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Poetical.

THE OLD COUPLE. They sat in the sun together Till the day was almost done; And then, at the close, an angel Stopped over the threshold, st

He folded their hands together, He touched their eye lids with balm And their last breath floated upward Like the close of a solemn psalm.

Like a bridal pair they traversed The unseen mystical road, ` That leads to the beautiful city se Builder and Maker is God.

Perhaps in that miracle country. They will give her lost youth back, And the flowers of a vanished springling Shall blossom in the spirit's track.

One draught of the living waters Shall restore his manhood's prime, And eternal years shall measure The love that outlives time.

But the shapes they left behind them, The wrinkles and silver hair— Made sacred to us by kisses The angel imprinted there—

We'll hide them away in the meadow, When the sun is low in the west, Where the moonbeams cannot find them Nor the wind disturb their rest.

But wo'll let no tell-tale tombstone, But its age and date, arise O'er the two who are old no longer In their Father's house in the skies

Miscellaneous.

IN LIFE AND DEATH.

A THRILLING STORY OF WOMAN'S AF-FECTION.

An autumn evening, gusty and bleak trees shuddering and tossing in the raw wind; a thick piercing mist, shrouded everything, and a moaning, grey sea creeping up the lonesome grey sandsunder a ghostly darkening sky-that was what Marian Wilde saw from her window, out of which she stood gazing an hour or more.

A handsome girl was Marian Wildetall and stately, luminous splendor, and massive coils of shining black hair. The deep crimson dress she wore set off her dark colorless beauty.

She stood alone in the room-her eyes gazing with a fixed, meaningless stare over the wide sea. The room was large and luxuriously furnished, and over bed and chairs, and dressing-table lay spread the filmy whiteness of bridal robes. An exquisite dress of silk and lace, a priceless vail, tiny slippers, tinier gloves, costly boquet and a velvet casket full of glimmering pearls-for to morrow

was Marian's wedding day. The gloomy evening grew gloomier, the wind rose to a gale, and above its singing came the shrill shricking of the sea birds. The surf came tramping in with a dull roar over the heach, and the Marian stood with a vague stare gazing over the sea.

