TRRMS.—Two dollars per year if paid strictly in advance. Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if paid within three months, after which Three pollars will be charged. These terms will be rigidly adhered to in every instance. No subntinued until all arrearages as paid; unless at the option of the Editor.

Poetical.

A GRAND OLD POEM. We shall judge a man from manners Paupers may be fit for princes, Princes fit for something less; Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket, May beclothe the golden ore

Of the deepest thought and feeling-Satin vest could do no more. There are springs of crystal nectar Ever welling out of stone; There are purple buds and golden, Hidden, crushed and overgrown; God, who counts by souls, not dresses Loves and prospers you and me, While he values thrones the highest

Man, upraised above his fellows, Oft forgets his fellows then; Masters, rulers, lords remember That your meanest, mind are men Men by honor, men by feeling Men by thought, and men by fame Claiming equal rights to sunsh In a man's ennobling name.

There are foam embroidered oceans. There are little weed clad rills: There are feeble, inch-high saplings,
There are cedars on the hills;
Ged, who counts by souls, not station, Are as pebbles on the sea.

Tolling hands alone are builders Of a nation's wealth or fame: Tilted laziness is pensioned,
Fed and fattened on the same
By the awest of other's forehead's, ving only to rejoice : While poor man's outraged freedom Vainly lifteth up its voice.

Truth and justice are eternal, Born with loveliness and light: Secret wrong shall never prospe While there is a sunny right; Boundless love to you and me, Sinks oppression with its titles, As the pebbles in the sea.

Miscellaneous.

MARRIED IN A SNOW-STORM. TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN OF ALEXANDER PUSHKIN.

About the year 1811, memorable in Russian history, there lived upon his estate of Nemaradof, a rich landed proprietor, Gabrilovitch by name, noted for his affability and hospitality. His house was always open to his friends and neighbors, who used to congregate there every evening-the older ones to enjoy a game of cards with the host and his wife Pretrowna, the younger ones in the kope of winning the favor of Marie, a beautiful girl of seventeen, the only daughter and heiress of Gabrilovitch.

Marie read French novels, which naturally rendered her very sentimental and romantic. Inder these circumstances, love was not long in coming. The object of her affections was a Russian cadet, with scarcely a penny in his pocket, who resided in the neighborhood, and was then at home on a leave nne. · As a matter of course, he returned her love with equal and faith ful ardor. Marie's parents had strictly promet him, with just as much friendliness | tress had a sleepless night, but she was tor of taxes. The amorous pair meanmet clandestinely beneath the shade of the pine grove, or behind the old chapel. As will readily be supposed, they here vowed eternal fidelity to each other, complained of the severity of fate, and devised beautiful plans for the future .-After some time they naturally came to think that, should their parents persist in opposing the union, it might in the end be consummated secretly and without their consent. The young gentleman was the first to propose this, and the young lady soon saw the expediency

The approach of winter soon put an end to these stolen interviews, but their letters increased in frequency and warmth. In each of them Vladimir Nickolovitch conjured his beloved to leave the paternal roof and consent to a ciandestine marriage. 'We will remain for a short while,' he wrote, 'come back and east ourselves at the feet of our parents, who, touched by such constancy, will exclaim, 'Come to our arms, dear

Marie was long irresolute. At length it was agreed, however, that she should not appear at supper on a day appointed. but should not remain in her room under a pretext of indisposition. Her maid had been let into the secret Both were to escape by a back door, in front of which they would find a sleigh ready to convey them five Wrests, to the chapel of Jadrino, where Vladimir and the priest would await them.

Having made her preparations, and written a long, apologetical letter to her parents, Marie retired betimes to her room. She had been complaining all day of headache, and this was certainly no mere pretext, for the nervous excitement had in truth indisposed her. Her father and mother nursed her tenderly, asking her again and again: "How do you feel now, Marie? Are you no bet: ter?" This loving solicitude cut the girl to the heart, and with the approach of evening her excitement increased. At supper she ate nothing, but rose betimes and bade her parents good night. The latter kissed and blessed her, as was their wont. while Marie could scarcely suppress her sobs. Having reached her room, she threw herself into a chair and went aloud. Her maid finally succeeded in comforting and cheering her up.

