

movement in the crowd, and a strange looking figure approached.

"There he is," said a voice which sounded more like the growl of some wild animal than like anything human. "Black Bill did it," and the speaker laid the apparently lifeless body of Elliot Burnett on the ground.

A murmur of consternation ran through the crowd.

"Is he alive!" burst in chorus from the lips of the spectators.

"Yes, he is alive; give him whiskey and you will see," said the new comer.

The suggestion was followed, and the stimulant had the desired effect. Elliot opened his eyes, uttered a faint groan, and closed them again.

The men gathered around the creature who had brought Elliot there. He related in his half idiotic way how Black Bill had shot Burnett and left him for dead.

"He was good to me once," said the idiot. "I took him home, fed him and put him to sleep. When he awoke I told him the men thought he was dead, and were going to hang Joe Knight.—He asked me to bring him here. That is all."

Instantly the fury of the crowd was turned toward Black Bill, who was caught as he was trying to escape.

"Hang him! hang him!" yelled the mob. They did not hang him, however, but gave him a severe thrashing and ordered him to leave the place, which order he lost no time in obeying.

The strain upon Mary's nerves produced a severe fit of illness, and for many days the lives of the two young people hung in the balance; but good nursing and the recuperative powers of youth prevailed at last.

During their illness Knight settled up his affairs and as soon as they were strong enough the three started East, Joe assuring them that nothing but the mountain air of his old home would complete their recovery.

Elliot and Mary were married shortly afterward, and it was from his lips I heard the story of Mary's heroism and Knight's miraculous escape from an ignominious death.

A WOMAN IN BREECHES.

ON SATURDAY LAST, says the *Chicago Times*, a gentleman and lady took a room at the United States Hotel, near the Rock Island depot, and were registered as "Manley Willis and lady, Auburn, New York." They attracted no particular attention, although it was apparent that Mr. Willis was at least ten years younger than his wife.—A few remarks of a sympathizing kind were passed, but no suspicion that the pair were not perfectly "straight," ever entered the minds of the boarders until yesterday morning, when Lieutenant Hayes and Officer Burton went to their room and placed them under arrest.—Upon being confronted by the officers, "Mr." Manley Willis acknowledged that "he" was masquerading in male attire when petticoats and bustles were "his" proper dress. In other words, "he" confessed that "he" was a woman.

The female gentleman was taken over to Harrison street station, as was also the other party, who was a "really and truly" woman, and both were locked up. A rather amusing episode occurred when the lady who was doing the male part was being locked up. In the cell in which she was to be locked up was a young woman charged with robbery, and when Lieut. Hayes ordered the door unlocked and pushed "Mr." Willis into the cell the girl set up a most energetic "kick." She "didn't want no man in the cell" with her, and she wasn't going to have it. When she saw that her companion was in for good she changed her tactics and began to cry. It took a good deal of persuasion to make her believe that the being before her was one of the gentle sex.

Shortly after the incarceration of the parties a *Times* reporter interviewed them. He found the younger one in one of the witness cells. She was tall, good looking and well formed, and was dressed in a dark suit of clothes. She had nicely polished boots, and wore a heavy watch chain. A soft dark colored hat, tipped rakishly over her left ear, completed the outfit. She deputed herself a good deal like a man and while talking with the reporter kept jingling some keys and money in an outside coat pocket.

Her story, if given in detail and touched up here and there would make the fortune of some cheap novel publisher. She said in the first place that her name was Ellen Dugles. She came from Harrisburg, Pa., where her father kept a store. Some six years ago her father died leaving her \$5,000, and appointed her uncle guardian. This uncle she could not agree with because he desired her to marry her cousin. Therefore in order to escape this she assumed a male attire and began to travel about looking for work. She took an agency for several small household articles and managed to earn enough to keep her alive.

Part of the time she assumed her own dress and then sold corsets. She had clerked in Utica and Albany, New York. Two years ago she returned to her old home but her uncle again urged her marriage with her cousin. She again refused and went away.

At Utica she met a man named Tripp, to whom she was married. The match proving unhappy, they separated, and she went to Aurelius, N. Y., where she met the party with her, Mrs. Eliza White. They were on their way to San Francisco when arrested. She says she did not register herself as Mr. Manley Willis and lady, but that some one else must have done it.

The other woman told a somewhat different story. She was from San Francisco and had gone East to visit her folks at Aurelius. Here she met Ellen—whose first name is Florence—who asked her if she might return with her to San Francisco, because she wished to escape her husband. Mrs. Dugles, she said, had only worn men's clothes for a short time, having put them on that she might better attend to the baggage and like duties.

