

man, who paid them to Latimer, had taken from the bank only an hour before; and his custom always was, in that case, to put his name on the back of the notes. I then requested the agent to ask Worden whether he could not give him two fifty or five twenty dollar bills for one of a hundred; and I gave him one of the notes that was the notes that was not written on the back for that purpose. He did so, and I followed him; and the moment Worden took his travelling bag into his hand, and was going to open it, I snatched it out of his hand, saying:

"No nonsense, you rascal! You are under arrest. You are the scoundrel who robbed Mr. Latimer's safe. I have followed you up step by step, but you don't escape now. And I seized him by the throat.

He tried to get free from my grasp, but I held him tightly, waited a few moments till he recovered from the first shock, then sat him on a chair, and explained to him in a few words how he had been taken. In the mean time the agent looked through the travelling bag, counted the money that was in it and found another hundred dollar note with the name of Mr. Bordell upon it. Worden saw that he could not escape. We found that he had still three thousand dollars by him, and he begged to be allowed to go back to New York, where he had the remainder, within six or eight hundred dollars that he had paid away, but which he thought he could procure in the city. He said he was willing to give up all if we would not prosecute him. He wished to reform. The certain prospect of a journey to prison had mollified him. I was now about to handcuff him, but he besought me not to bring this disgrace upon his father, and promised that he would go with me willingly. And as the agent declared that he was not yet ready to accompany us, and to divide with me the care of watching him, I consented. The agent arranged his business for a short absence, wrote to the New York agent that he was suddenly called to New York but would see him there another day, and so we set out with our prisoner to the nearest station.

The young man kept his word. Not only did he give up all the money which he still had left from the robbery, but he borrowed from a friend, whom we called upon together, the sum of \$710 which was required to make up the amount. He also gave the Baltimore agent the ticket and then I let him go to his father's house. Nor am I sorry that I did so, for he truly reformed, and is now living—a merchant in a large city in the West. His real name I have never made known to anybody, not even to Mr. Latimer. He had crept quietly into the house at dusk with the intention of opening the safe with a key which he had provided, but which he found to be unnecessary when the safe opened upon turning the knob.

Flirting Dodge at Saratoga.

To day there was a very sweet young lady from Brooklyn sitting on the Congress Hall balcony. She always has lots of admirers—a natural thing enough when you know the report had gotten round that she is an heiress. She is a very shrewd young lady. Instead of entertaining a galaxy of fellows at once, she takes them one at a time. Then if one wants to talk business, he can always have an opportunity. A Knickerbocker Club fellow got hold of her yesterday. He must have "buzzed" for an hour steady—at least until a young Chicago fellow thought he never would go. He despaired of getting in a word edgewise. If he had known the Knickerbocker Club fellow he would have attempted to have joined in the conversation and seen him out. The young lady seemed to like the fellow, and was bound to let him have his way clear to the end. This made it all the worse for the Chicago fellow.

Well, how did the Chicago fellow manage it? Why, he simply walked around behind the New York fellow, and remarked to a friend, just loud enough for the enraptured lover to overhear it.

"Why, John, that fellow wouldn't sit there talking so sweet if he knew what a fearful rent there was in the back of his coat, would he?"

The New York fellow overheard the remark. His look of interest cooled in a moment, as he worked his back around towards the wall, as if he was trying to conceal something. He imagined ten thousand people were looking at him. He didn't lean forward and look sweetly into the young lady's eyes any more. He put his hand convulsively towards his back, aghast! a few times in a business-like way, looked red in the face, and then said he expected a friend was looking after him. Then he exposed himself abruptly, and shied off towards the elevator with his face to the young lady. He didn't walk straight, but worked himself along side ways, and then disappeared up the elevator, just as the young fellow from Chicago sat down by the young lady and commenced his version of the oft-repeated tale of love and hope.

An old bachelor said he once fell in love with a young lady, but abandoned all idea of marrying her when he found that she and all her family were opposed to it.

The Sharpers and the Landlord.

SOME years ago, there came to this country a family from England, which settled in the upper part of this State, and opened a public house. Among their chattles was an old family clock, which they prized for its age and not its actual value, although it had told the hours years on years, with the most commendable fidelity. This clock is now situated in one of the private parlors of the house, and many a time it has been the theme of remark, in consequence of its solemnly antique exterior.

