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Sold everywhere.
DAVID E. FOUTZ, Proprietor,
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Select Poetry.

TIME'S CHANGES.

BY MATTIE WINFIELD TORREY.

The songs we sang in other years,
They great us now no more;
The loves that roused our hopes and fears,
Are vanished now, and o'er.
The friends we loved are scattered wide,
Familiar scenes are changed;
And hearts that once were true and tried,
Are lifeless or estranged.

The lip the sweetest smile that wore;
The cheek that bloomed most fair;
The voice that charmed us long before,
With music rich and rare;
The eye whose lightest glance could still
Our hearts with love enthrall,
Whose smile could bless, whose frown could kill,
Are changed, or vanished, all.

The way was bright before us then,
The coming days seemed fair;
We mingled with our fellow men,
With hearts to do and dare.
The hopes of youth are faded now,
Its fevered dreams are past;
And time, upon our furrowed brow,
His silvery shade has cast.

We, too, are changed, but not in heart!
Old Time may do his worst,
He cannot from remembrance part
The things we loved at first.
The eye may dim, the cheek grow pale,
The snows of age may fall,
Yet shall our memory never fail
To heed affection's call.

Select Story.

Written for the SENTINEL.

FRANK REMSEN'S TRIAL.

"It was not accidental, I am certain. Somebody has committed the crime of arson," said Jacob Warren, a few days after his neighbor and former ward, Frank Remsen's dwelling and other farm buildings, with much valuable personal property, had been destroyed by fire.

"But," replied Lewis Hart, another neighbor, "who could have been guilty of a crime so atrocious? Frank has no bitter enemies, and robbery could not have been the object of the incendiary."

Jacob Warren looked troubled but made no reply. He was unwilling to admit, even to himself, that certain facts, of which he had knowledge, pointed to Frank Remsen not only as the incendiary, but as a murderer as well, for Lucilla Remsen, his sister, and only relative, had perished in the flames.

Jacob Warren and James Remsen, the father of Frank and Lucilla, had been playmates in boyhood and always intimate and true friends. Mr. Remsen died when Lucilla was fifteen and Frank seven years of age, and had constituted Mr. Warren the executor of his will and guardian of his motherless children.

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en's
guardianship over Frank was to continue during the latter's minority.

The trust thus created was fulfilled with the utmost fidelity. Lucilla Remsen did not marry and she and Frank found a congenial and happy home with their guardian.

Mr. Warren's family consisted [redacted] ank,
wife and three daughters, Josep[redacted] from
Harriet and Rose, aged respect[redacted] more
sixteen, fourteen and six years. [redacted] adly
was the pet of the household, a b[redacted] over.
and happy-hearted child, with a [redacted] ap-
ing, gentle nature, whom petting [redacted] n to
not spoil. Her sisters were good, [redacted] all,
hearted girls, who grew to wom[redacted] han
hood, married and lived the comm[redacted] of
place lives of the great majori[redacted]
mankind.

Rose and Frank soon became [redacted] to a
friends and grew up together as brother [redacted] with
and sister, cherishing for each other, [redacted]
apparently, true brotherly and sisterly [redacted]
regard, neither ever dreaming that [redacted]
beneath the surface of this quiet affec[redacted]
tion, a warmer sentiment lay in em[redacted]
bryo, only waiting the touch of time [redacted]
and circumstance to develop a pure [redacted]
and holy passion.

When Frank reached his twenty-first birth-day he and Lucilla took possession of their home. They would have preferred the continuance of the happy life at Mr. Warren's, but veneration for their father's memory and respect for his will prompted them to obey his last request without question.

The new life brought many cares and responsibilities, but careful training had well fitted them to fulfill all duties arising under their new relations; and for a little while the current of their lives continued to flow peacefully on, unbroken by any obstacle and unruffled by any storm.

