that cannot be, for surely, if there is a God, he will not allow an innocent man to die the death of the guilty. Oh, no Sarah—oh, no!

"Keep up your courage, my dear husband; a certain strange mysterious something assures me that all will yet be well—how or in what manner, Heaven alone knows."

"I wish I could see it—I wish I could feel it Sarah; do not mislead me with false hopes. Oh, my God! if there could only be found a way to escape from this ignominious death!"

"Come, madame, time's up," and the turnkey made his appearance. "Hate to disturb such a pair of cooing doves, but orders are orders, ma'am, and must be obeyed. Always obey orders, if you break crowns. You ought to persuade your husband here to stop this sniveling."

Sarah, with a gesture of scorn and impatience, prepared to leave.

"Mark what I tell you madame, you'll be looking for another husband in three months' time," continued the wretch, as he walked out by her side.

Sarah hurried through the corridor, endeavoring to hear as little as possible of the unfeeling brute's conversation, and reached her home and children, there to pray and hope.

The hours sped on, and it lacked one day more of the execution. Fletcher had given up all hope of a reprieve, and listened to the building of the scaffold with a sullen feeling, born of despair.

A woman in black stood before the bed on which Fletcher reclined.

He recognized Mrs. Lancaster, the wife of the murdered man.

"Ay, this does me good," said she taking a step nearer, and shaking her clenched fist in his face.

And the woman, to appearance exasperated beyond the power of further utterance, stepped a little nearer, and with a sly movement, hid one of her gloves under the pillow of the bewildered man.

"Have you finished, ma'am," inquired the turnkey, with his hand on the door.

"Now, really, Fletcher, don't you rather prefer an interview of this kind to one of those lally-gagging sort you had so many of lately? 'Twill do you more good—ten to one. What are you doing now?"

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How well she acted her part and succeeded in her endeavors the reader is aware.

Fletcher was immediately pardoned, and driven by the excited Londoners to his residence.

TWINS.

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Twins. In a town not many miles from Nashua resides a gentleman who has been married a good many years but who has no children.

There is nothing strange about it, but the fact has caused a good deal of merriment in the family, and caused a bachelor brother to offer letters of recommendation and his influence to obtain a child for them at the Baldwin Place Home for Little Wanderers.

The message troubled Nat. His conscience accused him of the mean jokes he had put upon Bob, and he could find no peace in Boston.

So it was arranged. The turnkey was to occupy his cell, and Lloyd went to work with his little instrument to file the handcuffs and chain which bound him.

It was slow and tedious, but in an hour's time he had the satisfaction of one free hand the power to remove his limbs from the galling rattling torments which had so firmly held him.

"I must be able to throw these fetters off, or I am lost."

So he worked away industriously until the obstinate link was displaced and he could wear or leave them at his pleasure.

Ten o'clock arrived, and the turnkey had his cot brought in the cell.

"When are you going to turn in, Fletcher? I'm tired as an East India nigger. Plaguy afraid I shan't be much company to-night; better had the priest. You wrote all your letters yesterday, Fletcher, didn't you?"

Noiselessly he stepped from his chains and drew off the torturing handcuffs. It was but the work of a moment to saturate his handkerchief with the mixture, and in less time than it takes me to tell it Lloyd had stripped the hardened wretch.

There was a trifling difference in their height, but Lloyd lacked the aldermanic proportions of the jailor. However, he managed that quickly and easily, unlocked the door of the cell, stepped into the corridor, locked it again carefully, withdrew the key and imitated as nearly as possible the dull heavy tread of the keeper.

The jail physician was just leaving the building, and Lloyd walked along after him, as if to see him safely out. Only one subordinate guarded the entrance, and so Lloyd and the doctor walked out together without exciting the slightest suspicion.

He reached the old rookery, donned his attire, which proved to be a soldier's uniform, removed the black wig of the keeper and substituted a light, curly one, and before twelve o'clock had reached the house of a friend, two or three miles from the city, told his story, and was warmly received and promised protection.

Lloyd felt sure he had left no clue by which he could be traced to this spot, and almost overcame by his great happiness, he fell on his knees and thanked the God he had previously foresworn for his miraculous escape.

The next morning all was astir early in the prison, but our turnkey did not make his appearance; what could it mean? A key was produced to open the cell door, and the nude inanimate figure of the fat keeper was presented to their astonished view.

A little cold water and fresh air revived him but he could throw no light on the mysterious disappearance of Fletcher. He had seen nothing, knew nothing and remembered nothing.

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Large rewards were offered for the prisoners apprehension; huge posters were placarded everywhere, and the detectives were set to work to ferret out his hiding-place, but all in vain.

When the excitement was at its height the ante-mortem statements and confessions of a dying man were brought before the court entirely exonerating Lloyd Fletcher from complicity in the murder. The man was Mrs. Lancaster's foster-brother.

He had drugged and beaten poor Fletcher the night of the perpetration of the crime, stolen his pistol and committed the deed himself.

Mrs. Lancaster had been from the first exceedingly suspicious of him but proofs were not in her power, so she had used every means possible to restore Lloyd his liberty, trusting to time and a merciful God for the rest.

How well she acted her part and succeeded in her endeavors the reader is aware.

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SCIENTIFIC READING.

THE ATMOSPHERE.

