

A Female "Husband" Robs His Wife and Decamps.

About two years ago, a married woman somewhere on the shore of Lake Michigan, became tired of the monotony of married life, discarded her crinoline, put on a soldier's uniform, left her husband without saying good bye, and hurried to the nearest military camp, where she forthwith established herself as a warrior true and bold. She spoke two or three languages, and like some of the counterfeit money now in circulation, she was well calculated to deceive. By dint of laborious cultivation, and through the application of certain ointments known only to ladies who wish, like Mrs. Macbeth, to "unsex themselves," our heroine succeeded in coaxing out a light moustache upon her upper lip; and on the strength of this appendage, she courted, wooed and won a lady who of course took her for a man. They were married in due form, but the blushing bride had hardly time to realize that all that 'glitters is not gold,' and sigh in disappointment and shame on account of the cruel deception of which she had been made the victim, when another injury was heaped upon her by the flight of the female husband with a sum of money belonging to the wife who was no wife after all. This accumulation of injuries aroused up the victimized women in to something like exertion, and she caused the pursuit and arrest of the deceiver and thief, whom she declared to be a female—she would swear to it on a stack of Bibles higher than her own head—she was POSITIVE, &c. Such was found to be the fact, and the gushing fair one was deprived of her uniform and installed in skirts and other habiliments appropriate to her true sex. Her moustache was next shaved off, and she was then in condition to deceive the men as effectually as she had bamboozled the women. She has been brought to a sudden halt in her wild career, and we trust will be taught a lesson that will make her a wiser and better woman in the future.

SERVED HIM RIGHT!!!—As a lady and gentleman were passing up State street last Sunday evening, the lady was most grossly insulted by one of those who congregate on the corners of our streets, for the purpose of insulting every decent
his discharge on the spot," the lad's protector, with the quickness of a flash, giving a "docksolliger" under the ear, and some dozen bats over the peepers, and in the ribs, which soon taught a lesson that he will have occasion to remember for a long time, as the MARK was made with INDELIBLE ink. If these vagabonds were served in this manner whenever they insult people in the streets, it would soon put a stop to their villainy.