#### VOL. III.

# RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 19, 1873.

#### THE FACTORY GIRL.

It was just such a village as you see in pictures. A background of superb bold mountain, all clothed in bluegreen cedars, with a torrent thundering down a deep gorge, and falling in billows of foam; a river reflecting the azure of the sky; and a knot of houses, with a church spire at one end, and a thicket of factory chimneys at the other, whose black smoke wrote ever-changing hieroglyphics against the brilliancy of the sky. This was Dapplevale. And in the rosy sunset of this blossomy June day, the girls were all pouring out of the broad door-way, while Gerard Blake, the foreman, sat behind his desk, a pen behind his ear, and his small beady black eyes drawn back, as it were, in the shelter of a precipice of shagar eyebrow.

shargy eyebrow.

One by one the girls stopped and received their pay for the week's work, for this was Saturday night. One by one they filed out, with fretful, discontented faces, until the last one passed in front of the high-railed desk.

She was slight and tall with leave

She was slight and tall, with large velvety blue eyes, a complexion as deli-cately grained and transparent as rosecolored wax, and an abundance of glossy hair of so dark a brown that the casual observer would have pronounced it black; and there was something in the way the blue ribbon at her throat was tied, and the manner in which the simple details of her dress were arranged, that bespoke her of foreign birth.
"Well, Mademoiselle Annette," said Mr. Blake, jocosely nodding, "and how do you like factory life?"
"It is not disagreeable," she answered a slight sagreeable," she have

wered, a slight accent clinging to her tones, like fragrance to a flower, as she extended her hand for the money the

foreman was counting out.
"You have given me but four dollars," she said. "It was to be eight by the contract."

Mr. Blake shrugged his shoulders disagreeably. "Humph!" grunted he; "you ain't much accustomed to our way of doing things, are you, Mademoiselle? Eight -of course; but we deduct two for a fee-"

"A fee! For what?" Mademoiselle Annette demanded, with flushed cheeks

and sparkling eyes. "For getting you the situation, Mademoiselle, to be sure," said Mr. Blake, in a superior sort of way, as if he rather pitied her lack of information. "Such places don't grow on every bush. And folks naturally expect to pay something for the privilege."
"I did not!" flashed out Annette

"Oh-well-all right, Because, you know, you ain't obliged to stay unless you choose. There's plenty of girls would be glad of the chance of getting

into the Dapplevale Calico Works."
"Do you mean," hesitated Annette,
"that if I do not pay you this money-." "You can't expect to stay in the works," said Mr. Blake, easily hitching up his collar. "Yes; that's about the plain English of it, Mademoiselle.

"But the other two dollars?" "Oh," said Mr. Blake, "that's a per-

"But what is it for?"

Mr. Blake laughed.

"Well, it kind o' helps my salary along. Of course, you know, the girls all expect to pay something every week for keeping their situations in a place where there's so many anxious to get in. You may consider yourself very fortunate, Mademoiselle Annette, to secure so desirable a post,"

All this Mr. Blake uttered, in a slow deliberate way, through hisnose. Annette Daville looked scornfully at him. "And Mr. Elderslie?"

"Oh, Mr. Elderslie," repeated Blake.
"He ha'n't nothing to do with it. I run this little machine of the Dapplevale Calico Works." "Mr. Elderslie owns it, I believe?"

"Well, yes, he owns it. But I man-age everything. Mr. Elderslie reposes the utmost confidence in my capacity, ability and—and—responsibility. Mr. Elderslie is a good business man. understands his own interest. And now, Mademoiselle, if you've any more he pounces down on the cornice of the questions to ask..."
"I have none," said Annette wistful-

I work hard for it. I earn it righteously. I cannot afford, any more than the others among these poor laboring girls, to pay it to your greed-"

Eh!" ejaculated Mr. Blake, jumping from his seat as if some noxious insect had stung him. 'And I will not pay it," calmly con-

cluded Mademoiselle Annette. "Very well—very well. Just as you can afford, Mademoiselle," cried the foreman, turning red in the face. "Only

if you won't conform to the rules of the Dapplevale Works-" Are these the rules?" scornfully

demanded Annette. "Pray consider your name crossed off the books," went on Mr. Blake. "You are no longer in my employ. Good-evening, Mademoiselle Whatever-

you-may-call-yourself." And Mr. Blake slammed down the cover of his desk as if it were a patent guillotine, and poor Annette Duvelle's into a man—at least when contrasted

neck were under it. had hovered around the open door to hear the discussion, looked with awestricken faces at Annette, as she came angry eyes till he is "confronted" out with the four dollars which she his breakfast. Such a girl, other things had received from the cashier in her being favorable, will be good material

