

Monday. - - - January 5, 1871.

A HARBOR ESCAPE.

Condemned to die! Condemned to perish ignominiously on the scaffold! Condemned to bid adieu to wife, mother, children and friends!

The poor man wept aloud in the extremity of his anguish. His trembling lips could frame no prayer, and thus the last avenue of escape was closed against him. The most dire and equivocal evidences surrounded this man—Lloyd Fletcher by name—and the jury in bringing in their verdict "guilty in the first degree" had only added their silent conviction of the man's guilt, drawn from the overwhelming evidence.

Charles Lancaster, an Englishman, and a neighbor of Fletcher's, had been found brutally murdered, in a lone spot in the suburbs of London. Fletcher's pistol was picked up near him, throws aside as he found himself pursued.

Footprints in the mud corresponded exactly with the boots the prisoner wore, and to crown all, they had been blood-stained, and were still warm for months previous. Fletcher had been heard to say, on several occasions, that nothing but the man's death could satisfy his implacable vengeance; and then, again, he could produce no one to assist him in proving an alibi. Lloyd was a man very domestic in his habits, and very devotedly attached to his family. He was known to be absent from home in the evening, yet on this particular night, Mr. Fletcher walked up unaccompanied for miles, and was seen every moment (on account of the circumstance being so unprecedented) to have him brought home a corpse. He seemed to be recovering from the deep stupor of intoxication as he entered his wife's presence on the morning described, and only knew enough to find the bed and sleep profound.

At the time of his arrest, his hands were found lame and broken, so that, with the rest, made the sum 500 crowns for the skillful surgeon he had employed, and the result was—"Hanged by the neck, Fletcher, till you are dead; and God have mercy on your soul."

"It lacked now only three days to the execution, and here sat, in his lone confinement, white-washed cell, and his head bowed in his hands. Can nothing be done? Must I die thus, poor miserable dog that I am? Oh, God, where art thou? Will Omnipotence allow an innocent man to die for a God as that?"

"And the poor fellow struck wildly at his prison house, groaning so deeply that he aroused the attention of the turnkey, who was passing the cell. The iron door swung back on its creaking hinges and the stalwart form of the keeper appeared before him.

"Come, come, Fletcher," said the turnkey, "you're a man I like; the first man that had to swing—not for a less' shot; you won't get much sympathy here if you are like a nursing infant. I can tell you, old friend, Fletcher, die game!"

"But I am innocent, I tell you, old wretch as innocent of the crime as my little girl baby at home. Oh, my God! my wife—my children!"

"Oh, shut up; here's your old woman, now!"

The hardened turnkey waited a moment to witness the meeting of the suffering couple, and then, with a smile of contemptuous disdain, turned away. But the condemned man and his loving, faithful wife took no notice of his departure, but clasped in each other's arms, awaited for calmness to speak.

"Oh, Sarah!"

"Oh, Lloyd! God have mercy on us all; my husband and now listen, lie down here—place your head on my lap. I have something to tell you."

"Tell me, Sarah, did they search you this time?" he asked, grasping her hands.

"Yes, Lloyd, and they found nothing. I repeated my rash promises to you before I reached home. Come what may, suicide must not be your fate. But listen; you see that I am comparatively happy; and let me tell you what has produced this change. A sweet little dream in which I saw you, and our darlings, all together comfortable and happy."

"Oh, Sarah, talk not of dreams to a doomed man like myself; we may be happy in another existence; but no, that cannot be—for surely God will not allow an innocent man the death of the guilty. Oh, no, Sarah, sh. no!"

"Keep up your courage, my dear husband; a certain strange, mysterious something assures me that all will yet be well, how or in what manner Heaven only knows."

"I wish I could see it—I wish I could tell it, Sarah. Do not grieve me with false hopes. Oh, my God; if there could only be a hundred ways to escape from this ignominious death!"

"Come, madam, time's up," and the turnkey made his appearance. "Hate to disturb such a pair of loving doves, but orders are orders, ma'am, and must be obeyed. Always obey orders, if you break crowns. You ought to persuade your husband to sue his master."

"Work what you will, and you will be looked for among heretics in three months, him," continued the wretched, as he walked out by her side.

Sarah hurried through the corridor, endeavoring to hear as little as possible of the brute's conversation, and reached her home and children, there to hope and pray. The hours sped on, and it lacked one day more for the execution. Fletcher had given up all hope of a reprieve, and listened to the building of the scaffold with a solemn feeling born of despair.

"I've brought another gal to see you this time, Fletcher. It's very probable she won't be so agreeable-like as the other one, but will do much good, I hope on."

A woman in black stood before the bed on which Fletcher reclined. He recognized Miss Lancaster, the wife of the murdered man.

"Ah, this does me good," said she, taking a step nearer and shaking her clasped fist in his face. "I do not like to see you, but I do like to see you. Don't you remember me? You won't dare to open your mouth, I came here to gloat over your misery, and see how the prospect of leaving your wife and babies affected you. Oh, you tremble! I have found the tender cord. My husband's wife and children were nothing—oh, no? Watch, villain! May the law be fully justified."

The woman left, and disappeared, exclaiming beyond the range of further utterance, stepped a little nearer, and with a sly movement, hid one of her gloves under the pillow of the bewitched old man.

"Have you finished, ma'am?" inquired the turnkey, with his hand on the door.

"Now, really Fletcher, don't you rather prefer an interview of this kind to one of those silly parings?—but you have had so many of lately?" "Will do you more good—ten to one? What are you doing now?"

"Giving him one more look, that is all. You never, never, watch! I want to engrave his picture on my brain so indelibly that I never forget a single feature."

"By the crown, your old man must have a Turner! Oh, oh! and the fat turnkey shook his fat sides with laughter. "I don't believe he's got it, just hotter where he's staying now than he had it with you. It takes a woman to use up the King's English. Always said so, now I know it."

Mr. Lancaster drew his tall, slender frame and quietly lit the pipe. As soon as he dared, with trembling fingers, Lloyd drew forth the glove. It was a vial containing a mixture of chloroform, or other, small sharp instrument to file his shackles, and a note. It read thus:

BAZAAR UNIVERSELLE 1871-2.

We shall observe the Christmas Holidays, open every day, for exhibition of new, elegant, useful, and ornamental articles suitable for presents, rare and choice in design. Some of the features of our last year's Bazaar will be resumed, while new and attractive additions will endeavor to make this the most delightful resort for persons wishing to purchase holiday gifts.

PROGRAMME.

We have carefully selected such novelties from South of France, England, Switzerland, Germany, China, Japan, and our Home Markets.

Presenting such articles from these different markets as meet the wants of the most critical.

We shall also display some elegant Silks, Poplins, Satins, Ball Dresses, Shawls, &c., &c.

From the best houses of the New and Old World.

LADIES' HANDKERCHIEFS AND GLOVES.

Will form one of the most distinctive features of this Expedition.

JEWELRY & PERFUMERY IN BEAUTIFUL VARIETY.

SILVER AND PLATED WARE.

In this we expect to stand preeminent in style, price, and useful variety.

DRIED FRUIT.

We are desirous of buying all the fruit crop of this Territory that we can obtain.

Dried Peaches.

Apricots, Currants.

RIGGS, LECHTENBERG & CO.

One Door North of C. Savage, Main St., SALT LAKE CITY.

AGENTS WANTED.

In every Settlement, to buy Fruit, to whom a Liberal Commission will be paid.

WILL PAY CASH, the Highest Price in the Market, for

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