THE PRESENT AND PROPOSED DRUG CLERKS' LAW.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

A bill is at present under consideration before the Committee on Health in the Assembly, having for double aim the repeal of last year's law creating a board for the examination of druggists and their clerks, and the substitution therefor of a scheme at once disastrous to the interests of our city and eminently hurtful to the progress of an important branch of the healing art. Nine months ago the present Board, with a chemist of renown at its head, entered upon its career and labored strenously to weed out from the ranks of the drug profession the ignorant and incompetent. The fair, effective and impartial administration of the law by the gentlemen appointed to carry out its provisions won the unanimous approval of the press and the people and inspired the confidence that at last we were to be protected against the fatal errors of shop lads who, after drawing you a glass of soda water, often impregnated with the salts of lead and copper, would rush to make strychnine pills or sell you an ounce of oxalic acid for epsom salts. But no conscientious work was ever yet accomplished without opposition, and the cloud no bigger than a man's fist which first darkened the horizon of the Board gathered volume and grew darker as, day after day, the unwelcome tidings were borne to proprietor or clerk that the Commissioners would be pleased to have another interview with him, as the first had not proved satisfactory. Their opposition at last found vent in the following fraudulent though cunningly contrived device:—A jackdaw, tricked out in the gorgeous plumage of a peacock, pecked at the legislative doors, saying, "Gentlemen, I am the College of Pharmacy, to which institution alone the administration of the law regulating pharmacy should be entrusted." Now it is acknowledged that the College of Pharmacy is a useful and venerable institution; but, consisting as it does of the professors and the students in actual attendance, it is entirely different from the college of pharmacy in the projected law. There exists in New York an association of druggists who have sought, under the name of "members of the College of Pharmacy," a cerus of respectability which they could not otherwise attain; but when it is considered that the terms of admission are four years' experience in the business, the annual payment of $5 and the happy possession of a good moral record, it will be readily seen that the educational standard of the association is not necessarily very high. The professors of the college are not members of this society, and but a small proportion are graduates in pharmacy. Surely the name "College of Pharmacy" is a gross misnomer in such connection. The effect, therefore, of the proposed scheme would be to entrust the execution of the law to a society which will be commensurate with the whole body of druggists in the city of New York, just so soon as the inducement to have a voice in the election of their own examiners will have drawn them all to its standard, and we shall have a corps of examiners necessarily servile and dependent, as their duty shall be to examine those to whose suffrages the are entitled to their position. In such an event what pledge will our citizens have that if a conflict of interests should arise between them and the druggists they are first to be considered? And such a conflict is being continually waged, for nothing more concerns the public weal than that suitable opportunities for study should be furnished those who are preparing to become skilled pharmaceutists; and yet the foremost druggists of this city are the most formidable bar to this end, since the records of the present Board contain the names of leading men who have refused permission to their clerks to gain that knowledge without which it was impossible to obtain a license. Even one of the professors of the College of Pharmacy has complained with disgust that students, by order of their employers, left the benches ogfore the lectures were half completed to resume work behind the counter, lest the till should remain unfilled, and not a few have stated to the examiners that they could never hope to pass an examination, as they could not, without forfeiting their positions, attend the lectures to which one college in this city offered to admit them free of charge; while the names of many clerks can be furnished who were forced to relinquish their places in order to prepare for appearance before the Board. If under the pressure of law these gentlemen have been so chary in affording facilities for education to their young men, what are we to expect when, as their miscalled law provides, they "shall transact all business pertaining to the legal regulation of the practice of pharmacy?"

It is no fault of the professors of the College of Pharmacy, then in every instance of distinguished abilities, that its graduates within the last forty years do not exceed a paltry two hundred. The penuriousness which in the past has contributed to so despicable a result bore appropriate fruit in this latest refusal of many druggists to permit their employés to attend lectures, with the view of preparing themselves for examination. The success of this scheme would be to put a premium on law defiance, for the engineers of the bill are, in most instances, men who are flagrant violators of the law, so that those who have borne the brunt of battle have paid their fees and have submitted to an examination which they knew to be rigorous and searching, will now reap the reward of their regard for law and order by seeing lawlessness exalted and law-breakers made the depositaries of a most sacred trust. What guarantee are we to have that such men will discharge their important duties impartially, or what confidence are we ever to possess in the practical utility of pharmacy legislation? Indeed, if the pressing duties of the District Attorney allowed some of the mutinous advocates of the new bill would have other occupation than taking a hand at legislative bungling.

The leading physicians of the city have pronounced in favor of the law as it stands, and, surely, it was not without a due consideration of the case that such men as Hammond, Hamilton, Sayre, Parker, Van Buren, Henschel, Noyes, Armstead, James R. Wood and other medical men of the highest standing have recorded their solemn protest against the proposed change. To the efforts of the members of the medical profession we are already indebted for the law against the importation of foreign drugs, for the establishment of a board of health, and for important measures intended to promote medical education, and the Legislature should not now neglect to offer them the assurance that their numerous and valuable prescriptions, written for the most part to meet urgent emergencies, shall be entrusted to none but those who possess proper attestations of competency. Fortunately, a majority of the Committee on Health in the Assembly are highly educated physicians, and to them the people of New York look for the maintenance of a law on which vital interests depend.

