Poetical.

. [Written for the American Volunteer, TO BESSIE.

Why do sweetest flowers fade Soonest at a chilling breath?
Why are those we love best, made
But for that grim reaper—Death? Must it be, all earthly joy Shall to sorrow soon be turned

Not, if we believe, and trust In the loving counsel given,— Though on Earth, there's moth and rust Lay your treasure up in Heaven.!

Then a blessing shall attend Every thought and word and deed, Love with all our actions blend. Comfort in our direst need.

Flowers may fade, and droop, and die, Friends vanish far from mortal eyes, Low in the Earth they both shall lie, But rise to "Bloom in Paradise."

Miscellaneous.

MONEY.

Miriam Leslie was listening to a word of advice from her stepfather, Mr. Pulmer. She was a very beautiful woman of two and twenty, with a face that was a rare combination of sweetness and strength. Just now the resolute mouth and expression of the brown eyes showed that firmness in her character pre dominated, though no look of temper marred ber amiability.

'I have no power over your movements, Miriam,' said the old gentlemen, kindly. 'You are of age, and the wealth you inherited from your father is entirely under your own control; but I am afraid you are committing a grave error if you accept Wilton Seymour's offer. I am afraid he is a man to marry powers of money.'

'Why? I pass over the implied slight to my attractions: but tell me why you think Mr. Seymour marries me for mo-

'I don't know that I mean that exactly. I know that you are young, beautiful and talented; but I think if you had been poor you would not have had this offer. 'Again, I ask, why do you think so?'

Wilton Seymour is one of that unfortunate class--a young man who has lived upon expectations. He has been educated and supported by an eccentric uncle, who was supposed to be enormously wealthy, Wilton has lived in complete idleness, passing through college with average credit; and since that, moving in society, received everywhere as the heir of his uncle's money, who, when he died, left it-much less than was supposed-to a hospital. Wilton accepted the situation gracefully enough, applied for a situation as clerk in the wholesale house of Myers & Co., and courted an heiress.

'You are bitter. I believe Wilton Seymour to be an honorable, upright man, who loves me, who is trying to earn a support for himself, and who does not look upon my money either as a stimulus to his affection or an impediment in

'I see you are determined to marry him. Well, I will see that your money is settled upon yourself.'

'I love my future husband too well to offer him insult. My money will purchase him a junior partnership with My-

'He has told you that.' 'No. Mr. Myers informed me that he could be admitted into the firm if he had a capital of ten thousand pounds-only a small portion of my money. The remainder may still remain where it is, subject to Wilton's check and control.'

'This is sheer insanity! I never heard of such folly !! Miriam's face grew very sweet as a look came into her soft brown eyes of devotion and trust.

'If I am willing to trust myself, my whole future happiness in Wilton's hands, my money is of little consequence. If he cannot win my confidence sufficiently to control my fortune, do you think he can win my love-myself?'

Mr. Palmer moved uneasily in his 'I wish you would listen to reason-I am truly speaking for your own good,'

'I know that. After nine years of such love as my own father would have given me had he lived, after seeing your severe grief for my mother's death, your affection for my little step sisters-your own ohlldren-never surpassing that showed to me, do you think that I do not appreciate your motives? I thank you from my heart for your advice; but my whole future happiness is involved in this decision, and I believe I am deciding to se-

'I sincerely hope so. If in the future you find I was right, remember I claim a father's right to comfort you, a father's

home to receive you.' Too much moved by the old man's solemn tone to rely in words, Miriam pressed her lips upon the kind eyes that look

'There, my dear,' he said gently, 'I have spoken as I felt it my duty to speak. we will write to Mr. Seymour, who will become my son when he becomes your husband. Get your finery all ready. and we will have a happy wedding. May

God bless you, Mirlam! Two hours later, Wilton Saymour camto put the engagement ring on Mirlam's finger, to thank her for his promise happiness. Looking at this man, as h held the hand soon to be his own, no one could doubt his love for the fair one who stood before him.

They had snoken of many subjects when he said, suddenly:

'Mr. Palmer has told me your generous wishes. Miriam, with regard to money. prove how entirely'I disregarded wealth when my offer was made to you. It is true we must have waited longer before I could offer you a home, but I will win my way to fortune yet.'

