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OF ALL KINDS,  
Executed in the highest style of the Art, and on the most reasonable terms.

**Valuable Property FOR SALE.**

The subscribers offer for sale, their residence in Stroudsburg. The lot has a front of 145 ft. on Main Street, with a depth of 250 feet. The buildings consist of a convenient dwelling house, store house, barn and other out buildings. There is an abundance of choice apples, pears, plums, grapes and small fruits, with excellent water.

A. M. & R. STOKES.

**LACKAWANNA HOUSE,**  
OPPOSITE THE DEPOT,  
East Stroudsburg, Pa.  
B. J. VAN COTT, Proprietor.

The bar contains the choicest liquors and the table is supplied with the best market goods. Charges moderate. [May 3 1872-4f.]

**DR. J. LANTZ,**  
Surgeon and Mechanical Dentist,

has his office on Main Street, in the second story of the S. Walton's brick building, nearly opposite the Stroudsburg House, and he flatters himself that by eighteen years constant practice and the most careful and careful attention to all matters pertaining to his profession, that he is fully able to perform all operations in the dental line in the most careful, tasteful and skillful manner. Special attention given to saving the Natural Teeth; also to the insertion of Artificial Teeth on Rubber, Gold, Silver or Continuous Gums, and perfect fits in cases insured. Most persons know the great folly and danger of entrusting their work to the inexperienced, or to those living at a distance. April 13, 1871-19f.]

**DR. C. O. HOFFMAN, M. D.**  
Would respectfully announce to the public that he has removed his office from Oakland to Canadensis, Monroe County, Pa. Trusting that many years of consecutive practice of Medicine and Surgery will be a sufficient guarantee for the public confidence. February 25, 1870.—4f.]

Geo. W. Jackson. Amzi LeBar.

**DRS. JACKSON & LeBAR**  
PHYSICIANS, SURGEONS & ACCOUCHERS,  
Stroudsburg and East Stroudsburg, Pa.

**DR. GEO. W. JACKSON,**  
Stroudsburg,  
is the old office of Dr. A. Heeves Jackson Residence in Wyckoff's Building.

**DR. A. LeBAR,**  
East Stroudsburg,  
office next door to Smith's Store. Residence at Miss E. Heller's. Feb. 9 72-11f.]

**DR. N. L. PECK,**  
Surgeon Dentist,

Announces that having just returned from Dental College, he is fully prepared to make artificial teeth in the most beautiful and life-like manner, and to fill decayed teeth according to the most improved method. Teeth extracted without pain, when desired, by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas, which is entirely harmless. Repairing of all kinds neatly done. All work warranted. Charges reasonable. Office in J. G. Keller's new brick building, Main Street, Stroudsburg, Pa. Aug. 31-11f.]

**JAMES H. WALTON,**  
Attorney at Law,  
Office in the building formerly occupied by L. M. Burson, and opposite the Stroudsburg Bank, Main street, Stroudsburg, Pa. Jan 13-11f.]

**KELLERSVILLE HOTEL.**  
The undersigned having purchased the above well known and popular Hotel Property, would respectfully inform the traveling public that he has refurbished and fitted up the Hotel in the best style. A handsome bar, with choice liquors and Segars, polite attendants and moderate charges.

**CHARLES MANAL,**  
Proprietor.  
Oct 19 1871. 11f.]

Found out why people go to McCarty's to get their furniture, because he buys it at the Ware Rooms of Lee & Co. and sells it at an advance of only twenty-two and two-thirds per cent. Or in other words, Rocking Chairs that he buys of Lee & Co. (through the runners he don't have) for \$4.50 he sells for \$5.50. Pays him to buy some good furniture. LEE & CO. Stroudsburg, Aug. 18, 1870.—4f.]

**PLASTER!**  
Fresh ground Nova Scotia PLASTER, at Stokes' Mills. HEMLOCK BOARDS, FENCING, SHINGLES, LATH, PA-LING, and POSTS, cheap.

FLOUR and FEED constantly on hand. Will exchange Lumber and Plaster for Grain or pay the highest market price.