A few days since, about dusk, a couple of mad wags drove up to the door of the hotel, seated in a light and beautiful wagon, drawn by a superb bay horse. They sprang out, ordered the ostler to pay every attention to the animal, and to stable him for the night. Entering the hotel, they tossed off a glass of wine apiece, bemoaned a cigar, and directed the landlord to provide the best game supper in his power. There was a winsome look in the countenance of the elder—a bright sparkling in his eyes, which occasionally he closed in a style that gave him the air of 'a knowing one,' and a slight curving of his mouth, that showed his ability to enjoy; while his whole demeanor made every eye observer sure of his ability to perpetrate a joke. Now and then his lips parted, and he ran his fingers through his hair with a languid expression. It was evident he was eager to be at work in his vocation—that of a practical joker. The other was a dapper young man, although different in appearance, yet with features which indicated that his mind was well fitted to be a successful co-partner with his mate, and a dry pun or gravely delivered witticism was frequently worked off with an air of philosophy or unconcern that gave him at once the credit of being a first-class wit. Supper on the table these two Yankees were not as dull as a couple generally will be at a table, but made mirth and laughter and wit their companions, and as wine in his parti-colored flowing robes presided, there was a 'set out' fit for a prince and his associates. The Yankees ate and drank and were merry. The old family clock whirred and whizzed as the hammer on the bell struck one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve. The elder looked up at the old monitor before him, struck his elbow on the table and looked again steadily for a minute, and then laughed out heartily, awakening the waiter, who sat just dozing by the window-sill.

"What in the name of Momus are you laughing at?" asked the dapper Yankee, as he cast his eyes now over the table, and over and around himself, to ascertain where the zest of the joke was concealed. The elder winked slyly, and yawning lazily, slowly raised the forefinger of his right hand, and applied it gracefully to his nose. The dapper man understood the hint. "Oh! I understand now you don't come it over this child! Waiter, another bottle of champagne."

The servant left the room, and our heroes inclining themselves over the table held a long conversation in a low tone, when the elder of the two raised his voice, and with an air of satisfaction exclaimed—"Clocks always go it! Then both cautiously rose from their chairs, and advancing to the clock, turned the key of the door, and looked within, the elder in a half inquiring, half decided manner, saying—"Won't it?"

Having heard the clock strike one, they were shown to their room, where they talked in a subdued tone, finally sunk to sleep. In the morning they were early up, and ordered their horse to be harnessed and brought to the door. Descending to the bar-room, they asked for their bills, and with becoming promptitude paid the amount over to the barkeeper. The elder perceiving the landlord through the window, placed his arms upon the bar, and in a serious tone inquired of the keeper if he would dispose of the old clock. The young man hesitated—he knew not what to answer. While he was attempting to reply, the good natured landlord entered, and the question was referred to him for an answer.

"I wish to purchase the old clock up stairs, will you sell it?" asked the elder Yankee, while the younger lighted a cigar, and cast his eye over the columns of the *Sunday Morning News*, which lay upon the table.

The landlord, who had set no great value upon the clock, except as an heirloom, began to suspect that it might possess the virtue of Martin Haywood's chair, and be filled with dollars, and, almost involuntarily, they then ascended to the room which contained it.

"The fact is," said the Yankee, "I once won a hundred dollars with a clock like that."

"A hundred dollars!" ejaculated the landlord.

"Yes! you see there was one like it in a room over in the Jerseys, and a fellow bet me he could keep his forefinger swinging with the pendulum for an hour, only saying, 'Here she goes, there she goes.' He could not do it. I walked the money out of him in no time."

"You did? you couldn't walk it out of

me. I'll bet you fifty dollars I can do it on the spot."

"Done!" cried the Yankee. The clock struck eight, and with his back to a table and the door, the landlord popped into a chair. "Here she goes, there she goes!" and his finger waved in a curve, his eyes fully fixed on the pendulum.

The Yankees behind him interrupted "Where's the money? Plank the money." The landlord was not to be made to lose in that way. His forefinger slowly and surely went with the pendulum, and his left disengaged his purse from his pocket, which he threw behind him on the table. All was silent. The dapper man at length exclaimed, "Shall I deposit the money in the hand of the bar-keeper?" "Here she goes, there she goes!" was the only answer.

One of the Yankees went down into the room. The landlord heard him go down, but he was not to be disturbed by that trick.

Presently the bar-keeper entered, and touched him upon his shoulder, asked, "Mr. B., are you crazy? What are you doing?"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" he responded, his hand waving his forefinger as before.

The bar-tender rushed down stairs; he called one of the neighbors and asked him to go up.

