

A Strange Story of Abduction.

FOR the past few weeks the city of Mar- selles, France, has been intensely excited, in consequence of a very singular affair, the heroine of which is a lady of American birth, and excellent connections in this country. About six years ago, Henry F. Bigelow, a commission merchant of 210 Canal street, New Orleans, failed in that city, in consequence of losses sustained during the civil war, and went to Mar- seilles, where he soon succeeded in obtain- ing a good position in a prominent mer- cantile house. Mr. Bigelow was a widower and was accompanied by his only daughter, Bertha, then about 18 years old, and en- dowed with remarkable personal charms. Her father moved in the best society of his new home, and the beauty and grace of his daughter were not long in attracting ad- mirers. She treated them politely, but, after all, coldly, until one day she was brought in contact with a dashing French seaman, the first lieutenant on one of the Marseilles and Oriental steamships. His name was Maurice Kervel. He was little over thirty years old, tall and handsome, an excellent conversationalist, and the very man to win the good graces of a suscepti- ble young lady. He became very intimate with Miss Bertha Bigelow, and one day he astonished her father not a little by asking him for the hand of his charming daughter. Mr. Bigelow was at first inclined to look favorably upon the suit of the enamored sailor, the more so as his daughter seemed to reciprocate his affection; but a close inquiry into the affairs and character of Mr. Maurice Kervel convinced Mr. Bige- low that he was not a suitable match for his daughter. He found that Kervel was a man of extravagant habits and choleric temper; that when under the influence of liquor he was extremely quarrelsome, and had fought several duels; that he had run through the fortune his parents had left him, and that he had nothing to depend on but his very modest pay. The result of all this was that he was requested to dis- continue his visits. Kervel left Mr. Bige- low muttering threats of revenge. Miss Bertha seemed to care very little about the breaking off of this flirtation with her lover and in 1868 she was married to a merchant named Jouvinet, a man of means, with whom she lived happily for a year. In June, 1869, her husband returned one evening to his delightful country residence, but to his astonishment, found his wife absent. He questioned the servants about the whereabouts of their mistress, and they said that they had seen Mme. Jouvinet walking in the garden before dusk. Mr. Jouvinet searched every nook of the gar- den and the neighborhood, but not a trace of his beautiful wife was to be found. He sent out messengers in every direction, but they returned without bringing any in- formation. An examination of the lady's bonnet furnished no clue whatever as to where she might have gone. The husband passed a wretched night, hoping every moment for his wife's return; but morning dawned and she had not yet come. He then sent for the police, and several de- tectives began to look for the missing lady. They were unable to find any trace of her after a protracted and patient search.— Advertisements, offers of large rewards for information concerning her, remained with- out result. Both the husband and father abandoned all hopes of seeing her again, and an impenetrable veil seemed to sur- round her fate. Jouvinet, after mourning for her loss for eighteen months, applied to the courts for an annulment of his mar- riage with Miss Bigelow, and he was wait- ing for a rendition of the decree when, on the third of November last, an event of the most startling character occurred. He was seated in his counting-room in the Rue Grande, pouring over his ledger, when the door was suddenly opened, and a veiled lady stepped in. She drew back her veil, and displayed a bronzed face, the features of which he knew only too well. In the next moment he rushed into her arms, ex- claiming, "Bertha! Bertha!" It was his long lost wife. The explanations she gave him while they sat locked in each other's arms about her sudden and long absence, were so strange that even the croniqueur of the Marseilles "Nouvelist" confessed he had rarely met with anything more roman- tic in his long journalistic career. Mme. Jouvinet stated that on the evening when she had been parted from her husband she had gone into the garden to breathe a little fresh air. All of a sudden she had been seized by several men, who rushed from behind a shrub. In an instant they had blindfolded and gagged her, and carried her to a carriage, which rapidly drove off with her. Then she had become uncon- scious, and when she awoke again she found herself in the cabin of a ship which was rocking in the waves. To her dismay, Maurice Kervel was the first to enter her cabin. He told her coolly that he had long ago left the naval service of France, and was now master of a bark in the Levant trade. She then implored him to restore her to liberty, which he refused, inform- ing her at the same time that she would henceforth have to live with him at his villa in the environs of Alexandria; and she threatened to kill her in case she attempted to escape. Her prayers, her tears, her despair, were unavailing, and trusting to meet by and by with an opportunity to

