

MAN'S PERFDY AND WOMAN'S TRUST.

Mary Rechten a young girl in the humbler walks of life, was arrested a short time ago on a charge of murder. She had, in a moment of desperation, destroyed the life of her illegitimate child—not to hide her shame, but because she was homeless and without the means of providing for the rearing of the babe. Her case came up yesterday in the Criminal Court, and by advice she pleaded guilty to manslaughter in the second degree, with the understanding that her sentence would be five years' imprisonment in the penitentiary. In entering this plea, she handed to Judge Prim the following statement, which is doubtless true. It cannot fail to excite the sympathy of the charitable for the sufferings and misfortunes of the unfortunate girl:

THE STORY OF A YOUNG GIRL'S WRONGS.

To the Hon. the Judge of the St. Louis Criminal Court:

I stand indicted before your Honor for the murder of my infant child on the 4th day of April, 1871. At the instance of personal friends I have decided to plead guilty to manslaughter in the second degree.

I have been induced to take this course, because, although not morally responsible for the act which I committed, and which I have never disavowed, I have been advised that under the peculiar circumstances surrounding me, it is difficult, if not impossible, to establish by legal evidence in court the temporary insanity under which I labored at the time.

With a view of invoking the exercise of that mercy which has hitherto marked your Honor's judicial career, I beg leave to present, in a connected form, a brief, true, and candid account of my life, and the facts of my case. I propose thus to furnish the reason for that leniency of judgment which it is my privilege to ask, and your right to extend.

My mother died in this city when I was but a child. Bereft of her loving care, I received from my father such meagre support and education as his limited means afforded. At the tender age of five (now some fifteen years ago) I was subjected to the control of a step-mother. While I do not wish to say against her, it is but too true that she did not (as, indeed, she could not) adequately fill my own dear mother's place.

During ten years preceding the date of my great misfortune, I lived in my father's humble home, assisting in household duties, in the care of my little brothers and sisters, and aiding him as a saleswoman at his "stand" in the market. From early morn till dark of nearly every day of those ten terrible years—years to me of hunger, cold, humiliation, and suffering—I stood faithfully at my post, endeavoring, as became a dutiful daughter, to relieve my father of the blight and burden of poverty. Throughout all this time, and until the present hour (excepting the one sin which caused my fall), I preserved my womanly purity and virtue. About two years ago, while engaged as I have stated, I met a gentleman some seven years my senior, of seemingly good character and habits, who won my heart. He proposed marriage and I accepted.

Pending the time for the happy consummation of my girlish hopes and ambition, and confiding in his love and truth, I became a victim to his lust, and fell, alas! to rise no more.

The natural result having soon become apparent, I implored him to restore my good name by making me his wife. This he repeatedly promised to do, yet postponed the ceremony on one pretext or another until I was near my accouchment, when he fled the city, and left me ruined, wretched and disgraced.

Can your honor wonder that then, I, a simple inexperienced girl, so foully wronged and betrayed by the very man to whom I had surrendered body and soul, should despair even of God's justice, and long for death even as I once longed for the sweet sound of my false lover's footfall? But hope yet remained. He might return and wed me, as he often swore to do. This gave me courage, this saved me from self-slaughter. But he never came back, and I was left alone to bear my great woe, and hide my shame as best I could.

I concealed my dishonor from every one. I had few friends and no confidant. My step-mother began to suspect the nature of my condition. She accused me of my error; I denied it. Instead of sympathy or kindly effort to win my love and confidence, I received abuse, and was threatened with violence. My misery was complete; I could bear no more, I resolved to leave my father's house, and did so. I obtained employment as a domestic in the home of a respectable family of this city, where I remained, doing such work as I could, until the hour (once looked forward to as one of supreme happiness and joy) when my child was born. You, sir, who are husband and father, can appreciate far better than my poor words can express, the anguish, the agony of mind and body which I then endured.