ANOTHER CANDIDATE . FOR THE But let there be a cold, hard under-'The lonesome, desolate, awful sea, the rocks thought so-a young man, ship after mamma Marian. She had ture of the evidence permitted of a reahowitzers. The troops fought an unseen was standing at the door with a pistol in GALLOWS, soil, and the seed put in the usual way she whispered to herself-'the wide, pitisonable doubt. Since she has been imfoe from eight o'clock in the morning to his hand, and before he could be preventsunburned and handsome, dressed in a been over the world, through the trop--little of it, on a harsh, reduced soil less, cruel sea! Ob, my love, my own, prisoned her mind has been seriously dark under a terrific fire, during which ed he discharged the contents of one of About 5:45 o'clock last evening, as shaggy jacket and rough sou'-western ics, across the wild Atlantic, through without manure, what can be expecthat. She never heard him-eyes and holy Palestine, and was now once my Willie! If I were only sleeping with troubled, and recently she has made a scarcely one Indian was seen. The loss the barrels at Lockwood, but the shot did fichael Nixon, a bill-poster and dised? Just what we see : light crops you under those black waves ! Better far heart and mind were all far away. full confession of her guilt, and expresses to the troops was forty killed and woundtributor, who carries on business at 11 nore back in her not take effect and Lock wood jumped m native land. than being the bride of Gilbert Owen to Hand perself as much relieved thereby. getting lighter each year until it will ed. The loss to the Modocs is unknown. Magruder fired again, and Lockwood fell East Broadway, and 1491 Broadway, 'Marian !' somer, happier, brighter, statelierhardly pay for harvesting. Such land, morrow." · On the 28th of December she began her The troops were finally obliged to retreat to the floor That voice! She gave a cry, and al-New York city, was driving a truck There was a tap at the door; she never these were all the changes these three story to the jailor, Capt. Webster. Mrs. | to their camps. Captain Bernard's force when the plow turns it down, will be nost fell from the slippery boulder. Had down the Bowery, he got into an alter-MORTALLY WOUNDED stirred. The handle turned: there was a vears had wrought. found to be hard. The sod amounts to the dead arisen? Was it Willie Joyce's Sherman is a very ignorant woman. She bore the brunt of the battle and suffered cation with an unknown man who was rustle of silk, and a woman's voice speak-'My darling girl will stay at home but little, whereas in properly treated can scarcely write at all. She is unable The ball had entered the abdomen. The terribly. riding a gray horse and leading anghost that stood before her? this trip,' Willie said, 'as it is my last land it will yield from sixty to seventy ing in the dusk. 'Keeping tryst, Marian-my Marian. 1 to remember dates with any accuracy : All the cavalry fought on foot. Amon, noise of the shooting attracted all the other. 'Marian, are you here?' and baby Marian is too delicate to cross boarders to the scene, and some exclaimloads of manuro per acre. A mellow so that part of her narrative is vague. the killed are Frank Trimble and J. B. knew I should find my darling here.' The altercation was continued until The voice awoke her from her trance. the Atlantic this winter. Only three Brown, of Oregon. G. W. Roberts was ed "seize him," at which Magruder seed bod, deeply loosened soil well en-Mrs. Sherman's story is as follows: She The active young figure stood beside they arrived opposite No. 4 Chatham She turned half around from the winmonths my love, and then to settle was born in New Brunswick, N. J., in turned around and said, "I'll shoot the riched, plenty of seed sown as early as mortally wounded. Captain Perry, of her on the wet rock. Ah, no ! Ah, no! down with my wife and birdlings in square, when Nixon drew a Sharp's dow. 1825, and was early left an orphan. At | the regulars, was seriously, and Lielenpossible-are the points to be secured first person that attempts to interfere no ghost this—no ghost to clasp her in-'Yes, Aunt Maria, come in. four-shooter and deliberately shot the some cosy little country home.' the age of 17 she joined the Methodist with me." He then went down and sat n putting down grass land. ant Kyle slightly, wounded. The move such strong arms-no ghost to press such What an owl you are, child—all in unknown man in the head. The latter So they parted, the first parting since church, and at a love feast there she met ment is called a forced reconnoissance at the supper table apparently perfectly rapturous kisses on her pale lips. the dark. Why on earth don't you light raised his hands and fell from his horse Edward S Struck, whom she subse-Captain Jack's position, the leaders say unconcerned the wedding day. Marian clung to Sound Ideas on FARMING .--- The 'Oh, Marian-my Marian-my beautito the ground, and instantly expired. the gas ?' quently married. Mr. Struck, in time, Officer Rogers; of the Seventh Precinct, they will take, but one thousand men following rules on farming were thrown ful, dark-eyed darling! What a lifetime him in passionate, womanly weeping, 'I don't need the gas to think.' ecame a policeman at Yorkville, one of will be required to dislodge him from the Upon examination, the ball was was informed of what had taken place 'I wish I were going. I wish I were out by Mr. Greeley in his speech at t seems since I saw you last ?" 