

A Very Loving Young Couple.

A FEW days ago Chas. A. Yerrington 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.

The amount of plunder they gathered in their Norwich raids was not made public until today. 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.

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.

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

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.

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.

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.

Was She a Witch? WHEN Lord Chief Justice Holt presided 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 sympathy.

“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.”

A Big Success. “My wife had been ailing a long time with dyspepsia and nervousness and was in bed two years with a complication of disorders her physicians could not cure, when I was led by reading a circular left at my door to try Parker's Ginger Tonic.

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.

A Darkey Who Had an Engagement. RECENTLY, while one of the clerks at the Galveston Court House was making out the death warrants of those leading citizens who had not paid their taxes, a dandyed darkey entered and asked: “Is you de boss of de Grand Jury?”

“But what has he done?” “I'll explain. 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.

“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.”

“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.”

“Gentlemen of the jury, look ye;—and look and hearken, all—Five-and-thirty 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.

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