He lifted his young, noble head as he spoke, tossing the dark curls from such a frank, manly face, so full of brave, bright resolution, that Miriam wondered in her heart how any one could look into his eyes and suspect him of mercenary de-

She said nothing in answer to his impetuous speech, only smiled and nestled in money-making.' her hand in his. She was not a caressing

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BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

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nce, she gave them fully and free-

.The days of betrothal sp d rapidly. During the day Wilton stood at his desk fingering over massive ledgers and dreaming of future happiness, and Miri am selected her house, furnished it, and cept dressmakers, seamstresses and milliners busy. She had no objection to her stepfather's wish to have house and furniture settled upon herself; but was resolute about the remainder of her large fortune being left subject to control of her future husband.

Busy days were followed by happy venings. The young people were favorites in society, and friends would insist upon social festivities to celebrate the betrothal. The quiet home evenings were pleasant, beyond these, when two loving bearts learned to read each other: while Wilton loved more deeply every day, Mirinm was giving such respect to his worth and manliness as made her future look brighter every day.

But the days of the betrothal were short. A gay wedding, a happy tour, and the young people came home to settle in the handsome new house as quie married folks.

Two years of happiness followed. Wilton was rapidly rising in the esteem of business men-having purchased his position as junior partner in the firm of coney as the only end and aim of life. Miriam found him ever a willing escort to party, bail or opera; and the home evenings were given to music, or read ing, or such bright intellectual intercourse as had its power of mutual attrac tion before their marriage.

There were sage people who shook their heads over the young wife's extravagance; but Wilton seemed most happy when she was gratifying some new whim and desire; and she had never known the need of economy. Money had always been at her command, and there was now no restraint upon her expenditures. For fine dress she cared but little; though she was tasteful, and her costumes were always rich and appropriate; but she was generous and charitable, loved to collect trifles of exquisite

art around her, patronizing rising artists, and found no difficulty in exhausting her liberal income year after year It was during the third year of her married life Miriam began to find a cloud upon the former bright happiness of her life. Wilton was changed. In these three words the loving heart of the young wife summed up all her forbodings. He had been the sunlight of her lifeloving, tender and thoughtful. But it ecame evident to her that some absorbing interest was gradually winning him

more and more from her side. Evening after evening he left her, on one pretext or another, oftentimes staying away from her till long after midnight. His sleep became restless and broken, and some absorbing care kept his face pate, his eyes clouded, his manner grave. There was no unkindness to complain of. Miriam met ever a tender earess, a loying word; but she went alone if she sought society; she missed the pleasant home intercourse, and a strange

dull fear crept into her heart. Wilton vas becoming miserly. He denied her nothing, but would sometimes sigh heavily if she challenged his admiration of some new dress or ornament: and it was evident be curtailed his personal expenses to the merest necessities. Too proud to complain, Miriam, suffering sitently, praying that she might never learn to despise her husband as a mere money-making machine At first she endeavored to win his confi-

dence, but he kindly evaded her inqui-

ries, and she made no further efforts. But her home grew distasteful, missing the companionship that had made the hours there fly so swiftly. She had never felt household cares, trusting everything to the housekeeper. She had no children to vaken mother-lové and care, so she plunged into fashionable follies and tried o forget her loneliness. Never had be toilet been chosen with more faultless taste-never had her beauty been more marked than it now became; and she sought for excitement as she never had done in the first happy years of her married life:

And while Mrs. Seymour was thus seeking for happiness abroad that could not be found at home, her husband's face grew paler and thinner, and he became note absorbed in business cares. One year more passed, and the hearts that had been so firmly bound together seem ed to be drifting entirely apart.

Miriam was sitting sadly in her drawing room one evening, waiting for her carriage which was to convey her to a large social gathering at a fushionable friend's. She was dressed in costly lace, over rich silks, and every detail of her costume was faultless in finish and of choicest quality. Her face was pale and

She looked up as the door opened, hoping to see Wilton, though it was long since he had spent an evening in her society. Instead of his tall, graceful figure, the portly form of her step father entered

Miriam sprang forward with a glad smile.

'I am so glad to see you,' she exclaim ed, warmly. 'But were you going out?'

'Only to be rid of my loneliness and myself; I shall be happier here with 'Truly, Miriam? Will you treat me as your father to-night? I have come

here on a painful and delicate errand, and I want your confidence. 'You love your husband, Mirlam Tears answered him.

'Do you love society, dress and excite ment better than you do Wilton?

'No, no! A thousand times, no!' 'Could you give up all these for his sake ?

'You have some motive for askin, 'I have, indeed. I love your husband also, Miriam. I have learned to respect him, to trust him, and I was wrong when you decided to trust your happl ness in his hands.

'Rut father some great change has comé over Wilton. He seems absorbed

'One year ago your husband asked | was announced that no one had sustainwoman-rather coy in her sweet maiden me to keep a secret from you, believ- ed any injuries.—Easton Argus.

dignity; but where she gave I va and I ing he was increasing your happiness by so doing. I consented, but I am convinced now that the deceit is wiong.