In the trunks of the women were found a miscellaneous collection of articles, among which were a diary, a marriage certificate, with the name of Florence E. Bohall upon it, and numberless letters. Mrs. Tripp denied all knowledge of the marriage certificate, and said there were a number of things in her trunk which she was taking to a friend in Davenport, Iowa. In the possession of the lady was found a small-sized 22-calibre revolver, which she said she slipped into her pistol-pocket because there was no room for it in her satchel. She had two tickets for Omaha in her pocket-book.

Among the letters found in her trunk was one in which occurred the sentence, "I am glad you are out of prison again." When asked as to the meaning of this she said it referred to her escape from the persecution of her uncle. The letter winds up by stating that "your daughter and son join in with me in sending their love to you." Mrs. Tripp is apparently not over 20, but claims to be 23 years of age. Such a remark to one of her youthfulness, then, is peculiar to say the least. The letter is dated at Aurelius, N. Y., Oct. 14, 1879, and commences "Dear Flo." It is subscribed "Your true friend, Lib." The difference in the statements and the strangeness of the surrounding circumstances indicate something beyond what is already known.

Mrs. Tripp will be brought before Justice Wallace this morning, and will be charged with wearing male attire and carrying concealed weapons. The latter charge will probably be dismissed.

A Woman's Romance.

AN ELMIRA, N. Y., despatch to the *N. Y. Times* furnishes the following:

A curious story comes from Alleghany county in a private letter from a well-known resident of that county to a gentleman of this city. In 1876 a young man named William Freeman rented a farm near Wellsville, Alleghany county. He had worked on different farms in that part of the State, enjoyed an excellent reputation, and was known as "Handsome Billy." Being unmarried he hired a widow of middle age who lived in the neighborhood to superintend his household affairs. A nephew of this woman assisted Freeman with the farm-work. In the summer of 1877 several burglaries were committed in the county. Among others a store was robbed, and the goods were traced to Freeman's barn and found hidden there. Freeman was arrested, and charged with being concerned in the burglary. He declared that he was innocent, and few people who knew him believed him guilty. By the time his case was ready for trial, in October, a speedy acquittal of Freeman was expected, as circumstances pointed strongly to other persons as the criminals. But, to the surprise of the community, when Freeman was arraigned for trial he pleaded guilty to both counts of the indictment—burglary and larceny. He broke down entirely in making the plea, and begged the court to be lenient with him. He was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment in the Erie County Penitentiary and was put to work polishing buckles among a lot of hardened criminals.

The Warden of the prison was given notice by Governor Robinson in March, 1878, that a petition had been made for the pardon of the prisoner, William Freeman, and requested a report on the physical condition of the convict, as is customary when a pardon is to be considered. Dr. Sinnock, the prison physician, proceeded to make the necessary examination of Freeman, and in a few minutes, reported to the Warden with the astonishing intelligence that the convict was a woman. The prisoner was removed at once to the woman's quarters. She begged that her case should not be made public, and told the following story: Her name, she said, was Mary Ann Shafer, and she was

twenty-three years old. Her parents were German emigrants, and she was born on the ocean. Her father died soon after arriving in America, and her mother married again and moved to Allegany county. When she was eleven years old her step-father told her he could support her no longer, and that she must go away and earn her own living. She worked as a servant in farm-houses for a few months, when she determined to disguise herself as a boy, in order that she could find more remunerative employment. No one but her mother knew of her intentions. She went to a distant part of the country for about two years, did farm-work, and worked one season on the Erie Canal. She then returned to the vicinity of her home, where no one recognized her. Under the name of William Freeman she worked in the vicinity for ten years without awakening any suspicion that she was not a man. She joined the Methodist church in 1875, and had for several years longed to assume her true character, but the wearing of men's clothing had become second nature to her, and she was ashamed to make the change. In regard to the crime for which she was arrested and to which she pleaded guilty, she declared that she was entirely innocent. The nephew of the woman who was her housekeeper, had committed the burglary and secreted the goods in the barn, and had declared to her while she was in jail that unless she entered a plea of guilty she would never reach home alive. She believed that the nephew was a man who would not pause at any crime, and to save her life she pleaded guilty.

When dressed in woman's clothing, Mary Shafer became a fine-looking woman, but awkward from long use of male attire and masculine labor. She was pardoned in the fall of 1878, and returned at once to her mother. Last winter she went to Bradford, Pennsylvania, and obtained employment in a shoe store under her real name, in proper attire. The nephew whose threats made her a convict, and led to the discovery of her secret, escaped punishment by leaving the State. In the spring of 1878 the merchant in whose store the burglary was committed disposed of his business and went to Limestone, Cattaraugus county, N. Y. His business called him frequently to Bradford. He was a German, and a friend of the man for whom Mary Ann Shafer worked. He met the young woman at the store, liked her, and asked her to marry him. She accepted him, and last week they became man and wife.

A Remarkable Case.