"You've lost your place, Ma'amselle, whispered Jenny Purple, a pale, dark-eyed little thing, who supported a crip-gentle, affectionate, and lovable. It is pled mother and two little sisters out of her mulcted earnings.

added Mary Rice. tive as--as the old Evil One himself."

"But you can't starve," said Jenny. "Look here, ma'amselle, come home with me. It's a poor place, but we'll proaching, and about to pour a whole make you welcome till—till you can flood of light and warmth upon the write to your friends."

Jenny on her lips.
"I thank you," she said; "but I do mercy to all around her—the joy and not need your kindness. My friends are light of the household.

And Annette Duvelle went back to Women in Florida make from \$1 the little red brick cottage, all thatched \$23 a week braiding palmetto hats.

with the growth of woodbine and trumpet-creeper, where she lodged with the wife of the man who tended the engines

in the Dapplevale Works. "Does he cheat you too of your money?" she asked, when Simon Pet-tengill came home, smoke-stained and

grimy, to eat his supper.

"One-sixth I pays to him," said
Simon, with an involuntary groan, as
he looked at the five little ones around his board. "Yes, Miss, he's a villain, but the world is full o' sich. And I finds it a pretty middlin' hard world to get along with. Mr. Elderslie never comes here, or may be things would be a bit different. Mr. Elderslie lives in

Paris, they say."

"He is in this country now," said
Annette. "I intend to write to him."
Simon Pettengill shrugged his shoul-

"Twon't do no good, Miss," said he.
"Yes, it will," said Annette, quietly.
The petals of the June roses had fallen, a pink carpet all along the edge of the woods, and the long July days had come, epics of sunshine, jewelled at either end by dew and moonlight. And the Dapplevale Works were their holiday guise, even down to Simon Pettengill's newly-brightened steam-engine, for Mr. Elderslie and his bride were to visit the works on their wedding

"It's a pity Ma'amselle Annette went away so soon," said Simon to his assistant; "'cause they say the master's kindhearted in the main, and she might ha' spoke up for herself,"

"Mr. Gerald Blake, in his best broadcloth suit, and mustache newly dyed, stood smiling in the broad doorway, as the carriage drove up to the door, and Elderslie, a handsome blondebrowed man, sprung out, and assisted a young lady, in a dove-colored travelingsuit, to alight. "Blake, how are you?" he said, with

the carelessness of conscious superiority. "Annette, my love, this is Blake, my foreman.

"Mademoiselle Annette!" .
And Mr. Gerald Blake found himself cringing before the slight French girl he had turned from the factory door a month before,
"I must beg to look at the books,
Blake," said Elderslie, authoritatively.

" My wife tells me some strange stories about the way things are managed here. It became so notorious that the rumors reached her even at Blythesdale Springs, and she chose to come and see for her-self. Annette, my darling, the best wedding gift we can make to these poor working girls is a new foreman. Blake, you may consider yourself dis-"But, sir-"

"Not another word," cried Elderslie with lowering brow; and Mr. Gerald Blake crept away, with an uncomforta-ble consciousness of Annette's scornful blue eyes following him. Elderslie turned to his wife.

"You were right, my love," "The man's face is sufficient evidence against him."

And a new reign began for poor Jenny Purple and the working girls, as well as for Simon Pettengill.

And Annette never regretted her week's apprenticeship in the Dapplevale Calico Works.—Ledger.

## "Catching on Behind."

"Catching on behind" is the crown ing enjoyment now for boys. Johnny comes home at night surfeited with fun; he has had a good time, but he is tired. His nose is split open at one end, and one of his teeth is gone, and he has lumps on the back of his head, but he has had a good time, and he has come home to hear his mother read about Joseph and his brethren, and rub him with liniment.