The new bill found strong advocacy in the Senate, as the chairman of the Committee on Health—himself interested in the drug business—was instrumental in drawing up the document. Another Senator had been for many years legal adviser to the "members of the College of Pharmacy," and a third Senator, educated as a wholesale druggist, probably by mistake stated, just as the bill was about to be put to a final vote, that the president of the existing Board of Pharmacy had withdrawn all opposition to its passage. The other Senators—a bare quorum—who voted in favor of the bill did so influenced by the statement of Senator Tiemann, and not aware of the cunning fallacy which the name "College of Pharmacy" cloaked. It now rests with the physicians on the Committee on Health in the lower house, for whose benefit I have exposed this fraud, to hold their professional heritage in faithful custody, and, guided by the light which for centuries has wisely regulated the practice of pharmacy under government supervision in foreign countries, to establish a wholesome precedent for the other States of the Union. MEDICUS.

FOREIGN MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

A communication from Florence of the 15th ult. in the *Débats* says:—"The Carnival is over, literally drowned in the torrents of rain which for the last three days have succeeded several months of sunshine and spring-like weather.

The *XIXème Siècle* has authoritative information that the Italian fleet has been ordered to keep ready to sail for the Spanish coast, as it is not unlikely that events may force King Amadeus to leave his new kingdom and return to Italy.

France is henceforward to have but one executioner. Up to this time each chief town had for many hundred years possessed a special headsman, but the Versailles government has found this arrangement too expensive, and worked an economy by suppressing all executioners except that of Paris.

A French journal says:—"The amount of the four direct taxes, principal and additional centimes combined, is fixed at 564,262,447f. for the year 1872; the sum in 1870 was 575,555,000f., and in 1871 580,482,000f. The diminution in the present year arises from the loss of Alsace and a part of Lorraine."

The *Naples Observer* says that that city is now full of foreigners, every hotel being crowded. Many of those who had not taken the precaution of writing in advance for rooms have, it is said, been obliged to sleep on sofas, there not being sufficient accommodation for them in other ways.

Her Majesty's Commissioners for the London International Exhibition of 1851, without conceding the point that the interests of the art of the public would have been injured by the sale of manufactured objects, stated at a meeting held recently that the same rules will be adopted in respect to sales as were laid down for the exhibitions of 1851 and 1861.

Revolutionary anniversaries follow each other fast in Paris. Saturday, the 24th ult., was the day distinguished in the republican calendar for the revolution of 1848. It was mildly celebrated by the deposit of a few wreaths on the July column. The police had provided against other manifestations among the *ouvriers*, which, accordingly, abstained from occurring. A republican banquet, attended by Gambetta and Louis Blanc, passed off quietly.

MARK HEBER'S LUCK.

AN INDIAN STORY.

Mark Heber returned home from his father's funeral with the problem of his own future pressing upon his thoughts and demanding a prompt solution.

His home had been, from his earliest remembrance, upon a stony, worn-out farm of fifty acres, situated upon the Seneca Lake, in Western New York. His father had become so heavily involved in debt that two weeks before his death the farm had been sold by foreclosure of mortgage.

And now what was Mark to do?

He was a lad of nineteen, slight and boyish in frame, but with the strength of a man in his sinewy arms. He had had the usual advantages of education afforded to farmers' sons.

He returned home from his father's grave to the small, unpainted story-and-a-half house, and after him came his father's only brother, a well-to-do farmer, who resided in the neighborhood.

This uncle, Mr. William Heber, was a man of sixty years, pompous and self-important. His soul was of the smallest pattern, and he had never been known to do a generous deed, while he had done many mean ones.

"Well, Mark," said his uncle, "I've sent my folks on home, so that I can have a good talk with you. Morgan tells me he wants the farm. He has held off two weeks while George was dying, but he wants to move in next week. What are you going to do?"

"I don't know, uncle, I am trying to think. What can I do?"

"I have thought the matter over," said Mr. Heber, "and have thought upon a plan. I am willing to take you, Mark, and treat you as my own son. You shall have a home at my house, and a seat at my table. What do you say?"

"You forget, uncle, that I have some one to provide for besides myself," said Mark. "Suppose I were to accept this offer of yours, what will you do for Gay?"

"The girl is no relation of yours, Mark."

The boy sighed.

"Poor little Gay," he said, "hers is a hard lot. Do you remember how the child came by her name? It is thirteen years this spring since a lady stopped at our door and asked leave to remain over night. She stayed on day after day, growing weaker and weaker. It did not take long to discover that she was insane. She called the child Gay and sometimes Gabrielle, which is Gay's true name. But she did not tell her surname, nor anything concerning herself. Late that summer she died. No one ever came to inquire after her or the child."