TWENTY YEARS ago Dr. David Crawford, of Prince George county, Md., died. He was a man of great wealth and was unmarried, his nearest relative having been a first cousin, Mr. R. S. Blackburn, of Clark county, Va., and two second cousins, Mrs. Kearney and Miss Forest, of Washington, D. C. Dr. Crawford's brother, who died some years before him, had cohabited with Miss Elizabeth Taylor, his housekeeper, by whom he had one child. On the baptism of this child, the clergyman, a Catholic priest of Washington City, who performed the ceremony, informed the mother that she ought not to return to Crawford's house unless she went as his wife. She acted on the counsel of the clergyman and refused to return. Crawford thereupon consented to marry her, stipulating with her that the marriage should be kept a secret, and the priest united them in wedlock. Three other children were born after the marriage.

Dr. David Crawford belonged to an aristocratic family, and keenly felt the disgrace which the brother had entailed on the family name. Regarding all the children as bastards, and the cohabitation of their mother with his brother as criminal, the doctor broke off all relations with them and ignored their existence.

He was known to be much attached to his Virginia and Washington cousins and his neighbors were satisfied that he would leave his princely estate to them. He died after a short illness, in the winter of 1859. Mr. Blackburn attended the funeral. After the burial a diligent search for the will was made, but without success. Mr. William Duvall, a neighbor, informed Mr. Blackburn that the deceased had made a will, and that he and two others were witnesses to it, one a Mr. Bayne, of Prince George county, and the other a stranger whose name Duvall had forgotten.

The children of Thomas Crawford and Elizabeth Taylor (the name she always went by) now set up their claim to the estate as the next kin. Then followed the bitterest, the longest, the most celebrated contest which ever took place in the Courts of Maryland.

Mr. Blackburn was aided in the fight by John Augustin Washington, of Mt. Vernon, who was his cousin and by other Virginia relatives. They went over to Upper Marlboro, the county town of

Prince George county, Maryland, stopped with Dr. Edward L. Sbeehy, who had long been the physician and intimate friend of the deceased Dr. Crawford, and who was quite sure that a will had been made by him.

The contest began in 1859. Whole battalions of lawyers were marshalled on either side. The claimants as next of kin were represented by Gen. Thos. F. Bowie and other able counsel; Blackburn by Thomas S. Alexander, William Schley and Governor Pratt. It was a bitter fight, and before it was over, many more of the most prominent lawyers in the State of Maryland were called into the contest. The priest was finally discovered in Rome, who testified to the marriage of Thomas Crawford and Betsy Taylor. The Virginia contestants were thus beaten.

Meantime the Crawford children of Betsy Taylor got their property, spent the personal and sold the real estate and squandered their inheritance.

Now comes the strangest part of the story. The statement of Duvall that David Crawford had made a will was true. A Washington lawyer named Miller had drawn it for Crawford, and after it was signed and witnessed Miller, who was one of the witnesses, kept the instrument at the doctor's request. He placed it in a box directed to Dr. David Crawford. The war coming on, he soon went South. Before leaving he told his office boy that, in the event of his not coming back to Washington, he (the boy) should send the box and other papers to the parties to whom they were addressed.

Miller never returned, having been killed in battle. The boy went away to the country, taking the box and the other papers with him. He put them away and thought no more about them. After nearly twenty years had elapsed, the boy, now a settled man, bethought him of the Crawford box, and sent it to one of the lawyers in the case last March.

Blackburn, since dead, and the two Washington cousins, were the devisees of the will. Thus, after having been beaten in all the Maryland Courts and in the Supreme Court of the United States, the discovery of the long-lost will placed the Virginia and Washington cousins, or such of them as survive, in the way of getting their estate, or, rather the land which third parties had purchased from the Crawford-Taylor heirs, and the innocent third parties will now be apt to lose their money, as well as the title and all.

The strange part of the story is that nearly all the lawyers and principal contestants at the beginning of the lawsuit are now dead. It is a veritable Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce chancery case, stranger in many of its features than the wildest fiction.

A Mistake that Pleas'd Some Person.

Some years ago the daughter of a well-known citizen of central New York, named Jennie, had unfortunately as the father then thought, formed an attachment for a young man named John. To separate them the father sent her to spend the winter with a married sister, Mary who resided in New York. Spring approached, and Jennie was expected home on a certain day, but, instead the father received a letter from his son-in-law desiring that she might remain a while longer, so that his wife could accompany him on a short southern trip, and requesting an answer by telegraph; whereupon the father sent the following dispatch:

"Jennie may stay and Mary may go, if she wishes to very much."

The message as delivered in New York read: "Jennie may stay and marry Geo. if she wishes to very much."

The father immediately received this from Jennie: "A thousand thanks for your permission: John and I marry at once. The telegraph stupidly made his name George, but of course you meant John."

It is wiser to prevent a quarrel before hand, than to revenge it afterwards.

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