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BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

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Poetical.

THE IDIOT BOY.

It had pleased God to form poor Ned Yet, to the poor unreasining boy. God had not been unkind.

Old Sarah loved her helpless child And he was everything to her Who knew no hope or fear.

She knew his wants, she understood Each half-articulated call, For he was everything to her, And she to him was all.

And so for many a year they lived,

But age at last on Sarah came And she fell sick- and died.

He tried in vain to wake her,

They told him she was den They closed her eyes and shrouded her

While he stood wond'ring by, And when they bore her to the grave, He followed silently. They laid her in the narrow house,

He lingered by the grave.

The rabble crowd that used to jeen Whene'er they saw poor Ned, Now stood and watched him by the grave, And not a word they said,

They came and went and came again Till night at last,came on : Yet still be lingered by the grave Till every one had gone.

And when he found himself alone, He swift removed the clay, Then raised the coffin up in haste, And bore it swift away. He hare it to his mother's cot

And with the eagerness of joy He barred the cottage door Then out he took his mother's corpse,

And placed it in a chair; And soon he heaped the hearth, And made the kindling fire with care He put his mother in HER chair,

And in his wonted place, And then he blew the fire, Which shone reflected in her face And pausing now, her hand would feel, and then her face behold;
"WHY, mother do you look so pule;

It had pleased God from the poor wretch Yet God was kind to him and soon In DEATH restored bim ALL.

And why are you so cold?

And when the neighbors on next morn

Miscellancous.

THE WIDOW'S DEBT.

A FRENCH STORY OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY. Jean d'Ostcamp lived near Bruges, in a manor or castle which has now disappeared-in what manner we shall presently see. The site it occupied after ward became part of the city. The events we are about to relate occurred in 1114, during the reign of Baudoin a la Hache. a valiant prince and a great lover of justice. Although he had made severe laws against the misdeeds of the lords of the tisement was to punish pana talionis, that is, head for head and limb for limb, as Oredecherst observes there were nevertheless, many lords who were petty tyrants in their own domains. Whenever Baudouin heard of their tyranny, he quickly put a stop to it. But he did not know all.

Lord Jean d'Ostramo grievously onpressed his vassals. He did this with impunity, believing himself secure of protection, as his brother Pierre was one of the count's knights. He was a miser, and so wicked that none dared bring a complaint against him. He had purchased many yards of cloth and linen from a retail merchant of Burges for the necessities of his household. The price of these goods constituted half of the merchant's fortune. The baron refused to pay him, and consequently the business affairs of the poor merchant were cramped for the want of this money: This state of things lasted ten years

and then, in the above mentioned year, 1114, the merchant died. In order to pay his debts to the weavers of the city, his widow was obliged to sell everything. and she found herself left with two little children of tender age, and nothing to depend upon for their support except the money which was due to her from Jean d'Ostcamp. Three times she went to ask him for it, and three times did he cause her to be turned out of his castle.

If she had been left alone, the poor grief-stricken woman would have given up all hope of ever obtaining her money. and found employment in some weaver' shop, thus supporting herself by the sweat of her brow. But how could she support her children? Maternal love determined her to brave the terror with which the baron inspired her.

The count of Flanders, Baudouin a is Hache, happened to be at Burges, and she went to the door of St. Donat, where he was hearing mass, and waited for him. When he appeared she threw herself at his feet, and told him all her troubles. Baudouin, while listening to her story, mechanically put his hand on his terrible axe. Then reflecting that it was not a crime, but a misdemeanor, he restrained himself, and said kindly to the

'Send one of the beadles of Burges to the castle of Jean d'Ostcamp immediately, and to-morrow let me know the

result of his mission." The good woman went away. But among all the officers appointed to administer his laws, there was not one who dared go to the castle of Jean. The wid Ow returned the next day to the door of St. Donat, and related all that had pass-

'So they fear a man who does not fear the laws,' said the count; 'I shall send Ulryck, one of my sergeants, and we shall see what this fellow will say to him of your troubles, my poor woman.

The noble count then addressed a few words to a little man who was in his suite, and then entered the church. The little man approached the widow, He was a native of Flanders, and was

calm and gentle in his manners. He

the title of sergeant, he was entrusted with the execution of the count's rigor ous orders: in short, bisduties were sime lar to those or the beatles of that time, naw called less hussiers. These duties were bule suited to his e cier, but the hall was a complete suit of armor for sircumstances had placed born in this sit

'So this man refused to pay you?' said he gently, to the good woman. 'Yes,' said the widow, 'and none of the civil officers of Burges dare present the

note to him. 'I will go to him myself,' said the little

The grateful woman raised her eyes to

You are very good, but you are not strong. Do you not fear Monseigneur knife, and on the left a short but heavy Jean d'Ostcamp? He is a powerful lord.' | axe. 'Oh! I do not apprehend any danger,' aid Ulryck. 'I shall carry my liou's staff, and the axe of the powerful count is embroidered on my sleeve. He will respect me as an officer of his sovereign. Return home, my good woman, and af ter the holy mass I will deliver your message, and in three hours at most you