**BLACKSMITH SHOP** just opened by C. Stone, an experienced workman. Public trade solicited.

**N. S. WYCKOFF,**  
Stokes' Mills, Pa., April 20, 1871.

**REV. EDWARD A. WILSON'S** (of Wilkes-Barre, N. Y.) Recipe for CON-SUMPTION and ASTHMA carefully com-ounded at

**HOLLINSHEAD'S DRUG STORE,**  
Medicines Fresh and Pure.  
Nov. 21, 1867.] W. HOLLINSHEAD.

## AN ANGELIC VISITOR.

### A Very Extraordinary Story.

A lady in Indianapolis furnishes the *People*, a paper published there, with the following extraordinary narrative concerning Lisette Bernard, a girl of French extraction, "who was one of a car load of orphans, homeless children, sent West from New York by the Children's Aid Society there, to find homes. My husband had spoken to Mr. Friedson, the agent of the Society, brother of the shoe merchant in Washington street, to bring him a little nurse girl with the next car-load he should conduct to the West. This was in the winter of 1864-5. That spring, in April, he brought us Lisette, stating that he knew nothing of her parentage, and that he selected her on account of her gentle disposition from a number of favorites at the Orphan Asylum on Randall's Island, near New York, where she had been for four years.

"There was nothing remarkable about her but very mild ways and dreary, weary look from her deep set blue eyes. I noticed Lisette manifest a peculiar and intense interest whenever I played on the piano selections from any of the old operas and masterpieces. At such times I would find her sitting in the adjoining room, utterly oblivious to everything but the music, from the effects of which she seemed to awaken when spoken to, and would then rouse herself as if from sleep.

"This absorption was the subject of frequent remark in the family. One night last November, at 2 o'clock, my husband and I were roused from our slumbers by hearing the sweetest music, coming apparently from our piano. Our bed room was off the sitting room, all on the same floor, and of course, we were frightened. The doors from our room to the sitting room and parlor were all open—the gas by our bedside burning dimly, but the parlor was dark. We lay a moment listening to the perfect concord of sounds from the piano, which we perceived was under the fingers of a masters hand. The music was from Handel—one of his grand and majestic movements, and not one that I had played on that piano, and I had not the notes in the house. The playing ceased a moment or two, and soon began with one of Liszt's fantasias, one so difficult of execution that none but the highest professors of art ever attempted it. I had heard it the summer before at Grossby's in Chicago, but had never tried it myself. Mr. J. and I hastily dressed ourselves, for by this time we supposed some of our friends had taken the novel method of serenading us, but who was the performer that touched the instrument with a skill possessed by none of our acquaintances, was the puzzling question.

"We passed noiselessly to the parlor floor; the light from our room by a reflection made everything in the parlor visible. You may imagine our surprise when I tell you that the performer at the piano was no other than Lisette, dressed in her gayest suit, with her abundance of hair put up in a style I never saw before on any one, but very neat and tasty. Her face was from us, and Mr. J. mentioned to me to keep silence, lighted the gas, and we both went to Lisette's side just as she concluded the fantasia. Her eyes were closed, and her face, usually pale, was now deadly white. At the same time Lisette, turning her head toward me, and bowing politely, said in a lady like voice—not unnatural to her—"That was Liszt's own favorite when I saw him; beautiful, isn't it? But here is something I like better," and turning to the piano, her eyes still closed, she gave with exquisite skill one of Bach's Counter Puzgs, which is perhaps the most difficult of all compositions to render, but when well delivered, as this was, carried the hearer from earth to heaven. If I could render a Counter Fugue, as a magician I would be content. I was so absorbed in her theme that I forgot who was the fine performer.

"As it closed, Lisette rose gracefully, and bowing said: "That is sufficient for this child to night, she must now rest. Please, kind friends, do not waken her in the morning; I will rouse her at the proper time," and bowing again with a womanly grace Lisette had never attained, she passed to her room.