communicate with her folks, she followed Kervel to Alexandria. The house to which he took her there was situated about three miles from the city; it was well furnished, and she was well treated, except she was not allowed to leave the place. A very strict surveillance was kept over her by the servants, whose language she was un- able to understand. She began already to despair when Kervel one day told her she must go with him up the Nile. Two days afterward he brought her to the country place of a wealthy Egyptian, Balan Bey, and to her horror she found that Kervel had ceded her to him, and that she was henceforth to be the inmate of an Oriental harem filled with Egyptian and Abyssinian women, who looked with decided aversion upon the fair new comer. For four months she endured all the horrors of this life, when she was one day introduced by Balan Bey to an elderly man, who was no other than Nubar Pascha, a noted Egyptian diplomatist, and conversant with the French language. She confided herself to him, and he immediately promised to restore her to her husband. A few days after- ward she was on board the Alexandrian steamship Calathea, bound for Marseilles. The Marseilles papers, in commenting on this extraordinary case, demand that Presi- dent Thiers should insist upon the extradi- tion of Kervel on the part of the Egypt- ian authorities. Kervel is said to be quite a favorite of the Khedive's, and a man of the most desperate character.

Strange Scene in Church.

A New York paper says: The Rev. Mr. Mathews, pastor of the Free Methodist Church at Third avenue and Twenty-first street, Brooklyn, in his sermon last Sunday evening described the mystic brotherhood of the square and compass as "hay, wood and stubble." Some of the congregation responded "Amen!" while others hitched uneasily in their seats. Encouraged by the stir he had created the pastor thun- dered another anathema against Masonry. At this juncture a gentleman in the body of the house arose, an, addressing the pas- tor said, "Sir, that is false." Several lad- ies and two gentlemen, who seemed to be in sympathy with the bold challenger, arose, and following him, walked out of the church. Instantly there was a stir all over the congregation. The chorister was awakened from sleep by the shuffling, and, thinking the meeting had been dismissed, was about to strike up the doxology.— Others who had been drowsy began pulling on their overshoes preparatory to retiring. In the midst of this disorder the pastor raised his voice and said exultantly: "My dear brethren and sisters, I have driven the devils from the church, and I am glad of it." Order was then restored; a sweet and holy calm prevailed the building, and the chorister went to sleep again. The gentle- man who interrupted the pastor and in- sinuated that his language was conspicu- ously inexact, is the Rev. Mr. Willbridge, a Baptist clergyman of Chicopee, Mass., who is tarrying with friends in Brooklyn.

Misunderstanding.

Riding up to a hotel in Cortland county, we saw the big, smart landlord with his boys, smoking short pipes on the balcony, while his wife was sweeping around the chairs. "Hallo! Do you keep this hotel?" "No, sir, I reckon not; this tavern keeps me." "I mean, are you master here?" "Waal, sumtimes I am (looking at the old lady's broom), but I guess the boys an' I 'run' the stable—take your hoss?" "Got anything to drink 'round here?" "Yes, everything drinks around here." "Any ales?" "Touch of rheumatiz myself—folks generally healthy, though." "I mean, have you got any porter?" "Yes, John's our porter. Hold his hoss, John." "I mean any porter to drink?" "Porter to drink? Why, John can drink, an' if he can't drink enough I kin whip a right smart 'ol licker myself." "Pahaw—stupid! have I got to come down and see myself?" "You kin come down, Shaw Stupid, an' see yourself if you want to—thar's a good looking-glass in the bar-room."

A Barber Story.

The following story we have read be- fore, but it deserves repetition: Frank Bishop went into a barber shop to see his friend, the proprietor. The barber was out, so he sat down and waited for him to come in. Getting tired of waiting, he said: "I am going to have some fun, so he put on a barber's apron and then looked out for a customer. By and by one came in and sat down in the chair saying that he desired to be shaved. Bishop saw that he had got himself into a bad fix, but he put a brave face on, and commenced to lather the man's face, expecting every minute to see the barber come in. But he did not come. After he had lathered the man for about fifteen minutes the man became angry, and said: "Look here, my friend I want to get shaved some time to-day." "Shaved?" said Bishop, in well-feigned surprise, "Shaved?" I guess you have made a mistake. We don't shave here— we only lather people. You get shaved on the next block."

ENIGMA DEPARTMENT.