The widow thanked Ulryck, and wen away, her heart oppressed with many onflicting emotions and presentiments As soon as he had heard mass, Utryck bastened back to the count's castle, and going to the stuble, he saddled and bridled his little horse, took his ebony staff, on the top of which was a silver lion and set out for the castle of Jean d'Ost-

Horses of good breed ordinarily have quality which, for want of a better name we call instinct, and which often stands them in better stead than our intelligenc does us. A horse will stop at the entranc of a wood intested by wolves, and noth ing will induce him to cross a forest if he scents the presence of a tiger. Min (this was the name of Ulryck's little horse's possessed in a marked degree the tact or

instinct of which we speak. The poor animal seemed to forsee per il, if not to himself at least to his master. The sergeant had never been able to induce him to go into battle. This little horse did not like danger, but he deeply loved Ulryck, who returned affection fo affection. He cared for Min himself, morning and evening, filled his rack spread his bed, and groomed him; and the animal, accustomed to the man, recognized him from afar, saluting him by neighing, turning his head to look after him, and sadly lowering his ears when

Ulryck was out of sight. If the sergeant was absent, and a strange hand attended to him, he seemed afflicted, and would not eat. None but his master ever mounted him. Min at times took inexplicable whims for instance, he would often choose longer and more frequented road in pref-

erence to the shorter and easier one. Ulryck, who had never been able to conquer the obstinacy of his little horse on his point, usually allowed him to have his own way. 'Min knows what he is about,' the sergeant would say; 'if he vants to carry me on the right hand oad, which is longer and increases his trouble, it is because he scents danger on the left hand road.

But when duty required. Ulryck had a means of vanquishing the obstinancy of He would dismount, and proceed on foot, leaving Min to follow or go back. as he chose, and the poor animal never falled to follow his master like a dog. If any obstacle separated them, as soon as he could overcome it. Min would find Ulryck, and rejoin him in no matter how great a crowd, and if Ulryck ever started on an excursion alone, and if any one during his absence opened the stable loor, Min would follow on his track to the diffunce of half a league from Burges for the expeditions of the sergeant never extended further than that. Every one in the city knew the little horse, and could approach him, but he would allow

no one either to catch or mount him. We mention all these details because they were remarkable; let us also add, what Ulryck had often observed, viz: That on every occasion that Min had reused to go, Utryck had encountered dangers. Once during a fight with a rebellious baron, his horse refusing to march Ulrich was severely wounded. Many other examples could be cited.

On the occasion of which we write, Min howed himself more restive than usual. He pranced in a very unruly manner hrough the streets of Bruges, and when hey reached the outskirts of the city the little animal stopped, refusing so decidedly to take the road to Jean d'Ostcamp's astle that Ulryck became angry. He had no spurs; they were then worn as a distinctive badge by knights only. But if he had had one it would not have vailed with Min. He spoke to him in a threatening tone, but the horse only owered his head. Ulryck then struck im with his obony staff, but immediately regretted it. Min only lowered his head still more, and remained immova-

'Min,' said he at last, speaking to the animal as if he were endowed with intelligence, 'we go by the order of the count of Flanders, and we carry the black staff of the silver lion; they will respect us.'

Min's only response was to return to wards the city they had just quitted. 'This is very cowardly,' said the set

geant, 'you show very little courage, Min; we are under the protection of Baudouin a la Hache; and, so saying, he dismount

'Go back, my poor Min, if you are afraid.' he said : 'as for me, I must do my duty. And he started on foot. Min reluc

tantly followed, with his head lowered to the ground. On arriving at the gate of the castle, of which the portcullis was down. Ulryck blew a small horn which hung on a post. 'Who is there?' said a soldier, appear

ing. \
'An officer of Monseigneur Baudoin la Hache, the redoubtable count of Flanders.'.

The portcullis was instantly raised and Utryck entered the castle. Passing through the court, which was narrow and surrounded by high walls, he almost fancied himself in a prison. The soldier or agreent, who had drawn up the portcullis, conducted him into a large nall in which was Jean d'Ostcamp. This was below medium height; his counte- hall was forty feet long and twenty-five nance was pale but animated, and his feet wide, and its only ceiling was the you? said Baudouin, he carried the

heavy timbers. A massive table occupled the centre, and on each side of it w re deal benches. The bare brick walls were garnished with arms, nets and wolf

a knight which was supported by a vooden manikin. At the other end of the hall, before a large chimney, in which burned the trunk of a tree, was Lord Jean d'Ostcamp, seated on a stool, which was painted black, and surroundel by three servants. He wore a cap made of the skin of a hare, small clothes of coarse green cloth, and wooden shoes, and for a coat he wore a sort of tunic or Ulryck, and said, with deep emotion: blouse, confined by a black belt, from which depended on the right a great

> A pot of heer and some slices of butter bread were placed before him on a block, which served as a portable table. The floor not being paved was strewed with fresh straw. Under the table were large dogs, which growled at the approach of Ulryck, but became quiet at a word fro.n their master.