He has assumed a burden that is heavy for him to bear, and you a not-happier than you were a year ago.X 'Happier Reried Marian impulsively: I am wretched, wretched in losing my husband's society and confidence!'.

'You shall not complain of that again. I am breaking my promise, but you will soon understand my mo tive. A year ago the bank in which every guines of your private fortune was invested, failed, and everything was lost. This house, and the money Wilton had paid to secure his business position, were all that was left of your father's wealth. Convinced that luxury, society and extravagance were necessary for your happiness, Wilton employed me to keep the fact a secret from you, and braced himself for a tusde with fortune, resolved to regain by his own exertion what was swept away by the failure before you could discover the loss. But, Miriam, he is over-tasking his strength, and your are becoming a butt for censures on your extravagance. My secret has burdened me too long, and you must now be the

judge of the right course to pursue.' Miriam was weeping, but the tears were not all bitter. She gave its full Myers & Co., at Miriam's earnest re- meed of gratitude to the love that quest. But, although attentive to his would have shielded her from the business he was no mere drudge seeking knowledge of poverty and pain; and of confidence in her own ability to bear the sacrifice that the deceit implied. It was long before she spoke, but when she did her eyes were bright and

her voice clear and firm. The house is mine?' she asked. 'Certainly. But it needs such a large ncome to sustain such an establishment.

Wilton's income warrant? I mean the ncome he had two years ago.' A smaller house,dear-no carriage no house-keeper; two servants, but cer-

'Tell me what style of house does

tainly no footman in livery; no obser-'Stop, stop! I understand you. Youwill see, father, if I am made unhappy by your kind frankness. Wilton is in the library absorbed in business. Will you wait here while I speak to him?' 'I will come again,' he said kindly. 'Good night, Miriam. Heaven grant

I may have judged your heart right-But Miriam did not seek her husband him with diamonds flashing from her rich dress; so she sought her own room, and putting aside her evening toilet dressed herself plainly but carefully, and then kneeling down, prayed with earnest fervor before she left the apart-

'Wilton!' The harassed, weary man looked

Wilton you should have trusted me Give me your heart, your confidence my dear husband.' He howed his head upon her out stretched hands.

'Can you bear it, Miriam? 'I can bear anything if you are beside me-if you love and trust me. What I cannot bear is to believe my husband loves money better than his wife.'

'No, no.' 'I understand that, now. But there must be confidence between us. Wilton. I must be your true wife, bearing your sorrows and reverses.

'My own brave darling,' He was standing beside her now, and for the first time in that long, weary year, the old bright look was on his face and the old clear ring in his voice.

His arm was round her, and she leaned upón his breast. 'Forgive me,' he said, carnestly, 'for loubting your courage—never your

love, Miriam ' She laughed a meary, bright laugh, and then playfully closed the desk. She drew him to a seat beside her, and sketched a burlesque picture of their future home, with Mrs. Seymour, in a crimson dress, frying onions, while Mr. Seymour milked the cow in the gar-

broke his promise. A happier home, a more thrifty housekeeper, or prouder husband cannot be found, than in the pretty house of the Seymours, where love, confidence and happiness will not yield the first place to Money.

ACCIDENT AT A FUNERAL.-The ob equies of the late Peter Kemmerer, who was interred at the Forks Church Cometery, on Tuesday of last week. were numerously attended. It is estimated that there were nearly four hundred sleighs at the dwelling of the deceased before the funeral and about five hundred at the church upon the arrival of the cortege. The funeral was the largest that is known ever to have assembled at the Forks Church. While the friends and acquaintances of the deceased were collected at the dwelling. and just when the officiating clergyman was about to begin the ceremonies at at the house, the floor of the room in which the corpse lay and the mourners were seated began to sink slowly. This part of the house had been constructed as an addition to the old building and a subsequent examination showed that the joists that had been framed into a piece of timber at one end had been broken of The floor descended so slowly the hose who were in the room hardly knew what had happpened before they were down. The cellar under this part is but little more than half as deep as an ordinary cellar and hose who were carried all the way down were in no way injured. The coffin in which the deceased reposed was caught by several collected persons, and was herefore not disturbed. Some persons n the room, believing that the entire nuilding was coming down, were panicstricken, and made a hasty exit through the windows. It required some time to help the aged and latirm persons out of the cellar, and all feit relieved when it

RING THE BELLS SOFTLY. ne one has gone from this cold world of our No more to gather its thorns and its flowers; No more to linger where sunbeams must fade Where, on all heauty, death's fingers are laid with mingling life's bitter and sweet, Weary with mingling life's outer and sweet, we say with parting and never to meet, Somelone has gone to the bright golden shore; Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door! some one is resting from sorrow and sin. Happy where earth's conflicts enter not in; Joyous as birds, when the morning is bright, When the sweet sunbeams have brought

Weary with labor, and welcoming sleep Some one's departed to Heaven's bright shore Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door ing the bell softly, there's crape on the door!