"The next morning Lisette, usually an early riser, slept till 10 o'clock. We said nothing to her of what we had witnessed, nor told it to any one else that day. On the second night after we were awakened about the same hour by a similar performance in the parlor. We went in again. The pieces played were all classic, mostly from Handel—one or two from Beethoven—and their execution perfect; only one of which had ever been played in her hearing. Between each each, she made remarks and criticisms as naturally as if she were some accomplished performer presiding at the piano, and not our little nurse girl. As she closed the performance she astonished us more than ever by saying: "Good friends, I much thank you for your kindness to this child; I am her mother, and I am training her unconsciously to herself. Please do not tell her of this practice, for I fear she will not long remain with you, as she is very delicate," and bowed herself out as before.

"These performances, being repeated every alternate night after, became somewhat annoying, especially since Lisette seemed to be declining rapidly. The physician prescribed for her, but never

seemed to understand her case. He witnessed the musical performances. He said she was undoubtedly asleep the whole time at the piano. On one occasion she turned to him and said: "Oh, doctor! I see you don't understand this. Lisette is not before you except in body. I am her mother. I can use her body. My name is Therse Bernard. I was reared in Lorraine, married in Paris. I taught music in Paris—it was my grand passion. My husband died on board ship as we came to America. I died in New York a few months afterward. I have watched Lisette ever since—you need not give her medicine—she will soon be with me and Louis."

"She lingered till January last and died a painless death. It was a gradual fading away. Her performances ceased in December. After her death Mr. J. wrote to the asylum whence she came to know what the record showed concerning her. The answer, so far as applicable, is as follows: "Bernard Lisette was entered January 20, 1861, from Bleeker street tenement house. Supposed to be four years old; mother died of starvation, said to be a French music teacher. Lisette sent to Indianapolis April, 1865.

"She never touched the piano when awake, but said she would like to learn to play it. Nor did she with two exceptions, play any pieces that were played in our house by any person."

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**THINGS ABOUT HOME.**

[From the Philadelphia North American.]

In the year 1850 the national census gave the entire products of manufactures, mining and fisheries in the United States only \$1,019,106,616. In 1870 the single State of Pennsylvania produced in manufactures alone, exclusive of mines and fisheries, \$725,599,424. If the aggregate of the mining were included, the return would, no doubt, equal the whole product of the Republic in 1850. Such a growth in twenty years is amazing—Should our increase in the current decade be in the same ratio as in the last, the aggregate for Pennsylvania in 1880 will be nearly \$2,000,000,000, or considerable more than the entire product of the nation in 1860. Our progress thus seems to rise every twenty years to an equality with that of the nation at the beginning of the period.

People often talk of the resources of Pennsylvania for industrial pursuits in a general sort of way, without any attempt to measure her natural progress or capacity. We present these considerations merely to enable our readers to form some estimate of the real state of the case, and of the vast and overshadowing importance of industrial pursuits to this Commonwealth. It is the possession of the native resources in such exhaustless abundance that does this for us. No one has yet attempted to gauge the ultimate capacity of the State, and our own efforts in that line have merely served to arouse the latent energies of the people, and afford them some vague idea of a boundless future. It is but a very few years since the mining interest of Schuylkill fancied that its destiny depended altogether on the New York market. And now the intelligent people of that region begin to see that if the coal is so valuable to New York and New England for industrial purposes it can be made much more so here at home.

Complaint has been made that the mines produce more coal than the markets require; but now the operators begin to see that they can create vast home markets by means of industrial enterprises. Iron is scarce and high, and we can market all we can make, so that the future lies bright ahead. Let us produce twice as much iron as we do now, and the impulse will be felt by every branch of industry in the old Commonwealth. All this lies within our reach; but we must do it for ourselves, and depend upon no contingencies and no outside aid. From the coal that we export steam power is extracted. When we sell it to others and neglect to make adequate use of it ourselves, we take from our treasures the great leverage of industry, and receive for it money that affords us but a poor compensation. As it lies in the coal deposits it offers to us the means of increasing wealth, industry, power, commerce, if we only avail ourselves of the opportunity. And the fact that the mines produce more coal than the consumption warrants, appears to tell against ourselves, since we are essentially an industrious people; and having the coal here in such quantities, and so cheap, it is our own fault if we do not rise to the capacity of the mines and apply the whole surplus to the production of industry. It is not to Philadelphia alone that we apply this lesson, for our city goes ahead last enough. But every part of the State is in the same situation. Coal and iron are available at all points, and industry should there be developed.