This description may give the reade some idea of a seignoral manor at the beginning of the twelfth century. The luxury introduced by the crusades just commencing to be adopted by few privi

When the sergeant appeared, Jean d'Ostcamp, without saying a word, offered him the pot of beer and a slice of oread, for it was the usual custom. 'I cannot accept anything my lord

sald Uirvck, 'until my message is deliv

'You come from Count Baudouin,' said fean d'Ostcamp; 'what do you want?' 'I am here,' replied the sergeant, 'as public officer of justice of my lord, to de mand payment of your debt to a certain merchant of Burges. None of the offi cers of the city daring to come, it is to me that Monseigneur the very redoubta

ble count of Flanders has referred the

widow of the said merchant.' 'These things do not concern count,' said the baron, roughly. 'All justice concerns him, my lord,' re plied the sergeant,' 'and by the staff of the liou, in the name of God and of jus tice, I summon you to immediately pay into my hands the sum due, or to follow me before the city judge, to be condem: ed for the sum, and to remain in prison until fully paid, for such is the law.

Ulryck had no tline to say more, fo the face of the baron became purple with rage at the first words of the summons. He arose, stammering with an-

'Miserable slave! put him in Prison!' He sprang at the sergeant, and push ing him violently out of the hall, shut the door and sat down on his stool

nearly beside himself with rage. Ulryck felt that he was performing a stern duty, and not wishing to return until he had fully disenarged it, he placed his ebony staff in a pocket made for the purpose in the housing of Min, who was waiting for him. He ther took out an inkstand, a pen and a sheet of parchment, and proceeded to write ment in those days among the officers of justice.

Before nailing it to Jean d'Ostcamp's door, he read it aloud in a slightly tremulous voice, calling, in the name of the very redoubtable count of Flanders, on all the servants, vassals and peasants of the castle to assist in enforcing justice; to apprehend the said baron and conduct him to prison, under penalty of being treated as felons and

At the moment that he finished his oold undertaking, Jean d'Ostcamp utterly beside himself with rage, rushed out of the door, axe in hand, and seeing Ulryck prepared to nail the summons to his door, he split his head. Ulryck staggered, but he had strength enough left to drag himself to his little horse. and put the summons all stained with his blood, into the pocket, and then he

fell and breathed his last sigh. Seeing the fall of the count's officer checked the fury of Jean d'Ostcamp. He ordered his servants to lower the portcullis, and take Min to the stables. But the little horse, as if understanding all that had passed, suddenly dashed out of the castle before the portcullis fell. The gates were closed, and in order to obliterate all traces of the crime which had been committed, the baron's servants hastily dug a grave

and buried Uiryck. In the meantime Min reached Bruges and stopped at the count's door. Baudouin was dining with some of his knights when a servant informed him that 'Ulryck's horse had returned alone. bringing back the eboxy staff and a loody parchment in the pocket of his lousing. The count of Flanders, with much anxiety, took the parchment, and hoping to find Ulryck only wounded, he mounted his horse, and attended by his knights set out for the astle of Jean d'Ostcamp. So deeply was he absorbed in the thought of his sergeant, that he did not observe that

Min was following the cortege. In less than two hours after the mur der had taken place, the count of Flanders was at the gates of the castles The portcullis was drawn up; all traces of the crime had disappeared. Jean d'Otscamp, who had foreseen this visit, was prepared for it; he had assumed a serene countenance.

"I come," said Baudouin, sternly, to demand my sergeant Ulryck of 'No one has been here,' said the bar-

on, boldly; 'your attendants may search the castle. 'What!' cried the count, 'did not Ulryck write you this summons and order you to make restitution to the widow ?

Jean d'Ostcamp cooly took the parchnent, and seeing it was stained with blood, calmly remarked: 'This summons is certainly intended

for me; but you see, my lord, that it is stained with blood. It is possible your Ulryck has been assassinated on his 'And who would dare to do it if not

eyes were bright and piercing. Under roof, composed of grant tiles laid on | dion's staff, and he was under my protection. Knights, search the castle and question the servants, and all whom you may find.,

While the suite of the count were executing the orders, Jean d'Otscamp himself, protesting that he meant to much assurance that Baudouin began to believe him innocent. This belief was strengthened when the knights reappeared without having discovered anything. Baudouin, deeply perplexed at the commission of a crime of which he had lost all trace, was about to retire. He cast a scrutinizing glance on Jean d'Osteamp, when he saw the baron become deadly pale, while he seemed incapable of withdrawing his eyes from the most distant angle of the court yard. Following their direction, Baudouin beheld Min, that he supposed to be at Bruges, busily engaged in scraping up the soil with his foreteet;

ordered his attendants to dig there, and hey soon found the body of Utryck. Jean d'Ostcamp, seeing that his rime was discovered, sought to escape, but he was seized by the count's at tendants. He then fell on his knees and begged for mercy. But the justice of Bautlouin a la Hache was inexorable. He ordered him to be led out of the castle, and there on the public highway he condemed him to die. Then,

it had evidently been freshly turned.

