

WHY THEY TWINKLE

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. When Eve had led her lord astray...

On hill and prairie, field and lawn, Their dewy eyes upturning...

Alas! each hour of daylight tells A tale of shame so crushing...

But when the patient stars look down, On all their light discoverers...

They try to shut their saddened eyes, And in the vain endeavor...

THE RAZOR ON THE RIVER.

QUAY DID NOT DECIDE WHICH HE WOULD USE TO END HIS LIFE.

After Robbing the State Treasury of \$260,000, He Becomes Despondent. The Scoundrel Saved by Cameron.

The following is taken from a twelve column article published in the New York World:

When vice prevails and impious men bear sway, the post of honor is the private station.

The uninterrupted tide of power which set in Statesman Quay's favor for fifteen years of political life caused him to become more and more unscrupulous.

Among the cronies of Statesman Quay were J. Blake Walters, the cashier of the state treasury, and A. Wilson Norris, the reporter of the supreme court.

"One day I found him lying on a sofa in his office. He said that he 'was so nervous that he could not rest nights.' I asked what might be the trouble.

"The treasury who was to go out of office was Amos C. Noyes, of Lock Haven, who was known popularly as 'Square-Timber' Noyes.

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About this time Noyes became one of the group of visibly nervous person about the capitol, and his nervousness was of a kind that was more apparent than that of the others.

On a memorable afternoon there disembarked from a train at the Pennsylvania railroad station a fine-looking gentleman, Gay and debonaire in his aspect and with the confident, easy manner of a prosperous man of the world.

As to the patient stars look down, On all their light discoverers, The traitor's smiles, the murderer's frown, The lips of lying lovers.

They try to shut their saddened eyes, And in the vain endeavor, We see them twinkling in the skies, And so they wink forever.

Back to Harrisburg," said Cameron, "and investigate this thing to the bottom. You will find that Quay has not told all. Probe it deeply and then report to me, and I must try to fix it up.

"What in the name of Heaven is going on?" he inquired. "What in the name of Heaven is going on?" he inquired. "What in the name of Heaven is going on?"

"I am debating whether I will cut my throat or go and jump into the Susquehanna river."

"Pooh, pooh," replied the visitor, "what's up? Tell me all about it."

"After some desultory preliminary talk, the explanation for Statesman Quay's nervousness, which had been the cause of solicitude to his henchmen, was made plain.

Butler was not a man to be intimidated, and old 'Square Timber,' who only ascertained the raid on the funds of his office when they were gone, was nearly frantic.

"Pretty near \$200,000." Then the visitor whistled softly. The conference which followed was prolonged. Quay made as complete a statement as his maudlin condition would permit.

ington over the Northern Central railway to communicate the startling intelligence to Senator T. Donald Cameron. The latter had recently taken the seat in the Senate chamber which he had acquired as the result of the famous deal when his distinguished father, the wily old Simon Cameron, resigned the office in sublime disgust.

"My son Don is a——far seeing fellow and the principal disadvantage he has had to contend with in life I did not have, for he was born rich and I poor," old Simon used to say with gusto.

Senator Cameron was in his seat in the Senate when the messenger arrived in the lobby. I will say at this point in the story that the latter individual, who plays so important a part in this story, is one of the best known citizens of Pennsylvania, a man of wealth, and commanding influence.

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It is entirely probable that Senator Cameron's action was based on that which he regarded as his duty to his party, otherwise he would have allowed the statesman and his fellow conspirators to have departed in a striped suit in the post-office.

As Senator Cameron prophesied, the subsequent delving into the intricacies of the affair only served to disclose its magnitude. The sum of money involved was larger than forgetful Statesman Quay would at first admit.

The total was in the neighborhood of \$260,000. Quay still resided in Philadelphia, where he went at the time of the recorders deal. He had moved from North Broad street to another residence when the investigation was completed at Harrisburg.

When the investigation was completed at Harrisburg, when Cameron had been apprised of the details of the steal, he was so incensed that he repaired to Philadelphia, where he had a distinguished lawyer, a gentleman of commanding position in the profession, who once filled a cabinet office.

