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POETICAL.

HEARTS AND TREES  
From laughing lips of grey-eyed morn  
A fresher tide of life is gushing  
About the bottom of the thorn  
The maiden bud is coyly blushing.

Feel upon me, like a hand  
Lifting me up, the weight of Spring;  
And as the baby-leaves expand  
My spirit seems awaking.

Watch then this mingled life of ours  
Leigh of a tidal ebb and flow  
Behold man a sympathy with flowers  
And with them droop, revive, and grow.

It may be so, for life is Life  
Intense or subtle, less or more;  
And wages the eternal strife  
With death and darkness world all o'er.

In youth we seek to carve our name  
Deep-lettered on some hearts of worth,  
And fancy we may trace the same  
Till Time restores us earth to earth.

Nor know that, as of living tree,  
Rough bark will overgrow our toil,  
As surely will the world, and we  
But hail this knowledge with a smile;

A smile, to know it scap'd our sense  
How often this very hearts and trees,  
So soon to court our confidence;  
So swift to lure our memories!

Miscellaneous.

MR. FURBUSH.

It is not very long since the community was startled by the report of an extraordinary murder that occurred in one of our fashionable hotels, under peculiar circumstances and in broad daylight, and without affording, as it appeared, the slightest clue to motive or murderer. Public curiosity, finding that nothing was likely to satisfy it, gradually dropped the matter, and as gradually it died out of the newspapers.

The person who was thus abruptly ushered from this world into the unknown region of the next was a young girl, some twenty summers old, and possessed of great personal charms. She was heiress to a small fortune, a mere annuity, but had resided since her childhood with her guardian, the wealthy and generous Mr. Denbigh, who had always surrounded her with every luxury and elegance. When Mr. Denbigh married, he and his wife took their ward with them on the foreign tour they made, and the three had just returned to America, residing temporarily at a hotel, till their uptown mansion should be suitably prepared when the sudden and terrible death of Miss Agatha More threw such a gloom over all their plans that the preparations were for a time abandoned, and Mr. Denbigh's energies were called upon to assist his wife in rallying from the low nervous fever into which she had been thrown and prostrated by this tragedy, when returning with her husband from a drive they had discovered it in all its horror.

Mr. Denbigh was himself greatly afflicted by the death of his ward and the fearful manner of it—she had been strangled in her own handkerchief; besides the debt of affection, he owed her as the child of a dear dead friend, long years of familiarity, her extreme loveliness, and the winning gentleness of her sweet and timid ways had riveted her comfort and happiness when in making ready their new abode, both he and his wife had said such heed to the tastes and needs of Agatha, meaning, as Mr. Denbigh said, that it should be felt by her to be as much her own home as theirs, without any sense of obligation, that now the place without her seemed too much a desert over to enter upon it again.

Mrs. Denbigh, moreover, must have felt sorely it would seem, the loss of the child, Italy companion of three years; but even more than of her own account she appeared to regard the deed for the sake of her husband to whom she was so passionately devoted, and no sooner was she able to lift her head from his pillow once more than she interested herself with re-vengeful rigor in the proceedings that had been undertaken. Mr. Denbigh personally, cared little to discover the perpetrator of the atrocious crime; he felt that no human justice of cord or gibbet could restore Agatha; but his wife, burdened with their bereavement and with her own weight of indignation, would not rest with the mystery unraveled. In the deepest mourning, discarding almost every ornament, impressing so upon them so deeply the emergencies of the case and commending their sympathies, she was closeted every morning with the detectives of the police, sparing her husband as much of the painful duty as possible, as she would have walked over burning plowshares at a word from him.

It was at first supposed that the deed had been done for plunder, as various valuable jewels, gifts of the Denbighs, and heir-looms from Miss More's own mother were discovered to be missing; but they afforded in themselves insignificant reason, and were

subsequently discovered in a package picked up by one of the police men, consisting of a crowd of thoroughfare, where they had apparently been purposely dropped. Whether it did Miss More's lovers afford any clue to the incontinent, she had several suitors and attendants, none of whom had Mr. Denbigh favored; and though Mrs. Denbigh had urged Agatha to regard young Elliott with kindness, Mr. Denbigh had frowned, and she had remained indifferent, and young Elliott, having taunted Mr. Denbigh with the assurance that since he countenanced none of Miss More's lovers it could be but from sinister intentions on his own part, had withdrawn, vowing vengeance; and declaring that since he could not have her, nobody else should. Still that was hardly murder. And the poor fellow was found, besides, to be in such a heart-broken condition as to disarm suspicion. The only other accusation that could take shape and breath might have been directed toward Agatha's maid; but as she was able to prove that she was down in the laundry, and had remained there uninterruptedly from nine till one, while the occurrence had taken place between the hours of eleven and twelve in the morning, and as she had not lost, by that idea also was dismissed, though both young Elliott and the servant maid remained under surveillance. Finally, in despair the Denbighs abandoned their investigation, and departed to spend the winter in Madeira, returning in the spring to their city abode, whose apartment had been left, to the tender mercies of the upholsterers, since they had themselves so completely lost interest in it.