"Her mother was a crazy tramp, and nothing more. No wonder George was behindhand, when his wife adopted the child of a tramp and brought her up a lady," said his uncle.

Mark colored.

"I cannot hear a word against my mother, sir," he said. "I shall protect Gay while I live, and she shall not be separated from me."

"Then I wash my hands of you," exclaimed Mr. Heber angrily. "You can go your own way and get your own living."

"Very well, sir," said Mark quietly; "that is settled then."

In one week Mark had sold a pair of colts which he had raised himself for $500, the household furniture for nearly as much more, and was on his way, with little Gay, to the far West to seek their fortune.

The young travellers arrived at Leavenworth after a long and fatiguing journey.

Here Mark, while looking for a wagon and a yoke of oxen with which to cross the prairies, fell in with an old farmer named Whitman, who had been living in Western Kansas, but did not like it, and was now on his way to Nebraska. Mark concluded to join him, and Mr. Whitman assisted him in purchasing a suitable outfit, and that same night Mark and Gay were snugly ensconced in their huge travelling wagon, outside of the city, on the edge of the prairie, where Mr. Whitman, with his wife and seven children had encamped. Six other families were with them—the seven wagons being "parked" in the form of a circle—that is, the pole of one wagon resting upon the rear of another—and the oxen, mules, horses, cows, dogs and pigs being gathered into the circle thus protected.

Outside the circle of wagons a great fire was burning, and as Mark's wagon drove up the conductor of the train, Mr. Landford, came forward and welcomed the new-comers.

It seemed to Gay and Mark that they had entered a new and wondrous world.

Both lay long awake that night in their wagon, close up under the canvas roof, and they talked in whispers of their great future, and wondered what it had in store for them.

The next morning at daybreak the camp was astir. By sunrise the wagon train was on its way towards the northwest.

At night they halted beside a small stream and parked the wagons, and had supper, and talked and sang songs and told stories, like one great, joyous family.

At daybreak again they were on the way.

In the course of ten days, having travelled rapidly for ox teams, they reached the Little Blue River, a branch of the Big Blue. The women built fires and began the preparation of supper. The men proceeded to park the wagons.

"The last train I took over this route was attacked by Indians just here," said Conductor Landford. "They were unusually bold and we had a tough fight——. Good heavens! What is that?"

He beheld, by the last rays of the sunset, a mounted band of Indians, their weapons glittering in the yellow light, their plumes nodding in the wind, as they came on like a whirlwind.

"Indians," yelled the conductor, in a voice that made every woman's face turn white. "Pawnees or Sioux, I can't tell which. They seem to be on the war path. I can see their weapons. They outnumber us, counting in our women. Call in the children. We shall have to defend ourselves."

He blew a shrill blast on his bugle that rang out far and wide. They were sweeping down upon the train, with whoops and yells, murder and rapine in their very aspect.

Conductor Landford was skilled in Indian warfare, and was a scout of considerable note.

"There are twenty savages," he announced. "Remember, boys, you are fighting for your mothers and sisters; show us what stuff you are made of."

Then he shouted:

"Now, men, the gun! Have out the gun! They are in war paint, and mean mischief. When I give the word, fire!"

The Indians came nearer and nearer, advancing in a straight line.

"Now, boys, give them a hint that we are not fooling," said the guide grimly.

Mark Heber and his young comrades fired a volley.

The next moment a shower of bullets came hurtling toward the defenders of the camp.

"The gun!" cried Landford. "Give it to 'em, Whitman."

Whitman did "give it to them," mowing down three mounted savages, horses and riders rolling over and over in horrible death agony.

The remaining savages again came to a halt, but only for an instant. With a terrific warwhoop they came on again to the onslaught, firing as they came, and looking like incarnate demons.

"All together!" cried the guide.

The other men and all the boys fired, each with especial aim. Six mounted savages fell before the deadly rain.

A panic immediately seized upon the survivors. In the midst of it Whitman grimly touched off his field-piece anew.

This ended the conflict. The savages with horrible yells beat an instantaneous retreat, leaving their dead upon the field and dragging away their wounded.

Amory had a bullet wound in his shoulder, and Arnold's eldest son had a flesh wound in his arm; but neither of these injuries was serious.

"Are you safe, Gay?" demanded Mark, coming toward her.

"Yes, but I'm almost smothered," answered Gay. "Have the savages surely gone, Mark?"

Gay cautiously crept forth while she was speaking. The remaining wagons disgorged their crouching occupants, women and children coming forth pale and trembling, but full of joyful gratitude at their escape from death, or a fate worse than death. The camp took on its usual appearance even before the retreating savages were entirely lost to view in the far distance. That night they encamped upon the prairie, and met with no adventure. A guard was maintained as on the previous night, but no Indians were to be seen.