Their home and that of their guardian became almost as one, both families maintaining unimpaired the freedom of their old-time intercourse. It thus fell out that not a day passed in which visits were not exchanged by some members of the respective households.

But a great change was impending. About the time the Remsens took possession of their ancestral home, a man named Matthew R. Coburn came from Western Pennsylvania, with his family, to the neighboring village of New Windsor, where he engaged in the business of keeping a tavern. He had a daughter named Mattie, who soon became noted in the village and surrounding country as a great beauty, a reputation that she fully merited.

One rarely meets with a more beautiful woman than was Mattie Coburn at the date of this story; but it was only physical beauty. Whether she possessed those innate qualities which, cultivated, would have made her a gentle, refined woman, I do not know. She had grown up in the atmosphere of a low tavern, frequented by rude and uncouth men, a school in which she had learned a bold and boisterous manner in strange contrast with the remarkable beauty of her person. In other respects her conduct was circumspect and careful.

Many of the young men of New Windsor and its vicinity became infatuated with her beauty and paid her court; but she encouraged none of them until Frank Remson and George Barton joined the ranks of her admirers. They were both handsome men, possessed of abundant means and soon gained her favor. At first neither seemed to have the preference in her regard, but she played them skilfully against each other until both were wild with love and jealousy. Then she accepted Frank Remsen's offer of marriage and promised to become his wife.

Outwardly George Barton accepted his defeat with calm philosophy, but his heart was filled with deadly hatred toward his successful rival, upon whom he silently vowed revenge.

It would be difficult to analyze Frank Remsen's emotions when he found himself Mattie Coburn's lover. He had pressed his suit with ardor, believing its success vital to his happiness; but he was a young man of sound judgment and correct principles, and his joy when that success was achieved was marred by reflections that would not vanish at his bidding. The truth is that only the surface of his nature had been touched by the girl's bewildering beauty and he was constrained to acknowledge to himself that his sister was justified in doubting, as he knew she did, whether the projected alliance would bring him permanent happiness. He was disturbed, too, by the conduct of Rose Warren, who met him with a reserve utterly at variance with her previous attitude toward him.

In pondering upon this change in Rose's manner it suddenly occurred to his mind that her regard for him might be different from that of a sister, and he was surprised at the pleasure he experienced at the reflection. "What a happy life," he thought, "I might have with Rose as my wife."

But Frank Remsen was an honorable man, and he resolutely put away the vision that had been revealed too late.

[redacted]

the disclosure of the motive that prompted her unusual conduct, for Mattie had a motive which she soon made apparent.

They had been discussing their approaching marriage and their future manner of living at Frank's home when Mattie, not without some hesitation, suddenly said:

"Frank, I cannot live in that out-of-the-way place. Your house would make an excellent prison. It is shut in on all sides by the hills and even fronts away from the public road, as if to prevent its inmates from catching a glimpse of passing travelers. Let your sister live there, and build a residence from which we can see something of the country around us."

"Well," Frank replied, "I must admit that the site of my home is not the most eligible that might have been selected, but the house is a very good one, and as Lucilla has concluded to accept the Warrens' invitation to make her future home with them, I see no way to gratify your desires, unless," he added jocosely, "I turn incendiary and burn the building for the sake of the insurance, with which I could build a verry pretty and comfortable cottage."

But Mattie was not in the mood to enjoy this pleasantry. She believed in the power of her beauty and had determined, before she accepted Frank, to make him erect a move pretentious dwelling than the secluded Remsen house and furnish it in a style befitting her estimate of her own merits. Coustant flattery had turned the girl's head and she expected her word would be law to her lover.

Considering her conduct in the light of this knowledge it is not surprising that the easy assurance with which her request was denied wounded her self-love and excited her anger. The result would have been a stormy lover's quarrel if Frank had not maintained his good nature.

As it was, Mattie wept, threatened and then implored him to grant her request. She could not endure the thought of defeat, perhaps because she had boasted to her friends that she would "wrap him around her finger." When tears, threats and prayers failed she accused him of heartlessness and declared her belief that he did not love her and had only been trifling with her.