In the evening a snow storm arose The wind howled about the house, causing the windows to rattle. The inmates had hardly gone to rest, when the young girl, wrapped herself in her clothes and furs, and followed by the servant with a port manteau, left the paternal roof. A Sleigh drawn by three horses, received shake her head in silence. Vladimir them, and away they went at a furious

Vladimir had also been active throughout the day. In the morning he called upon the minister at Jadrino to arrange | books they had read together, his sketchfor the ceremony, and then he went to look up the required witness. The first brief, everything that could serve to officer on half pay, who expressed fated youth. vitnesses. There accordingly to greet them. Officers who had gone at dinner surveyor Smith, with orth as beardless youths, came back appeared at dinner surveyor Smith, with

The American Volunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, 1873.

his spurs and moustache, and Ispravink's with the grave faces of warriors, their son, a lad of seventeen, who had but just gallant faces covered with badges. enlisted with the Uhlans. Both promised Vladimir their assistance, and after a cordial embrace the happy lover parted

from his three friends to contemplate his preparations at home. Having dispatched a trusty servant with a sleigh for Marie, he got into a one horse sleigh himself, and took the road leading to Jadrino. Scarcely bad he set off, when the storm burst forth in vio-

lence, and soon every trace of the way was gone. The entire horizon was covered with thick, yellow clouds, discharging not flakes, but masses of snow. At last it became impossible to distinguish between earth and sky. In vain Vladiof snow, now sinking into ditches, and threatening every moment to overturn the sleigh. The insupportable thought of having lost the road had become a certainty. The forest of Jadrino was novhere to be discovered, and after two hours, the jaded animal seemed to drop

to the ground, at length a kind of dark line became visible in the distance.-Vladimir urged his horse forward, and reached the skirt of the forest. He now hoped to reach his destination soon, as it was easier to pursue his way in the forest, into which the snow had not yet penetrated. Vladimir took fresh courage—however there were no signs of Jadrino. By degrees the storm abated, and the moon shone brightly. He finally reached at the opposite skirt of the forest. Still no Jadrino, but a group of five or six houses met his view. His knock

at the door of the nearest was answered iy an old man. 'What do you want?' said he. 'Where lies Jadrino?' asked Vladimir. About ten wrests distant.,

At this reply Vladimir felt as if his sentence of death was being announced to bim. 'Can you procure me a horse to take

ne thither?' be asked. 'We have no horses.' 'Or at least a guide. I will pay any

orice.' 'Very well. My son can accompany the gentleman.'

After a while, which seemed an eter nity to Vladimir, a young fellow made his appearance, holding a thick staff in his hand, and they took their way across the snow-covered plain.

'What o'clock is it?' asked Vladimin

'It is already past midnight.' And in very truth the sun began to gild the East, when they finally arrived at Jadrino. The church door was locked. Vladimir paid and dismissed his guide, and then instantly to the minister's dwelling. What he there learned will appear from the sequel.

At Nemaradof the night had passed quietly. In the morning the master of the house and his wife arose as usual, and proceeded to the dining-room-Gabriel Gabrilovitch in his woolen jacket and night-cap-Petrowna in her morning gown. After they had breakfasted, Gabriel sent up one of the girls to inhibited her from thinking of such a union | quire how Marie was. She returned and they treated the lover, when they | with the message that her young misas they would have shown an ex-collec- | feeling better now, and would come presently. Marie soon after en time carried on a correspondence, and | tered the room, looking exceedingly pale, yet without the least percentible

'How do you feel this morning, love?'

'Better,' was the answer.

The day passed by as usual; but, instead of the looked-for improvement, a serious change for the worse took place in Marie's condition. The family physician was summoned from the nearest own, who found her in a state of most violent fever. For fourteen days she lay at the point of death.

Nothing transpired of the nocturnal flight, for the maid took great care to keep silence on her account, and others who knew of it never betrayed themselves with a syllable, even when under the influence of brandy, so great did they dread Gabriel's anger.

Marie, however, spoke so incessantly of Viadimir when delirious, that her mother could not remain in doubt as to the cause of her illness. Having advised with a few friends, her parents resolved to let Marie marry the young soldier. seeing that one cannot escape one's fate, and besides, that riches do not always lead to happiness.

The patient recovered. During her illness Vladimir had not once showed his face in the house, and it was resolv ed to apprise him of his unexpected good fortune. But to the astonishment of the proud proprietor Nemaradof, the cadet leclared that he should never again cross the threshold of his house, begging them at the same time to forget utterly so wretched a creature as he, to whom death alone would give repose.