'Thinking, are you? A bad habit, my lava beds. The troops for the present ound to have entered the left eye and the suburbs of New York city. One and took the pistol from Magruder. He Baltimore and they so entirely cover She slid out of his arms, white as a going !' was the cry, 'Oh, Willie, I am penetrated the brain. Captain Ulman, dear. Of what are you thinking? That night there was a row in a saloon on his will only try to prevent the Modocs from then allowed him to finish his supper, the ground of successful culture that afraid ! I am afraid !' spirit in the dying light, looking up at you are the luckiest girl in the world. I immediately on hearing of the affair, beat and a detective was killed. Struck after which he took him to the Madison raiding on the settlements, and will wai 'Little goosey! of what?' we give them a place for the benefit of him, pushed, eager, impassioned with was off without leave: he was reprimandfor reinforcements. Street Station-house, where he turned detailed two of his best detectives. our readers. vild, dilated eyes. 'I don't know; but I feel as though 'Not exactly, my good aunt. Just wish ed and disgraced. It troubled him very to Lockwood, who had been brought in Fitzsimmons and Buskirk to search for LATER. 1. That the era under cultivation ing it were not a sin to commit suicide. something was about to happen-as if 'Alive,' the pale lips murmured; 'alive much, and weighed so on his mind that on a stretcher, and said, "I told you I the murderer. Official despatches have been received I should never see you again. Willie. The sea down there looks very inviting; should be within the limits of the capiand back again, and I thought him would shoot you." A doctor was sent he became crazy, and had a softening of at army headquarters from Gen. Canby, The detectives after a diligent search 'Foolish Marian'! but you shall. the distance is short, and this November dead. Oh Willie ! Willie !' the brain. He then was discharged. tal and labor employed or, in other for, who pronounced the wound fatal, dated Portland, Oregon, Jan. 20, giving found him concealed in a back room at Living or dead, I think I should have He raised her up, laughing boyishly at evening is just the thing for it. When he recovered, it was only to be and ordered his immediate removal to words, that on impoverished soils no an account of the attack of Gen. Whea is residence. No. 44 Baxter street. She laughed a reckless laugh. her frightened air. to come back to you. Keep up heart, one should cultivate more land than he very feeble, physically, and unable to Bellevne Hospital. Coroner Hermann ton upon the Modoc stronghold, on the When fold that he was wanted, he as-Aunt Maria, a buxom, comfortable la-'Alive-of course I am, back again, to and good bye!' was notified to take the dying man's ancan enrich with manure and fertilizers get any work, so that he was only a bur-17th inst. The details are substantially Captain Joyce sailed that day for sumed an air of indifference, and said, dy, searching uneasily for the match box be sure, too. Why, Marlan, are you sorbe it one acre or twenty. den to his wife. One day a male friend i-mortem statement. the same as contained in the regular 'That's all right; I shot him." When ry to see me, that you wear such a face as Liverpool, and Marian waited in the of her's suggested to her that she could in the dark. STATEMENT OF THE DYING MAN. 2. That there should be a law conpress report. The fight lasted from eight taken to the Oak Street Station, Caphouse where he had left her nursing get rid of the man by poison. She took 'You are crazy, girl! If I did not that ?' pelling every man to prevent his stock b'clock in the morning until dark. A After being asked the usual questions 'Sorry ? Willie ! Willie !' tain Ulman at once recognized him as know you of old for an oddity, I should her sickly child-waited in fear and kindly to the idea and gave him some rom depredating on his neighbor's orce of artillery and infantry has been the dying man made the following 'Well, you said that before, and it's an old offender, he having been in cusbox your ears for such a speech on the trembling now-but it was wild, winarsenic in his food, and she also, with fields. ordered from the Department of Columstatement: highly satisfactory, though not explanatody for assaults and affrays several eve of your wedding." try weather, with singing winds and some poison, killed their two youngest bia into the District of the Lakes, and a 3. That green soil is more economical On Saturday night last we had a par times previously. 'Precisely, auntie; that's why I make tory. Come, my darling girl, get over fierce storms on the ocean. children, so that they also should not be company of cavalry was ordered into the than loose pasturage. ty of ladies and gentlemen in the house Nothing was found upon the murdered your fears; I'm not a ghost, I assure Three weeks and news came-the burdens to her, and should not have, as 4. That deep tillage is essential to district for the protection of the Surprise where I boarded, 154 Madison street, I nan that would lead to his identifies. 'Now, Marian ! Oh, dear, where's the you, but Captain Wm. Joyce, come over she says, to grow up to life's cares. She news she had trembled to hear. In a good farming. Valley. Reports reaching General Canby as well as others, drank considerable. the ocean to make you my wife.' tion. He has the appearance of a Germatches? Ah, I have them. Thank was not suspected of this murder, and wild, wild storm the ship had gone from the interior posts as to the disposi-5. That the muck heap is the far-There was no reply. Her head dropp-At 3 o'clock on Sunday morning I took man, being of a very light complexion, goodness for the blessing of light ; things soon after she went to Litchfield to live. down, and every soul on board had tion of the Indians are entirely satisfacmer's bank, and everything should be few invited ladies to their homes, at with a, blonde moustache. Upon his ed on her shoulder, and clinging to Here she met one Dennis Hurlbut, and always seem twice as bad in the dark. perished. tory, although they appear to be fully added to it that will enlarge it, and inperson was found a constitution and byhim, he could feel the slight figure shake 133 Grand street. I then went back to I'm afraid you're not properly thankful married him, but she didn't get along She read the cold, brief newspaper apprised of the difficulty with the Mocrease at the same time its fertilizing my boarding house. At 7 o'clock in laws of Mohawk Tribe, No. 1, of the Imfor your blessings, Marian? from head to feet. satisfactorily to herself with him, and so paragraph In white, still despair, sitproved Order of Red Men of the State of properties. 