Every day for the week that followed the encampment on the Little Blue was full of incident, but all of the pleasant sort, nothing occurring to alarm the emigrants.

And at the end of the week, to their great joy and relief, they arrived at Fort Kearney.

The emigrants did not halt at the fort, but pressed on to Kearney City, where they encamped just at nightfall.

Here Conductor Landford found another train, the guide of which had been stabbed the night before by a notorious man, who had escaped arrest. The train was offered to Landford to be united with his own.

The assault that had been made upon the conductor of the previously arrived train was made a matter of discussion, and regret that his assailant had escaped was universal.

"I know the fellow who dirked the conductor," said Landford. "He is a perfect demon. I know that he has killed several men. I saw him at Denver last year. He had just stabbed a miner from behind, and robbed him of all his money and gold. He is called Blue Jack."

"Blue Jack!" cried one or two boys. "What a name!"

"They call him so because one side of his face is blue, as if bruised," said Landford. "Looks as if the blood had settled under the skin."

The new train was bound for Denver, as Landford had said.

Two wagons belonged to men who had no woman with them. There were five of these desperadoes, and only the smallness of their number as compared with the others induced Landford to allow them to travel under his guidance and the protection of his train.

A few introductions took place, and then the long train took up its line of march westward.

During the noon encampment, on the following day, Gay had finished her dinner, and a merry snatch of song was on her lips, when one of the desperadoes, known as Burk, came up to her and paused beside her, regarding her with an insolent stare.

"Hallo, younker," he said, gruffly. "I noticed you yesterday, and you are the prettiest young one I ever did see. Got no father nor mother, eh? Going west with your brother, eh? Give us a kiss, there's a doll?"

In an instant she leaped to her feet.

Child as she was, she resented the insult that had been offered her with a woman's offended pride and anger.

"How dare you?" she cried. "Go away. If you touch me I'll call my brother."

"Ah, now, young one, you're fooling," he said insolently. "You act older than I took you for. I'll warrant no boy except your brother has kissed them lips o' your'n, and I'm bound to have one—so now!"

As quick as a flash she drew from her pocket a pistol Mark had bought for her at Leavenworth, and which he had since taught her to use skilfully. The cocked the pistol, and its four small dark tubes were promptly presented to the eyes of Burk for inspection. He started back in unaffected horror and amazement.

"The little vixen!" he muttered. "She acts like a highwayman instead of a shrinking girl. She beats all!"

"I was only fooling," he said aloud. "I didn't mean nothing. Don't say nothing, young one. I'm off."

And he hastened to beat a retreat to his own proper quarters.

Gay's light laugh rang after him mockingly.

"Curse her!" muttered Burk. "Blue Jack would tame that wildcat spirit of her'n, and I wish he may do it, that's all. I'll make 'em acquainted, blest if I don't."

The train was ready to resume its march.

"Come up into the wagon, Mark," said the girl, coaxingly. "I have something to tell you."

Mark climbed up beside Gay, his boyish face full of tenderness and affection as he looked down upon his adopted sister.

"Well, what is it, little Gay?" he said, as she hesitated.

"Have you noticed that man Burk, who joined us with the other train at Kearney City?" asked Gay.

"I've seen him and noticed him," said Mark. "Mr. Landford has a poor opinion of him. He's a confederate of Blue Jack, the outlaw. What have you to say about him, Gay?"

"He wanted to kiss me back at the halt," said Gay, composedly, "and, as you were busy, I just pulled out my pistol and scared him. He thought I meant to shoot him, and went off to the rear of the train."

Mark's boyish face grew stern, and his eyes flashed.

"The coward and villain!" he exclaimed, "I'll horsewhip him for that. How dared he?"

"Don't get into trouble on my account, dear Mark!" exclaimed Gay, in alarm. "He's a bad man and he might kill you. He didn't kiss me, and I have taught him to keep his distance, so that he won't trouble me again. Don't speak to him, Mark, please don't!"

But Mark would not promise.

About sunset Landford beheld in the distance a solitary horseman, who, upon looking back and observing the train, wheeled his horse about and rode rapidly toward it. As he approached it he said:—

"Are you the conductor of this train, sir? I am bearer of despatches from Fort Kearney to Fort Sedgwick. Will you grant me the protection of your train during the remainder of my journey?"

"What is your name?"

"Fallon, Lieutenant Fallon," was the reply, and he offered to show his credentials.

Landford bade Lieutenant Fallon welcome, and offered him the freedom of the camp.

Fallon ate supper with the Whitmans, and after conversing until a late hour, retired to the rear of the train to sleep. After all was still he rolled over on the ground until he came to the side of Burk.

"Burk!" he hissed.

Burk started, with a smothered oath.

"Who calls?" he growled.

"Hush, you idiot!" hissed Fallon, between his teeth. Have I fooled you and the boys as easily as I fooled the conductor of the train? Don't you know me? I haven't got my card case with me, but I'm Blue Jack, at your service! Ha, ha! The serpent has got into Eden!"