Here the general course of the matter rested. One officer alone, Detective Furbush—a man of gentle proclivities, fond of fancy parties and the beau-ton, curious in fine women and aristocratic defaulters and speculators—who had not at first been detailed upon the case, but had been interested in the reports of it, having become at last much interested, on his own account and in a kind of amateur way. It seemed to him a fatal fascination, a predestination of events that kept his steps nearly always about the purlieus of the Margrand House.

One day that Detective Furbush had happened, by mere chance, to be in the little daughter into a photograph gallery, he lounged about a window while the child was undergoing the awful operation. Along the opposite side of the street from this window ran one end of the Margrand House, with its countless windows and projections. The Margrand House fronted on a square, one end of it running down this street, and always receiving, on its stone facings and adornments, the whole of the moon's sun. A thought suddenly occurred to Mr. Furbush. So soon as the operator was at issue he attacked him with the inquiry if there were any picture of that fine building, the Margrand House? To which the operator replied affirmatively, and showed him one taken from the square. "However," said the operator, though it doesn't take in so much, and was only what this window could do for itself, I call this a prettification, which, having been taken at such short notice, had no other resemblance to the photograph of the rich architecture of some Venetian facade. "It was the morning of the Grand Walden Celebration," continued the operator.

"What one?" asked Mr. Furbush. "The Great Walden Celebration." "Ah yes," responded Mr. Furbush, not letting the rest of his thoughts reach the air, for as it did, "it was the morning of the More murder!" "And we let one of the boys try his hand at the craft," resumed the operator, "there being nothing doing; and it was such a lively scene in the street below, narrow as it is. And, as was to be expected from him, the crowd and procession turned into dot and line, and the whole part of the building opposite came out as if it had sat for its picture."

"Exactly," said Mr. Furbush, as rubbing his finger over his lips, he looked at the sheet on which the central portion of that side of the hotel, with its quaint windows and lintels and ornaments were minutely given. It was in that very portion of the house that Miss Agatha More's room had been situated; nay, so well was it impressed upon him, that Mr. Furbush could tell the very window of the room in which she had met her cruel fate. Never was there such a coincidence, to Mr. Furbush's mind, before or since; never such an interposition of Providence; the day that had brought Agatha More to her doom, perhaps the very hour, the sun had made a revelation of that room's interior upon this sheet of sensitized paper, this lurid light had touched the shapes of darkness and turned it into form and truth. The Walden celebration had died through the street and into the square at a somewhat earlier hour than the supposed hour of the murder, since it was to see the procession from a more advantageous point of view that Mr. and Mrs. Denbigh had driven out, and while they were gone the terrible action was thought to have been committed. Still the window might have a secret of its own to tell even concerning that.

Straightway Mr. Furbush made a prize of the operator; and procuring, through channels always open to him, the strongest glasses, and most accu-

rate instruments, had the one chosen window in that picture magnified and photographed, retouched and rephotographed, till under their powerful, careful, prolonged, and patient labor, a spoke clear into sight that would perhaps well reward them. Mr. Furbush strained his eyes over it; to him it was a spot of greater possibility than the nebula in Orion. This little white unresolved cloud they again and again subjected to the same process, and once more, as if a ghost had made apparition, it opened itself into an outline—into a substance—and they saw the fingers of a hand, a white hand, doubled, but plant, strong, and shapely; a left hand, on its third finger wearing rings, one of which seemed at first a mere blot of light, but gradually as the rest, answering the spell of the camera, showed itself a central stone set with five points, each point consisting of smaller stones; the color of course could not be told; the form was that of a star. Held in the light, fierce fingers of that clenched hand, and the one edge visible along the tips deep tinted into the thumb's side, was grasped an end of a laced handkerchief. Now the handkerchief of Agatha More, the instrument of her destruction, was always carried folded in the shape of its running knot in Mr. Furbush's great wallet, a large, laced, embroidered handkerchief; that this was its photograph he needed but a glance to rest assured. All the rest of the dark deed was hidden beyond the angle of light afforded by the window-frame. And whoever the murderer might be, Mr. Furbush said to himself with the pleasure of the headman, it was evident that its owner of this picture had a hand in it. And here he paid the photographer for his labors and bade him adieu.