There is huge fun in catching on be hind, but it requires a great deal of adroitness and decision. The successful lad is he who is never looking for a ride. He stands with his hands in his pockets, actively devouring the scenery with one eye, while the other is prowl-ing around under cover on the lookout for a good chance. And when it comes sleigh in such a manner as to cover the most tender parts of himself in case he "But I need this money myself. has fallen on a Philistine. The solicitude with which a boy shields histender parts will bring tears to the eyes of a tax collector. But he always gets on the sleigh, and gets off, too, when urged by a long whip-lash; and when he gets off he rolls himself in a lump and merely lets go, and the fate that always protects boys sees that he bounds into safety. Wood sleighs, with long, strong stakes to eatch hold of, are Godsends, but a box sleigh, with a place for two to sit on and make faces at rivals, who are despised.

#### Laughing Children.

Give me (says a writer) the boy or girl who smiles as soon as the first ravs of the morning sun glance in through with a sullen, morose, crabbed fellow, Two or three of the factory girls, who who snaps and snarls like a surly cur, to aid in gladdening some comfortable home, or to refine, civilize, tame, and feast to even look at such a joy-iner mulcted earnings.

"And he'll never let you in again," the smiles flowing, so to speak, and he'll never let you in again," the smiles flowing, so to speak, and ded Mary Rice. "He's as vindicparted lipes, displaying a set of clean parted lipes, displaying a set of clean well-brushed teeth, looking almost the well-brushed teeth, looking almost the spiring girl, such a woman girl, and see is a rogue, and rogues sometimes out-general themselves." He personification of beauty and goodness, singing, and as merry as the birds—the morning concert long before the lazy boys dreamed that the sun was apearth. Such a girl is like a gentle Annette turned and impulsively kissed shower to the parched earth, bestowing

Women in Florida make from \$18 to

A Varied Career. A man died in Worcester, Mass., a few days ago, a Springfield paper says, whose career is a strange illustration of the power of strong drink to ruin manhood. Twelve years ago he was a law-yer in Connecticut, then twenty-four years old, of marked ability and fine promise. Entering the army, he served with distinction, rising to the command of his regiment. Becoming addicted to the use of intoxicants, he sank to the level of a common drunkard, and in 1865 was allowed to resign to escape disgrace. While intoxicated in one of the low dens of New York, one night, he was "shanghaed" aboard of a China bark, which sailed the next morning for Bombay. The vessel was wrecked in St. Helena Bay, on the west coast of Africa, and all but nine of the crew lost. The remainder made their way to Cape Town, where the ex-soldier commenced a prolonged debauch. He was finally arrested, imprisoned, and at last hired by the authorities to a Dutch farmer, by whom, in company with several Hot-tentots, he was employed in tending cattle. After a brief experience of this kind of life, he escaped and shipped on a small vessel bound through the Straits of Madagascar on a trading voyage. Becoming dissatisfied, however, he again deserted, and penetrating to the interior of the island, lived some time among the natives. He was allowed to become a settler, had half a dozen wives, and was for a time considered as one of the people; but finally becoming unpopular, and hearing that he was to be murdered, he secretly departed at night. When the secretly departed at to an interval or dermant state and the remained for the people of God.

Let them consider the transition by which they should rise into that other state of existence. Did souls pass immediately into blessedness after they quitted this state? Or did they lie, as the Jews believed, in a vast receptacle awaiting the last day? The New Testament was not clear on the subject, but by implication its teaching was that they rose at once into the divine presence. No allusion was made by Paul to an interval or dermant state. sea in an open boat, intending to reach the main-land. He was picked up by a vessel bound for Cape Town and carried back. There he shipped for Singapore, and, after wandering in China and Japan for several years, finally reached San Francisco. All this time his habit of drinking had maintained its ascendency, and had sufficed to counteract the stimulus which his adventures might otherwise have given a bold, daring spirit. He was physically and mentally ago, when he appeared in Elizabeth, N. as bar-tender at a drinking saloon of the lowest class. A few months since, a relative, hearing that he had fallen sick, and was without friends or means of support, went to New Jersey and brought him to Worcester, where he passed his last days.