Many branches of business are seriously embarrassed by the enormously high prices of iron. And yet Pennsylvania has within her own area the means of supplying her own needs and a large part of the nation. We may say, in fact, that the iron industry of the State is capable of indefinite expansion, and that with its enormous advantages, it ought to be able to make a bold effort for the control of the general field. We have been misrepresented as dependants on government bounties, when the case has been far otherwise. This is not a community of

waiters on Providence. Judge Kelley truly said in Congress that Pennsylvania could go on under any tariff that any other State could stand. Hitherto we have contended for the interests of the nation. Let us now look to our own interests.

Our present opportunity is a grand one, and ought not to be suffered to pass without our profiting by it. This is Pennsylvania's great chance, and the spirit of her people should rise to it. It is not for large cities only. It affects all parts alike. The smallest hamlet within reach of coal, iron, lumber or railroads may do something, and the larger towns in proportion. Local coal depots should be distributed far and wide over the whole Commonwealth on the most liberal scale, so as to foster and stimulate industry. The home market can be made to consume all the coal that can be produced and sent to market. Philadelphia is doing her best to expand her own consumption; now let the interior do the same. Manufacturers of all kinds ought to be established in the coal regions, but especially the iron manufacture. Give the miners steady employment all the year through at fair wages, and there will be no strikes. Give the operators a regular trade for all the coal they can produce and send to market, and there will be no more talk of suspension. But it is not to New York or New England that we must look for the increase; it is to the home region— to Pennsylvania herself, whose vast future has now been so clearly demonstrated. To this end let all concerned go to work earnestly and do something.

## A Chair-making Village.

The principal business in the town of Gardner, Mass., is that of the manufacture of cane and wood seat chairs, and not only are the most of the inhabitants, both old and young either directly or indirectly engaged in this business, but work is furnished to hundreds of people, in braiding the cane, for fifteen or twenty miles around. There are fifteen firms who prosecute this business, who turn out on an average all the way from three hundred to twelve hundred chairs each per day. The largest factories employ from two hundred to three hundred operatives, while the smaller ones have from one hundred to one hundred and fifty; and, at the present time, not less than six thousand chairs per day are made in this village.

The workmen employed in these factories represent many nations, amongst which are Americans, French, Irish, and a liberal sprinkling of negroes. They work both by the piece and day, and earn from \$1.50 to \$5 per day. Business all through the summer has been brisk, and all the different factories have been running to their full capacity. On entering one of these large establishments, the visitor if made quickly aware of the magnitude of the business when he sees spread out before him thousands upon thousands of feet of lumber in the stock rooms, the huge piles of bottoms, backs, rounds, etc., uniformly arranged, assorted and sized, and hears the clatter of all kinds of machinery; he no longer wonders where the immense quantities of chairs which are required to meet the demands of the trade come from. Gardner is the oldest chair manufacturing town in the country, the business having first been started there sixty years ago, in a little shop where only one or two hands were employed. The pioneers in this now large and yearly increasing business were Elijah Brick, a man by the name of Minot, and Levi Heywood—the last named gentleman being still engaged in the business.

More than \$1,500,000 are invested in the business now, and it can be said with truth that it is the sole dependence of the inhabitants. There are at least one thousand different kinds of chairs made, from the cheapest to the most costly. The stock worked up is oak, maple, and birch, which comes mostly from Vermont, while the black walnut comes from the West. The rattan from which the cane is made is imported from Java, and manufactured into cane ready for use at Fitchburg and Reading, and costs to the manufacturer about fifty seven cents to the thousand feet. There are engaged in the different factories not less than ten steam engines, which furnish the motive power for propelling the saws, lathes, etc., and such a degree of perfection has been arrived at that the nicest accuracy in joints, sizes, and the general make up can be always counted upon. The chairs find a market all over the world, large quantities of them being shipped to California, South America and Cuba. A new company has recently been organized in the place. By their improved method of fastening the cane the strands are all strained equally and every end securely fastened, so that each sustains its due proportion of the weight, and the seat is thereby rendered much more durable than ordinary seats.