One who walks with them in heaven's bright ved ones have whispered that some one

THE DEATH OF KAMEHAMEHA V. Honolulu, December.17.-The death of his late Majesty Kamehameha V. has left the Hawaiian kingdom without s head. The sovereign just deceased was the grandson of the great Kamehameha, a famous warrior who, about fifty or sixty years ago, reduced under his sway all the islands composing the group, and established a dynasty. The reign just closyet she could scarcely forgive the want | ed had extended over a period of nine years, the king expiring at the age of 42, on the anniversity of his birth. It had been known for months that the sovereign was in a very precarious state of health, but no official bulletin stating the facts was allowed to be published. On the morning of the 11th instant, he walked to his breakfast table, and, soon after returning, lay down and expired without a struggle. Some account of the ceremonies observed in this mid-ocean kingdom on accasion of a death in a royal family will probably be of interest. It is the universal custom among the natives to wail for the dead. Men and women join in uttering a long drawn, plaintive ery, broken into a quaver as by throat. This cry was set up by the household attendants as soon as the King was known to have expired. The roya standard was lowered and 42 minute guns fired from the battery on Punch Bowl Hill, an extinct crater just behind

the city. at once. It seemed mockery to go to pare the body for lying in state during

: nousehold A COMMAND.—This is a command. and the real songs of grief, is what is al

I was one of the few foreigners who, by taking advantage of the earliest opportunity, gained access to the palace before the gates were shut, which was done even before the expiration of the brief time appointed for visitors. The resi dence of the sovereign is a small and plain building in the centre of a large square, inclosed by a high stone wall Passing through the gates, now draped in mourning and guarded by the police, we approached the palace steps, on eithe side of which a detachment of Hawaiian soldiers was drawn up, presenting a fine military appearance. Throngs of natives were pouring up the broad way, intent on taking a last look at their dead ruler. All the officers of the kingdom, civil and military, were in attendance. The body of the late King lay upon a high dias dressed in a uniform that presented as incongruous combination. There were red pantaloons and a black coat; the hands were incased in white kid gloves Three orders adorned the breast. To a stranger in the kingdom, the most interesting of the surroundings were the large mantles which were thrown over the

never allowed to pass out of the roya

obes. The appearance is exceedingly nanced by the graceful forms in which the flexible material naturally fails. At the head of a dias was a stand bear ing the sword and hat of the deceased and on other tables were flowers and a silver dish in which was burning incense. The Cabinet Ministers stood together at the head, while the sister of the King, known as Ruth, the only surulying member of the race of Kamehamehas at by the side of the corpse, the picture of sorrow. On each side of the body were two men continually waving what are called kahilis. These are staff; bearing feathers, made to stand erect like gigantic plumes. The original idea in this custom is said to be to keep evil spirits aloof from the dead. It is general observance among the natives. The line f visitors passed by within view of the body, and out into the palace yard. On the veranda of a house adjoining the King's residence stood a native woman who has for many years exercised boundless control over the King. She has been known as the "sorceress," and is

understood to have sustained to him even

more intimate relations. She was utter-

her voice. She had a girdle drawn tightly around her body to assist in the proonged exercise of the lungs, lier misused power is gone, and she knows herself to be the object of universal aversion The burial of the late King will not take

If dew "fell," it would fall for the

CAUSE OF DEW.

their light. Weary with sowing and never to reap, Angels were anxiously longing to meet

ee from earth's trials, and taking sweet rest. Yes! there is one more in angelic bliss-One less to cherish, and one less to kiss< One more departed to Heaven's bright sho Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door! Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door!