#### Wringing Jokes from a Broken Heart.

"Mamma begs you to be funny," was, says the London Echo, a sufficiently uncomfortable message for a gentleman to receive at an evening parhis dozen courses at the mamma's house. World were to be as the angels. There But to be obliged to be "funny" on an was progress. They were not to prepaentertainment of a public house audience, when in a state of starvation, is one of the cruelest ironies of Fate of which we have ever heard. A poor fellow named David Haslam, aged fifty-two, has expired at Salford under the trial, and the verdict of the coroner's required in the future state; why, then, jury is " Death from natural causes, accelerated by want of medical attendance and of the proper necessaries of life, The man's son and three younger mem pers of the family, all "unfit to work, lived together in a poor room, for which they paid 3s. 2d. a week, and, as usual, here is a history of an appeal to the Infirmary, and no notice taken till "the deceased became worse on Thursday, and died on Saturday afternoon." For three weeks he had failed to earn anything by his grim efforts to be "comic

cent income of from 2s, to 3s, a weekand then he took to his bed for a fortnight, and with a little sage and tes, brought by a charitable neighbor, passed quietly down the last slope and out at the door, which leads-let us trust-to a world where there is no need to be 'comic." Of all the ghastly touches which enter into the picture of our civilization, we know few se blood-chilling as the presentment of a figure singing vulgar, hilarious ditties at the door of gin palace, just a few days off from actually dying for want of the necessaries of life !

## Hindoo Social Law.

A very important case has been decided by a full bench of the High Court, at Calcutta. The question whether a Hindoo widow, who succeeds to her husband's estate, forfeits the property by subsequent unchastity, has long formed a subject of controversy. complicated in India by the prohibition breaking down their legs and lungs in a of widow - remarriage, and it really vain attempt to catch up, is not to be amounts to whether a Hindoo widow shall or shall not be condemned to a life of celibacy, on pain of deprivation of her estate. The cause came on before Christmas, and after a protracted inquiry, with five days' argument before all the judges, seven of them, including the Chief Justice, held that unchastity does not involve forfeiture, while three of them, including the Hindoo Judge of the High Court, held that it did. decision is in accord with the views of the rising generation in Bengal; but the point forms only one of a group of social questions in native life sooner or later must come before the Legislature. The British Government has pledged itself to be guided in such by Hindoo law and custom ; but the ancient law and customs of India are ceasing to represent the facts of native society in Bengal,

TREATING. - A teetotal orator recently delivered himself as follows: "Now boys, if you want to be generous and treat each other, why not select some other place beside the liquor shop? Suppose, as you go past the post-office, you say, 'I say, my dear fellow, come in and take some stamps.' The stamps will cost you no more than drinks all round. Or go to the haberdasher's and say, 'Boys, come in and take a box of collars.' Walk up to a grocer's, free and generous, and say, 'What kind of coffee will you have?' Why not treat to groceries by the pound, as well as liquor by the glass? Or take your comrades to a cutter's, and say, 'I'll stand a good pocket-knife all round.

#### Beecher's Notable Sermon.

Henry Ward Beecher Surprises his Congregation by a Sermon out of the

The following is a synopsis of the sermon of Henry Ward Beecher, in his Brooklyn church, and which created so

profound a sensation :

"For the former things are passed away."-This was the summation, Mr. Beecher said; the particulars were given before. He would read from the first verse to the text. It was as though the voice had said, "In this world men experi-ence sorrow and trial. Their hopes are disappointments, their aspirations fail-ures. But there comes a world in the future in which all this—the former things—shall have passed away forever." This beautiful day was a good day to talk about heaven. There was no stir in the air, no storm on the water. All things were beautiful and still. The air was full of odors, distilled from the white alembics of the flowers. It reminded one of the rest that remained

be murdered, he secretly departed at night. After almost incredible sufferings, he reached the coast and put to dition of men after death. He never intimated that the soul took a sort of unconscious vacation, awaiting a general ingathering to the spiritual sphere. Nor did such an idea address itself to any human instinct which desired it to be true. Paul's doctrine was, "Absent from the body, present with the Lord." Out of this, into that. There was a spring of immediateism in his doctrine. If there was a great slumberous interval after death, why was there no hint of it in the Word of God? Mr. Beecher did broken down, and incapable of further effort. He remained in San Francisco virtually a beggar until about a year other, but he thought that scripture warranted the presumption that they

had a right to believe so.