A few days afterward, they learned that Vladimir was again returned to the army. It was in the year 1812. No ne uttered his name in Marie's presence and she herself never made mention of t in any; way. Two or three months ad elapsed, when one day she found his name among the list of the officers who had distinguished themselves at the battle of Borodino, and had been mor tally wounded. She fainted away and

had a relapse, from which she recovered alowly. Not long after her father died, he menthing his whole property to her .-But riches were not able to comfort her. She wept with her mother, and promised not to leave her. They sold Nemaradof, and removed to another estate. throw a look at me. Besides, the light Sultors thronged round the wealthy and in this part of the church was dim, and amiable beiress, but none of them received the slightest encouragement from her. Often did her mother press her to choose a husband-she would merely was no more-he died at Moscow on the evening before the entrance of the French. Marie seemed to hold his memory sacred; she carefully preserved the

acquaintance to whom he applied was keep alive the remembrance of the illhimself quite ready to serve him. Such | About this time the war, fraught with an adventure, he said, carried him back | such glory to the allies, of whom Russia to the days of his youth. He deter- was also one, came to an end. The vicmined Vladimir to remain with him, torious regiment returned home, and taking upon himself to procure the oth- large crowds of people flocked together

es, the letters he had written to her-in

A lieutenant of hussars, Wurmin by

name, with an interesting pale face, and decorated with the cross of St. George having obtained leave of absence for several months, took up his residence upon his estate, which adjoined Marie's present abode. The young girl received him with far more favor than she had hitherto shown to any of her visitors. They resembled each other in many respectsboth were handsome, taciturn and reserved. There was something mysterious about Wurmin, which roused the curiosity and interest of Marie. His affections for her were soon unmistakable; he showed her every conceivable attenmir beat about for the way. His horse tion; why did he never speak of love went at random, now leaping over banks | but though his dark ardent eyes would rest upon her half dreamingly, half with an expression that seemed to announce an easy and positive declaration? Already the neighbors spoke of their mariage as a settled matter, and mother Petrowna was more than happy at the thought of ber daughter finding a worthy

> One morning, when the latter was siting in the parlor. Wurmin entered and sked for Marie.

husband at last.

'She is in the garden,' answered her mother. 'You will find my daughter there, if you would like to see her. The young officer bastily walked out

Petrowna crossed herself murmuring God be praised! To day, I trust his visit will have some result.' Wurmin found his beloved, clad in white, sitting under a tree by the side of

a pond, a book upon her lap, like hereine of romance. The usual salutation over, Wurmin, who was stranely agitated, told her how he had long yearned to pour out his heart before her, and begged that she would listen to him a few moments. She closed her book and nodded in token of assent.

'I love you,' said Wurmin, 'I love yo oassionately.

Marie cast down her eyes. 'I have been imprudent enough to se you, to hear you, daily. It is now too your lovely face, of your sweet voice, will henceforth constitute the joy and a duty to perform towards you. I must reveal to you a secret, which has an inurmountable barrier between us. 'That barrier,' murmured Marie, 'ex

isted always—I could never have become yours.' 'I know,' replied Wurmin in a sup pressed voice, 'that you have loved be fore; but death-three long years of mourning-dearest Marie, do not deprive me of my last comforts of the blissful thought that you might become

mine if-'Cease, I conjure you! You rend my

beart! 'Yes, you will grant me the comfort of knowing that you would have become mine; but most wretched of men that ! am-I am already married!' Marie gazed up at him with a look of

astonishment. whethether I 'Explain yourself more clearly,' said

'I love you, Marie, and will confide in you. You shall know all, and will not judge too severely an act of youthful levity. It was in the year 1812. I happened to be on my way to Wilna, with the intention of joining my regiment.-Late in the evening I reached my station, and had already ordered that horses should instantly be put to again when a fierce snow-storm suddenly arose. My landlord and the postillion urgently advised me to postpone my de parture, but I was determined to go in spite of the rough weather the postillion had got into his head that, by grossing small river, the banks of which were perfectly well known to him, he should find a shorter route. He missed the right crossing, however, and got into a region to which he was an entire stranger. The storm continued to rage. At length we discovered a light at a distance. We made for it, and stopped before church, from the brightly illuminated door was open, three sleighs were in front of it, and I saw several persons in the vestibule. One of them called to me: 'This way! this way!' I got out and walked toward the vestibule.

The person who had called advanced 'Great Heavens!' he said, 'how late you come! Your intended has tainted,

'Half bewilded and half amused, I resolved to let the adventure take its ourse. And, indeed, I had little time for reflection. My friends tugged me iuto the interior of the church, which was poorly lighted by two or three lamps.-A female was sitting on a bench in the shadow, while another stood beside her

and chafed her temples. 'At last!' cried the latter, 'God be praised that you have come! My poor distress liked to have died.' An aged priest emerged from behind the altar, and asked, 'Can we begin?'

'Begin, reverend father,' I cried unadviaedly. They assisted the half-unconscious girl o rise; she appeared to be very pretty. n a fit of unpardonable, and now quite incomprehensible levity. I readily stepped with her to the altar. Her maid and he three gentlemen present were so much husled with her as scarcely to

my head was muffled in the head of my In a few minutes the nuptial ceremony was over, and the priest, according to custom, desired the newly-married pair

o embrace. 'My young wife turned her pale was about to rest her head upon my shoulder with a sweet smile-when sudlenly, she stared at me as if turned into stone, tottered, and with the cry | quick-lime in water, and as soon as the | room, which was at the rear of the of 'It is not he!' fell to the floor.