It is the custom here, when one of high rank has died, to immediately prethe few hours that this climate will allow. It is then enclosed in an air tight cotlin, which remains for several weeks in the palace, surrounded by signs of honor and accessible to visitors. During this period the natives resort nightly in throngs to the premises and spend the time walking. In accordance with this custom the annexed proclamation was issued by authority of one of the royal

call, an invitation to the common people. the tribes, the families and divisions of the ancient subjects of the different is men, and children, to attend upon and to remain there every night until the day of the funeral. The mauka gate of the palace vard will be open for you every evening until the hour of 73 o'clock af ter which it will be tabu. Drunkenness and disorderly or bad conduct is forbidden. But the quiet expression of sorrow

bier. These are the famous feather cloaks, the peculiar possession of royalty. They are made by fastening yellow feathers upon a network of twine, the feathers being procured from a bird that bears only one under each wing. A vast amount of time and labor must be expended to make one of these mantles, which are large enough to cover the body of a man and fall in folds about him. They descend from generation, and are amily, forming as they do the State

same reason that rain falls: but dew does not fall, it is simply a deposit of moisture, always contained in the air to greater or lesser degree, and which, when there is enough of it, will always form on any cold body exposed to the moist air, in precisely the same way that a cold bottle or stone taken from cool cellar and suddenly exposed in the shade to the moist, warm, summer air, will become wet; this is not sweating, nor does this moisture come out of the bottle or stone, as many people believe, but from the air. It is for the seme reason that moisture will condense against the window-panes, when the air is cold outside, and moist inside. he moisture slowly freezing, while its deposits form crystals of ice, which wo so often admire in winter. When the weather is cool enough, the moisture deposited will even freeze on plants and grass, and then we call it hoar frost; if it does not freeze, it is simply dew. The only point left to be explained is, why does the ground be come as cool during the night, so much cooler than the air above it, as to cause the latter to deposit its moisture? This was for years a vexed problem, till Wells first suggested the radiation of obscure heat, which takes place from the surface of the earth through the clear atmosphere into the space above, and so causes the surface to become much cooler than the air itself. He demonstrated this by means of there mometers placed at different heights, and also by the fact that dew is only deposited on cloudless nights. When there are clouds they reflect the heat or prevent it from escaping. The surface of the earth thus kept from cooling, no

dew is deposited. - Manufacturer and

NOAH'S FLOOD. Geologists admit the powerful agency of rushing water in drilling, rasping, and transporting materials which make up hills, mountains and plains. Those traveling icebergs, of which so much i said, that scoured the face of the earth in their progress from the north, undoubtedly were employed by nature to smooth the surface on a gigantic scale. But that great flood referred to circumstantially in the Bible must have been a terrific event to have impressed all mankind with a traditional recognition. of its universality.

Sir Henry James, an English engineer, has attempted an explanation of phenomena that are traceable to the axis of the earth in its rotation. If the lands, to assemble and come, men; wo- globe were of uniform density the poles would traverse the circle of evagation in three hundred days. If the density increases from the surface towards its center, something else would follow. He argues that as the flood commenced on the 17th day of the 7th month, in the 600th year of Noah's life, and covered all the land 150'days, and after having destroyed every living thing save those in the ark, and was just 150 days draining off into appropriate channels and basins of present oceans, seas,

lakes, and rivers, he has mastered the 'problem. The flood, then, was in consequence of changing the polarity of the earth. Whether earthquakes opened vast rents in the crust of the earth, into to Chicago, in 1836, bought of Mr. Southwhich waters rush from their old local ities and thus altered the center of gravity, or whether enormous massa of ice broke their fastenings and sliding along an inclined plane, brought about the flood, still remains an open ques tion, which may freely discussed with out exciting the apprehension of the police of any country.

Strange Capture of a Murderer. The power of conscience and the unbearable weight of guilt could- not be better shown than in the case of the man Caldwell, of Coldwater, Miss., who murdered his employer, Johnson, and robbed him of \$1,100 and escaped, leaving no traces behind him. Last Saturday, Dr. Ritchie, who lives at a small interior town 13 miles from Coldwater, known as Thyataia, was on a spree, and the murder at Coldwater being fresh in his mind, he accused every one he met. in a jocular way, of being the man who committed the murder. Finally he met a stranger, and being just tipsy enough not to care what he said, addressed the stranger in the same manner.

"Yes-you-you are the man murdered Johnson at Coldwater." A look of guilt overspread the man's face, and simultaneously he ran his hand in in his bosom as if to draw a Weapon. Dr. Ritchie collared him with his left hand, and with his right drew a dirk from his pocket, and told him if he attempted to draw a weapon he would plunge that knife to his heart in a second. He then commanded the man to withdraw his hand, which was speedily obeyed, when, instead of a weapon, he drew out the sum of \$1,100, which he dropped on the ground at his feet. Meanwhile a crowd had gathered around the ductor and his prisoner, and the evidence of the man's gullt was by this time so palpable that he was placed under arrest and securely tied.