This doctrine, Mr. Beecher said, did This doctrine, Mr. Beecher said, did not exclude the idea of progress. They had the testimony of Christ in Matthew's gospel. Among the Jews, in order that a woman's right of property might not go out of the tribe, it was possible for her to marry all the men of a household. Christ was asked whose wife such an one should be in the next world. Christ said, "Ye do err, not knowing the scriptures, nor the power of God. For ciently uncomfortable message for a gentleman to receive at an evening party, after having dined luxuriously on the angels of God." Men in the next the angels of God." Men in the next gate, not to frame themselves into little companies as on earth. The family relation there was to be different. The passions which continue the race, hunger and thirst which prompt to bodily nourishment, the combative powers requisite for protection here, were not need men possess these powers or passions or longings when they had left behind them the conditions which required them? When we left the body, we should leave behind us many burnt

out passions. In the other life, too, our minds would be disabused of many functions which it was needful for them to have here. We should not carry our earthly bodies into the other life, yet we should have spiritual bodies which would identify us one from the other. The souls -which usually brought him a magnifi- that emerged from death into heaven would range along an extended scale. There would be a system of progress Those souls that were low in spiritual culture in this life would be low down the scale in the next. Each soul would begin with the capital acquired in this Those who had one talent would be far below those who had five. Each one would possess, as it were, a specific gravity in the other, and would rest accordingly. But scripture justified the belief that all would be as happy as they could bear. They would develop, however, with a rapidity of which we could form no conception. Children who entered the next life as children would rise and develop more swiftly than on earth. Men of low culture here would there grow with wondrous rapid-ity, so that the lowest and least would speedily outgrow all this world's stand-Take away from man all that be longed to his lower nature, and give him in force all that pertained to his higher nature, and then you might conceive of the aptitude with which he would receive the lessons of the other. He would be in a society, too, where all would move with one intent-the evil gone, the temptation dropped outmoved together, like the Gulf Stream, mightily, irresistibly. There would be also the direct influence of God-how

mighty the influence, how noble the joy!
We might thus see, said Mr. Beecher,
how men who, when they died, were not very fit for heaven, and heaven might develop what earth never would have developed. Sometimes when opening up a long disused well men found a few old seeds at the bottom. They had lain there for years. There was no sign of life about them. They were brought to the light, however, and the sun shone upon them. They began to grow and sprout, and soon became healthy, vigorous plants. One might conceive people here unfitted by force of animal sions for a spiritual life, who, nevertheless, when death took away what was their bane on earth, might begin a new life in a future state. Some represented a man as taking into the next world the nature, the disposition he had in this. How could we conceive a man's taking all his sensual, rude, inchoate nature into the other life? He did not take it with him. Men grew as straw. We could conceive a germ which—when freed from the chaff and bettered, nurtured, and educated, and glowed on by the sun of God's love-would open up and grow and flourish. On earth, all through much sin and darkness it lived and grew some at times. But, with a thousand hindrances shredded off, we could understand how men whom soci- villages of West Prussia.

ety rejects now, may get standing room in heaven, not high up, but a starting place. If heaven was so rigidly pure, then death must be a great sifter. Look at the saint of years. How imperfect, how deficient, how very far down he is. What man ever walked to the gate of heaven, and had the angel lay on him that sale and say. "First because heaven, and had the angel lay on him that scale, and say, "Enter, because thou art pure?" Not one, though he may have been washed by floods of tears, and sifted by years of trial, and ennobled by acts of heroism. No; heaven was opened by grace—by grace only, by Love. God lets in whom he would and we didn't know his gauge. would, and we didn't know his gauge.

Some might say, "Is it safe to hold such views as these?" What right had they to challenge God? He said, "I

will have mercy on whom I will. God refused to be questioned on his generprudently stood still.

In the meantime the accomplice rushosity. If the best went not into heaven because he earned it, but because of the act of great love, why might not the bottomest go in too? So long as a man possessed a state of mind that was imening him with instant death if he moved. The young man, seeing the intention of the scoundrels, bounded down the steps and toward the more densely populated portion of the town, with the intention of giving the alarm. He had scarcely reached the ground, however, when robber No. 2 fired at him. The bullet passed under the shoulder of young Rozier's coat ploughprovable there was a chance for him, and the preacher did not believe God would cast him away. Mr. Beecherdid not believe there was a person on the face of the earth who had heard the Gospel and in whose soul there was any-thing improvable who would not find an entrance into heaven-low down, it might be, but the lowest place there was infinitely better than the highest

