A Very Loving Young Couple.

FEW days ago Chas. A. Yerrington A and a pretty young woman were arrested at New Haven on the charge of burglary committed at Norwich, Conn.

Young Yerrington, who is still in his teens, has been living with Miss Gabel in the houses of wealthy residents of that city, who were away on summer vacations, since July 5th. They spent their days and nights in the houses behind closed blinds and drawn curtains living on the luxuries of aristocratic larders. As far as is known, they visited the residences of Ebenezer Learned, Col. C. A. Converse, E. A. Converse, and Mrs. Selden, all among the wealthieat citizens of that town. In these dwellings they drank the choicest wines and liquors, and smoked costly Turkish tobacco in \$25 meerschaum pipes, and cigarettes in holders of solid gold with amber mouthpieces. When they abandoned the dwellings they took with them the pipes and cigarette holders. Their identity was betrayed, and their arrest effected by the discovery in the residence of Mrs. Selden of a pill box, the purchase of which at a city drug store was traced to Miss Hattle Gabel. The couple had fled to New Haven and taken a room at a hotel, registering as man and wife, where Capt. Whaley of the Norwich police arrested them.

The amount of plunder they gathered in their Norwich raids was not made public until to-day. The people plundered did not know of a quarter of the goods that had been taken until they saw them on exhibition in Police Headquarters this morning. On Wednesday afternoon Capt. Whaley set to work to induce a confession from Miss Gabel. He visited her cell at the Norwich jail. He found her in tears. She is a pale, pleasant-faced, and exceedingly pretty girl, nineteen years of age. She is of respectable family, and her connection with young Yerrington was her first step downward.

She replied to the Captain's salutation cheerfully. He earnestly besought her to make a full confession, and Jailer Beck with joined in the officer's entreaty. She fell to weeping afresh and said that she could not betray her lover. The officer and jailer continued their efforts, and at length, overcome by grief and their importunities, she promised that if she might go into the sitting room of the jail she would tell.

In the pleasant reception room of the jail, with a burst of tears, she said that a large quantity of the plunder was concealed at the foot of a tall pine in a grove on the west bank of the Thames River, three miles below the city. She added that after leaving the Selden House, on Broadway, Yerrington hired a carriage early one morning, and she and he drove with a bair trunk they had stolen from Mrs. Selden, and which had been filled with booty, to a lonely nook in a pine grove, where they had buried it. They dug a hole with a spade about a foot or two deep, placed the trunk in the pit, and covered it with earth. They marked the place with a strap that was tied around a stake opposite the trunk of the pine at whose foot the plunder was buried.

Capt. Whaley procured a carriage, and with the girl drove to the pine grove. The road is a lonely one, winding along by the river's brink. The grove covers several acres, and is almost the only cluster of pines in the town. The pines rise sixty or seventy feet in height, and throw a perpetual shade over the ground. As the carriage neared the copse, the girl said:

"This is the place."

Capt. Whaley drove to the middle of the wood, and by direction of his guide the carriage was halted. They alighted, stepping among the laurels by the roadside. Miss Gabel bade the officer follow. They passed under the trees several rods away from the road, following an old and rotten fence. It was nearly nightfall as the young woman halted at the foot of a great pine, many rods from the road, and, pointing to the foot of the tree, said:

" It is down there."

The strap to mark the place was still tied to the fence stake. The Captain fell to work with a spade, and in a few moments unearthed the hair trunk, which he lifted from the pit. There was also in the hole a common leathern grip satchel, which was placed in the carriage with the trunk. It was dark when the two reached Norwich. On the way Miss Gabel still further confessed that she and Yerrington had concealed considerable jewelry behind a hen coop at the rear of the granite Second Congregational Church of that city. Capt. Whaley and his men searched behind the church, which stands on a steep and neglected hillside, and brought forth \$100 or \$150 worth of jewelry, that had been placed in a box among the tall

The goods were all taken to headquarters, and when they were displayed the room had the appearance of a New York pawn broker's shop. The trunk con-

tained several complete wardrobes for female use. All the articles were of the most expensive kind, including silk stockings, silk dresses, pieces of lawn, laces, shawls, underclothes, several pairs of white and black kid gloves, black and white kid gaiters, and several large bottles of Florida water and perfumery. The jewelry comprised many gold chains, cameo, jet, and gold necklaces, gold and jeweled watches, beads, gold pencils, gold eigarette holders, several very large meerschaum pipes, charms, and hundreds of trinkets of no possible value except to their owners.