'Marian,' he said sternly, what is it? docs. 'I'm afraid I'm not, auntie.' the morning I met several of the party she poisoned him. Soon after his death ting by her child's dying bed. Before STILL LATER. 6. That no farmer or planter should Have you forgotton your promise?' 'Now, here,' said auntie, folding her she was told by a friend that there was a in the parlor, and I went to Miss New York. The body was conveyed to morning broke Marian Joyce was SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 21.-Four comthe Morgue, and Coroner Hermann was depend upon one staple alone, but hands and looking at her noisy niece in 'Oh no, no !' man in Derby named Horatio N. Sher-Brown, a young lady with whom I had childless as well as widowed. panies of United States troops-one of should seek to secure himself against notified to hold an inquest. 'Do you repent it ?' some misunderstanding some time ago, mild reproof. 'here you are blessed with man, who had plenty of money, and had Three months later, a worn, pale creainfantry and one of cavalry-started for serious loss in bad seasons by diversity everything your heart can desire-lovely 'No, no, no.!' lost his wife, and that by skilful manageand told her that she should not be anture came to Aunt Maria. as she sat in the scene of the Modoc war to-day from Extraordinary Bank Robbery. of products. 'Then what in heaven's name is it? ment, if she wanted a third husband, dresses, pearls and point lace, and a cabl gry with me any more, and to let byher comfortable parlor-wan and thin this city. The artillery will-take the My wife you promised to be-my wife net full of the most exquisite and costly she could probably get him. Accordinggones pass, as I wanted to be friendly enough to be the ghost Aunt Maria field as infantry. The total number is shall be in spite of fate. They told LANCASTER, Jan. 15 .-- A daring rob-A MERE STUMBLE,---When a horse bridal presents. Now what more could ly she went there and applied to him for with everybody. while I was speaking hought her. very was perpetrated here to-day on the stumbles never raise your voice—the ne down in town an absurd story about about 300. any girl of sense desire ? the place of housekeeper in his family, to her Marshall Magruder, who was 'Marian ? great heavens !' Mechanics' Bank. Between twelve and creature dreads its master's chiding; Gilbert Owen, a man who might be your Late intelligence from the seat of the 'Very true, auntle; but I don't know and he engaged her; and subsequently sitting near her, said to me, "You have 'Yes, aunt ; Marian comes back poor battle with the Modocs show that fourone o'clock two men engaged the cashnever jog the reins-the mouth of the father. Tell me it is not true. that I am in my senses.' she succeeded in marrying him. He had no right to speak to her while I am ier's attention, who was alone in the horse is far more sensitive than the 'I cannot.' and friendless and dying, to see if you teen whites were killed and twenty-'Nonsense, child! Don't be absurd ! two small children, Ada and Frankie, present." He then pushed me back. bank, by selling seventy-five dollars in 'Good heavens ! You're not going to will take her in.' human lips: nover use the lash, the three wounded. The troops were Isn't Mr. Owen everything the most fas and these she determined to poison, and While he was doing so I slapped the marry him, Marian-that old man ?' 'And you didn't drown yourself after gold and silver, the latter being in small obliged to leave their dead on the field. horse is so timid that the slightest cortidious could desire-upright, honorable, did poison; but she did not plan to poigirl on the face. Magruder then said pieces. One of the men had on screech-'No, no, no ! not now: but I was. Wil esteemed by all and immensely rich?' all?' auntie cried aghast. son Sherman. She intended to employ The volunteers will leave for home rection overpowers its reasoning faculto me, "I'll shoot you like a d-d dog, ing boots, and walked continually while 'Drown myself! No. Did you think lie ! Willie ! I thought you dead.' 'I know it,' with a heavy sigh ; the arsenic upon rats in her kouse as in a few days, as their term of service ties. Speak to the creature; reassure as you are, on Monday." I then want 'My poor girl ! And that dragon great deal too good for a reckless, low so? I have been married, and I am a | well as to kill the children, and she purhis confederate and the cashier were will expire. the palpitating frame; seek to restore to my room, and staid there until the counting the money. Pending the newidow. Willie's---' an aunt badgered you into it, I know. less, perjured wretch as I. chased it in New Haven, in Peck's drug those perceptions which will form the ADDITIONAL REPORTS afternoon. On Monday I went to my And the wedding was to be to morrow? gotiation, a third party entered the bank And then Marian Joyce told her Aunt Maria gave a little scream. store, with the first mentioned object best guard against any repetition of the from the scene of Friday's battle with work as a printer on the New York by a rear window and entered the vault story humbly and brokenly, with pale, 'Good heavens, Marian! Have you She took the package home and put it on faulty action. 