He approached and saw great tears in

the eyes of the little animal. He

seizing the bridle of the little horse, he 'Be comforted, my little Min; thou

shalt avenge thy master. Two knights, immediately compre nending the count's intention, took Jean d'Ostcamp's axe and poignard his hands and feet, after which they tied him to the tail of the little horse, which for the first time in his life began to kick; then rushing through brambles and bushes, soon tore the murderer of his master to pieces, and returned to the city the same evening, bringing only some hideous fragments

The castle was destroyed by the order of the count; the widow's debt was paid; and a mass of one hundred years was instituted at St. Donat for the re pose of Ulryck's soul. Baudouin had the little horse placed

in his stables, intending to take care of him for his master; but the fatigues of the day proved to much for him, and the next morning they found him

A NEGRO WEDDING. In the Lakeside for January, Egber Phelps describes 'A Southern Christman in the Olden Time,' when plantation life and old-fashioned Southern hospitality had the luxuriant aspect -- on the outsid -that the war and emancipation have obliterated. The writer saw one of those comical negro weddings which have been so often described. The bride and groom, answering to the names Andrew out a summons, for he knew how to and Susie, were field hands of unmistawrite, which was a rare accomplish- kably pure Guiuea blood, and both or them had passed the first half century of life. Their dress, however, showed the they had not yet entirely eschewed the follies of their youth, for, though rude and cheap, as became their condition, i was nevertheless not unembellished with those bits of gewgaw and glaring finery

the negro delights. With the most decorus gravity the preacher began :

'Andrew, duz von lub die vere wo

'I dux so!' was the emphatic reply. Will you promise to stick close to be from time an' 'tarnity, renouncin' all odders an' cleabin' on'y to her for eber always destroy or desert them, and they an' amen!'

'I will dat!' 'Will you lub, honor an' 'bey'-'Hold on, dar, Ole Jack !'-here interrupted the groom, with no little show of indignation-Taint no use talking to dis

nigger 'beyin' de wimmin. Can't promse to 'bey no wimmin folks, ou'y 'cept ole missis!' 'Silence dar! you owdumptious nigger. roured the wrathful preacher what fur you go fur spile de ceremony ? You done spilt all de grabbity ob de 'casion! Dis yere's on'y matter ob form an' in'spensable to de 'casion, now don't

de time for you to speak!' 'Will you promise to lub, honor an bey'-Andrew still shaking his head ominously at the obnoxious word--dis yere nigger Susie, furnishin' her wid all things needful for her comfort an' happiess, cherishin' an' makin', smoove de ath ob all her precedin' days to come? 'I s'pose I must say yes to dat, said

Andrew, meekly. 'Den I pronounce dese vere two coupes to be man and wife! an' whom de Lord hab joined togedder let no man go

fur to put dem assunder!' Here an uproar arese among the blacks, betokening a dilemma entirely unforseen by Old Jack. For inasmuci as he had forgotten to require the usual rows of Susy, they insisted that, however firmly Audrew might be bound by the bonds of matrimony. Suste was still single, and the pair were but half married. The matter was at last adjusted by the preacher commencing the ceremony denovo, by which means the cou ple were finally united to the satisfaction

FIVE STEPS TO THE GALLOWS .-man had committed murder, was tried, found guilty and condemned to be hanged

A few days before his execution, h drew upon the wall of his prison cell a gallows with five steps leading up to

On the first step he wrote, Disobedince to Parents. On the second step, Sabbath break irg. On the third step, Gambling and

On the fourth step, Murder The fifth step was the platform on which the gallows stood.

THE LION AND TIGER TRADE. IOW THE MONARCHS OF THE FORES ARE BOUGHT AND SOLD.