'All the furies of hell lashed me out of the church. Before any one could think | boiling water over the lime, and it will staying me I had jumped into my sleigh, seized the reins, and was soon beyond the reach of pursuit."

The lieutenant was slient. Marie, also, when six months old as when first Mr. Warren softened a little, and offergazed in silence to the ground.

become of the poor girl?' she finally

asked. 'Never. I know neither the name of the village where I was married, nor do I recollect the station where I stopped. At the time, my culpably frivolous prank seemed to me a matter of so little moment that as soon as there was no longer any pursuit to fear, I went to sleep in the sleigh, and did not awake till we arrived at another station. The servant whom I had with me was killed in battle; all my efforts to find out the postilion who drove us proved unavailing, and so every clue seems indeed lost by which I might again find the scene of that, for which I have now to suffer so heavily.'

Marie turned her pale face toward him, and took both his, hands. The lientenant gazed thunder struck into her eyes; a dim foreboding awoke in his breast, a vail suddenly dropped from his eyes.

'Marie! God of Heaven, how can I bave been so blind! Marie! was it inleed you?

'I am your wife!' was the only answer of the girl, who sank fainting into

A SHOOKING DEED.

Particulars of the Murder of Two Small Children by their Father, in Ohio.

[From the Cincinnati Commercial.] COLUMBIANA, Dec. 13.—One of the

most inhuman and brutal murders ever perpetrated in this part of the State was ommitted yesterday morning at 7 o'clock, about three miles southeast of this place. Erben G. Porter, the perpetrator of this horrible deed, and his family, consisting of wife and two little daughters, aged three and one years, resided in the same house with his father in-law, Mr. Henry F. Flickinger. Mrs. Porter and her three brothers. Jacob, John and Solomon, and her sister Lydia, were in the house, and all, except Mrs. Porter, were engaged in cracking wainuts. Erben Porter after ate to escape my fate. The thought of going up stairs and putting on three shirts, came down with a hatchet, and seated himself with the other members anguish of my existence. But I have of the family, and commenced cracking and eating the nuts, showing nothing unusual in his manner. After a brief interval Mrs. Porter went up stairs to attend to some work. Porter quietly arose and walked into an adjoining room, where his oldest child was alone after closing the door he struck the child three blows with the edge of the sharp hatchet, cutting a terrible gash at each stroke on the top of the head, either of which would have produced almost instant death. He then opened the door leading into the room in which the other members of the family were seated, and seized his youngest child, dragged it into the room and struck it two blows on the top of the head, bury ing the hatchet deep into the brain at each stroke. He then walked into au. adjoining room and threw the hatchet, 'Yes, married for four years,' continu- all covered with blood and brains, into ed the lieutenant, and I do not know a wood-box, put on his hat and started either who my wife is, where she is. or out of the house, passing, as he did so, s wife, who, on hearing the first child utter a pitiful cry as he struck it the first blow, had come down stairs to see what was wrong. On seeing her hus band throw down the hatchet, she asked him what he had done. His answer was that he had done what he ought to have done before, and he could not help it. She hurried to the room where the deed had been committed, and seeing her children lying in their own blood. ran out to the road and gave the alarm to the neighbors, several of whom lived near, and were on hand in a few minutes. Porter, after leaving the house made his way at a rapid rate direct to this place, and thence to Leetonia. He was followed to this place by one of his neighbors. Despatches were sent in every direction, and a large number of persons started in pursuit of him. Immediately on the receipt of the despatch at Leetonia, it was placed in Marshall Rollin's hands, who, in about twenty minutes, saw Porter crossing the railroad track, and started after windows of which the light shone. The him. Porter turned round and gave himself up, admitting that he had committed the deed, and asked the officer

After hearing the testimony in the case,

the justice committed him, for trial at

the next term of the Court of Common

Pleas, and sent him, under a strong es-

Something all Should Know.