'Yes.' the Modoc Indians, in Southern Oregon. Clipper, in the Clipper building in which was open, and abstracted conver-"Then I have arrived in the nick of gone deranged that you use such vile trembling limbs and downcast face, a shelt beside a similar package of salerstate that ten of the white troops were tible bouds to the amount of over six Centre street. Not caring to work I anguage? Perjured! What on earth time. You won't marry Mr. Owen toatus. Mr. Sherman used to drink a great very unlike the Marian of old. THERE is nothing better for cleaning killed and thirty wounded. Lieutentook a walk, and returned home at thousand dollars, and other registered do you mean? But I need not ask : its deal of cider, into which he would put morrow, Marian, because you shall marry 'I have been very ill,' she said, in and judgment bouds amounting to over painted woodwork than a piece of ant Roberts, of Captain Fairchild's about three o'clock and laid down for a onclusion. 'I think I have not long to saleratus to make it foam. This was his all about that unfortunate William forty thousand dollars. The thieves, command, cannot live. The Modocs common India rubber. Rub the wood couple of hours. About 6 o'clock in the Joyce!' favorite drink. The saleratus and the 'Willie !' ive, and I have come to my old home four in number, were seen about the fought naked and with the greatest evening Magruder came to my room as if you were erasing pencil marks, and arsenic on the shelf became mixed in The girl made a sudden motion to stop 'I mean it, my darling. Down the to die.' bank during the forenoon, and the men some way. This was not, therefore, such desperation, springing from rock to and said to me: "Lockwood, I told you then pass a dry brush over it. No waher, as if the name stabbed her like a path there is the carriage I came in. Aunt Maria's womaly heart was who entered from the rear were seen by rock, picking off the soldiers, and oblig- that I would shoot you like a d-d ter is necessary. a clear case of murder as the others. In knife. Come with me : never mind going back ouched, and Marian was kissed and women in the restaurant under the bank act she only neglected to warn him of ing many of them to hide themselves 'Auntie! auntie! pray don't; I can't dog, as you are, and now, G-d d-n to the house. I'll take you as you are, cried over, and forgiven, even by Gilhis danger. It is curious that the only till darkness afforded means for their you, death for which she could not be held escape. The troops made several charbut were, of course, not suspected. The bear it to-night. Leave me alone; I don't and you shall be my wife. Rather hasty, POOR YIELD OF CROPS .- The average bert Owen, who came to see her at parties who sold the specie were well I allow, but necessity knows no law.' 'But, Willie,' she said, shrinking back, feel like myself. once, and in whose heart all the old I WILL DO IT." yield of crops, according to the census dressed, one being about five feet five 'All the more reason why you should accountable, according to her story, ges along the line of the lava beds, but returns, is only about fourteen dollars So saying he shot at my face, as I love revived at the sight of the pale, inches high, florid complexion and dark not be left alone. Come down stairs; Mr. hould be that for which she has been were repulsed. The howitzers could I don't know. per acre for all the land in cultivation thought, but he missed; I then stopped patient face. And Marian did not die, mustache, and weighs probably one hun-Owen is there waiting for you.' The young man looked at her, his face convicted. not be used to advantage, owing to the in the United States. This is a poor toward him, and he again shot at me; dred and forty pounds. The other was as the mouths passed; strongth and 'I can't go-I won't go. Tell him so. dease fog. Captain Jack has the growing stern. showing, and shows the great need for this shot took effect in my abdomen ; 1 | six feet in height and sparsely built. No ite returned, and now life began to 'Then you are false, Marian Wilde If you like. If Gilbert Owen is wise-if strongest natural position in the coun-THE time has come when the questhen became unconscious, and I think clue to their whereabouts has been obimprovement in our agriculture. beat strongly in the almost dead heart he wants a wife to-morrow—he had bet-You wish to wed Gilbert Owen, not me. try. fell; when I recovered consciousness tion of false weights and measures must tained. in her old home. ter leave me to myself to-night.' He, the rich old millionaire, can give be mot squarely and settled. When 'Do you think it safe, my dear,' said husband to his wife, 'for me to take Magruder said: G-d- you, I told MR. THOMAS SWARTZ, of Truxelville, And with the new life came new A MAN recently broke off a marriage 'To lament over the loss of Willie you servants, diamonds and luxury; I, the public refrain from buying frauduhope to Gilbert Owen. Kou that I would shoot you, and I have Snyder county, is reported to have because the lady did not possess good Joyce ? Oh, I'm not afraid of your flash. the lover of you in youth, nothing but a lent packages, the dealers will quickly raised 845 bushals of corn from 64 acres Before the second anniversary of her ff flannel, when it looks like spring ?' done it; you have got enough of mo conversational powers. A friend told ing eyes, Diarlan. You want to be sen-timental and romantic on your bridal ble home. Well, go on, it is only the strong arm, a warm heart, and an humreform, and not before. By taking now. I shot you and 1 am glad of it." him he should have married her, and of ground. 'Perhaps so,' replied the wife, 'but widowhood came round he had asked this course, the public will be a law for never saw any flannel that looked like a He said this in the presence of several then refused her a new bonnet, to have eve, and mourn over your sailor lover, old story of a woman's treachery over her to marry him once more, 'I love you better than ever Marian, thomselves. Hop merchants-Dancing masters, persons; I had no pistol or any other developed her power of talk. ring.' lost at sea. But I know you better than again."