A writer in the New York Times says: In the course of wandering around the remained with his sovereign, excusing | city I came, the other day, across a monopolist per et simple. He is a trader on pay the widow, and speaking with so a large scale, but is generally very careful not to handle that live stock in which he deals: nor for that matter, do anv of his employees. His business is the importation of every variety of wild beasts and birds—from an elephant to a guinea pig from an ostritch to a Java sparrow When the proprietor of a menagerie lose his elephant he repairs to this gentleman's repository. He states whether he would prefer an African or an Asiatic elephant. He gives his order according to his fancy, and in due time the animal arrives, and is immediately shipped to wherever his owner's caravan may hap

If an African lion is wanted a dispatch

is at once sent to Capetown: If horned borses, giraffes or rhinoceroses are in demand, orders are at once sent out to ship to New York all that can be bought or found. The fact is this gentleman has some fifteen employees, who are scattered over Africa and Asia, and whose sole business consists in collecting rare wild animals for him. He has the entire trade himself, and supplies every menageric n this country with such animals as they need, from time to time. There are, over thirty menageries traveling about he country every year. Every year hey lose a certain percentage of their mimals from natural death or by accident. Some of the more rare animals are generally delicate, and never become colimatized, and consequently do not ive long. This makes them very costly. A year or two ago a well-known showman, who had imported four giraffes through this gentleman's agency, away from him, while two others tied but who took the sea risk on himself, lost them all on the voyage. He could not get four equally good specimens under \$25,000. But when a cargo comes safely across, the profits to the importer

> It is a great mistake to suppose that any of these animals are captured when Il grown. A full grown lion, could be be trapped and put in cage, would soon pine away and die. A full grown, wild elephant is the most savagely treacherous of animals. Even when captured young and trained in the circus, the elephant betrays those inborn qualities more and more as he grows older. It is only of late years that elephants have been imported from Africa. Many persons will recollect P. T. Barhum's adertisement of the first one-a dwarfwhich was to appear in his menagerie. The animal died on the voyage and conequently never seen in this country Our monopolist dealer in wild beasts soon after obtained four young elephants from Africa, and retailed them here to different showman at shout \$8,000 uniece They were "babies." The elephant is an animal of very slow growth. When five years old it does not stand more than three feet high, and one out of the four alluited to above was only thirty inches high. They were however, per tect godsend to show man in the way of startling novelties. One-the thirty inch one-was coolly exhibited as a dwarf. Another was shown as the offspring an old female elephant, which had been in this country years before the young waist, and its hands were convuisively ster first saw the light of this native Afclasped as in the agonies of death. rican jungle. 'Three of these young ele phants are still alive in this country but they have grown out of all knowl edge, especially the dwarf. The show-

great hit, as it is pretty generally known that elephants will not breed in this country. Lions breed freely. In fact, there are few menageries which do not have a litter of cubs every year. But the mother are obliged to be brought up on milk given to them in a bottle, similar to that used in rearing bables by hand. The hip popotamus has also been known to bree n the Zoological Gardens in London. Like the lioness, she destroys her young as soon as they are born. The attendants in London did once succeed in res cuing a young one from its mother and in bringing it up by hand. But animals brought up in this artificial way, and born in confined cages, never grow up to

asserted to have been born here, made a

be such fine specimens as those born in a state of nature. As a general thing, all animals are capyou go fur to open your black mouf till tured when young, by the natives, acting under instructions with the white agents. If lions are wanted, the natives sally up the country, and either kill the parents and then secure the cubs, or track the lioness to her den, and then waiting till she goes hunting for food, seize the opportunity of stealing the cubs. In capturing elephants, they drive them, old and young, into an inclosure, nametring the old ones so as to disable them from protecting their calves, and then easily secure the young ones.

An African lion commands a higher price in the market than an Asiatic lion. on account of his more noble and commanding appearance. His mane is much thicker and longer than that of his Asiatic brother, and is black. The quantity and length of the mane is the test of the value of lions. An African lion sells for \$3,000; an Asiatic only \$2,000. The same with tigers. Royal Bengal tigers will ommand \$6,000 a pair; Brazilian only \$4 000 a pair. Camels and dromedaries bring about \$1,200 a piece, but white mala have been sold at \$2,500 each. A good ostrich can be bought for about \$400; elephants from \$6,000 to \$8,000 horned horses, so called, though really only a variety of antelope, sell from \$1,500 upward.

The importation of animals is only a case, very extensive. For the last fifteen years the value of the animals imported having averaged over \$1,000,000 a year. Of course, the needs of every nenagerie are known, and when on wants to sell a surplus animal or two. or replace them with finer specimens they are almost invariably sold direct to this gentleman, or through him, on commission, to the proprietors of other men ageries. A very fair menagerie may be stocked for \$50,000, but some few of the giant shows value their stock of animal at two and three times that figure. The The poor fellow doubtless wrote aggregate value of all the wild animals the history of many a wasted and lost in the different caravans in this country must approximate \$2,500,000. In no Woman's Hair.

other country in the world are there so m inv kent in confinement. The show isiness is essentially American, and, as a general thing, is a very profitable one.

A TRIPLE TRAGEDY.