A knowledge of simple remedies to

be used in cases of sudden illness or ac-

cident is very valuable. It is well for

every one to understand what are the

poisons, what applications will soothe

which are constantly arising in the fam-

ily. There are many remedies for

scalds and burns; one which we have

lately seen highly recommended is an

embrocation of lime-water and linseed-

oil. These simple agents combined form

a thick, cream-like substance, which ef-

fectually excludes the air from the in-

jured parts and allays the inflammation

almost instantly. This remedy leaves

no hard coat to dry on the sores, but

softens the parts and aids nature to re-

expeditious manuer. The mixture may

not thus accessible, slack a lump of

shake well. If the case is urgent, use

in the house, and it will be as good

cort, to New Lisbon.

obliged to be helped home himself.

to protect him from those who were in pursuit of him. The Marshall brought it was Robert Ogden. the prisoner to this place on the 9.55 P. м. train. and he was immediately arraigned before Josiah Rohrbaugh, Esq., for a hearing, when he pleaded not guilty to the charge of wilful murder.

cide hastily—to hear her—to drive her from his roof-to disinherit ber. The interview was highly unsatisfactory. Then came a stolen meeting

with Robert. She told him all. readiest antidotes to various kinds of 'What can he have against me?' wondered.

'I cannot imagine.'

burn, how a severe cut should be bound up, how croup should be treated 'I will go to him, anduntil the physician arrives, and other things of a similar nature. Without ome such knowledge one is indeed helpless and useless in the emergencies

each other up? Never! A thousand inreasonable and obstinate parents should not stand in their way. They would elope. They would. The plan was not original; it was 'old, but good.' A number of these stolen meetings followed. It was happiness. Their plans were finally matured. Alice came home one day with a mysterious harming little face towards me, and pair the injury in the readlest and most parcel in a newspaper. She carefully concealed it from sight, took it to her be procured in the drug stores; but it room and locked it in a trusk. Daily she made frequent journeys to he

> Strange things were going on there, very slily. Keys rattled-trunks open become clear in five minutes. The ed and closed—a solitary valise appear preparation may be kept ready bottled ed and disappeared at intervals.

noping about that fellow. not effaced her love.

'How strange - how preposterous,' said Mr. Warden, 'that a girl of her bringing up and surroundings should be willing, if allowed, to throw herself away on one so worthless.' 'It is.'

There friends would be our friends indeed ook at him. Girls have no sense?

"Tis mischief-makers that remove," From every heart all "warmth of love," They'll 'proach you with their sweetest sn You'd think them honey all the while, And always seem to take your part, and taken a seat by the window. Until they pierce the kindly heart. Oh, if the mischief-making crew, "Were reduced to one or two."

A happy world this earth would be.
For we poor mortals would be free. , A MISTAKE ALL AROUND.

BY A. F. HILL. 'A lice,'said Mr. Warden to his charmng daughter, as the family sat at breakfast. 'I wish you to understand that you are encouraging the attentions of a

TATTLING.

Forgotten by the tattling crow,

Who should be marked with red or bine,
That when we saw them we might know

Where we might live and be forgo

They were no friend but were a foe.

Where mischief-makers do not dwell, Some place within this world of ours,

Where we might hide for just an hour

O, is there not some pleasant deli,

And think that what we say or do, Will only go from me to you.

If such a place there can be found,

A little peaceful spot of ground, Where busy mischief-making tongues,

Are never heard from morn to morn

Forgiving slights they matht receive.

And everything for joy will sing.

And shun the bad "degrading art,"
Of planting "daggers in the heart
And then ther'd be no one to fret,
"Or fall into an angry pet."

Where peace may spread her brilliant wings

O, is there not some sunny spot.

young man I do not like.' Miss Warden blushed copiously. 'He is not the kind of person to whom could think of seeing you married, and from this moment I wish you to

discountenance him, in fact, repel. Do you hear?' 'Yes,' she answered, timidly, while he blushed more deeply; 'but-' 'But! I want no buts, nor ifs nor ands! This fellow!'-he said it con-

temptously—'is not the right style, and I forbid you having anything to do with him! There's an end of it.' But after a pause, as if to upset his own theory about that being an 'end of t,' he added:

'He is a worthless fellow-a scape Alice looked up indignantly, as if to

sneak. 'Alice!' said her mother reproach fully.

Poor Alice did not finish her breakfast, but stole away from the presence of her too exacting parent and wept. Not only had her father evinced his stern opposition to her lover, but had reviled him. That was too hard. 'What can he have against Robert?

she sobbed. When Alice had left the dining room. Mrs. Warden asked her husband whom

'Jack Carpenter,' he replied, indignantly. 'I have seen her with him several times, and I only yesterday learned that he saw her home from the party

'I am shocked at her taste!' said Mrs.

Warden. 'It must be looked after,' he rejoined Alice Warden had a lover-an indus rious and energetic young man, than whom none in the neighborhood gave brighter promise. The two were very much devoted to each other. His name was Robert Ogden-not Jack Carpenter.