you know yourself, my dear, and I He turned to leave her, but she clung he pleaded. 'I have loved you so long know if Willie could rise from the deep to him passionately, desperately, ud claim your promise, you would not keep it. You like wealth and luxuy as do whatever you say; I will be your well as any of us. Marian, and you know wife. Oh, Willie, I love you with my whole heart !. the diff rence between the wife of a millionaire and the wife of a sea captain. I'll 'My dearest !' mine in life and death ! my wife-my own for ever and everleave you alone, my dear, as you requested. Be sentimental, if you please ; I'm' come !' not afraid to trust you. Shed all your . He passed her arm around him, and drew her down the storm-heaten path, in the thick gloom. A moment later, tears to night, and have your eyes as

bright as possible to-morrow at the altar. Good night, my dear, don't sit up late and they were side by side in the carriage, driving rapidly into town. I'll tell Mr. Owen you have a headache, and can't come down. White lies ar Gilbert Owen's wedding day dawned indispensable on these occasions.' With which Aunt Maria sailed away. in storm, and wind and rain-dawned

Marian looked darkly after her, withto find the cage empty; the bird flown. The bride-elect had fled-where or out attempting to speak, and then back again over the wide sea. whither, who could say? There was

'I deserve it all,' she said to herself, no note left to explain-no clue to be 'Aunt Maria is right. I am an inconfound to her mysterious dissapearance. istent fool and coward. Why don't I If the earth had opened and swallowed tell Gilbert Owen the truth, and go out her she could not have vanished more into the world and fight the battle of completely. life, as other girls do? Ah! me, what a Aunt Maria went into hysterics, not false, treacherous, weak creature I am, the proper thing to do-through no with neither courage to work nor want! great love for the wilful, lost girl, but She turned away from the window because something of the kind was exand began pacing hurriedly up and pected of her, and because she really down. Then, as if selzed by a sudden felt keenly Gilbert Owen's disappointimpulse to escape from herself and her ment. own dark thoughts, she seized her As for that luckless bridegroom, he

shawl and hat, and put them rapidly suffered, yet he made no sign. He had 'Once more,' she said to herself, 'once loved her with a love as strong as it had been vain: and he had lost her and more to visit the place of trust before I he bore it with silent grief. am that man's wife. Hero! Hero! where

are you ?' A big dog, asleep on the hearth rug, ed once to her aunt, "If I only knew rose up and shook himself ponderously. she were safe and well, I could bear it. The girl knelt down, and put her arms But this uncertainty, this suspense. around his shaggy neck. Oh, my poor little Marian !"

You belonged to him, too, Hero, as did, and you were his parting gift to me-My brave, handsome Willie! Oh, Hero! Hero! only think of his lying under the sea, and to-morrow my wedding day.' The shaggy neck of the Newfoundland grew wet with her raining tears. Hero rolled out his great tongue, fully aware she had gone, in the storm and the something was wrong, and tried to condarkness to meet her lost lover. sole her in his doggish fashion. Sud-'She was mad enough, and impul-

denly she started up, dashing away the ·tears, 'Come, Hero, before it is too late. For the last time l'

A minute and they were out in the well as I am alive that she has comwild, wet night. The cold fluttered her mitted suicide. It was in her face that dress and shawl, the rain bleak in her night.' face, and darkness was falling like an

But Marian, mourned for as dead, inky pall over the sea, and the rocky was very far from death. Sailing over path leading down to it. But Marian the sea with her sailor husband-her Wilde knew it well, and could have handsome, gallant Willie-she was made her way secure in blackest midnight; and she followed Hero along the jagged, uneven road, fleetly and secureblithely on the sunlit deck, as their vessel glided over tropic seas, she had

Down on a high boulder, garment flutering and flapping, hair escaping, and blowing black from her eyes, her face pale and wild, and all wet with the sunshine.

goddess of the storm, watching her work Wheaton heard the firing and had no ensure good crops-two cuttings a So the years followed one another er boarder, rushed after him, and on was said is indescribable. -a modern 'Norma of the Fitful.' Perthe jury united in considering her guilty, reaching the landing he saw Lockwoo alternative but to march to the aid of until three were gone, and a tiny baby. year. but allowing that the circumstantial nahaps the man toiling laboriously over Captain Bernard without the fire of the girl toddled about the back of papa's sitting in his room on a chair. Magruder

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 30, 1873.

The American Bolunteer.

and so well, and my life is so lonely 'No, no ! take me with you. I will Surely I deserve some reward.'

'But I don't love you, Mr. Owen, Marian replied, very sadly. 'I never can love any one like that again. You cannot take a wife who tells you this? But Mr. Owen thought otherwise, and pleaded so nard, with Aunt Maria to back him, that finally Marian yield-

ed and said yes for the second time. That evening she wandered down in the ghastly dusk to the sea shore as she had once done before, when Willie came back. The evening was wild and wet, as that had been ; and standing on the slippery boulder she looked eastward almost expecting to see the reproachful face of her drowned husband rising white from the black waves. At the thought a cold breath of air passed like a waft from the church yard and there beside her, at the place of tryst, she saw as her vivid fancy painted to her, a pallid, bloodless shadow. the shadow of her lost husband. . .

'Living or dead, I promised I would come back,' the well known voice said; 'here I am Marian, you are mine and must never be another's.'

Aunt Maria missed Marian and an hour later, when Gilbert Owen called, in dire alarm they set off in search of

her. Down to the shore, her favorite haunt, as they knew, they hurried, and there they found her lying on her face "If I only knew her fate !" he groanon the ground, wet through, senseless and white as death.

They bore her home and laid her on the bed, from which she never rose. Whether it was an optical illusion Aunt Maria had her own idea rebrought on by an excited and strained membering that last interview. The imagination or whether the spirit of haggard face and reckless words, the the dead husband really stood before last repentance meant something beher in the stormy twilight, it was all sides the girlish talk, after all. Under the same. On the day she was to have that stormy sea, rolling forever mystemarried Gilbert Owen, they buried riously and grand under the windows,

LYDIA SHERMAN'S CONFESSION,

sive enough, and daring and foolhardy enough for anything,' Aunt Mazia said gia. Mrs. Lydia Sherman, who has been to the silent despairing bridegroom, 'that infatuated child; and I knew as Haven for life, is published, and is a fearful story of crime. The following are the main points;

Marian Joyce.