HEARTRENDING MURDER AND SUICIDE Cerroago Féb. 22 - A special dispatch rom Minneapolis contains an account of horrible tragedy enacted in Littletown, Waseca county. A German woman named Mrs. Busen was last week brought efore the Grand Jury, on a charge of adultery. She had for two years been living with a man who was not her husband, by the name of Ruff, but the jury were unable to indict her. It was this morning reported that the house in which they had lived was locked, and that Ruff could be seen, from the window, lying on his face, near the bed, and of the bed, but nothing could be seen or heard of the woman or child? The Coroner was immediately notified, and proceeded to the scene, and broke in the door, and there a terrible scene presented

itself. Ruff was lying on the floor, with his throat cut, and upon the bed near him lay Mrs. Busen, with her head almost evered from her body by a gash extending to the right shoulder, and so fearfully mutilating the joint as to expose the her left arm lay the little girl Annie, on ly two years old, with her throat cut. On. the body of the woman lay the horrid butcher knife that did the work. Upon the door, written in German, was an expression of regret that the other daugher, Minnle, who was at school, could not go with her, and stated that she waited for her till 12 o'clock. The little girl came from school at 4 o'clock, but was unable to gain admittance, and went away.

Upon the table were several statements n writing, made partly by berself and partly by Ruff, intended to explain this terrible tragedy, one of them as follows:
"Let notody charge this deed to Ruff. John Dedrick and Alexander Busen drove him to it.

His statement was as follows: "Alexander B sen and John Dedrick are the murde ers of dear. Annie She was ready to die and I swore I would tollow her. God will jadge, and the world will set it right. A. RUFF." The woman seems to have dressed her-

self for the deed. She wore her night clothes, all perfectly clean and white, excepting where saturated with blood. The evidences showed that Ruff killed the child first, then the mother, himself standing by the side of the bed, and then lying upon it. He wore no boots. His tockings, being saturated with blood, left tracks all over the room and outside the door. He seems to have then bolted the door and to have gotten into bed with the murdered woman and child, for the foot of the bed was bloody with the prints of his feet. He seems to have then arranged her clothes decently, put the child as if sweetly sleeping on her left breast and then cut his throat. In his death struggle he must have rolled from the hed and fell on his face, where he died. Her face presented the appearance of a care-worn and heart-broken woman, who had lived a cneerless life. The child was s sweet faced babe, all dressed for burial. Its little bosom was red with blood to the

So Nice to be Engaged. A recent writer says: "Every one man who exhibited the young elephant must have noticed the great difference, as a general thing, between the conduct of a betroted man and the young betrothed woman. He, the braver and tronger of the two, is utterly confused and bashful, and seeks to make a secret of the fact. She, on the contrary, tries to parade it, is proud of it, assumes a certain air of proprietorship over him, | cry of "Oh!" while his body, feet foreand offers to her friends little delicate confidence as to how nice it is to be on gaged and how dreadfully jealous he is if she looks at any one else. The cause of this is just one thing-the man is in love the girl is not. I have studied human nature: I have looked into the depths of hearts, I have made man and woman the study of my life, and I aver that the girl in love is rarer than a black rose: She simply has for her lover the same feeling that the young mother has for her baby. She has an anxious desire to see to him for life, to make sure that he is comfortable, that his buttons are all right, and that hi food is what it ought to be. She under stands that he is in love with her, and rejoices in the knowledge. The idea of losing his love is madness to her, but of herself she does not understand it .-A woman who is not selfish and greedy and mean, who does not smile on any one who can give her fine clothes and grand establishment, overflows with the mother-feeling all her life. She expends it on her doll in childhood, on her poodle, and on her kitten, or her canary afterward, and when the time comes, on her lover. Many a man would lose a great deal of his conceit and vanity if he knew how the girl whom he supposéd to be in love with him really felt. She also, would be surprised to hear that she was not in

love at all, but only delighted to have some one in love with her. AN ALBANY MYSTERY.-The Alba nv Argus says that on Wednesday an upper room in the Exchange building. occupied as the post office, was opened for the first time in seventeen years, the key being kept in an old drawer. An astonishing sight was presented. The floor was covered with dusty maps, branch of the business; but it is, in this piles of paper, old boxes, etc., while from one of the rafters a skull was hanging by a rope.

Immediately under this skull, upon he floor, were found a withered arm, hand and shoulder, while near by onehalf of the ribs. Near the door was a box. in which were discovered a large quantity of cinders and pieces of char red human bones, showing that an atempt had been made to burn the bones

A Young man who boards for a living says he found a song in the butter the other morning. When asked the title of the song, he said it was 'Only a

A FIENDISH LUNATIO.

HE ATTEMPTS TO BURN HIS CHILD LY ING SICK WITH SMALL-POX-HIS AR-REST AND COMMITMENT TO THE ALMS HOUSE. From the Reading Eagle.