Mr. Furbush was now, however, not much better off than he had been before. He had the hand that did the deed in his possession, but he did not know to whose body he he to affix that hand, and how was he to do it? In what did it differ from any other hand? In nothing; but that letter which made it his prisoner, that five-pointed star, that blot of light upon the third finger, above a wedding-ring. A wedding ring—that would seem to prove the hand to be a woman's; the five-pointed glittering ring—that proved the woman to be no parmer.

Mr. Furbush became all at once a gray man, plunged into the dissipations of fashionable life; he had been there before, on similar necessity; and knew how to carry himself. His costume grew singularly correct, he handled his long joints at the Opera like a cocuscomb of the first milk-and-water; he procured invitations to ball and party, and watched every lady who for the moment faintly unglowed herself; he was as constant at church as the sexton; he made a part of the beau-monde. It was all in vain. And though Mr. Furbush carried the photograph in his breast-pocket, ready at any moment to descend like the band of the Inquisition upon its victim, he might as well have carried there a pardon all concerned, for all the good it did him.

But the world goes round. One starlit night Mr. Furbush, pursuing one of other affairs along the princely avenue with its rows of palaces, took in, as was his wont, with every wink, a whole scene to its last details. He saw the beggar on those steps shrink into shadow, the household in that area listening to the beggaring voice of the footman-three doors-off no longer keeping his distance; he saw, there, the gay scene offered by the bright balcony casement with its rich curtains still unclosed; he saw, yet beyond, the light streaming from between open doors down the shining steps at whose foot the carriage waited, while a gentleman at its door hurried, with a pleasant word, the stately woman who came down to enter it beside him. She came down slowly, Mr. Furbush noted, moving like a person whose organic duty, or a moment's disposes to quick exertion; she was one of those whom Mr. Furbush called magnificent—great coils of blue-black hair, twisted with diamonds, wreathing her queenly head; hair-wise, her features having the firmness and the pallor of marble, her eyes rivalling the diamonds in their steady splendor.

A heavy cloak of ermine wrapped her velvet attire, and she was buttoning a glove as she descended. She paused a moment under the carriage-lamp, giving her husband the ungloved hand with which to help her in. The carriage-light flashed upon it, and in that second of its lingering, Mr. Furbush saw, plainly, as he saw the stars above him, on the third finger of that left hand, above the wedding-ring the circlet with its five-pointed star whose duplicate he carried.

Mr. Furbush was thunder-struck.—Here was what he had sought for thrice a twelvemonth; and unexpectedly blundering upon it it turned him into stone. When he recovered himself with an emphatic "Humph!" the carriage had rolled away and the doors were closed.

Mr. Furbush was not the man to lose opportunities. The business in

hand might go, to the dog, to-morrow would answer as well for that as to-night; for this there was to be the present. For diffid with an outside subordinate he demanded entrance into the mansion alone, and postponing his intention to await the arrival home of the master and mistress, and himself in the upper hall, he proceeded in the night as if they tolled a knell. The butler heard the malicious entrance of the visitor's voice by stairs with a ringing sensation as if his fingers were in his ears and out again momentary. The wheels grated on the curb below, the doors were flung open, and the master and mistress of the house returned from the entertainments they had shared. She was a little pale, a little more magnificent, a little more imposing in her height and dignity than before; there was only one emotion, though, apparent, though it all—that she valued her beauty and her power only for its influence upon the man beside her. Mr. Furbush's keen eye saw the quick heave and restless agitation that the heart kept up beneath the veils, at the moment when her husband reached her hand helping her across the threshold, and saw the whole story of her eye as if it rested that instant on him. He would have had the entire case upon—if he had not had it before.

"Mr. and Mrs. Denbigh," said he, approaching them, "I beg to see you alone for a few moments on a matter of importance!"

And in conformity with his request, he was conducted, through other apartments, into a library, a place secluded that they might not be seen, and wainscoted all its height in book-cases, and with here and there a glimmering bust. Mrs. Denbigh herself turned up the gas and closed the door.

"Your business, Sir?" said she then to Mr. Furbush.

"My business, Sir, is more particularly with Mrs. Denbigh, though I desire your presence, as a member of the police."

"Mrs. Denbigh, who you see, with her hand laid passively on the back of a chair, slowly grasped back till the glove that she wore with a quick crack ripped down to the wrist, and protruded its sparkling face like the vicious head of a serpent."