Quay and his visitor were of course present, as was the state official last mentioned was feeling tolerably comfortable for his part of the sum to be made do to the wronged Pennsylvania treasury of the people of that State.

"Well, sir, I regard my security as devilish bad."

The state-man of Beaver likewise felt chipper. His proverbial good luck had averted ruin. He ventured to thank the senator for what had been done. The answer was sharp and emphatic.

"I don't do this to save you, Quay, but for the sake of your wife and your children."

habit of dissipation developed at Harrisburg increased. Finally he ended his life by his own hand. There was an effort made to conceal the suicide by certain interested persons, and it was given out that he died of blood poisoning, resulting from an abscess around the root of a tooth.

His conscience prompted him to write a letter, the existence of which is known only to four persons. The special correspondent of the World spent ten days endeavoring to see this posthumous writing which proved to be of momentous importance.

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A newspaper like the World could have driven the corrupt gang out of power in short order, but the press of Pennsylvania has allowed Quay to go on unmolested by aggressive attacks on his shameless conduct.

For a period of three years after 1852, Statesman Quay was in very bad odor and out of office in voluntary exile. The manner in which he obtained his next place is not the least interesting of his many undertakings; certainly it is quite as unscrupulous as any of his crooked dealings.

The two States of North and South Dakota, says the Pittsburg Post, "were huddled into the Union to subserve partisan purposes and before their people were ready for the responsibilities and burdens of State government."

"No, we have a boy." Then the youth said: "If I bet you haven't—your boy just fell from the window and is dead. I want his place."

One of the brightest advertising men in Chicago made his rise through the fall of another. It was some years ago when as a mere boy he was tramping the streets of Chicago, broke and in search of any sort of a job which offered.

Looking up at the open window from which he had fallen the youth counted the stories and then sought the stairway near by. Mounting the stairs he dashed into the editor's room, for it was the office of the Prairie Farmer, and blurted out: "Do you want a boy?"

"No, we have a boy." Then the youth said: "If I bet you haven't—your boy just fell from the window and is dead. I want his place."

Statesman Quay was indirectly the cause of the death of two of the persons mentioned in the story of the great steal. "Old Square Timber" Noyes never recovered from the shock the discovery caused to him. Blake Walters was as sensational as a scene in the Surrey theatre penny-dreadful drama. His

The death of Lord Napier, of Madagala, recalls a story of the old soldier's exploits exhibited once, in a time of profound peace, in India. The Sikh warriors were famous swordsmen, and if any one was hardy enough to test their skill, they could cut an apple, resting on the palm of a man's hand, cleanly in two equal pieces, so that each piece dropped separately to the ground, without fraying the skin of the outstretched hand.

Secretary Rusk has appointed Mrs. Josephine O'Brien, of Washington, to a position in his department, and thereby writes a correspondent of the New York World, hangs a pretty tale. Mrs. O'Brien's application had been on file many weeks, and the utmost efforts of Republican friends failed to secure the coveted appointment.

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The Farmers Awakening.

It would seem as though the great all classes, all states and all of the people (except always of course, those interested in tax robbery, and the politicians who expect to be kept in power by the monopolists).

Judge Forsythe, another representative from Burlington county, was particularly strong on the subject. He laid stress on the fact that the industry of the State was interested in the business of canning tomatoes.

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All Sorts of Paragraphs.

The Pan-American delegates will visit Montreal.

Queen Victoria receives 300 or more letters a day.

French speculators have created a corner in sardines.

General Sherman was seventy years old the 8th of February.

A dog that can't bark is one of the curiosities of Edinboro, N. J.

Two-thirds of all the children born in Connecticut in 1850 were boys.

Leo XII will be eighty years old on March 2, should he live till then.

No less than 1,000,000 prairie chickens are marketed in Chicago every year.

Colonel North, the English nitrate king, has a private dog-house that cost \$5,250.

The Farmers' Association of South Carolina will nominate a State ticket this year.

D'Albert, the pianist, is a strict vegetarian and eats an enormous number of apples.