On Wednesday night the neighbor

hood of Washington street, below Sec

ond, this city, was startled and aroused by loud cries of murder and police, coming from the dwelling house occupied by one Wm. Day, colored, and family. The shricking was done by his wife, who was leaning from a window, and screaming as if being murdered. Officer John Goodhart immediately proceeded to the place. and on complaint of Mrs. Day, arrested ber husband, and conveyed him to the ock-up. It seems that Day is a lunatic, ind upon frequent occasions has become violent and dangerous. On the night in question, he came home in a paroxyism of madness, and upon entering a bed that blood was plainly visible on the side room where was lying a child sick with small-pox, he proceeded to tear away the ed clothes and mutilate the furniture. He continued this, and to perfect his work of destruction he seized the sick child, and deliberately proceeded to place it on a hot stove in the room. Mrs. Day snatched the body from her crazy face down, in a pool of blood, with his husband's hands, wrapped it carefully, and opening the window she sang out murder at the top of her voice. At a hearing it became known that Day had been arrested some few days previous, on charge of drunkenness and creating a disturbance in that neighborhood. It is also stated that upon a certain occasion not very long ago, when he and his wife were passing the railroad, he was taken with a crazy fit, and in his rage attempted to throw his wife under a passing coal train. Taking these circumstances into consideration the Mayor very properly had the lunatic transferred to the proper department at the Alms House.

THE NORTHAMPTON TRAGEDY. SHOCKING MURDER OF A RESPECTED

CITIZEN OF BETHLEHAM. BETHLEHEM, PA., Feb. 22.-The body of Mr. Monroe Snyder, an elderly man. well-known and much-respected resilent of Bethlehem, was found in the Monocacy Creek this morning. The deceased had been murdered and robbed. He had been on a visit to New York and arrived home on the 9 o'clock train this evening, and between the depot and his ome was waylaid by the fleads, stabled, robbed and thrown into the creek. There is no clue to the murderers. The citizens are greatl, excited over the horror. An iquest was held soon after. The victim oas resided here for eight years, had con siderable means, and was engaged in the slate business on a large scale. He was on his way from the depot when murdered. It is thought he was followed from New York, and the Coroner has ummoned the Conductor of the train on which Mr. Snyder arrived, to appear.

Man Drawn Feet Foremost Between Iron Rollers.

It is scarcely ever within the province of a newspaper to chronicle a more sickmine accident than that which hannen. ed to James Milligan, on February 17th. who was drawn feet foremost through Mr. Milligan was employed as blacksmith's helper in the steel rolling-mill of Wheeler, Madden & Clemson, at Newburg, at New York. He was climbing upon a hoard laid across rods over the rollers, in order to place in position s wrench which is used to regulate the space through, which the heated steel and iron are passed, when the board suddenly tipped, causing him to fall. His feet struck upon the steep side in front of the rollers, which were revolving at the rate of sixty times a minute, and were instantly caught between them. The poor fellow had only time to atter the single nost, was being drawn through a space of only three and a half inches. Hardly a second had elapsed before the body was a shapeless mass of flesh, bones and clothes, presenting, as it did, a most horrible and sickening sight that eyes could look upon. It dropped from the rollers a limp and onlyering mass, and when straightened out covered a space of unusual tenderness of the skin, which ground that two men would occupy. caused many to spoil on the way to Not a whole or perfect bone remained in the body, and many bones were protruding through the flesh and clothing at different places. The head was a fearful sight to look upon. It had gone brough the rollers, face upwards, and it came out completely flattened and partially turned. Flowing from the mashed skull were the brains and blood in a stream sickening to behold. Strong-minded, able-bodied men, were borrified and hardly able to stand and | full prices. The advantage of our exlook at the scene, which really beggars description. His comrades who witnessed the terrible affair were struck dumb with awe, and rendered almost emotion less, and as silent as the corpse before them, except when question. The deceased served three years in the late war was about 33 years of age, and leaves a wife and two children in moderate cir-

THE OLD TIME.-There is a strange pain in coming suddenly upon some relic of one's by gone youth-some lock of golden hair, cut when your hair, gentle lady, was golden, which is so white now--some portrait painted when life was young. when the lips' red charm and the pride of the brow were in their prime, when the skin was satin which is now parchment. You feel it too, strong man though you are, and your lips curl half scornfully under your grizzled moustache as you look at the face of boylsh bloom which a wandering artist painted a quarter of a century ago. Was that you-that your face, with the frank, earless eyes which no care had made dim, the tell tale color, the eager mouth? What were the ambitions of that old time? How different they were, those bright day dreams, from the sober schemes of to day. How you hoped you trusted—with what sublime faith you looked on the future! Now you are old, and the world is cold, and the rose color of youth has faded into the sober gray of middle age. This is a better thing you try to think—you are viser, you are stronger—but there is a little pale, nevertheless, a sigh of longing for the "something sweet" which "Followed youth with flying feet, And can never come again."

er line. Double column adver-isements extra, Agricultural.