"I am a member of the police," continued Mr. Furbush, quietly. "I have something in my possession which I desire Mrs. Denbigh to look at and see if it belongs to her." Perhaps the woman breathed again. Whether she did or not he proceeded to open his great leathern wallet on the library-table beneath the chandelier.

Mrs. Denbigh moved forward with her slow majesty, dragging her velvets heavily, and the cloak dropping from her shoulder.

"Queer subjects—women," thought Mr. Furbush. "Ah! you had more spring in you once." As handsome as the thing as a leopard."

But in spite of that calm deliberate stop, Mr. Furbush saw her heart fluttering there like a white dove in its nest. She did not speak, but waited a moment for him. "Will you be so kind?" said he, "to remove your glove?"

She quietly did so. Perhaps wondering.

"Excuse me, madame," then continued he, lifting her hand as he spoke, doubling its cold fingers over one end of a running-knot that a soiled handkerchief made, a laced embroidered handkerchief he had produced, and, powerless in his grasp, he laid hand and all—a white hand, doubled, but plant, strong, and shapely, holding in its fingers, between the pointed thumb and waxy knuckles, the laced handkerchief's end; just an edge visible along the tips deep-dirted into the thumb's side; and with the five-pointed ring burning its bale-fire above it, laid hand and all on the table beside the photograph that he spread there.

"Is it yours?" said he.

A detective has perhaps no right to say pity; but for a moment Mr. Furbush would gladly have never heard of the More murder as he saw in the long, slow rise and fall of the bosom this woman's heart swing like a pendulum, a noiseless pendulum that opalesced to vibrate. Her eyes favored a moment between him and the table, then, as if caught and chained by something that compelled their gaze, glared at and protruded over the right they saw beneath them. Her own hand—her own executioner. A long snapper shook her from head to foot; Iron nerve gave way, the white lips parted, she threw her head back and gasped; with one wild look toward her husband, she turned from him as if she would have fled, and fell dead upon the floor.

"Hunt's up," said Mr. Furbush to his subordinate, coming out an hour or two later, and the two found some congenial oyster-opener, while the Chief explained how he had gone to get his wife's spoons from the maid who had appropriated them and taken service elsewhere. Mr. Furbush made a night of it; but his own soul longed for daylight as he did, he had a notion that he had scarcely less than murdered—himself and good-fellow as he must needs be about that night, indoors next he put his household in sackcloth and ashes.

You will not find Mr. Furbush's

name on the list of detectives now. He has sickened of the business. He says there was too much night-work. He has found a patron now—a wealthy one apparently. He has opened out of the largest and most elegant photographing establishments in the city; he was always fond of chemicals, he says. He has still, in an inner drawer, some singular but fast-fading likenesses of a hand, a clenched, murderous hand—among them not the one which Mr. Denbigh burned. He has a few secrets appertaining to his profession, which no one else has yet obtained. Meanwhile it has never been fancifully explained how the story of the ring found the light.

Perhaps it was in order that Mr. Furbush might never be convicted of compounding a felony!

**The Niagara Falls Peace Negotiations.**  
SHERMAN'S GENERALSHIP.  
The English papers speak highly of Sherman's generalship, and pronounce him one of the ablest military men of the age. The London Post has the following interesting article on the capture of Charleston as follows:  
"Whether, when Sherman left Atlanta last November, he was sufficiently sanguine to expect that, in three months time, he would secure possession of Savannah and Charleston, and place at his mercy the greater portions of Georgia and South Carolina, without fighting one pitched battle, we cannot say; but it is impossible to deny that his movements have been characterized by a foresight and accurate calculation of results which place him in the foremost rank of the generals of the present day. His Georgia campaign has been already canvassed, and the success with which it was carried to its conclusion furthest merits the most fitting comment on its merits. Having taken Savannah, he did not permit his army to sink into ignoble repose, contented with the laurels it had already gained. With the eye of a skillful general he saw that Charleston might be reached without necessarily cutting his way through the entrenched works of the rebels; and that his capture might be indirectly effected by the seizure of towns which were connected with the main line of the river. So what would not improbably have proved vain attempts to force his way by the shortest route from Savannah to Charleston, he struck into the interior of South Carolina, and confident that his foes possessed no army capable of competing with his own equal terms, pushed forward in almost perfect safety to the point of union between the Charleston and Augusta Railway, and the main railway leading to the North."