They ascended, and the neighbors seizing him gently by the collar, and in an imposing voice said, "Mr. B., do not sit here. Come, come down stairs; what can possess you to sit here?"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" was the sole reply, and the solemn face and the slowly moving finger settled the matter.

"He is mad," whispered the man in a low voice. "We must go for the doctor."

The landlord was not to be duped; he was not to be deceived, although the whole town came to interrupt him.

"You had better call up his wife," added the friend.

"Here she goes, there she goes!" repeated the landlord, and his hand moved on. In a minute his wife entered, full of agony of soul.

"My dear," she kindly said, "look on me, it is your wife who speaks!"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" and his hand continued to go, but his wife wouldn't go; she would stay, and he thought she was determined to conspire against him and make him lose the wager. She wept, and she continued, "What cause have you for this? Why do you do so? Has your wife—"

"Here she goes, there she goes," and his finger seemed to be tracing her airy progress, for anything she could ascertain to the contrary.

"My dear," she still continued, thinking that the thought of his child, whom he fondly loved, would tend to restore him, "shall I call up your daughter?"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" the landlord again repeated, his eyes becoming more and more fixed and glazed from the steadiness of the gaze. A slight smile played upon his face, as the thought of the many unsuccessful resorts to win him from his purpose, and of his success in baffling them.

The physician entered. He stood by the side of the busy man. He looked at him in silence, shook his head and to the anxious inquiry of the wife, answered: "No, madam, the fewer persons here the better. The maid had better stay away."

"Here she goes, there she goes," yet again and again in harmony with the waving finger issued from the lips of the landlord.

"A consultation, I think, will be necessary," said the physician. "Will you run for Dr. W—ms?"

The kind neighbor buttoned up his coat and hurried from the room. In a few minutes Dr. W—ms with another medical gentleman, entered.

"This is a sorry sight," said he to the doctor present.

"Indeed it is, sir," was the reply. "It is a sudden attack, one of the—"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" was the sole reply.

The physicians stepped into a corner and consulted together.

"Will you be good enough to run for a barber? We must have his head shaved and blistered," said Dr. W—ms.

"Ah! poor, dear husband," said the lady; "I fear he will never again know his miserable wife."

"Here she goes, there she goes!" said the landlord, with a little more emphasis, and with a more nervous, yet determined waving of the finger, in concert with the pendulum, for the minute hand was near the twelve—that point which was to put fifty dollars into his pockets, if the hand arrived at it without his suffering himself to be interrupted.

The wife in a low, bewailing tone continued her utterance, "No! never; nor his daughter—"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" almost shouted the landlord, as the minute hand advanced to the desired point.

The barber arrived; he was naturally a talkative man, and when the Doctor made some casual remarks, reflecting upon

the quality of the instrument he was about to use, he replied:

"Ah, ah! Monsieur you say very bad razor. 'Tis beautiful, eh? look, look, very fine, isn't she?"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" screamed the landlord, his hand waving on, and his face gathering a smile, and his whole frame in readiness to be convulsed with joy. The barber was amazed.

"Here she goes, there she goes!" he responded, in the best English he could use, "Vare? vare shall I begin? Vat is dat he says?"

"Shave his head at once!" interrupted the Doctor, while the lady sank into a chair.

"Here she goes, there she goes—goes, for the last time!" cried the landlord, as the clock struck the hour of nine, and he sprang from his seat in an ecstasy of delight, screaming at the top of his voice, as he skipped about the room, "I've won it! I've won it!"

"What?" said the bar-keeper.

"What?" echoed the doctors.

"What?" re-echoed his wife.

"Why, the wager, fifty dollars!" But casting his eyes around the room, and missing the young men who had induced him to watch the clock, he asked the bar-keeper:

"Where are those young men who supped here last night, eh? quick, where are they?"

"They went away in their wagon nearly an hour ago, sir, was the reply.

The truth flashed like a thunder bolt through his mind. They had taken his pocket book, with one hundred and seven dollars therein and decamped, a couple of swindling sharpers, with wit to back them! The story is rife on all men's tongues in the neighborhood where this affair occurred, and the facts are not otherwise than here set down; but we regret that the worthy landlord, in endeavoring to overtake the rascals, was thrown from his wagon, and so severely injured as to be confined to his room at the present moment, where he can watch the pendulum of his clock at his leisure.

Funny Courtship.