The next morning the suspected ma was taken to the residence of Mrs. Johnson by his captors. She at once became frantic, and begged to be allowed to trea Caldwell in the same manner that he had treated her husband, and it was with difficulty that she could be restrained from doing the prisoner harm. On the way to Hernando Caldwell confessel to both the murder and robbery, but gave no other excuse for the crime than the desire for the \$1,100 which he had seen paid to Mr. Johnson and deposited ing the wail for the dead at the top of in the trunk.

The Career of Edward Stiles Stokes-His Relatives and Victims-A Sad Tale of

The career of Edward S. Stokes nov under sentence of death for the murder of James Fisk, may be illustrating how leeply a great crime strikes among the innocent victims, and that wealth, culture and standing are no sure safeguards against the saddest vicissitudes of human experience. It is rare that a reference of this kind includes sufferers of like high rominence, for there are no better name n New York or Philadelphia than those borne by persons stricken in this catasrophe

In the year 1838, Edward H. Stokes, a uccessful cloth merchant in New York, and nearly connected with some of the most prominent representatives of the wealth and benificence of that city, retired from business with a handsome competency. Eight years previously be leading Philadelphian, and, seeking s home of ease and elegance, Mr. Stoker chose Philadelphia as his future residence. There his eldest son was born in 1839, and named Edward Stiles, after maternal relative. The lad was a boy of unusual beauty and promise, a quick active mind, a generous and loving dis position-these traits being remembered vell after the lapse of years by those who knew him well at that time. Two danch ters and two other sons were born in the period between 1840 and 1850. The fam ily is recalled as being rarely endowed with all that seemed needed to insure the happiness of the household. The home was one of wealth and luxury, the culture of the best.

Edward was educated at the University and took high rank as a scholar. He went to New York at the age of seveneen, to enter into the store of Samuel Perry, an extensive cheese dealer. Perry failed three years later, and young iunior of the collapsed house, and they, as Stokes & Budlong, opened a store on Vesey street. They had excellent suc cess, their foreign shipping trade being very large, calling Stokes to visit Europe several times within the next few seasons. About this time the senior Stokes was induced to remove to New York where he made his office with his son though not originally intending to be come entangled in business. Such was the result, however, and not only were the father, but other and prominent wealthy relatives, gradually but heavily involved in the extended ventures of Stokes & Budlong. The failure of the firm followed and father and son wer thrown into bankruptcy.

With the wreck of his fortune young Stokes embarked next in the enterprise of establishing an oil refinery at Hun ter's Point. Three hundred thousand dollars were expended in the works. which were to be of the best class, when the company fell into difficulties, and at this juncture the baleful light of Jim Fisk's countenance comes into the story. Jim was in the full tide of his operations deluge, and especially treats of what with Erie. He held the advantage (we must have occurred by a change of the wish it were less employed by even more scrupulous railway managers than be) supplied by his corporation, in transportation and control of the market, as the oil regions. A compact was struck. Fisk entered the refinery company, reinforced capital, and with a change of name and heavy "drawbacks" on the Erie freight bills, the Hunter's Point refinery sailed strongly into successful competition. Stokes was secretary as well as partner. At one time his profits from the refinery gave him \$1,000 per

In 1864, Stokes married the daughter of J. W. Southwick, a promineut furniture dealer in New York, one of the oldest in his line in that city. A short time since one of the oldest residents showed us a set of furniture, a wedding outfit brought wick, who is now a man of immense wealth, and still in active business in a great Broadway establishment. The wedding of Stokes with Miss Southwick seemed to lack nothing that wealth, position and social surroundings could bring to insure their sumptuous home in the Hoffman House, and moved among the nost brilliant life of the metropolis

Tho next scene in the drama brings the infamous woman Mansfield into the plot. Solomon described her many centuries ago, and we fear Solomon knew what he was writing about. But his painting has never been surpassed, and if somebody could have slipped into Stokes' mind the little pen portrait made more than two thousand years ago, of Josephine Mansfield and her infamous sisters, it might have spared the community the fruits of the new acquaintance. Here are some of the wise man's colorings of his subject :-

She lieth in wait as for a prey, and increaset She lieth in wait as for a prey, and increase in the transgressions among men.

Her feet go down to death; her steps take hold on heil.

Her house inclineth into death, and and her pains into the dead. None that go unto ner return again.

He goeth after her straightway, as an ox goeth to the shughter.

She hath cast down many wounded, yea many strong men have been slain by her.

Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chamber of death.

The dead are there. Her guests are in the depths of hell.