Instead of the present method of braiding the cane by hand, this company have commenced the weaving of it by looms, similar to that of cloth; several hand- looms are now in operation, and the success of the enterprise has been so wonderful that machinery is now being built to operate them by steam power. The present producing capacity of the company is from 400 to 500 seats per day; but the production will be greatly augmented by these improvements.—Boston Com Advertiser.

## Surprise Parties.

The following from an exchange upon that foolish and impertinent folly, a "Surprise party," we commend to our readers:

"A lady correspondent who lives in an adjacent town, was recently the victim of a surprise party, and relates her experience as follows: I have never imposed on any of my friends or neighbors by attending a surprise party, and as long as I remain sane I never will. But I have been the unwilling recipient of one of those social nuisances dubbed a silver wedding— Isaac and I knew as well as anybody that we had been married twenty five years, but we didn't wish to celebrate the event for numerous reasons. We didn't wish to beg for presents. Our house is not large enough to accommodate all we would wish to invite on such an occasion, and we could not bring ourselves to slight any; and not being partial to large parties, judge of our consternation when we were overwhelmed by a mob consisting of some of our friends and many who were not our friends or even acquaintances, Tom, Dick, and the dragon, any one who could be induced to sign their names to a paper, and pay their money to help buy a tea set, under the promise of coming to our house and having a gay time, just as they would have paid for going to any place of public amusement. The presents, were nice, indeed, but I shall never use them, and for them we are put under obligations to a class of people whose acquaintance we did not desire. They rummaged and ransacked the house from garret to cellar, looked in my closets and bureau drawers, and even counted the blankets on my own and my servants' beds, smashed my pet cast, wore holes in my sitting room carpet by dancing on it, and have made capital for gossip out of my household arrangements generally. There were even people present to whom I was not introduced. We have always been independent; retained our old friends and made few new ones. Now I am expected to call on Mrs. this, that and the other, and to speak to their husbands and brothers when I meet them on the street, for their names are on that paper which accompanied our silver among the list of donors. I put down my veil, hoping one of these new friends, who is somewhat intoxicated, will not recognize me, and as I get past, hear him say, "Proud old vixen—wish I had the dollar I throwed away on her silver tea set! I have lost my independence and self-respect, and am quite miserable under all this obligation, which I look upon the whole affair as an unwarrantable piece of interference, for which I shall never pardon the idle busybodies who, for the want of something better for excitement, set it on foot."

## A SINGULAR STORY.

A young lady, says the Louisville *Ledger*, who gives her name as Dena Thorpe, arrived in this city lately on the steamer Sandy from some port down the river. She comes on a very strange mission, and tells a most remarkable story. She says that when an infant she was stolen from her parents in Galeno, Ill., by a Dr. L., of Louisville, and adopted into his family, and always, until about two weeks ago, passed for his daughter and believed she was his child. But some two weeks ago Mrs. L. died. The day before she died she revealed to Miss Thorpe her true name and full history, relating to her the full details of how she was stolen from her parents and why she was stolen. A reward of \$1,000 had been offered by her father, the dying woman stated, for the discovery and return of the lost infant, but the parents died without ever hearing of their child.

## A FEMALE FORGER.

From the Rochester Demo. & Chronicle, May 6.

The police authorities were very active on Thursday last in pursuit of a forger. Although aware at that time of the attempt to capture the criminal and its failure, the newspapers kept silent in order not to give warning to the party wanted. The history of the case is briefly this: A certain Mrs. Loomis, of Marshall, Mich., left her home recently, and took up her residence temporarily in Syracuse. While there she drew a check on the Onondaga bank for \$1,900, forging the signature of her husband, who is a gentleman well known. It is the supposition that she obtained in the same way other sums at different places, securing altogether between \$2,000 and \$3,000.—She came to this city from Syracuse, and to this place Deputy Sheriff D. R. Smiley, of Marshall traced her. She was wanted at home to answer to the charge of adultery in addition to her forgeries. Sheriff Smiley came here with an officer of the Onondaga bank, and asked Chief Sherman's assistance in arresting the culprit, who was supposed to be staying at a certain house on Oak street. The chief cheerfully accorded the necessary aid, and the suspected locality was surrounded on Thursday evening. The clue which led the officers all through their pursuit was a queer one. Mrs. Loomis had directed parties in Marshall to ship a sewing machine belonging to her to the house referred to in this city, and it was naturally inferred that she herself was stopping there. When the officers knocked at the door admittance was refused and former suspicions were strongly confirmed for a moment. Entrance was insisted upon, and the house was thoroughly searched, but without avail. The bird had flown. The only resource left was to fall back on the sewing machine trial.—It seems that Mrs. Loomis had taken her departure, directing that useful article to be shipped after her to Tioga, Pa. Sheriff Smiley followed at once to that place, and a dispatch received from him on Sunday announces that he succeeded in arresting the adventuress. A requisition from the Governor has been forwarded, and Mrs. Loomis will be taken to Marshall to answer for her crimes.