We saw a ragged lad in the street, unkempt, untaught, rude, grovelling. Our Christian sympathy was touched. Imitating Christ, we set to work to transform him, and in course of time we had the satisfaction to see him grow up and develop into a man of intelligence, worth, and piety. All this was done by our only imitating the spirit of Christ. And should we be able to perform more than the infinite love and tenderness of the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ? If any perished, it was the perishing of the beast—destruction. Down in the South one could see slaves seventy years of age sitting over their books learning A, B, C. And in the other life we should see slaves of sin sitting in heaven learning the alphabet. Better to start at the bottom of heaven than not at all,

How many persons were there, Mr. Beecher said, who lived in perpetual sorrow, and went mourning day and sorrow, and went mourning day and night because their son—a young man—had died without giving evidence of a saving change. "I've lost him forever," they say. "I don't know how it is with you," said Mr. Beecher, with the tears choking his voice, "but my sun would go out and leave all dark if I thought such a thing. The drowing thought such a thing. The dropping away of a child to join that procession—to enter that life of infinite misery! Every loving parent would be willing to say, 'Would God I were accursed from say, 'Would God I were accursed from Christ to save thee, my son!' Where there is a germ of good in it, I don't believe a soul is going to be thrust away by that hand that was pierced. I don't believe that that love which was shown in Christ is going to throw away one soul with a germ of good in it. And so I hope—I hope."

unable in this world to resist temptation, yet desiring to do so. There was hope for them in the future, though there seemed none now.

This subject ought to comfort those

His passions died out. Many a man calling himself a sinner had that in him worth saving, which might have given him a place—not high up—but still a lace to grow in heaven.

Let us, then, go to our daily busiess, believing that there was a germ God would not let die out unless we ruthlessly trod it under foot and put it out. Let us remember that if we bore up to the throne of God-notthat which was perfect, but what was worth planting-not one germ would God throw away. Let us not think that by any mystic sorcery or secret change we could pecome heirs of heaven. There was warning for the over confident, as well as comfort for the imperfect and

A short prayer and a hymn closed the ervice. Mr. Beecher spoke with great power, and the audience were affected o tears repeatedly. At the close, a lady who had listened with deep emotion to the discourse, stood up and said aloud to the preacher with streaming eyes, God bless you, sir, for that noble ser-

## Carried Her Point.

San Francisco has witnessed a scene which has created much fun, but more twelve months ago. Four or five armed profanity in every post-office in the United States. "A female argonaut of fearful vitality," we read in the San safe, and deterred interference from Francisco Bulletin, "a tall and extremely ugly female, called at the post-who appeared upon the streets, and office, tendered ninety-nine coppers to the urbane clerk, and asked in lieu thereof three-cent stamps. The official remarked that he could only receive the expense of a deal of precious time endeavored to convince the female that he was guided by certain rules, and had no latitude in the matter. She waxed wroth, and remarked that when, in the course of human events, it became apparent that United States coin was to be refused by a United States official, she thought her forefathers had died in vain, and considered it her duty to bring the Government to account. Then she paced the corridor of the post-office until she had made thirty-three separate tenders of the coppers and obtained thirty-three three cent stamps. During him much unsolicited advice, and otherwise contributed to the enjoyment of a acted the gentleman throughout.'

Utica of a modest and lowly turn of mind. Conscious of compete with some of her sisters in different parts of the country that have been laying eggs as large of these of the ostrich, the Utica fowl has sought celebrity for delicate elegance by pro-ducing eggs of about the size of hothouse grapes. She has indeed gone a little further than this in the pursuit of novelty. Into the little eggs she puts no yolks, so that her productions are more curious than valuable.

Asiatic cholera has appeared in two

#### Capturing a Bank.

A daring and remarkable robbery was perpetrated at the bank at St. Genevieve, Mo., recently. In the morning the cashier of the bank was standing on the steps of the building conversing, when two strangers walked briskly up the steps, passing between them, and entered the office. The cashier, sup-posing that they wished to transact some business, followed them into the room, and passing them near the middle of the counter, which he intended to step behind, was suddenly arrested by a sharp "Halt!" and turning, found revolver almost touching his head. The ruffian who presented the weapon quickly informed him that a movement would cost him his life, and the cashier, being convinced that such was the case,

ed toward a young man present, at the same time drawing a pistol and threat-ening him with instant death if he

shoulder of young Rozier's coat, ploughing a furrow through the skin and flesh, but not injuring the bones. The young man felt that he was hit, but redoubled his speed and was soon beyond pistol shot range. Robber No. 2, finding that his intended victim had escaped, immediately rejoined his com-panion, and placed his pistol at the head of the colored porter, who at that moment appeared. The cashier was ordered at once to unlock the safe, and knowing that a refusal would result in his immediate death, complied with the