"I and the boys have looked for you to join us all day," said Burk. "But, of course, we didn't look for you in this disguise."

Upon the morning after the counterfeit Lieutenant Fallon had joined the wagon train the camp was astir as usual at daybreak. The train halted at noon on the river bank, opposite a lovely island. At sunset they again halted, and for the night.

In the course of the evening Lieutenant Fallon approached Gay, and said:—

"Miss Heber, I must say to you that you are startlingly like a former friend of mine. It seems almost as if she stood before me as I first knew her. It is a strange, a startling coincidence, I could almost think—but no. Impossible! You are the sister of Mr. Heber, are you not?"

Gay's pure face flushed.

"Yes," she answered, with some hesitation.

The disguised Blue Jack turned yet whiter. He had marked that hesitation, and his wonder at it thrilled him with a sudden fear.

"You do not look like your brother, Miss Heber?" he remarked.

"I have been told so before," said Gay dryly.

"And you are his own sister?" persisted Blue Jack, with agitation.

"I do not know your motive for making such inquiries, Lieutenant," said Gay, after a moment's thought. "I do not therefore know how to reply to you. I should like to know the name of your friend whom I resemble, but for an answer to your inquiries I must refer you to my brother."

Gay Heber seized the first opportunity to inform her adopted brother of the particulars of her singular interview with the false Lieutenant Fallon.

"I told him to speak to you, Mark," she said, "but my heart has been on fire ever since. What if he should have known my mother?"

"He looked like death when he first saw your face, Gay," said Mark, thoughtfully. "It was as if he had seen a ghost."

Gay started and exclaimed:—

"From the moment I beheld the man I shrank from him. I had an instinctive fear and abhorrence of him. Oh, Mark, dear Mark, don't let him know any more about me than he knows now!"

"I will not, Gay," said Mark, soothingly. "If he is your father, he shall not know that you are his daughter."

The promise comforted Gay, who smiled faintly through the gloom that had fallen upon her.

As some young people came toward the Hebers, Mark arose abruptly and went to look after his oxen.

Gay was about to join Mark when the false Lieutenant Fallon approached him, offering him a cigar.

"Fine evening, Mr. Heber," said the disguised Blue Jack, courteously. "What! You don't smoke? Smoking is a vice. I wish I could break myself of it. Your sister is a lovely child, or girl, I should say. She must be fifteen years old. Is she not?"

"She is but a little old yet, Lieutenant—only fourteen—yet she is more womanly than many girls of eighteen."

"Only fourteen!" said the pretended lieutenant musingly. "I—I had a fancy that she was fifteen. I knew a child once—perhaps she's dead now—but if she were living she would be fifteen years of age, and the very picture of your sister. And, oddly enough, that child's name was the same as your sister's—Gabrielle!"

Mark repressed a start, and turned away his paling face from the keen scrutiny of the scheming villain.

"The child I alluded to," continued the false lieutenant, "had black hair and brown eyes—rather a singular combination—but her mother, poor creature, had had the same features, and had been a great beauty in her day. She was a New York belle—la belle Gabrielle! But she went insane and wandered away with her child, and was never heard of more.

"If you had seen the New York dailies of thirteen years ago," resumed the false lieutenant, "you could not have failed to notice a striking advertisement offering $1,000 reward for information of the whereabouts of an insane woman and her child. The reward was afterwards increased to $5,000. Did you never hear of the advertisement, Mr. Heber?"

"Never," said Mark. "How should I have seen it?"

"Ah, yes; true. You were but a boy at the time. Yet, if you lived near New York, you might have heard of the disappearance."

"I did not live near New York."

"Why, the conductor told me you came from York State," said the false lieutenant.

"So I did," responded Mark.

"May I ask from what part?" inquired the villain.

"Certainly," said Mark. "I came from the western part of the State. May I ask the name of the lady whose disappearance called forth the advertisement of which you speak?"

"Her given name was Gabrielle," said the pretended officer, evasively. "If I could get a trace of that insane woman and her child I would give a thousand dollars out of my own pocket. Think what a start in life that sum would give a young man like you!"

Mark shrank back, as from the touch of an embodied pestilence.

"I can give you no assistance in your search, Lieutenant Fallon," he said, coldly.

"Permit me to ask if Miss Heber is your own sister, born of the same parents as yourself?" demanded the pretended officer, abruptly.

"I do not tolerate any intrusion into my private family affairs, Lieutenant Fallon," said Mark, haughtily. "My sister has already been annoyed by your questions in regard to her history, and I must request you to leave us alone."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Heber," said the villain, adding maliciously, "I see this is a sore subject with you. You have not said that Miss Heber is your own sister. I presume you cannot say so truthfully."

"We will not discuss the matter, sir. Gay Heber is my sister, and while I live she shall not lack a protector."

"Ah, yes," said the pretended officer, using his favorite phrase of assent. "Brothers are not usually so devoted to sisters as you seem to be, Mr. Heber."