All contributions to this department must be accompanied by the correct answer.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of thirty letters. My 1, 10, 3, 4, 11 and 9 was an ancient King. My 1, 3, 14, 7, 18, 9, 9, 26 and 17 is a delicious fruit. My 20, 13, 2, 4, 30 and 5 is a large flower. My 2, 7, 11, and 28 is a town in Kentucky. My 14, 17, 22, 23 and 28 is a dark source of much political agitation. My 8, 25, 28 and 14 is a ferocious beast. My 16, 17, 13, 15, 30, 14 and 22 is a city in this State. My 22, 20, 26, 25, 8, 7 and 28 is the name of an inventor. My 11, 14, 15, 25, 24, 21 and 29 is one of the United States. My 6, 5, 21, 15, 7, 4, 3, 28 and 21 is a meadow flower. My 23, 18, 21, 19, 17 and 16 is a domestic fowl. My whole is one of the public improvements.

Answer to Enigma in last week's TIMES:—"Local Option."

A Bachelor's Advice.

Young man, if ever inclined you be To enter the portals of matrimony, Be wary how you go through it! If I ask of my wife not to fret and fuss, She only replies, You're ac-cus, you're ac-cus, You're ac-cus, you're accustomed to it! No matter how tidy she once may have been, If madame thinks slovenliness is no sin— And plenty of women so view it— The more you complain and kick up a muss! The worse she will be, till you're really ac-cus, You're ac-cus, you're accustomed to it! So I say, young man, take warning in time! Look well to the lessons contained in my rhyme, Or twenty to one you will rue it! If once you submit, 'twill always be thus: So, in getting a wife, pray don't get ac-cus, Get ac-cus, get accustomed to it!

HABITS OF THE CHINESE IN AMERICA.

JOHN CHINAMAN is a sort of mus- eum in his character and habits. His New Year comes in February. For the Chinaman of limited means it lasts a week; for the wealthy it may endure three. His con- sumption of fire-crackers during that period is immense. He burns strings a yard in length suspended from poles over his balconies. The uproar and sputtering con- sequent on this festivity in the Chinese quarter at San Francisco is tremendous. The city authorities limit this Celestial Pandemonium to a week.

He does not forsake the amusement of kite-flying even when arrived at maturity. His artistic imitations of birds and dragons float over our housetops. To these are of- ten affixed contrivances for producing hol- low, mournful, buzzing sounds, mystifying whole neighborhoods. His game of shut- tlecock is to keep a cork, one end being stuck with feathers, flying in the air as long as possible, the impelling member being the foot, the players standing in a circle numbering from four to twenty. Some show great dexterity in kicking with the heel. His vocal music to our ears seems a monotonous caterwaul. His vi- olin has but one string; his execution is merely a modified specie of saw-filing.

He loves to gamble, especially in lotter- ies. He is a diligent student of his own comfort. Traveling on foot during a hot day, he protects himself with an umbrella and refreshes himself with a fan. In place of prosaic signs on his store fronts, he often inscribes quotations from his favorite au- thors.

He is a lover of flowers. His balconies and window sills are often thickly packed with shrubs and creepers in pots. He is not a speedy and taciturn eater. His tea table talks are full of noisy jollity, and are often prolonged far into the night.

He is a lover of a drama. A single play often requires months in representation, being like a serial story, "continued" night after night. He never dances. There is no melody in the Mongolian foot. Danc- ing he regards as a species of Caucasian insanity.

To make an oath binding he must swear by the head of a cock cut off before him in open court. Chinese testimony is not ad- missible in American courts. It is a legal California axiom that Chinman cannot speak the truth. But cases have occurred, wherein he, being an eye witness, the de- sire to hear what he might tell as to what he had seen has proved stronger against him; and the more effectually to clinch the chances of his telling the truth, the above, his national form of oath, has been resorted to.

He has among us some secret pack- ment of his own. Before his secret tribu- nals more than one Mongolian has been hurried in Star Chamber fashion, and never seen afterwards. The nature of the offen- ces thus visited by secret and bloody pun- ishment is scarcely known to Americans. He has two chief deities—a god and a devil. His god, he says, being good and well-dis- posed, it is not necessary to propitiate him. But his devil is ugly, and must be won over by offering and petition. Once a year, whenever collected in any number, he builds a flimsy sort of temple, decorates it with ornaments of tinsel, lays piles of fruit, meats, and sugared delicacies on an altar, keeps up night and day a steady crash of gongs, and installs therein some great, un- clothed wooden idols. When this period of worship is over the "Josh-house" disap- pears, and the idols are unceremoniously

stowed away among other useless lumber. He shaves with an instrument resem- bling a butcher's cleaver in miniature. Nature generally denies him beard, so he shaves what a sailor would term the fore and after part of his head. He reaps his hirsute crop dry, using no lather. His cue is pieced out by silken braid, so interwoven as gradually to taper into a slim tassel, something like a Missouri mule driver's "black snake" whip lash. To lose this cue is to lose caste and standing among his fellows. No misfortune for him can be greater.