The robbers then hastily seized all The robbers then hastily seized all the money they could find, together with a tin box belonging to the sheriff of the county, and containing \$100 in gold, a number of notes and some valuable papers. The greater portion of the money in the safe was in bills of a comparatively small denomination, and although the ruffians evidently thought they had secured a very large amount, they in reality got only about \$3,500.

After pocketing the money they placed the cashier between them, and locking the porter in the bank, walked toward the outskirts of the town. When they had proceeded about two hundred and fifty yards they met two confederates on horseback who led two other horses. As they neared the two horsemen, one of the led animals took fright and broke away. One of the horsemen went in pursuit, and seeing another man on horseback approaching, drew his pistol and threatened to shoot him if he did not stop the runaway. The horseman, a German living in the vicinity, managed to head off and secure quickly got together on the road.

The cashier, who had in the mean time been a close prisoner, was then ordered to leave as scon as his two captors were mounted, and finding himself at liberty, turned toward the town. An ominous click, click, caused him to jump quickly to one side in time to avoid a pistol ball, and, by lively dodging, he succeeded in escaping three more shots fired at him. the ruffians seemed inclined to pursue him on horseback, and kill him, but was dissauded by his comrades, and all four started off at a hard gallop.

In the meantime young Rozier had alarmed the town, and fifteen minutes after the gang took their departure ten or a dozen mounted men, armed with double guns, loaded with buck-shot,

were in Lot pursuit. The cashier, who, while in the road. had also been stripped of his gold watch, chain, and a small amount of money, immediately started for St. Louis to consult with Chief McDonough. He met the Chief and told him the story substantially as given above,

The robbers were superbly mounted but their horses were somewhat jaded. It is believed that they intended to reach Perryville and the Arkansas line, and from there get into the mountains; but if such was their intention it is almost certain that the pursuing party

will overtake them. The particulars of the daring bank robbery in Missouri will recall the striking similar burglary of the Bank of Columbia, Ky., which occurred about desperadoes entered the bank in broad daylight, forced the eashier to open the who appeared upon the streets, and finally made their escape unmolested after murdering the cashier in cold blood. These men were never captured; and the circumstances of the atfour coppers as a legal tender, and at tack upon the bank at St. Genevieve, are so extraordinarily alike in every detail-except the murder-to the tragedy at Columbia, as to suggest its being the work of the same desperate scoundrels,

## Fashionable Dress.

Says the London Echo: "A correspondent notices, among the arcaua of fashionable dress, a fact which, if duly pondered by those of its wearers whose means do not justify a large outlay to secure extreme originality of attire, may produce considerable revolution in the mode of obtaining those exquisite her transactions with the clerk she gave | toilettes which at this moment rival the flowers of May in variety and freshness. The ready-made costumes sold in large little knot of spectators. The clerk shops frequently cost about the same sum as those made by a reasonable dressmaker, whose materials are supplied by her customer. This circumstance recalls the anecdote of a provinmind. Conscious of her inability to cial, who, having given a famous Parisian tailor some home-spun cloth to make up into a coat, was surprised to find that his bill came to the same amount as that of a customer whose suit had been made of the tailor's own stuff. You will observe, sir, said the artiste in broadcloth, in reply to his remonstrance, 'that nothing is charged in this establishment for materials. Customers pay only for my name."

snatching a paper from a newsboy.

#### Items of Interest.

NO. 16.