And just precisely that happened which the Son of David predicted; from the house of the harlot the path turned downward. A quarrel between Fisk and Stokes followed. It was carried into affairs of business. Fisk refused to allow the Hunter's Point concern to make a dividend and thus cut off Stokes' supplies. The disgraceful relations became more shameless, and the father-in law, Southwick, sent his daughter and her child to Europe early in 1871, to remove her from the scene of scandal Stokes, enraged at Fisk, used his position as secretary to collect \$30,000 from Devoe, an old merchant, which sum he held openly and defiantly as his share of the profits. Fisk caused his arrest on a oriminal charge. Stokes turned to his wealthy relatives. No one of them would ball him, and he was forced to make terms and submit, and refund the money. His relations to Fisk were bitter, and on of the intensity of the evil passions and criminalities of his position with Mans field, grew murder. Turn to Solomo again, and there is no mystery in the chain of sequences. It is said that the same steamer that took out to Europe the murder of Fisk by Stokes carried a di-

Domestic Shame and Sorrow.

vorce produced by her family for his wife, who still remains abroad:

A RUINED FAMILY.

If young men in our communities could only ride on express trains to the devil, and take no one with them, there would be less to be said, since, aside from these considerations, it is every man's individual right to barter away his life and fortune and sacred honor at his own price. Satan buys a great many of these poor fellows very cheap, and at short option for seller. But every car is part of a family train. The shock and crush of shame and disgrace must fall on the innocent as well as the guilty. In behalf of the fathers and mothers and sisters of made of the case of Edward S. Stokes. Where has romance woven anything so sad? Where, in modern communities have been given more abrupt and startling variation of light and shade, from

THE following, entitled Handker chief Flirtation, handed to us by a lady friend, is published by request: Drawing across the lips-desirous of cquaintance.

the brightest point of promise and assur-

ed happiness to the depths of darkness

and misery, than those on which the

curtain falls?-Exchange.

Taking it by the centre-you are too willing. Dropping-we will be friends. Twirling in both hands-indifference.

Drawing across the eyes-I am sorry

Drawing across the cheek-I love Drawing through the hands-I hate Letting it rest on the right cheek-

Letting it rest on the left cheek-no. Twirling it in the left hand-I wish to be rid of you.

Twirling it in the right hand-I love Folding it-I wish to speak to you. Over the right shoulder-follow me. Opposite corners in both hands-wait

Drawing across the forehead-we are vatched. Lifting to the right ear-you are changed. Letting it remain on the eyes-you

Winding around the forefinger-I am ngaged. Winding around third finger-I am married. Putting it in the pocket-no more at

re cruel.

resent. Crumpling up in the hands-I am mpatient. Tying a knot in one corner-don't tell

oo much. Tying a knot in the middle-there vill be trouble, or there are other eyes ipon you. Twisting, and then doubling-let us

ro together. Over the left shoulder-you have de-Tossing it up and catching it in both

ande-come at once.

Touching the right eve twice-repeat your last signal. Biting it-I am angry with you. Shaking it slightly—you are a flirt. Holding it up, and then dropping it

in the lap - forgive me. Folding and then unfolding it-I Doubling and striking left hand with t-don't von dare.

Two distinct shakes-stay where you Clasping it to the heart-I love you o distraction.

Waving from both hands-come and ielp me. Holding it up without waving-

wait for you. Touching the lips, and then waving -good by dearest. Twisting it around the wrist-I would kiss you if I dared.

Placing it under the arm-I'll dance with you, I'll go home with you, I'll be with you. Take corners of the handkerchief in each hand and throw over the head-I contemn you.

Wrapping around the right arm-

you are a fool. WHAT SMOKING DOES FOR BOYS. certain doctor, struck with the large number of boys under fifteen years of age whom he observed smoking, was led to inquire into the effect the habit had upon the general health. He took for his nurpose thirty-eight boys, aged from nine to fifteen and carefully examined them. In twenty-seven of them he discovered injurious traces of the habit. Intwenty-two there were various disorders of the circulation and digestion, palpitation of the heart, and a more or less marked taste for strong drink. In twelve there was frequent bleeding of the nose, ten had disturbed sleep, twelve had slight ulcerations of the mucus membrane of the mouth, which disapeared on ceasing from the use of tobac-

co for some days. The doctor treated them all for weakess, but with little effect until the smoking was discontinued, when health and strength were soon restored.

A SCHOOL girl in one of the rural districts of Pittsfield, Mass., was overheard trying to convince a schoolfellow that she liked him better than she did some other urchin of whom he seemed jerlous. "Of course I like you better than I do Bill," said she, "for don't I miss words in my spelling lessons on purpose, so as to be down to the foot of the class where you are?"