Coarse cowhide boots are the only articles of American wear that he favors. He in- clines to buy the largest sizes, thinking he thereby gets the most for his money, and when No. 7 feels wobble and chafe in No. 12 boots he complains that they "fit too much."

He cultivates the vegetables of his native land in California. They are curiosities like himself. One resembles our string bean, but is circular in shape and from two to three feet in length. It is not in the least stringy, boils tender very quickly, and affords excellent eating. He is a very careful cultivator, and will spend hours picking off dead leaves and insects from the young plants. When he finds a dead cat, rat, dog or chicken, he throws it into a small vat of water, allows it to decompose, and sprinkles the liquid fertilizer thus ob- tained over his plantation. Watermelon and pumpkin seeds are for him desert deli- cacies. He consumes his garden products about half cooked in an American culi- nary point of view, merely wilting them by an immersion in boiling water.

There are about fifteen English words to be learned by a Chinaman on arriving in California, and no more. With these he expresses all he wants, and with this lim- ited stock you must learn to convey all that is needful to him. The practice thus forced upon one in employing a Chinese servant is useful in preventing a circumlocutory habit of speech. Many of our letters the Mongolian mouth has no capacity for sounding. R he invariably sounds like L, so the word "rice" he pro- nounces "lice"—a bit of information which may prevent an unpleasant apprehension when you come to employ a Chi- nese cook. He rejects the English personal pronoun I, and uses the possessive "my" in its place; thus, "my go home," in place of "I go home."

Sticking to the Contract.

A sea captain, in the vicinity of Boston, was about to start on a long voyage, and entered into a contract with a builder to erect him a commodious house during his absence. Everything was to be done ac- cording to the contract—no more, no less— which the captain caused to be drawn up with great care. A large sum was to be forfeited by the builder if he should fail to observe any of the stipulations, or attempt to put in his notions where the contract made no provision for them. The captain sailed, and returned. His house stood in ample and imposing proportions before his sight, and he confessed himself delighted with the exterior. But when he entered and attempted to ascend to the second floor of the building, he found no stairs, and no means of ascent were to be had till ladders were sent for. The captain felt that he was trifled with, and a bit of nautical gale seemed brewing. But this was soon quiet- ed by the opening of the written contract, and there was found not the least provision for stairs in any part of the house. "Give me your hand, sir," said the noble captain; "all right. You've stuck to the contract, and I like it."

The stairs were subsequently, at a great expense, put in, and the captain often re- marked that one of the pleasantest things about his elegant residence was the remem- brance of one man who could stick to the very terms of a contract!

Mobiler Exemplified.

An Exchange thus illustrates the Ames and Kellogg check transactions: "An old woman who traded in groceries got involved in a complicated business transaction.

A customer came in one day and said, "Old woman, what do you ask for herring?" "Three cents a piece," said the old lady. "I'll take one said the customer; and the aged vender proceeded to do it up.

"What do you ask for beer?" said the customer, as the parcel was handed to him. "Three cents a glass," said she.

"On the whole," said he, "I'll take a glass of beer instead of the herring." So he took the beer and started to go.

"Beg your pardon," said the old lady, "but you haven't paid for the beer." "Paid for it! Of course not. Didn't I give you back the herring for it?"

"Well, but, persisted the woman, "you didn't pay for the herring." "Pay for the herring! Of course I didn't, I didn't take it, did I?"

"Well," said the old woman, after a pause, in which she strove to master the mathematics of it, "I presume you are correct, but I wish you wouldn't trade here any more."

A milesian astounded a grocer by entering his store with this request: "Mister M'Gra, would ye find me an empty bar- rel of flour, to make a hen-coop for me dog."

PERRY COUNTY Real Estate, Insurance, AND CLAIM AGENCY. LEWIS POTTER & CO., Real Estate Brokers, Insurance, & Claim Agent New Bloomfield, Pa.