Miss Gabel acknowledged that it was mutual love that brought about the disgrace of herself and companion. Both are madly in love with each other, and it is because of this fact more than on account of the influential position and respectability of Yerrington's family that has gained for the culprits the sympathy of the entire community. City Attorney Repley said that he believed that the two loved each other purely, and that Yerrington was influenced solely by his passion in committing his robberies to the end that he might administer thereby to the enjoyment of the girl. As far as is known Miss Gable was a blameless girl before she became acquainted with Yerrington. The two were presented to the city court on supplementary complaints made out to cover the transaction disclosed by the unearthing of the hair trunk. Yerrington was put under \$4,000 bail, which his father, a prominent merchant, promptly furnished. Miss Gabel was placed under \$2,000 bail, which she was unable to give, and was remanded to the county jail. They will be tried before the Superior Court this fall. The plunder thus far recovered amounts to over

When Miss Gabel appeared in court, Mrs. John Mitchell, the wife of a wealthy iron manufacterer, by whom the girl was formerly employed, accompanied her into the court room and cheered her with kind words.

For THE TIMES. NEW YORK LETTER.

MR. EDITOR:-It would be with difficulty one could come to New York to stay any time and not say anything about it, as to no other point in the land can you go from the quiet country to find such a contrast. Nothing can lend interest to a locality so much as its wealth and business, and in this New York leads. "Against its bustle no other place we have can be compared," is about what our ideas form from its reputation, and the ideal vague or defin-ite, is correct or wide of the mark as accident has it. In striking New York for the first time its appearance falls for the first time its appearance falls short of what reputation has helped you to form of it. Its general stir throughout hasn't got the ring you look for, its buildings are not of the outward attractions. buildings are not of the outward attractiveness, its streets short of the boasted grandeur, especially Broadway, Nassau, Chambers and Wall, its leading thoroughfares. From its name as well as its authority for fashion one would think Broadway elegant in the extreme. It neither has the width nor the splendor we expect of it. The trouble with us of course has been over estimation. That course has been over estimation. That the massive walls of hewn stone and marble enclosing the small offices and business rooms from the ground up six floors represent great wealth as the columns sheer away down the narrow streets is no question, but the splendor of it is not shown on its face. The city being surrounded with salt water is not being surrounded with salt water is not without its decaying effect. But New York is enterprising. Such features as the wire suspension bridge spanning the East river at a single leap of 1595 feet, at a height to clear the common sail vessel, and accommodating itself to the convenience of the people of New York and Brooklyn by easy approaches extending far back over a series of graystone arches that in their perfection and beauty promise to stand till the last day. beauty promise to stand till the last day, all at the round sum expense of \$16,000,-000, or about as much as Tweed stole in his day, and nearly as much as the combined cost of the Centennial buildings, is one of its giant efforts.

The elevated rallways coursing up and down a half a dozen of the ten-mile

down a half a dozen of the ten-mile streets, carrying you proudly over the heads of all foot and driving travel and in the most comfortable style of anything in the way of railroads: the Croton Lake water works supplying the city with the best of fresh water from the small Croton river forty miles out of town; and now the Hadar Birar Travella. the Hudson River Tunnel from Jersey City side, of a mile stretch under the bed of the river and three-fourth of a mile at each end, thereby connecting New York with the railroads centering into Jersey City, and at a probable cost of \$12,000,-000, are all characteristic of its enter-

It might seem enough to bankrupt a city when such combination of sums with the thousand and one smaller ones more directly its own are paraded en mass to its treasury, but when we learn that a score of its citizens each represent a wealth of from forty to fifty million dollars, and dozens of them are common millionaires, we find it not so much out of proportion after all. The debt of the

millionaires, we find it not so much out of proportion after all. The debt of the city at present is nearly \$100,000,000.