THE compositor has his own way of punctuating and spelling, and this is the way he treated a certain passage of scripture: "The wicked flea, when no man pursueth but the righteous, is bold THEY tell big stories of the number

of buffaloes out in western Kansas just

that railroad trains cannot be run with safety. An exuberant youth of Pittsfield thus spoke to a supposed friend:

"Hollo, Zone! Oh excuse me, I tho you were another man!" Laconic stranger:

Agricultural.

BREEDING DRAFT HORSES.

The American Stock Journal says: Ve know of no branch of live stock usbandry promising more certain rofit in the United States than breeding heavy draft stock, whether of the English or French breeds.

While traveling in France during the past summer, we were much pleasthe community, let general warning be ed with their work horses which are mostly of the Percheron. Norman or Flemish breeds.

There are very few geldings in France. The reason is, the stallions are not unmanageable, vicious, and dangerous as work-horses, but docile, obedient managed and intelligent .-There is nothing in the nature of things to prevent our having the advantage of the greater toughness, strength, spirit, fearlessness, safety, (in being less liable to take fright,) freedom from disease, and long serviceableness of the stallion over the gelding, were it not that we and our ancestors have so abused the temper of the horse, that his progeny exhibit, among the unaltered males, vicious and treacherous tempers such as make them unsafe and unreliable as work-horses, even under the kindest

and most uniform treatment. We have seen women and girls driving spirited stallions through the streets of Paris with perfect safety and ease, often leaving them stand with a number of other horses without hitching. It is a common sight in the streets of Paris to see three or four large stallions driven tanden to a large cart or dray, with no lines or anything to guide them but the voice of the driver,

which they obey implicitly. There are a few teams of this class in our cities, and they are the admiration of all who see them. With anything like an adequate supply they would become fashionable, and the demand be almost unlimited. The subject is well worth the attention of horseme as well as of those farmers who breed a

few horses for sale. To obtain such animals as rapidly, and at the same time as cheaply as possible, American farmers should import the best and most suitable Norman or English stallions. The walk of the best bred of these animals not only quick but their trotting action is fine, and fully equal to five to seven miles an hour over a good road, drawing a heavy load after them. These qualities not only fit them for the city dray, but also for all kinds of

arm and general road work, Large, well-bred mares should be seected and bred to these stallions, when the produce would be found all that is required. Our farmers might commence moderately working colts thus bred, at two years old; for if well fed and cared for at this age they are as strong as ordinary horses at three and

four years old, and are perfectly able to do all ordinary kinds of farm work. The breeder thus gains one to two years on every colt he raises, us greatly cheanening duction. At five and six years old they may be taken to the city for sale, where they would readily command

from \$300 to \$500. How to Raise Cows for the Dairy. The American Stock Journal says: A heifer that is designed for the dairy should be brought up with great care,

and in a manner that will tend to make her grow, and bring out all her good qualities. We will suppose that a heifer has been brought up in such a way to the age of 15 months, that she is in a thrifty condition, and has every indication of becoming a good cow. We should recommend that she should now be mated with the bull, as by beginning thus early, we can control in a great measure her future developement. As the ensuing five or six years will being out whatever of dairy quality she may possess, we cannot be too careful at first in our training. And first we should be careful about feeding too high, as heifers kept in high condition are liable to have inflammatory action set up in the udder towards the close ... their term, which often destroys the usefulness of a portion of the organ, and tends to hinder the secretion of the milk, thereby injuring the future reput

tation of the cow as a milker. As there is always more or less of inflammation during the first stages of lactation, the young heifer should be milked as clean as possible at least three imes a day, and her food should be light, with sufficient water, until the feverishness is gone, when it will be safe to adopt a more liberal policy.

In the early stages of lactation, cowhave a tendency to dispose of their surplus nutrition through the milk secreting organs, consequently they should have a liberal supply of good food at this period, so that not only nature's demands may be met, but that their milk-producing qualities may be stimulated beyond this. In order to accomplish this, we should feed not only all the moist food the cow will bear and assimilate, but whatever of rich food that will have a tendency to produce the largest and best results. always keeping in mind never to impair her digestive powers, or promote a secretive of fat. The cow that does not respond to such treatment as this should not be kept for dairy purposes, as those cows only are profitable whose milkproducing organs are capable of being improved by judicious feeding.

WHERE agriculture is carried on in the greatest perfection there is always the greatest demand for manure. Thus now, making their way south, the animals being so plenty in some quarters is it in England. The area of that country, as compared to the great extent of such a nation as the United States of America, is very limited-not much greater than the single State of Pennsylvania; yet she consumes an nually not less than 800,000 tons of ommercial fertilizes, which is a much larger amount than is used in the whole United States.