There was a misunderstanding. Young Carpenter had happened to be in Miss Warden's several times of late, and she had treated him pleasantly because they were old schoolmates. He had conducted her home from the party, but it was because Robert Ogden had met with a slight accident, and was

Jack Carpenter, though of good family, and himself a good-hearted fellow was a little inclined to rakishness, and was not a desirable match for a young girl, when it came down to the matter of marrying. Mr. Warden realized this, and, coming to the knowledge of his friendliness toward Alice, jumped to the conclusion that he was her accepted lover. So it was Jack Carpenter he meant when he warned her against 'that fellow.' but she naturally thought

'It's too bad!' she said to herself, hundred times that day. It's unjust-It's cruel! There isn't a stain on his character; and yet—oh, I'll not stand

Her resolution was formed. She determined to resist parental authority. Her first course was to go to her father and ask him to reconsider—not to de-

He wouldn't listen. She implored: He stormed. She grew defiant, He raved-threatened to lock her up-to

'No, no-do not?' She thought of her ather's terrible anger, and dreaded a possible encounter. 'Do not, Robert, romise me you won't'.

And he promised. Well, what was to be done? Give 'Why, I thought you meant Robert rhen...

water is clear mix it with the oil and building, third story.

A beautiful moonlight night came.

in the face. Nevertheless, the remain

'That girl,' said Mr. Warden, 'is still He spoke as if he thought it quite vonderful that two whole weeks had

'She'll'get over it,' said Mrs. Warden.

'The more so,' pursued Mr. Warden, that there are many marriageable young men of better promise. There's Rob Ogden for example—an exemplary voting man: but I dare say she won't

They talked sometime on the subject. Meantime the pretty 'invalid' had repaired to her toom, locked herself in,

On the floor, by her feet, were a carpet bag, utterly stuffed, and that myserious parcel. And she sat watching the moon with as much uneasiness as though she feared it was about to burst and endanger the house with flying

When a distant clock struck nine her pervousness was heightened, and she quite trembled when she saw a human form appear on the top of the garden wall and descended into the garden, very awkwardly. It also stumbled over vines and fell, but got up again. It halted under a peach tree, and immediately a sound came up from the spot. It was a desperate imitation of a him. The murderers proved to be the ricket's chirp, but it would have pass- | girl's brothers, and they tried to force ed for the screech of an owl as well.

It was a signal. Alice lighted a match and immediately blew it out.

That was a signal too. It conveyed the form in the garden that the parents were still in the front of the house, and that the coast was clear.

window. 'Alice, dear !' ascended from the form. n a cautious whisper.

'Yes, Robert"-for the form was Robert Ogden's. The valise came flying down. He

aught it between his hands, while his | Marshall county. They will be tried nose was highly instrumental in avert- in a short time. The wife of the muring its momentum. Alice unfolded the mysterious parce

t was a rope ladder! As instructed, she threw one end from the window, and fastened the other to

the bed post. Then she climbed out into the moonlight.

'Be careful, love.' 'Yes, darling.' Now, the bedstead stood at some distance from the window, and, as it was on castors, it required no great power to put it in motion; consequently, no have tried a similar way of attaining weight on the rope ladder than she felt have not had sufficient bedding over herself descending with rapidity, while

first making a rumbling noise, like an earthquake, then striking the wall with a bump that made the building quiver to its foundation.

Alice was unnerved

'Hurry, dear!' said Robert, who stood nervously clutching the valise. She did harry-too much. She missed her footing and her hold both at once, uttered a scream, and approached the earth like a meteor. Robert dropped the value and caught

broke his head. In fact the momentum was so great that they both fell to the ground in a heap. Hurried footstens, voices and confus-

her. He broke her fall, but it nearly

were heard in the house. 'Flee Robert-flee!' she cried. 'And leave you? Never!' They had barely regained their feet when the back door flew open, and Mr. Warden rushed out flourishing a revolver. He was followed by Mrs. War-

'Oh father !' Alice cried : 'kill me but mare him! 'You're a dead man!' exclaimed the

angry father. Alice and her mother both screamed. 'Mr. Warden,' said Robert, 'you may kill me, but vou shall not tear Alice from me. I love her, and she is mine

throughout eternity.

He stood in the moonlight, a nobier picture than Ajax, while Alice sprang before him to receive the fatal bullet, if need be; but the sharp report did not split the night air.

Mr. Warden lowered his revolver and took a step backward, with every expression of astonishment.

'Why-why, I declare!' 'What?' asked Mrs. Warden. Alice and Robert stared at the entleman with wonder. 'This isn't the fellow!' exclaimed Mr

Wardeu. 'Why, 'isn't it Jack Carpenter?' 'Well, who said it was father?' asked Alice, whose perceptive faculties were low suddenly awakened to the truth. Mrs. Warden stared at Mr. Warden

He stared at her. Then they both

stared at the young people. 'Why, father,' said Alice, 'did you think it was Jack Carpenter?' 'I-I-yes,' stammered Mr. Warden Alice now laughed outright. With a rapidity of thought for which women are remarkable under some circumstances, she traced the whole blunder. from beginning to end, and it struck her as charmingly ludicrous.