MR. G. GERARD, now of Philadelphia, but formerly American Consul at Cape Town, Cape of Good Hope, communicates to the *Press* of the former city the following amusing reminiscence of his African consular experience: "There is a singular custom among the farmers how to get a wife. If you desire to get married you should first make inquiry whether the lady you love has a horse; if so, you must ask her whether she has a horse for sale. If she says 'No,' then you had better quit the house at once. She does not like you. But, if on the contrary she says 'Yes,' it is a good sign, but she will ask you a very high price. If the amount named is paid on the spot, the engagement is concluded, as if marriage was consummated by the person.

"On my arrival at the Cape, I did not know of this custom. I wanted to purchase a horse, and I was informed by an old Dutch resident that widow — had one to sell. I followed the address given, and soon arrived at the door of the widow (who, by the way, was not bad looking). I asked her whether she had a horse to sell. She looked at me very sharp; then she asked me whether I had some letters of introduction. I said that I was the American Consul and would pay cash for the horse. "In this case," said she, "letters are not necessary." I paid down the sum demanded; then, after taking a cup of coffee, she sent her horse by her groom, and both accompanied me home. On the road, the groom asked me a thousand questions. "Master," said he, "will my mistress go live with you in town, or will you come live with us? You will love my mistress, for she was very kind to my old master, (laughing). "Where will the wedding be? (looking at me and laughing). "Truly, I thought, "the poor fellow had drunk too much, or he is imbecile." I felt sorry for him. When I arrived home I found many people at my door congratulating me, not for the horse, but for the acquaintance of the widow. "Truly," said one, "you have been very successful." "She is very rich," said another. I really did not know what it all meant, and I began to be very uneasy, when, to my very great surprise a lady alighted on my steps, and at once I recognized the widow! She very coolly asked me when I desired to have the ceremony of the wedding performed. Then, indeed, I fully perceived the scrape in which I was, and told her frankly it was a horse I wanted, and not a wife. "What," said she, do you mean to set this to a lady like me? If so, I shall send back for my horse, and will repay you the money." In a few hours her groom was at the door with the money. I gladly gave back the horse, thankful to have thus escaped. A few weeks after, however, the widow was married; a more ambitious man had bought her horse."

Leather made from the skin of the white whale is now a regular article of manufacture at some of the villages in Canada. It is both fine and durable, and shoethings made of it are said never to break.

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THERE are no diseases so debilitating in their effects upon the constitution as the above, and none more difficult to cure by the usual modes of practice. The Fever and Ague Powders will effect a cure in cases of the longest standing, as well as prove a preventive in the forming stages of disease. Being purely vegetable, they act with certainty on the disease, totally eradicating it from the system, and preventing a return at any future period.

Why waste your money and health in trying every medicine you hear of, when Thompson's Fever and Ague Powders have never failed to cure the Chills in any case.

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Their Reputation is Established. — Thousands of testimonials have been received, showing that these Powders have performed miracles in curing cases of long standing, many of them considered hopeless.

There is no Risk in Taking Them. — They contain nothing injurious, and, therefore, cause none of those lingering diseases so often the result of the many nostrums of the day. Physicians recommend them as far superior to Quinine, or any other known remedy, for they leave the system in a healthy state, and the patient beyond the probability of a relapse.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS. — The genuine are put up in square tin boxes, with "Thompson's Fever and Ague Powders" stamped on the lid, and the signature of "Thompson & Crawford," on the wrapper. — No others can possibly be genuine.

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New Pension Law.

UNDER an act of Congress approved March 3, 1873, widows of officers who were killed, or died of disease contracted in the service, are now entitled to \$2.00 per month for each of their children.

The guardian of a minor child of a soldier who heretofore only received \$8.00 per month pension now entitled to \$11.00 per month.

Soldiers who receive invalid pensions can now have their pensions increased to any sum or rate between \$5.00 and \$15.00 per month.

Soldiers who have lost their discharges can now obtain duplicates.

Fathers and mothers who lost sons in the service upon whom they were dependent for support, can also obtain pensions.

The undersigned having had over 10 years experience in the Claim Agency business will attend promptly to claims under the above act.

Call on or address

LEWIS POTTER,
Attorney for Claimants,
New Bloomfield,
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7204L

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

NOTICE is hereby given that the co-partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, under the name of Kough, Snyder & Co., is dissolved by mutual consent. The books of the firm will be found with J. W. S. Kough, and notice is given that accounts must be settled within thirty days from this date.

J. W. S. KOUGH,
W. B. SNYDER,
W. H. KOUGH.

Newport, Aug. 30, 1873.

The business heretofore conducted by Kough, Snyder & Co., will be continued by the subscribers.