STARTING A FRUIT FARM.

Twelve lines constitute a square.
For Executors' and Adm'rs', Notices
For Auditors' Notices,
For Assignees' and similar Notices,
For Yearly Cards, not exceeding six lines,
For Announcements five cents per line uness contracted for by the year.
For Business and Special Notices, 10 cents

Some readers might like to know vhat outlay it would require to start a small fruit farm. If so, I can give them some figures which may be of

service. A man engaged in general farming as his main business should not attempt much in the fruit line unless he has plenty of capital, and also the requisite tact and energy for pushing both branches. He will find that they interfere with each other, and the demands of fruit are inexorable. When strawberries, for instance, are ripe, they must be marketed, no matter how many tons of clover are ready to be cut. The reverse is also true; if fruit-growing is your main interest, do not suppose that you can readily attend to farm crops at the same time. They will interfere more or less, and the man who attempts this sort of mixed farming must be prepared for extra expense and extra care to conduct both success

Ten acres in fruit, so divided that a succession of crops will follow all through the season, will furnish regular employment to at least three grown persons, and if several children can be added for the lighter work of pulling runners, "snipping" raspberry and blackberry canes, picking up stung fruit, assisting in curculio hunting, &c., so much the better. Fruit-growing has no lack of work. During the marketing season of the small fruits and grapes, of course a large extra force of oickers is needed; peaches, pears, quinces or apples on such a furm cen enerally be marketed by the regular

A man with moderate energy, with all the capital that he needed, would find that a farm of 15 acres would answer him very nicely. He could then put 103 acres. (divided as below.) have plenty of space for ornamental grounds about his buildings, and use 21 or 3 acres for raising clover, fodder, corn, vegetables, &c., for family use, and for his horse, cow and pig. The proportion of land for the various sorts of fruit which succeed well here, with the distances to plant, and a close approximation to the cost, are indicated as fol-

14 acres of Strawberries, 3 feet by 18 inches 11,521 piants, at \$2.50 per 1,000... \$30.50 per 1,000... \$1.50 32 67 127,50

The nursery stock thus needed for 104 acres would cost less than \$26 per acre. Plowing would cost (hired) about \$4 per day; wages for laborers to assist in planting, \$1.50 without board. What the total expense for planting would be I cannot say-it would depend very much on the proprietor's two massive rollers only three and a-half | tact for getting work done rapidly and inches apart, and which are used in flat- well. The largest item of labor connected with this estimate would be for digging holes for 644 pear and peach trees, but it can be done rapidly in our

> genial soil. I have assigned only half an acre to raspberries, because they have steadly decreased in profitableness for three or four years past and though mine were fine in 1872, they did not pay nearly as well as strawberries. Blackberries have their seasons of depression, but do fairly on the average. A neighbor of mine sold \$622 worth from two acres last season; and from one acre I sold \$218 worth (freight and commission out) the same season, and with no manuring for several years, though they were well cultivated. Strawber ries are about as reliable as any crop I can raise, taking the average of a series of years; last year less than 1,100 quarts returned me about \$188. Grapes did not do as well last year as in 1871cause, thrips, rot, low prices, and an market. They had more competition with peaches, also, the latter ripening later than in 1871, and grapes carlier. Nursery stock generally-pears excepted—costs much less now than when l negan here in 1866, while the prices for fruit average about the same; hence

a person desiring to go into fruit cul-

ture now will have some important

advantages over the rest of us who paid

perience with worthless and unsuitable

varieties, will also be worth some dol-

lars per acre to a man who makes it a

point to inquire into such matters .-Cor. Country Gentlemen. HOW TO FEED CATTLE .- Mr. Lawrence, the head farmer of the Illinois Industrial University, has, during the present winter, been making experiments in feeding. He had seven lots of cettle, each differently fed, but all fed the same amount of corn. One lot was fed cooked meal and steamed fodder and carrots; another raw meal and hay; another meal out of doors, and still another, corn and corn fodder out of doors. Well, the result has been that the steers ted corn and corn fodder out of doors, have done better, made a larger return for the time, money, labor and fodder invested, than any other lot. That is, the results of this careful experiment have demonstrated that, during this dry and cold winter, cattle fed out of doors and unprotected do better than cattle housed, coddled

sheds and currying. FARMING IN NEW-ZEALAND. - In cew-Zealand an important use is found in the scotch thistle, in farm economy. It spreads over the rough fern hills takes full possession of the ground, is partly etten by domestic animals, and n about four years is exhausted and disappears, having in the mean time nursed and protected a growth of clover and grass, which spring up and take its place, the long tap-roots of the thistle having opened and pulverized the coll and fitted it for the growth of he grasses; so says a correspondent of

the London Zimes.

and comforted with cooked meal, roots,