That evening Gay, whose curiosity had been stimulated by what had taken place, to find out something more about her parentage, was examining some jewels which had been left by her mother, and some trinkets she had possessed when a child. She had taken them from a little box in the bottom of her trunk, and thought herself perfectly secure under the cover of the wagon, when she suddenly detected the false Lieutenant Fallon peering at her through a hole which he had cut in the canvas. All this she reported to Mark.

On the following day Mark had a violent altercation with the pretended lieutenant.

No one had eyes or ears for anything but this exciting scene, and it thus happened that a small body of horsemen in the uniform of the United States had come up, and had dashed into the very camp before their approach was noticed.

A loud bugle call from the head of the troops was the first token the emigrants received of the new arrival.

In a moment the combatants were loosed, and all eyes turned to the new comers.

The disguised Lieutenant Fallon looked and turned faint. He knew what this visit meant, if no one else did.

"Conductor," shouted the leader of the troop, "we are here in search of Blue Jack, the noted desperado, accused of the attempted murder of Lieutenant Fallon, of the United States Army, whom he brutally attacked and flung into the Deep Canyon as dead. The lieutenant is now at Fort Kearney, in a critical condition, and we demand his would-be murderer!"

The emigrants had listened with breathless amazement to the announcement of the officer in charge of the small detachment of troops. They were actually spellbound. Not so the person most interested in the announcement—Blue Jack himself.

The desperado had comprehended the errand of the troops in the first moment of their appearance. After his first sensation of faintness and terror, he had recovered his coolness and courage, and was himself again.

At the very commencement of the officer's announcement, Blue Jack exchanged glances with the terrified and cowering Burk. The latter pointed one trembling finger over his shoulder to a spot at a little distance, where Blue Jack's horse stood grazing, saddled for use.

In an instant the chief desperado darted under the wagons toward the waiting horse. He reached him and leaped upon his back.

And in the next moment that desperado rose gracefully in his stirrups at the distance of a few rods, and with the fierce, defiant yell of a wild Indian, dashed his spurs into his horse's side, and was away like the wind.

The troops gave an answering yell of surprise and anger, and the officer in command led the swift pursuit.

Blue Jack had the advantage of a good start and was splendidly mounted, his horse being a seasoned animal, born and bred on the plains, and endowed with great life and spirit.

Blue Jack laughed aloud as the strong animal bore him onward as if he had been a feather's weight. He rose again in his stirrups, and shouted back defiantly:—

"Come on. Take Blue Jack if you can!"

The pursuing officer shouted to the outlaw to surrender, but the only reply was a mocking laugh. The officer then fired a shot at the fugitive, but the bullet missed its mark, and Blue Jack, bending low to his horse's neck, and digging the spurs into the animal's sides, swept on and away with the rush of a tornado.

And after him swept the pursuers.

The emigrants watched the pursuit with breathless interest until the foremost figure upon the powerful Indian steed had passed beyond their line of vision.

During the confusion Burk escaped also.

At nightfall they halted upon the south bank of the Platte, and were at supper around their fires when the troops were seen to approach, weary and dispirited—without their prisoner.

"The fellow has escaped us," said the officer.

"You held on to the chase well, Lieutenant," said the conductor.

"I can't bear to go back to the fort without him," was the quick reply. "There's excitement all through the fort; poor Fallon was nearly murdered, and was left for dead. He was flung over into deep Canyon, and happened to lodge in a clump of bushes. There he came to himself an hour or more afterward, and, more dead than alive, he climbed up to the ground above, and fell down in a dead faint. A party was immediately organized and sent in pursuit of the outlaw."

The next day they encountered the party of soldiers that had been sent in pursuit of Blue Jack. They had found no trace of the desperado or his companion.

"No use looking for Blue Jack," said the officer in charge of the party, addressing Landford. "There has been a party of Sioux about this quarter for a few days past, and no doubt Blue Jack has fallen in with them. The party is hardly large enough to attack your train, and I understand they have gone up toward Dakotah. Blue Jack has an Indian wife somewhere up there."

Upon the second day after leaving Fort McPherson, the emigrants made their midday halt, in a grove of cotton woods, upon the bank of the south fork of the Platte, at its junction with a wide, tree-fringed river which descended from the northward, and here they concluded to settle.

The site of the village was selected exactly at the junction of two rivers, upon a low bluff overlooking the two streams.

Then a public square was carefully laid out with mathematical exactness.

Then each man's lot was assigned him.

Mark Heber's was next to Whitman's, on the eastern side of the square, facing west, and his future garden ran back to the edge of the low bluff.

Mark Heber did a man's work, and from the first day of this hard toil Whitman ceased to class the youth among the boys.

In the course of a week eight strong log houses, each a story in height, and pierced with loop-holes, and each provided with a single capacious chimney, were finished, and fronted the little naked square.