THE term "atmosphere" is from two Greek words, which signify a sphere of vapor; and the name quite accurately describes to us the truth, when we remember the definition of "vapor" as "matter temporarily in an aerial form;" for the atmosphere is a sphere of various kinds of matter in an aerial form, though most of it is not temporarily but permanently so, and therefore, more accurately comes under the term of gases.

We are really at the bottom of a great ocean of gas or vapor, which surrounds the earth. How deep this is, has never been ascertained, but probably not less than thirty miles.

The year 1643, no means had been found to tell the weight of atmosphere. Then the invention of the barometer, by Torricelli, showed that the whole weight of a column of air reaching from the surface of the earth to the top was balanced by a column of mercury of equal base, reaching about thirty inches high.

It varied somewhat at different times; the range being some two or two and a half inches from one extreme to the other. Weighing a column of mercury, therefore, the base of which was an inch square, and the height thirty inches, would give the weight of the average column of air which balanced it.

This was found to be fifteen pounds, from which it was easy to calculate the weight, or pressure of the whole atmosphere. And we are a little startled at being told that this is equal to a globe of lead sixty miles in diameter, and that every common-sized man unconsciously bears a pressure of some fourteen tons.

Common air constitutes nearly the entire bulk of atmosphere. To appreciate the nature of this we must keep in mind the difference between a mechanical mixture and a chemical union. Shot and sand mixed in a cup will not unite, but each retain the same nature; shot and sand still.

Just so, salt and water mingled would remain truly salt and water still. Not so all substances. There are very many which, being mixed, instantly unite and produce another substance very different from either.

Water and air are the two most common substances, and the chemical knowledge of almost every school-boy reaches far enough to say that each is composed of two gases—the former oxygen and hydrogen; the latter oxygen and nitrogen.

Each of these gases is itself invisible; but bring the first two together and they instantly unite and form water, which, palpable, visible, is different in its nature from either. Here was a chemical union.

But bring the last two together, and, having no such affinity for each other, they simply mix; each retains as much as ever its own nature. And it is well for us that it is so; for if only these two elements united chemically in one proportion, (as we have the means to compel them to, though they will not do it spontaneously), they would produce laughing gas, while in another proportion they would give nitric acid—in the one case, if we were compelled to breathe it, turning the world into worse than a bedlam of drunkards; in the other, instantly destroying us with the most deadly of poisons.

How Bolts are Made.

Bolts are commonly made of rod-iron, cut in lengths. At one end a head is forged by hammering down the heated metal, or by welding on a head, punched like a nut, out of sheet iron. Screw threads were formerly cut in a lathe, the bolt being passed through a hollow spindle. Nuts were then screwed on, and the bolt was ready for market.

RAILROADS.

Pennsylvania R. R. Time Table.

NEWPORT STATION. On and after Nov. 12th, 1871, Passenger trains will run as follows:

DUNCANNON STATION. On and after Sunday, Nov 12th, 1871, trains will leave Duncannon, as follows:

Northern Central Railway.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

ON AND AFTER SUNDAY, November 12th 1871, the trains on the Northern Central Railway will run as follows:

NORTHWARD. MAIL TRAIN. Leaves Baltimore, 8.30 a.m. | Harrisburg, 1.45 p.m. | Williamsport 7.00 p.m. | and arr. at Elmira, 10.45

SOUTHWARD. MAIL TRAIN. Leaves Elmira, 5.40 a.m. | Williamsport, 9.15 a.m. | Harrisburg, 2.10 p.m. | Ar. Baltimore at 6.50 p.m.

READING RAILROAD.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

Monday, Nov. 13th, 1871.

GREAT TRUNK LINE FROM THE NORTH

East Pennsylvania Railroad trains leave Reading for Allentown, Easton and New York at 5.40, 10.40 a.m. and 4.05 p.m.

Returning, leave Lancaster at 8.20 a.m., and 3.25 p.m., and Columbia at 8.15 a.m., and 3.15 p.m.

Perkiewen Railroad trains leave Perkiewen Junction at 7.25 and 3.05 a.m., 3.00 and 5.45 p.m.

Returning, leave Newark at 7.15 a.m., and 3.15 a.m., and 12.50 noon, and 4.45 p.m., connecting with similar trains on Reading R.R.

Chester Valley Railroad trains leave Bridgeport at 8.30 a.m., 2.05 and 5.30 p.m.

Returning, leave New York at 5 p.m.; Philadelphia at 8 a.m., and 3.15 p.m.

Philadelphia at 4.45 p.m., passing Reading at 7.35 p.m., arriving at Pottsville at 9.30 p.m.

Pottsville Accommodation train: Leaves Pottsville at 7.00 a.m., returning, leaves Philadelphia at 4.15 p.m.

Columbia Railroad trains leave Reading at 7.20 a.m. and 6.15 p.m. for Ephrata, Litz, Lancaster, Columbia, &c.

Returning, leave Lancaster at 8.20 a.m., and 3.25 p.m., and Columbia at 8.15 a.m., and 3.15 p.m.

ROBINSON HOUSE,

(Formerly kept by Woodruff and Turbett.)

New Bloomfield, Perry County, Pa.

AMOS ROBINSON, Proprietor.

This well known and pleasantly located hotel has been leased for a number of years by the present proprietor, and he will spare no pains to accommodate his guests. The rooms are comfortable, the table well furnished with the best in the market, and the bar stocked with choice liquors. A careful and attentive hostler will be in attendance. A good livery stable will be kept by the proprietor.