'No-no-no!' interrupted Mr. War ien, his eyes were also opened. 'Why, Robert Ogden, my dear boy, I haven' the slightest objection to your character I never knew you were a beau of Alice's,'

Why, father? Alice's bashfulness began to return. A pleasant laugh went round. 'Come in,' sold Mr. Warden, cordi-

ally. d to take Alice out riding in his buggy tion, and he took upon himself the task my prayers.

VOL 59-NO, 30. She declined-didn't feel well and re- | of carrying the valise, and when he got tired to her room as early as eight where the light was strong, perhaps you never saw a man so thoroughly red

> der of the evening was spent pleasantly and happily too. The two young people did feel just a shade of disappointment because their elopement had been interrupted. It would have been so romantic, you know; but then, a month later, they vere allowed to elope under less trying circumstances, and the hitherto hard

parent witnessed the ceremony. A Remarkable Murder Trial in Tennessee

In Marshall county, Tennessee, there will soon be a trial for murder which will possess some singular features. Three years ago a young man in Marshall county was engaged to be married to a young lady, whose family strongly objected to the union. The lover ran off with his intended twice, but was so closely watched and hotly pursued by the lady's friends that it was impossible for the wedding to take place. He made a third attempt, when cheeks a glow. That told me you are on the road that leads to shame and wee; Oh! John, don't turn away your head, and on he met the girl at an appointed place, and took her on a horse behind him. Thus they were going to find a minismy counsel frown, my more upon the dear old farm; there's danter to make them one, when two men sprang up at the roadside and called upon them to stop. The young man increased the speed of his horse, and several shots were sent after him. He rode on a little ways and fell from the horse dragging the girl with him. The assassins came up and commenced beating the wounded man unmerciful-

ly, he begging them to desist as the shot he had received would soon finish her to get on her lover's horse and go home with them. This she refused to do, even by the persuasion of a severe beating which they gave her. They then left the two helpless in the road, went home and told their mother they had "fixed" that fellow, and left the parts to avoid arrest. The girl and her The form then boldly approached the lover got to the house of one of her building, and stood almost under the friends where they were murried, and in a few hours the husband breathed his last. The assassins were shortly after arrested, and before the day of

their trial they managed to break jail and escaped to Texas. They were lately rearrested and brought back to dered man, their own sister, expresses a determination to do all in her power to secure their conviction. She lives with her husband's sister, and has not gone near her own family since the PAPER COMFORTABLES .- The mode of making comfortables warmer, by

lining with newspaper, is good as long as they last, which cannot be long especially after washing a few times. I coner had Alice placed her whole the same object on cold nights when I me, especially at hotels, where we canthe bedstead made a rush for the open | not get just what we want. Throw off ne or two of the top covers from the bed, then pull from the pocket or satch el two or three large newspapers-one very large one will do-spread them over the bed and replace the cover, and you will have a warm and comfortable night, without any perceptible increase in the weight of the bedding. Again; when you have a hard, cold ride in a cutter, of ten or twenty miles against the wind, place a spread newspaper over your chest before you button up your overcoat, and you will not become chilled through. Nothing can be cheaper, and as far as it goes, nothing more efficient.

at the dinner-table were discussing that which has often troubled the heads of elder and wilder persons.

'Wasn't Adam a good man before he got a wife?' 'Of course he was,' answered a little

'How long was he a good man after he got his wife?' 'A very short time.' What made him a had man after he

gota wife?' At this juncture a little fellow spoke up, 'Miss Ann, I can answer that ques-'Well, what is it?' 'Eve made him eat the wrong apple?'

An old lady read about the strike of

the wire drawers in Worcester, Mass.

She says of all the new-fangled things

she ever heard of, wire drawers is the aueorest. THE rose has its thorns, the diamond ts specks, and the best man his fall-

ngs.

HAPPy, indeed, is a young mother vheu she beholds her beloved first orn's lat 2th. IT is the motive with which we act,

us criminais. THERE are emotions that one could never put into words without the danger of being ridiculous.

and not the events of things that makes

'You are the new boy? Look here, do you collect stamps?' Second school boy: 'Y-e-s.'

First schoolboy: 'Then there's one

for you'-coming down heavily on the

victim's toes and then running off. HALF the fallures in life arise from he pulling in of one's horse as he is

SELF-DENIAL is the most exalted

pleasure, and the conquest of evil the nost glorious triumph. A cononer's jury at Quincy, Illinois, found that an old lady, who died there uddenly, died of superannuation.