Overwhelmed with shame, worn and exhausted by the loss of strength consequent on child-birth, my brain distracted and my heart broken, I arose from my bed a few hours after confinement, took my babe in my arms to a foundling hospital on O'Fallon street, and besought the lady in charge to take and keep it for me, offering such

compensation as I was able to give. This she refused to do. I left this institution, still carrying my child. I thence proceeded to another, though of a similar kind, on Cass avenue, nearly a mile distant, hoping to find an asylum there for my little one.

The gloom of night had gathered round me. My steps were slow, faint and tottering. The stars shone bright and true, as of old, yet I saw them not; the lamps shed their accustomed light in vain; the streets were filled with happy children; I heard not their merry voices; their joyous laughter; mothers, folding smiling babes to their loving breasts, touched me, pressed me, as I passed along; I felt them not; darkness, the blackness of despair, was above, around me, beneath me, expelling every ray of reason from my soul.

Yet on I went. I reached the Convent, entered, told the same tale, asked the same relief I had begged for in vain before, and was denied. Repulsed in the only two places where I could hope to find help or sympathy, I knew not what to do. Whither could I go, where obtain aid or comfort in this, the deepest extremity of a woman's sorrow?

Home? I had none that I could call my own. The dwelling where my dear mother nursed and blessed me had been closed against me. Such as it was, I dare not enter its portals, for from its rude threshold echoed a father's angry curse! What then? Crazy, half dead, almost unconscious, I sought the rear of the building, and entered the closet; my child dropped from my nerveless arms and was dead. In my wild despair—in my wilder delirium—I cast my darling babe away, and destroyed its sweet young life.

How I reached the house of my friends I know not; nor can I now realize how or why I did the horrid deed.

For many weeks thereafter I oscillated between life and death. God alone knows the extent of my sufferings. I am sure He will pity; will pardon me, for I knew not what I did.

Such, your Honor, is the simple story of my life; such a faithful history of my crime. I am but a young girl—poor, helpless, friendless—who never did wrong to man or woman. Whether I am a fit subject for the law's vengeance, it is for you to decide.

It may be that society demands a victim; that the public good requires an example, and that I am the right character of person to furnish it. If so, I shall humbly submit to the sacrifice, trusting and believing, however, in the justice of God for a reversal of that law which consigns me to chains and infamy, while it tolerates, if it does not encourage and protect, the wicked author of my ruin.—Missouri Democrat, Nov. 22.

GOLD MEDAL

AWARDED AT THE

CINCINNATI

INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION, 1871,

TO THE



For Coal and Wood.

THE BEST BITUMINOUS

Coal Cooking Stoves

IN THE WORLD.

26,374 In Use.

FIRESIDE!

FOR COAL

The Most Efficient, Convenient and Durable

Open Front Stove

In the Market.

WM. REZOR & CO.,

CINCINNATI, O.

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140,000 SINGER SEWING MACHINES

WERE SOLD DURING THE PAST YEAR.—Scientific American, June 10, 1871

The Singer Manufacturing Company,

AT THE

WORLD'S FAIR,

Constituted by the homes of the people.

Received the Great Award of the Highest Sales! and have left all

Rivals far behind them! As the following article shows:

"SEWING MACHINE SALES FOR 1870.

The magnitude, to which the manufacture of sewing machines has attained is shown by the "SWORN" returns (to which anyone can have access,) of the manufacturers for the year 1870 to the owners of the leading patents, on which they pay a royalty. According to these returns the number of machines sold by each manufacturer in 1870 is as follows:

The Singer Manufacturing Company.....	127,833.....	Difference.
Wheeler & Wilson Manufacturing Company.....	83,208.....	44,625
Howe Machine Company.....	75,156.....	52,677
Grover & Baker Sewing Machine Company.....	57,402.....	70,431
Weed Sewing Machine Company.....	35,002.....	92,831
Wilcox & Gibbs Sewing Machine Company.....	28,890.....	98,943
American Buttonhole & Overseaming Company.....	14,573.....	113,260
Florence Sewing Machine Company.....	17,680.....	110,153
Gold Medal Sewing Machine Company.....	8,912.....	118,921
Atina Sewing Machine Company.....	5,806.....	122,027
Empire Sewing Machine Company.....	3,580.....	124,253
Finkle & Lyon Manufacturing Company.....	2,420.....	125,413
Parham Sewing Machine Company.....	1,788.....	126,067
Wilson.....	500.....	127,333

And several other Companies who sold a few Machines.