A boy eleven years old, in Detroit, feigns death so perfectly that only ex-

perts can discover signs of life. Writers of indecent matter on postal cards are subject to a fine of not less than \$100, nor more than \$5,000 for each

offence. Fashion and common sense now go hand-in-hand as regards feminine foot -the broader the sole, the more stylish

A new fabric, made of woven glass, has been invented for ladies' dress ma-

terial. It can't be stained, and is incombustible. Mayor Stokley, of Philadelphia, has given orders that the law prohibiting the sale of oysters in that city in the

months of June, July, and August be strictly enforced. It is asserted that the body of a woman, who was burned in Virginia a few days ago, was entirely consumed, even to the bones, but that the heart re-mained intact, and was scarcely charred

at all. Three hundred thousand dollars' worth of the bonds stolen from the Waterford, N. Y., Bank, some time ago, have been returned by the thieves, who have received thirty-five per cent. and immunity from punishment for their

A man and his wife are reported to have died recently, near the Roane Mountain, in Carter county, Tenn., from using milk, said to have been rendered poisonous by the cows eating grass on which vapors impregnated with arsenic

had settled. An old lady, three hundred and ninety-one years old, lately walked two hundred Iowa miles in one day, chopped ten cords of wood, dug fifty bushels of potatoes, and then danced all night. This is told in an effort to quiet the Cleveland Herald. Cleveland Herald.

Several Irishmen were disputing one day about the invincibility of their respective persons, when one of them remarked, "Faith, I'm a brick." "And indade I'm a bricklayer," said another, riging the first present a blow that giving the first speaker a blow that brought him to the ground.

Senator Scott was talking to a Pennsylvania Sunday-school, and asked the scholars why Simon was kept in prison. One of the teachers quietly prompted a boy to say that it was for a hostage, and the youth, not quite catching the words, piped out: "He was detained for post-They have a business-like method of

procedure in Kansas. In the midst of the excitement caused by the discovery of the terrible Bender murders, a small board was put up near one of the graves, announcing that the deserted Bender claim had been preempted by another settler. There is a young lady on Fifth avenue,

New York, who is puzzling all her acnoos na to how she colors her hair. She changes its color every other day; one day it will be auburn, another brown, another golden, another jet black. How on earth she does it we den't know, but she does.

While Zachary Kehoe was appeasing his appetite at a St. Louis restaurant, a day or two ago, the tall stool upon which he was perched suddenly gave way, and in the fall he broke his arm. He asserts that the thing was fixed up to break, as a practical joke, and de mands \$1,500 damages for his injuries, and his interrupted collation.

The Milford (Del.) News has discovered a new enemy to the peaches, it being a sort of weevil, which, under the glass, bears strong resemblance in color, shape, and motion to the black heart-worm of corn, though, unlike that, it can suspend itself by a web. It is thought it is hatched outside of the bud, eats its way in, and then speedily departs.

A Boston writer says that men do not kill themselves so much by overwork as by inattention to the common laws of health. They eat at improper hours, they do not exercise, they neglect the prime essential sleep, they break down, and overwork gets the blame. A man is like an engine; he will stand a certain amount of high pressure, and no more. Half the quarrels and litigations in the world are caused by bad digestion; and we think he is pretty nearly correct.

# How It is Done.

They tell the story of a captain of a North River boat, who was something of a wag in his way. A committee of the New York Legislature was on the captain's boat making a tour of inspection, and one of the members, who knew the captain of old, attempted to extract amusement for himself and his fellowmembers by rallying the captain on his preaching, as it was reported that he sometimes indulged in that exercise. "O!" said the captain, "I've taken to the law lately."
Senator—" Not been admitted?"

Captain-"Yes, regular; passed my examination in open court."
Senator—"And answered all the questions fair and square, captain?" Captain—" All but one." Senator—" And what was that?"

Captain-"I don't like to tell; it may hurt your feelings, and some of the gen-tlemen here may be offended." All—"O no; out with it; what was it? Let's hear." Captain—"Well, the judge asked me

and I couldn't tell-' How can a man go to the Legislature, get three dollars a day, pay five dollars a day for his board, and lay up money?"" The committee gave the captain a

round of applause, and invited him to supper that night, which he positively

NICOTINE IN TOBACCO-SMOKE, -Experiments, by Dr. Heubel, do not confirm the alleged absence of nicotine from tobacco smoke; on the contrary, by condensing smoke from cigars, and washing it in water and alcohol, he obtained a solution which was capable of producing the effects of nicotine; and he also detected its presence, chemically, in the form of the salts more permanent at high temperatures. The effect of smoking, he concludes, must there-An Iowa justice, with rightful claim fore be ascribed, in part at least, to the to the title, has fined a man \$5 for absorption of nicotine, though other substances may act with this poison.