Mrs. Sherman was arrested in June, 1871, at New Brunswick, N. J., on thecharge of having murdered her husband, Horatio N. Sherman, at Derby, in 1871. She was also charged with murdering happy as the day was long. Singing two of his children, but was only tried for the first crime. Besides these she was said to have poisoned two other hus-

no thought even for the man left bebands and several of their children. The hind in her native land, and whose trial occurred in March, 1872, in New heart she had almost broken. Willie Haven, and was noticeable among poison was beside her-the lover husband now trials for the very clear testimony of

verdict of murder in the second degree-

The following is going the rounds as " Mothe Shipton's Prophecy," which was first published in 1488, and re-published in 1641. It will be no ticed that all the events predicted in it, excep that mentioned in the last two lines, which is still in the future, have already come to pass. We thank the "Old Gal" for placing "the end" beyond our Centennial Cofebration:

A REMARKABLE PROPHEOY.

ond our Contonnial Corestation : "Carriages without horses shall go, And incidents fill the world with wee. Around the world thoughts shall fly In the twinkling of an eye. Water skiall yet more wonders do, Now strange, yet shall be true. The world upside down shall be, And gold be found at root of tree. Through hills man shall ride, And no horse or ass be at his side. Under water men shall walk; Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk. In the air men shall be seen, In the air menshall be seen. In the Air monshall bo seen, In white, in black, in green, Fron in the water shall float, As easy as a wooden boat. Gold shall be found, and found In a land that is not known. Fire and water shall wonders do, England shall at last admit a Jow. The world to an end shall come

street.

The world to an end shall come In eighteen hundred and eighty-one. THE MODOC WAR BATTLE WITH CAPTAIN JACK'S BAND !

United States Troops Defeated FORTY KILLED AND WOUNDED Retreat of General Wheaton's Army.

REINFORCEMENTS ASKED FOR

[From the Philadelphia Inquirer.] SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 20.-A dispatch from Yreka, dated to-day, states that a nessage has just arrived at that place from the head-quarters of Gen. Wheaton, commanding the troops in action against the Modoc Indians. A severe battle was fought last Friday. The roops under command of Gen. Wheaon consisted of 250 regulars, two com-

oanies of Oregon volunteers, 25 riflémen of California, under command of Capt. Fairchild, and a few Klamath Indians, The battle look place near the eastern

shore of Tule lake. Captain Bernard on Thursday went around the north end of the lake to the east side, and to east of Capt. Jack's position. He was to advance against Capt. Jack from the east, and Gen. Wheaton from the south-

west ; the forces of the latterto be under cover of the fire of the howitzers. On Thursday night such a dense fog enveloped the country that they could not ee forty yards.

The two forces were then about twelve miles apart, though to communicate with each other it was necessary to go a much greater distance. On Friday morning Captain Bernard opened battle against

HORRIBLE TRAGEDY. | weapon about me, and never had since I came to this city about a year ago ; I Cold-Blooded Murder in a Boardam 24 years of age, and a native of ing-House. Spartansburg, S. C.; I never had any quarrel with Magruder before, and I ne Printer Shoots Another-A Petticoat in had rather liked him. the Affair, of Course-Remarkable Coolness Magnuder was committed to the of the Murderer After the Deed. Tombs to await the result of Lock-

wood's wound, which is considered fa-From the New York Star, 21st inst. Marshall Magruder, a printer, shot and THE MURDERER'S STORY. fatally wounded Clarence Lock wood, also a printer, last evening, at the boarding Before the removal of Magruder to the

Fombs a Star' man' had an interview ise of Mrs. Hammond, 154 Madisor with him in the Seventh Precinct Sta-The facts of the affair, as obtained from the Seventh Precinct Station House, and from witnesses of the occurrence, are as follows: Magruder went to board on Thanksgiving Day last, with Mrs. Hammond. Lockwood has been boarding at the same place for about six

WHERE THE WOMAN COMES IN. Among the numerous boarders was a Miss Annie Brown, with whom Lockwood at times, especially when intoxicated, used to flirt with, much against her vishes, and in consequence of some words latter they had not spoken for about five weeks. A RECONCILIATION.

On Saturday night last a party was given at the house, when the little differences which had existed between Miss Brown and Lockwood were made up and he believed he did not just then. The everything passed off smoothly. On fact was

Sunday night while Miss Brown was sitting on the sofa in the parlor with Magruder, Lockwood came in with a pillow in his hand, with which he playfully touched Miss Brown on the shoulder, at the same time saying : "I'm glad our littte difference has been made up; we are friends again."