## Patent Right Notes.

The following Act was passed by the last Legislature, for the protection of persons dealing with patent right agents:

That whenever any promissory note or other negotiable instrument shall be given, the consideration for which shall consist in whole or in part of the right to make, use or vend any patent invention or inventions, claimed to be patented, the word "given for a patent right," shall be prominently and legibly written or printed on the face of the note or instrument, above the signature thereto; and such note or instrument, in the hands of any purchaser or holder, shall be subject to the same defenses as in the hands of the original owner or holder.

2. If any person shall take, sell or transfer any promissory note or negotiable instrument, not having the words, "given for a patent right," written or printed legibly and prominently on the face of such note or instrument, to consist in whole or in part of the right, to make, use or vend any patent invention or inventions claimed to be patented, every such person or persons shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof, shall be fined in any sum not exceeding five hundred dollars, or imprisoned in the county jail not exceeding sixty days, or both, in the discretion of the court.

3. All acts or parts of acts inconsistent herewith are hereby repealed.

The young man in St. Louis who read that dry coppers put into a bed of ants would cause them to leave, put some into his mother in law's bed to see if she would go. He said she was there at last accounts.

Hiram Perkins, of Walden, Vermont, is puffed up by the possession of a cat that is of a blue black color, with fur from three to six inches long, a mane six inches long, and tail as long and large as that of a fox.

## Memoir of a Dog.

On Saturday, Napoleon, John Wilson's old circus dog, died in this city, at the advanced age of twenty-three years.—Dogs die daily that deserve no particular mention, but Napoleon merits as fair a share of honorable reference as any dog that ever lived or died in this city. One fact alone will prove it. He accomplished in his lifetime more than thousands of men do in theirs; he saved three persons from drowning at the risk of losing his own life. Napoleon knew all about the circus, and was never better pleased than when witnessing or participating in the sports of the sawdust arena. When he reached the years of doghood, he became subject to fits, resulting from precipitation of blood to his over-wrought brain.—He became his own physician, and instead of resorting, as men similarly afflicted sometimes do, to stimulating drinks, which aggravate their malady, he tried cold water.

Whenever he felt an attack coming on, Napoleon would start for a bucket of water, or a trough, plunge his head into the water, and hold it there as long as he could hold his breath. This generally had the effect which he desired. As age advanced he became deaf and blind, and his limbs were stiff and almost useless.—The last attack killed him. Napoleon was a "traveled" dog. He came to this city from New Orleans when but a youth, and soon engaged with Wilson's circus.—With that he visited nearly every county and town in the State and on the coast. He also visited Australia, and China, and became a favorite of men wherever he went, for he was honest and true. Yesterday Napoleon was buried on a hill at the corner of Powell and Sacramento streets, in the presence of a very large company of men who had known and respected him. A gentleman read a sketch of his life, and when they all went away fresh flowers and wreaths lay on Napoleon's grave.—San Francisco Bulletin.

## A Singular Story.

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The dying woman also stated to Miss Thorpe that she had wealthy and highly respectable relatives at Louisville, and it is in search of these, she states, that she is now visiting this city. Her story is a most singular and romantic one, and would afford material for a first-class sensation novel. At present we are not at liberty to state the name of the family wity which Miss Thorpe is stopping, but in a few days we hope to be permitted to publish the full history of her remarkable life.