To a stranger New York shows a very cringing and Jewish air, with money and immoral lust as the object of life. Yet its Vanderblits and Bennetts and Danas and Astors are public spirited enough in their abundance to see that their parks, drives, monuments, and enough in their soundance to see that their parks, drives, monuments, and sometimes charity do not fall behind other centres of similar wealth. The last addition to their already costly Central Park is the obelisk, Cleopatra's Needle, taken up from its ancient assemblage of wierd and time worn monuments that have kept sublime sentinel with their bleak, uplifted heads in the

far off valley of the Nile to reckon the ages of Egypt and the world since years before the Christian era, and given a place here. The dead language characters on its four face sides are dimly holding out in association with itself to tell of the once great people who lived when it took birth.

The Tunnel under the Hudson, by a moneyed corporation aside of New York and the railroads centering here, has been building for six months and is 300 feet in under the bed of the river, but its work going on sixty feet under ground few people seemed to be aware of the undertaking until July 23d, when part of the entrance caved in and trapped twenty of their men. The body of the tunnel is solid and will resist an age, but a temporary arch at the entrance of the tunnel which was started at the bottom of a sixty foot round shaft or well of twenty feet dismate, near the river tunnel which was started at the bottom of a sixty foot round shaft or well of twenty feet diameter, near the river edge and was left too long before being replaced with its permanent arch, and the loss of life was the result. Since then no work has been done but to recover the bodies, but the engine and apparatus used in tunneling not being sufficient to pump out the water and soft earth foster than it has been coming in, heavier power is being provided and in, heavier power is being provided and it may be another month before the bodies are reached. Quite a feeling was manifest among the people for the lost men, as most of them were buried alive, and might remain so for several days, but the feeling has somewhat subsided. The company will continue the wages of the lost to their widows until the tunnel is completed.

Just now the fruit season is upon us, and to have the P. R. R. bring in every night its 120, 88, 84, 78, 68, 54, 59, and last night 69 car loads of peaches from little Delaware each day or night in the little Delaware each day or night in the order these igures show, begets no small stir with the truck drivers, the ferry boat people, commission houses, and street venders. All trains landing in Jersey City, the total traffic must be carried to New York by wagons over the Company's large boats, and this lends excitement to the trade. As yet all peaches have come up from Delaware, the Jersey tide not having begun to ebb as their season is later. Apples.

to ebb as their season is later. Apples, peaches and fruit in general is plenty.

Dr. Tanner and Politics had the public field hereabouts during July and part of field hereabouts during July and part of the present month, but as Tanner has gone out of the starvation business, pol-itics has it now, with Hancock still ahead. In a few days Tanner will be transported over by your place to his home in the West, where he intends to tell the people how to lay off, should they at any time be pinched for the wherewith to replenish their stomachs. The plan taken is, lay off one month, feed up the pext, lay off the pext. feed up the next, lay off the next, etcet-era infinitum advalorum, anything easy to digest. He is getting fat.

Was She a Witch?

WHEN Lord Chief Justice Holt pre-sided in the court of King's Bench a poor decrepit, broken old woman, almost ready, from sheer limitation to shuffle off the mortal coil, was brought before him charged with a decree of criminality which merited the utmost rigor of the law.

"What is her crime?" asked his lordship, with look and tone which plainly indicated that the forlorn and hapless creature had enlisted his warmest sym-

"Witchcraft!" said one, "She's a witch if ever there was one!" chimed in another.

"What is the proof against her?" "She has a charm, your lordship,

given by the Evil One himself."

"Let me see it."

The red-nosed, pimple-faced sheriff placed upon the bar before the court the charm which upon examination-his lordship slowly and methodically undoing it with his own hands-proved to be a small ball formed of bits of silk and linen, of various colors, compactly wound with threads of as many different hues, and in the centre of the mass was found a slip of parchment on which was writing of a strange language, which had become very nearly worn away by much handling.

"And this is the charm, is it?" said Holt, when he had seen its every part.

The prosecutors answered that it was. "What other proof have you?"

"That is all, your lordship."

The Lord Chief Justice then turned to the terrified prisoner, and asked her how she came by that ball.

"I can swear my lord," she answered, 'that a young gentleman gave it me, to cure my child's ague."

"And did it effect a cure?"