WE cannot gather grapes from thorns so we must not expect kind attachment from persons who are folded up in selfish

SIR THOMAS BROWN save that sleep in death's younger brother, and so like

Rates of Advertising. o. times | 1 sq. | 2 sq. | 8 sq. | 4 sq. | 1/4 o | 1/4 o

Agricultural.

THERE'S DANGER IN THE TOWN.

BY JOHN M. YATES. there! John, hitch Dobbin to the post; come near me and sit down;
Your mother wants to talk to you before you
drive to town;
My hairs are gray, I seen shall be at rest within

the grave; Not long will mether pilot you o'er life's tem-I've watched o'er you from infancy till now you And I have always loved you as a mother only

t morning and at evening I have prayed the God of love To bless and guide my darling boy to the br t mother's eve is searching. John, old age can't

dim its sight, then watching o'er an only child to see if he does right; nd very lately I have seen what has aroused And made my pillow hard at night, and moistened it with tears. I've seen a light within your eye, upon your

ger in the town. temember what the poet says—long years have

That "Satan finds some mischief for idle hands you live on in idleness, with those who love Tou'll dig yourself a drunkard's grave, and

wreck your deathless soul.

Your father, John, is growing old; his days are O! he has labored very hard to save the farm for you; But it will go to ruin soon, and poverty will If you keep hitching Dobbin up to drive into

our prospects for the future are very bright. ot many have your start in life when they are twenty-one;
Your star, that shines so brightly now, in dark. ness will decline, I you forget your mother's word and tarry at

furn back, my boy, now, in your youth; stay by the dear old farm; The Lord of Hosts will save, with His powerful right arm. fot long will mother plict you o'er life's tempestuous wave— nen light her pathway with your love down to

the silent grave.

WINTER PEARS. A young cultivator wishes to know what varieties of winter nears will give a supply from the present time or about the first of winter, for two or three nonths-such sorts as have been sufficiently tried to be of established character. He has a good supply of autumu pears, but has overlooked those for winter. In answer to this inquiry, we may state that we are now enoying the Anjou, which is unquestionably the best of this season, the Winter Nelis and the Lawrence. These will probably furnish a good supply till about the first of the year-sometimes the Lawmuch depends on the manner in which these fruits are kept, and the fitness of the apartments for storing them. Keep the specimens in as cool a place as pos sible after they are gathered, and before they are placed in the cellar. A cool out nouse, or a suitable apartment in a carriage house, fronting the north, answers a good purpose. A fruit room, built above ground on purpose, is best where there are large quantities to be stored; or in the absence of this build. ing an apartment may be divided off by double boarding in some other building and covering the boxes in which the fruit is packed with chaff or fine straw. This protection will often be sufficient until the time has far advanced into December; and there will be no danger till intensely cold weather sets in, and it will be some days before the frost can pass the barrier of double partitions and the thick stratum of chaff. After they go to the cellar, keep the apartment well ventilated and regulated to a low temperature above freezing

by a thermometer. We have mentioned the Anjou as the best early winter pear. If kept in a warm apartment, it will ripen in autumn, even as early as the first of October; but by keeping cool according to the mode just mentioned, they may be had even as late as the first of the year. There will be some variation in the different seasons. We have known the Winter Nelis to ripen fully in November, when the autumn had been warm, but the period was retardd some weeks by keeping the pears in a cool place.

After the Anjou, Winter Nells and Lawrence, the Josephine de Malines is the best, ripening in January, and keeping until February. Doyenne d'-Alencon ripens about the same time? but is not quite so good in quality. It is however, a hardy tree and good bearer, and is on the whole a desirable sort. The Easter Beurre, when it matures well, will keep into April, and ripen into a delicious fruit, but on the whole it is rather an uncertain sort.-Josephine de Malines is poor in some places, but is mostly delicions and excellent. It grows well on quince. We should not omit the name of the Vicar of Winkfield as an early or midwinter near of value. It is a free grower and a prodigious bearer-the ruit large and fair. It is occasionally when well grown and ripened, of good quality for the table, being pleasant and agreeable, although not rich; but its chief value is for baking and stewing. The principal reason why the fruit is so often poor is that it is allowed to overbear .- Country Gentleman.

POLISH FOR PATENT LEATHER. The following is given by the London Chemist and Druggist: Whites of two eggs,

One tablespoonful of spirits of wine Two large lumps of sugar, Finely powered ivory-black.

s much as may be sufficient to produce the necessary blackness and consistence. To be laid on with a soft sponge Robert Ogden accepted the invita- him that I never dare trust him without lightly, and afterwards gently rubbed with a soft cloth.