WE INVITE the attention of buyers and sell- ers to the advantages we offer them in pur- chasing or disposing of real estate through our of- fice. We have a very large list of desirable property, consisting of farms, town property, mills, store and tavern stands, and real estate of any description which we are prepared to offer at great bar- gains. We advertise our property very extensive- ly, and use all our efforts, skill, and diligence to effect a sale. We make no charges unless the property is sold while registered with us. We also draw up deeds, bonds, mortgages, and all legal pa- pers at moderate rates. Some of the best, cheapest, and most reliable fire, life, and cattle insurance companies in the United States are represented at this agency.— Property insured either on the cash or mutual plan, and perpetually at \$1 and \$5 per thousand. Pensions, bounties, and all kinds of war claims collected. There are thousands of soldiers and heirs of soldiers who are entitled to pensions and bounty, who have never made application. Sol- diers, if you were wounded, ruptured, or contract- ed a disease in the service from which you are dis- abled, you are entitled to a pension. When widows of soldiers die or marry, the minor children are entitled to the pension. Parties having any business to transact in our line, are respectfully invited to give us a call, as we are confident we can render satisfaction in any branch of our business. No charge for information. LEWIS POTTER & CO. 429ly

ST. ELMO HOTEL, (FORMERLY "THE UNION.") JOS. M. FEEBER, Proprietor, 317 & 319 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA. Terms, \$2.50 Per Day.

THE ST. ELMO is centrally located and has been re-fitted and refurbished, so that it will be as comfortable and pleasant a stopping place as there is in Philadelphia.

New Millinery Goods At Newport, Pa.

I BEG to inform the public that I have just re- turned from Philadelphia, with a full assort- ment of the latest styles of

- MILLINERY GOODS, HATS AND BONNETS, RIBBONS, FRENCH FLOWERS, FEATHERS, CHIGNONS, LACE CAPES, NOTIONS.

And all articles usually found in a first-class Mil- linery Establishment. All orders promptly at- tended to. We will sell all goods as cheap as can be got elsewhere.

DRESS-MAKING done to order and in the lat- est style, as I get the latest fashions from New York every month. Gofering done to order, in all widths. I will warrant all my work to give sat- isfaction. All work done as low as possible.

ANNIE IOKES, Cherry Street, near the Station, Newport, Pa.

CARLISLE CARRIAGE FACTORY. A. B. SHERK

has a large lot of second-hand work on hand, which he will sell cheap in order to make room for new work.

FOR THE SPRING TRADE. He has, also, the best lot of NEW WORK ON HAND.

You can always see different styles. The material is not in question any more, for it is the best used. If you want satisfaction in style, quality and price, go to this shop before purchasing elsewhere. There is no firm that has a better Trade, or sells more in Cumberland and Perry counties.

REPAIRING AND PAINTING promptly attended to. Factory—Corner of South and Pitt Streets, 3dp CARLISLE, PA.

Farmers Take Notice.

THE subscriber offers for Sale THRESHING MACHINES, JACKS and HORSE-POWER. With Tumbling Shaft, and Side-Gearing. Warrant- ed to give satisfaction in speedy and perfect threshing, light draft and durability, on reason- able terms. Also

- PLOUGHS Of Superior Make. CORN SHELLERS, KETTLES, STOVES, SCOOPS, AND ALL CASTINGS, made at a country Foundry. Also, A GOOD MILL SCREW, in excellent order, for sale at a low rate. I refer those wishing to buy to John Adams, Samuel Shuman, John Bodea, Ross Hench, at Ickesburg. Jacob Shoemaker & Son, Ellipti- burg; Thomas Morrow, Loyeville; John Flicking- er, Jacob Flickinger, Centre. 629 13\*

DUNCAN SHERMAN & CO., BANKERS, No. 11 Nassau Street, NEW YORK, Issue circular Notes and circular Letters of credit available in any part of the world. Current accounts received on such terms as may be agreed upon. \$5 12tf

Vick's Floral Guide for 1873!

THE GUIDE is now published Quarterly.— TWENTY-FIVE CENTS pays for the year, four numbers, which is not half the cost.— Those who afterwards send money to the amount of ONE DOLLAR or more for Seeds may also order Twenty-five Cents worth extra—the price paid for the Guide.

The JANUARY NUMBER is beautiful, giv- ing plans for making RURAL HOMES, De- signs for Dining Table Decorations, Window Gardens, &c., and containing a mass of in- formation invaluable to the lover of flowers.— One Hundred and Fifty pages on fine lined paper, some Five Hundred Engravings and a superb COLORED PLATE and CHROMO COVER. The First Edition of Two Hundred Thousand just printed in English and German, ready to send out.

JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.