"Yes my lord. I cured my poor child; and it has cured many others; and I have blessed the good youth in my heart many a time."

Upon this the prosecutors laughed and declared that the prisoner had no child.

"Ah your lordship," she cried, "it was five-and-thirty years ago that the charm was given me. I had children then."

The judge held the charm in his hand and regarded it for a time in silence, and then turned to the jury, saying :

"Gentlemen of the jury, look ye :and look and hearken, all-Five-andthirty years ago, I, with a number of companions as giddy and thoughtless as myself, went to this woman's house, where she provided for us liberally, and when we found that we had not with us sufficient money for the payment of the reckoning, I had recourse to what I then thought an innocent stratagem. Observing a sick child, bundled up in

the chimney-corner, which the woman told me was suffering with ague I pretended that I could fix a charm that would cure her. I wrote a line of Latin upon a slip of parchment, and wound It up in scraps of silk and linen which I found in a basket on the table, and gave it to her as a sure curative agent. She was deeply grateful, and cheerfully gave us a receipt in full, and we went our way, little dreaming that we had left with the honest dame a thing which might, in after years, put her very life in jeopardy. That woman now stands before me, charged with witcheraft, and this ball, which is the alleged charm and evidence against her, is the self-same charm which I made with my own hands, and gave to her."

It is needless to add that the poor old woman was discharged and went her way homeward with a lighter heart. Further, we will say, -the story of Chief Justice Holt threw an effectual damper upon the eagerness of the public prosecutors of that region for arresting witches from that time forth.

A Darkey Who Had an Engagement.

DECENTLY, while one of the clerks A at the Galveston Court House was making out the death warrants of those leading citizens who had not paid their taxes, a dandyfied darkey entered and asked:

"Is you de boss of de Grand Jury ?" "What do you want?" asked the

"Is dis heah de place whar yer comes when you has got a private grievance agin some udder niggah ?"

"This is where the Grand Jury meets."

"I wants you, sah, den, to make me out a felony detachment agin Jeems Webster, and I wants him executed forthwith."

"Why, what's the matter with Jim ?"

"He is de wussest niggah on Galveston Island. If I was as low down, as yaller complected, spindle-shanked moke as he is I'd tie a million pounds ob ole iron to my legs and walk down to de end ob de waf and push myself off, I would, sure; and after I had done all dat I'd climb up a holler tree and die. He's got 'ligion, too, and tells what de Lor' has been doing foah him in de meeting."

"But what has he done?"

"I'll splain. Las' Sunday a week ago I persented one ob de most refined and lubly young ladies ob dis city wid a blue cravat wid yaller tassels. Jess now, what should I see coming down de street but Jim Webster tied to der same cravat. Ses I, 'Whar did you steal dat necktie?' He jess grinned and grinned. Ses I, 'You wont rest till you becomes a more becomin' nectie den dat ar, one wid a tassel as big as yer fist, and de Sherlff is gwine to fasten it right under yer ear.' All he said was jess to kiss his hand ter me."

" May be that lady you speak of gave it to him."

" He stole it, I tell yer."

"Where did you get it?"

" Hey ?"

"Where did you get it ?"

"Look heah, boss, you is gwine to be candidate, and you is de firm fren of de cullud man, ain't yer?" " Maybe so."

"Den you don't want to know at

what store I purchased dat ar cravat?"

"But the Grand Jury will ask you."

" Dey will ?"

"Just go right in and tell them all about it."

" Is dey busy now?"

" No; they are waiting for you."

"Den it doesn't become me to distarb em. Lemme see (and he consulted a large silver turnip), it's nine o'clock now, smack up. I'se got to write some letters to go by de mail to-morrow mornin', and dis afternoon dar is a watermeion sociable for de benefit ob de church. I ain't got time jess now. I want to see Jim Webster fust and gib him one moah chance to splain his connection with dis heah Credit Mobileyer

business." "So you think she might have gone back on you and given him that cravat ?"

" No, boss; but maybe Jim got it off de same counter in de store whar I got de fuss one. Dem ar neckties war lying mighty exposed dar on de counter and Jim ain't a bit too good to pick one up when nobody was noticin' and walk off wid it, jess like I did."

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