Magruder jumped up somewhat excited and said to Lockwood bitterly, "If you have anything to say to any one; say i when I am not with them, for I don' want to be annoyed by you," and high words followed, when Lookwood

They then clenched, and after a strug-

boarders. After they had somewhat cooled down, Magruder turned to Lockwood and said. "I don't want to fight on the Sabbath, but prepare yourself, for to-morrow I'll shoot you like a dog." The matter then ended until 7 o'clock last night, when, while the boarders were at supper in the basement. Magruder came in, the worse for liquor, and, after looking around the room, as if he was looking for some one, remarked : "I miss some familiar faces." Turning to Miss Brown, hesaid : "Where is Lock wood ?" "I guess he's gone into the country," was the reply. Without saying another vord, Magruder turned round and

RUSHED UP STAIRS

kept my word. It is not my fault -and the world was Eden, and she the Prof. Barker, of Yale College, who had rushing rain, her eyes strained in a Captain Jack, who had about two hun stances to form a thick set. A little top to Lockwood's bedroom, which is in the that he had not a pistol with him. I examined the remains of the first menvague, despairing stare over the black happiest Eve that ever laughed in the dred warriors concealed among the rocks dressing, aided by the after math back parlor. Fearing that Magruder told him to have one. I went for satissea, she looked, on her pinnaclé, iike a tioned victim. The trial resulted in the along r line two miles in length. Gen. which should never be fed close, will meant mischief, Jacob Maddison, anothmist was turning into a steady rain. Still faction." The coolness with which this

His eyes were somewhat sunken, and the black circles around them might be attributed either to the habitual dissipation of his life or to a night made sleepless by thoughts of his crime. There was nothing in his demeanor to indicate the

> speech evinced a coolness that the most casual commentator on such a deed could scarcely have attained.

HE DID NOT FEEL RIGHT WELL,

SLAPPED MAGRUDER IN THE FACE

gle, they were separated by some of the

tion-house. The prisoner was standing at the door, with hat and overcoat on, as if ready to step at once into freedom. In appearance he is not unprepossessing about 5 feet 10 inches in height, and sparely built; there was nothing in mould or feature that indicated the desperate character, evidenced by his crime.

cause, as his manuer , of

When asked if he desired to make any statement concerning the affair, he said

and had rather not talk about it. In re ply to questions about his history, he staled that he was born in the neighborhood of Lynchburg, Va., and had been a resident of this city some nine years. He came of the same family of Gen. J. B. Magruder, the confederate leader Having given these answers he turned to the

roundsman, who was standing by the reporter, and asked "if anything more had been heard about that-," jerking his head to ind cate his victim. The roundsman could give him no news, and told

him so, adding, "He may get over it." "I HOPE HE MAY." rejoined the prisoner, in a tone as devoid of feeling and apprehension as if he had no possible interest in the result. He then inquired how long he would have to stay were he was., The rounds. man stated probably until the result of the injuries could be known, unless they wanted the victim to identify him. "There is no use of that," said the prisoner, with some animation.

'The shooting is admitted. Outsiders may not think as I do, but FELT JUSTIFIED IN SHOOTING HIM. He slapped me in the face, and then with a theatrical air told me to get satisfaction. I told him that I would ; to

Tweive lines constitute a square, For Excentors' and Adm'rs', Notices 24.4. For Auditors' Notices, 24.0 For Assignees' and similar Notices, 340 For Assignees' and similar Notices, 340 For Yearly Cards, not exceeding stillines, 7.69 For Announcements five cents per line un-ess contracted for by the year. For Business and Special Notices, 10 corr Per fine. VOL 59---NO. 34. line, mble coluton adver ...sements extrá, Agricultural. COLOR OF PIGS. The show of swine at the Western New York Fair was very large and good. Most of the animals were black, of the breeds in which black predominates as i. color. / In fact the tendency

Rates of Advertising. No. times 1 sq. 2 sq. 8 sq. 4 sq. 4 o 34 o

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of the day is toward the color of the pig. But the dark colored pig must meet and overcome a great deal of prejudice before it gains in public favor a position equal to its white brother. Standing by the pens of the Essex and Berkshires on the fair grounds, we heard as the throng of farmers passed up the exclamation : "They are fine hogs but I don't like the color."

Now, in reason, what is there in the dark color which should prejudice a farmer against as fine breeds as those above mentioned ?

"Will they dress white?" asked ome dozen of lookers on.

Of course, for the color is not even skin deep. It lies mainly in the hair and the scale on the surface of the skin. In other countries there exists none of this prejudice against black swine.

One farmer who had bred both black and white pigs said he liked the dark color best for high bred pigs, because the dark animals were not so apt to sunburn as the whites as thorough breds have but little hair to protect their skins. He had found the effect of the sun a serious drawback to the. thrift of the pigs. There is not a single reasonable objection to be raised against the dark color of pigs, and the excellence of the breeds are too great for our farmers to overlook them. Growers will recognize this fact more generally before long.

PREPARING THE LAND FOR GRASS

-We are apt, very apt, to overlook the fact that land intended for grass should receive more thorough culture than any other, because for years while in grass, it has not the advantage of the plow and other implements to stir the soil, but must rest and back, and get more and more in a condition to keep out the air, and let in and pass off less readily the water. We should, there fore thoroughly prepare the soil .---Plow as deep as may be, and subsoil well; pulverize and enrich the soilenriching it will make it more loose and mellow, and keep it longer in that condition, as well as increase the vield. Such land will catch its seed, and if. plentifully applied, will be certain, ungo fixed, as I would shoot him on sight. der anything like favorable circum

bout 400 men in all. The confession of the Connecticut Borsentenced to the penitentiary at New