Mark Heber's house was simply arranged, built upon the plan generally adopted by the settlers. There were but two rooms, one being entered through the other. The inner room was to be Gay's. The outer room was to be parlor, dining room, kitchen, library and Mark's bedroom.

"The house is your province, Gay," said the youth upon the morning after the house was finished. "I shall leave you to furnish it and transform it into a home, while I work upon the stockade. If you need my help when the stockade and block house are finished I will turn myself into a house carpenter."

"I sha'n't need you, sir," said Gay, saucily. "You attend to the farm and leave the house to me."

The shelter provided the eight houses were left entirely to the management of the women, the men working upon the stockade, which was constructed upon strict military principles and was a model of worth and excellence.

It required two weeks and the labor of sixteen men to complete this work.

Whitman and his family had been living in their house for a week. All the families had moved into their homes save the Hebers, but Gay with a petty tyranny had not allowed Mark to cross the threshold of his house since he had finished it.

Now when Mark unyoked his oxen, turning them loose in his own yard, and drew his wagon under a great cotton wood in his back garden Gay called to him with a bright smile, saying that he might enter the house with her.

He came pleased and smiling, but paused upon the threshold in mute amazement.

Was this the room with four rough log walls which he had given into her hands?

Was this sunny little home a log house on the plains?

It seemed incredible.

For little clever-witted Gay, with her delicate, skilful fingers, had fashioned a lovely home out of her barren materials, such a one as would delight the eye to rest upon, and her sole helps had been two kindly boys of fifteen years, who had worked under her directions.

"It's the prettiest room I ever saw," cried Mark, with enthusiasm. "There isn't a house in town like it. Won't the people open their eyes? It's just lovely!" cried Mark delightedly. "You are a regular home fairy, Gay. You were meant for the frontier, and you are the fairest flower on all the plains. My precious little sister!"

He drew her to him and kissed her tenderly. But Gay, most unaccountably, broke from him blushing like a rose.

"I'll call Whitman in to see the house," exclaimed Mark, not noticing Gay's confusion. "We shall set up for the aristocrats of the town."

He dashed out in boyish exuberance and called in the entire population of the village.

They all came in, and there was a general request that Gay should christen the settlement.

Gay's eyes brightened, even while she shrank from the honor thus put upon her.

"I can't," she said. "Mr. Whitman is the oldest of us all, and is our Mayor. Let him name the village."

"Then I'll call it Heber, in honor of our little Gay," cried Mr. Whitman. "What do you all say, my friends?"

"Heber it is!" cried a dozen voices, in acclaim.

At that moment a boy who had been playing upon the platform inside the stockage came in, gasping the word—

"Indians!" The above we publish as a specimen chapter; but the continuation of this story will be found in the New York Ledger. Ask for the number dated dated March 30, which can be had at any news office or bookstore. If you are not within reach of a news office you can have the Ledger mailed to you for one year by sending $3 to Robert Bonner, publisher, New York.

FUNERAL OF OFFICER LAMBRECHT.

Detective Lambrecht was buried yesterday afternoon, at four o'clock. The funeral cortége was followed to the foot of Thirty-fourth street by 500 policemen, who left the Central Office at half-past twelve o'clock, went to the house of the deceased policeman and from there followed his remains to the ferry. A company of Zouaves and another society also made a portion of the procession. The Police Commissioners, in carriages, rode behind the hearse. The police force was under the command of Superintendent Kelso, and Inspectors Jameison and Dilks.

ILLNESS OF WAYNE M'VEAGH.

HARRISBURG, Pa., March 17, 1872.

Mr. Wayne McVeagh, son-in-law of Hon. Simon Cameron, is lying seriously ill with typhoid fever, at his residence in this city, having contracted the disease during his connection with the Shaffer murder trial here recently.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

Married.

DAVISON—MOORE.—At Nyack on the Hudson, on Thursday, March 14, at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. Isaac S. Davison, of Brooklyn, EDWARD W. DAVISON, of Yonkers, N. Y., to S. ALLIE, only daughter of J. H. S. Moore, Esq. No cards.

STEWART—TRAVER.—On Sunday, March 10, 1872, by Rev. Dr. William S. Nickels, LAWRENCE F. STEWART to MARY H. TRAVER, both of New York.

TAYLOR—QUARTLANDER.—At New Rochelle, on Thursday, March 14, by the Rev. Jean Baptis, RICHARD A. TAYLOR to Miss ANNA A. QUARTLANDER, both of Mamanoreck. No cards.

Died.

ADAM.—On Sunday, March 17, MARGARET JANE, wife of George Adam, Jr.

Notice of funeral hereafter.

ALDER.—In Brooklyn, on Sunday, March 17, WILLIAM ALDER, aged 34 years.

Friends are invited to attend the funeral, from his late residence, Packer avenue, near Wyckoff street, on Tuesday, at one o'clock. The remains will be taken to New York Bay Cemetery for interment.