The Legislatures of the following eighteen States have ratified the proposed amendment to the Constitution, prohibiting slavery: Illinois, Feb. 1; Rhode Island, Feb. 2; Michigan, Feb. 3; Pennsylvania, Feb. 3; Maryland, Feb. 3; Massachusetts, Feb. 4; West Virginia, Feb. 3; Maine, Feb. 7; Missouri, Feb. 7; Ohio, Feb. 8; Minnesota, Feb. 8; Kansas, Feb. 8; Virginia, Feb. 9; Indiana, Feb. 13; Nevada, Feb. 14; Louisiana, Feb. 17; Wisconsin, Feb. 24. This list includes Virginia and Louisiana, which did not vote in the Presidential election, the validity of whose present loyal State Governments is not settled. The following States, whose Legislatures are yet to meet, will undoubtedly ratify the amendment: Connecticut, California, Iowa, New Hampshire, Oregon, Vermont, and Tennessee; if the present loyal Governments shall be recognized as valid—eight in all. The following three States have rejected the amendment: Delaware, Feb. 3; Kentucky, Feb. 23; New Jersey, March 1; in New Jersey the vote in the Assembly was equally divided, and the question was, decided in the negative by the casting vote of the Speaker. Including the States where there is no even nominal loyal State Governments, the whole number of States is 36; three-fourths of the States that is 27, are required to make the proposition valid. If the votes of Virginia, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Tennessee shall be allowed, there will be a majority of all the States of two in favor of the ratification. If these are rejected, and if the seven States in which there is no loyal government be not reckoned, there will still be a majority for the ratification. But if the vote of these somewhat irregular States be not counted, and if it is decided that the assent of three-fourths of all the States is held to be required, there will be but 22 votes in its favor, being 5 less than the required number.

**GRAPE PRUNING.**—This should now be attended to. Many persons seriously injure their vines by injudicious pruning. When the business is not understood, it is always better to employ an experienced person to attend to it one season, from whom the method can be easily learned. It is better that the very robust varieties like the Concord, Diana, etc., should not be closely trained, while slower growers, like the Delaware, Rebecca, etc., may be put into much more severely, as they bear the bulk of their fruit near the ground.—Ger. Tel.

**SNOWBLOWERS SEND FOR FLOUR.**—In a note from our friend and agent, S. N. Taber, of Vassalboro, he writes: "I want you to recommend snowblowers for hens. I have been feeding them for two seasons past as regular rations, with corn and barley, and the way the hens talk over them while filling their craws is ample proof that they are good."—Maine Farmer.

Religious.

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Theological Revision at the South.—The *John Bull* gives us from the *Church and State Review* (London) the following interesting intelligence concerning the progress made in revising the Prayer Book at the South.  
"A committee has been formed, of which the Bishop of Georgia is chairman and the Bishop of Mississippi and the Bishop of Arkansas are members, together with three presbytery and three laymen, and is now engaged in the revision of the American Book of Common Prayer. They are restrained from touching doctrine or discipline, and are confined to matters liturgical. They are desirous of making such improvements as may be accepted or rejected, and are invited to their credentials and submit their ultimatum."  
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Rev. E. B. Beadle, who has been called by his health to suspend his labors for the present, as pastor of the First Presbyterian church of this City. He is taking well rest in a climate somewhat milder, to regain his strength, and return to duty. His people will look earnestly for the happy day, for they have already become much attached to him.

The Presbyterian church of Catawba, N. Y., has called Mr. Nathan P. Campfield, who has been preaching very acceptably to them for some months past, to become their pastor. Mr. Campfield is a licentiate of the Presbytery of Newark, a graduate of New York University and of Princeton Theological Seminary. He is a son of Rev. R. B. Campfield, secretary of the American Sunday-School Union for N. Y. City.

**Agricultural.**  
Raising Calves.  
A correspondent of the *Germanistown Telegraph* writes: Seeing the questions referred to in your columns, I will in brief give you my mode, though I do little at calf raising, on account of my nearness to Philadelphia, where I can buy cows cheaper than I can raise them. A calf that I am going to raise I never let suck the cow. It is much easier to learn it to drink without than after sucking. I have had calves drink alone before they were twelve hours old, and after the second day have but little trouble with them, as they drink freely if in good health. Besides, the great advantage of this is, that when they are turned out with the cows they never trouble them, neither have I to muzzle them, as they know nothing about it. For the first two weeks I give them milk drawn from the mother; after the third comes, then I scald a little bran or ground oats and corn, cake meal, &c. This mixture I have about milk-warm, feeding them three times a day, making fresh each time, as they do not relish stale food. They will soon eat a little hay; clover is best. If there is grass, I tie them out for a short time, and in six weeks they may be left to run, and then the sleep is gradually slacked off.

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