It will be seen by this table that the popularity of the Singer Machines far exceeds that of all others, their sale being one-half greater than even that of the famous "Wheeler & Wilson" Machine. This is owing to the fact that the Singer Company have lately commenced making, besides their old and well-established manufacturing machine, what is known as their "New Family Machine," which is selling at the rate of nine to one better than the old style. Their total sales for 1869 were 86,781 machines against the 127,833 of 1870, showing an increase of one half in the latter year.—New York Sun.

The total Sales of "Singer" Machines are very nearly

THREE QUARTERS OF A MILLION!!!

Two Thirds of which were sold within the last three years, and all are in

SUCCESSFUL DAILY USE!

And still there are Agents, for even the poorest Machines, who persist, in the most "unblushing manner," in decrying ours, as if it were possible for the "Overwhelming and Rapidly Increasing Majorities of Singer Purchasers" to be mistaken.

We are not so vain as to suppose that these large sales are due to superior business capacity so much as to the superior merits of the Singer Machines, as well as the

OBSERVATION OF THOSE WHO BUY AND USE,

And are personally interested in comparing the merits of the different Machines before making a selection.

THE

'NEW FAMILY SINGER' SEWING MACHINE,

WITH ATTACHMENTS FOR ALL KINDS OF WORK,

We claim and can show is the cheapest, most beautiful, delicately arranged, nicely adjusted, easily operated, and smoothly running of all the Family Sewing Machines. It is remarkable not only for the range and variety of its sewing, but also for the variety and different kinds of texture which it will sew with equal facility and perfection, using silk twist, linen or cotton thread, fine or coarse, making the INTERLOCKED-ELASTIC-STITCH, alike on both sides of the fabric sewn.

The only STITCH that is Universally Approved, or is at all adapted to

FIRST-CLASS WORK

Thus, beaver cloth, or leather may be sewn with great strength and uniformity of stitch, and, in a moment, this willing and never-wearying instrument may be adjusted, even by a child, for fine work on gauze or gossamer tissue, or the tucking of tarlatan, or ruffling, or almost any other work which delicate fingers have been known to perform.

All Machines Sold Guaranteed to give Entire Satisfaction!

Terms to Suit All!

OTHER MACHINES THOROUGHLY REPAIRED AT REASONABLE RATES!

WE MAKE NO CHARGE FOR CARTAGE WITHIN SALT LAKE CITY!

BEWARE of Spurious Needles, Poor Silk, Twist, Linen and Cotton Thread, Bad Oil, etc., Which may render the Best Machine Useless. The Singer Company manufacture their own Needles, Silk and Twist; furnish

Linen and Cotton Thread and Oil—all of Superior Quality—but which can be relied on only when obtained through their

Principal or Branch Offices.

THE SINGER COMPANY have, for the past three years, been unable to supply the demand for their machines, though much has been done to increase their manufacturing facilities. Much more is being done at home and abroad in enlarging their present manufacturing, building new ones, availing of the best machinery, and the services of the most skillful artisans, in the hope of being able to accept propositions for agencies, where such are not already established, though they are now tolerably well represented throughout the civilized world.

Be Sure to get the Best. Before you Purchase be sure to see the "Singer" at the Central General Agency, Singer Sewing Machine Depot E. C. M. I., EAST TEMPLE ST., second door South of Eagle Emporium, SALT LAKE CITY.

H. B. CLAWSON, Supt.

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