ANGUS.—On Sunday, March 17, JAMES ANGUS, aged 77 years.

The relatives and friends of the family are invited to attend the funeral, from the residence of his son, 319 East Tenth street, on Tuesday afternoon, the 19th instant, at one o'clock.

BEADLE.—In Weehawken, N. J., on Friday, March 15, EMELINE M., widow of Edward Beadle, aged 59 years, 1 month and 19 days.

Relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, on Tuesday, March 19, at ten o'clock A. M., from the First Presbyterian church, at Weehawken. Take cars at Hoboken ferry every fifteen minutes.

BIRD—On Sunday, March 17, of diphtheria, HATTIE, youngest daughter of James D. and Catherine K. Bird, in the 14th year of her age.

The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend her funeral, from the residence of her father, 235 West Twenty-second street, on Tuesday afternoon, March 19, at two o'clock.

BLACK.—On Saturday, March 16, at the residence of his father, 47 Lewis street, THOMAS G. BLACK, in the 23d year of his age.

A loving and dutiful son.

Relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend his funeral on Tuesday, 19th inst., at half-past one o'clock. Interment in New York Bay Cemetery.

BLONK.—On Friday, March 15, Mrs. JOHANNA BLONK, in the 77th year of her age.

The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Harriet E. Baker, 79 Hudson street, this (Monday) afternoon, at two o'clock.

BOHEN.—On Saturday, March 16, 1872, MARGARET BOHEN, widow of Daniel Bohen, aged 76 years, a native of parish McCarkey, county of Tipperary, Ireland.

Friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from her daughter's residence, 223 East Twenty-ninth street, on Monday afternoon, 18th inst., at one o'clock.

Tipperary papers please copy.

BREWER.—On Sunday, March 17, JOHN R. BREWER, son of the late Captain Nicholas R. Brewer, in the 42d year of his age.

The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, on Tuesday, the 19th instant, at three P. M., from his late residence, 401 Herkimer street, Brooklyn, without further invitation.

BROWN.—On Sunday, March 17, MARY J., wife of Charles E. Brown and daughter of William Swaine, aged 28 years.

Friends of the family are invited to attend the funeral services, at the North Dutch church, corner of Fulton and William streets, on Tuesday, March 19, at two o'clock P. M.

BRUCE.—At 189 Adelphi street, Brooklyn, on Saturday, March 16, EMMA, daughter of Duncan and Emma Bruce, aged 25 years.

The funeral services will take place at St. Luke's church, on Tuesday, March 19, at ten o'clock A. M.

BURCHELL.—On Sunday, March 17, 1872, NATHANIEL J. BURCHELL, aged 41 years and 7 months.

The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from his late residence, 301 East Fifty-seventh street, on Tuesday, the 19th inst., at eleven o'clock A. M. The officers and members of Amity Chapter, officers and members of Perfect Asher Lodge, No. 604 F. and A. M.; members of sister lodges, and the Directors of the Manufacturers and Builders' Bank are specially invited. Funeral services at the house at half-past ten o'clock A. M.

PERFECT ASHLAR LODGE, NO. 604, F. AND A. M.—The members are hereby summoned to attend a special communication at the lodge rooms, No. 8 Union square, on Tuesday morning, the 19th inst., at ten o'clock, for the purpose of attending the funeral of our late brother, Nathaniel J. Burchell. By order of R. W. WILLIAM SINCLAIR, Master.

ROBERT M. MENEY, Secretary.

CANFIELD.—At West Haven, Conn., on Saturday, March 16, of pneumonia, Mrs. LUCY CANFIELD, aged 73 years, widow of Calvert Canfield, M. D., of Pleasant Valley, Dutchess county, N. Y. Funeral at Pleasant Valley, on Tuesday afternoon, at two o'clock.

Poughkeepsie papers please copy.

CODY.—On Saturday, March 16, MARY CODY, wife of Nicholas Cody and a native of Callan, county Kilkenny, Ireland, aged 30 years.

Relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from her late residence, 238 East Fifty-fifth street, this day (Monday), at one o'clock.

CORNELL.—On Sunday, March 17, EDWARD R. W. CORNELL, youngest son of Samuel H. and Eliza C. Cornell, in the 4th year of his age.

The relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from his father's residence, No. 327 Washington avenue, Brooklyn, on Tuesday afternoon, at two o'clock.

COSTELLO.—On Sunday morning, March 17, 1872, Mrs. FRANCES COSTELLO, formerly of Richmond, Va., in the 53d year or her age.

The funeral will take place from her late residence, No. 8 Beach street, this day, at two o'clock P. M.

CRONOGUE.—On Sunday, March 17, WILLY, son of Patrick and Mary Cronogue, aged 16 months and 9 days.

The friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from the residence of his father, 418 East Fourteenth street, on Tuesday, March 19, at one o'clock.

DURYEA.—On Saturday, March 16, ALONZO WHITMAN, youngest son of Andrew and Henr