Frank winced under this accusation. It was not really true, and yet he was fast becoming disenchanted with his charmer, and this gave, in his own mind, the color of truth to her charge, and made him more patient than he would otherwise have been with her outbursts of temper. Without yielding to her importunities he endeavored to soften his refusal by explaining to her that, while he possessed sufficient means to supply all reasonable wants, he would not feel justified in making the large expenditures required to create a new home with its appendages. "So you see," he laughingly concluded, "the only way to get the new house will be to burn the old one."

Five days after this conversation the Remsen property was destroyed by fire and Frank's sister perished with it.

Only a few charred bones were found to tell the dreadful story. Over those the county coroner held an inquest, but no evidence was elicited to indicate the origin of the fire.

Neither Frank Remsen nor Jacob Warren were present. Both were ill. Frank was severely burned and it was said had barely escaped with his life. Mr. Warren was prostrated from over exertion and disturbed by some powerful mental anxiety.

Speculation as to the cause of the conflagration was rife in the neighborhood, and it continued to be the absorbing subject of conversation among the people for weeks after the occurrence. Lewis Hart introduced it during a visit to Mr. Warren, and it was in reply to an opinion advanced by the former that the latter uttered the words quoted as the introduction to this story. As Mr. Warren seemed averse to speaking further concerning the matter after declaring his belief in the theory of arson, the subject was dropped and their conversation drifted into other channels. But an impression was made upon the mind of Mr. Hart that his neighbor knew more about it than he was willing to tell. This impression was strengthened by the arrest of Frank Remsen, a few days later, for the crime of arson, under a presentment by the grand inquest of Frederick county, within whose limits the territory in which these events occurred was at that time embraced.

The excitement created among Frank's friends and neighbors, by his arrest, was intense. Many of them utterly repudiated the idea of his guilt, holding that it was simply inconsistent with his well established character. Others, more cautious, said, "Let us wait and see. We do not know the evidence upon which the action of the grand jury was taken."

By and by it was whispered that the presentment was made upon the testimony of George Barton and Mattie Coburn. To what Barton had testified was unknown, but Mattie Coburn did not hesitate to tell that she had given in evidence Frank's remarks about burning his property for the sake of the insurance.

Many of Frank's real friends were puzzled and distressed by the reticence of Jacob Warren in regard to the case. Even in the privacy of his own home he maintained unvarying silence concerning it, much to the indignation of his daughter Rose, who could not endure the suggestion it implied of a doubt in his mind of Frank's innocence.

So perfect was her own confidence in the latters integrity that she would not have believed the evidence of her own senses against it.

"Father," she would sometimes say, "you know something which you think appears to make Frank guilty of this dreadful crime, but I am sure you are mistaken. He never did it—never. He could not. Such an act is contrary to his very nature. Oh, father! I know how good and true he is and I implore you not to let anything lead you to believe him guilty."

If Mr. Warren hoped to avoid appearing as a witness against his former ward by abstaining from comment on his case, that hope was groundless, as the sequel will show.

Owing to the heinous character of the crime bail was refused by the court and Frank was committed to the county prison to await trial. The experience was novel and by no means agreeable; but he bore it with fortitude. Desiring a speedy trial he promptly engaged the assistance of two of the most eminent attorneys at a bar then recognized as among the ablest in the State.

Their professional interest, which was heartily enlisted in the case at once, became after several interviews with their young client, personal also; and they made preparation for the defence with unusual energy and zeal. They were, from the first, hopeful of acquittal, but their best efforts failed to develop a theory that would demonstrate the innocence of the accused and account for the origin of the fire. Frank protested that he would rather be found guilty and suffer the penalty of the crime than escape conviction only to have his whole life overshadowed by suspicion of guilt.

When arraigned to plead to the indictment he responded in fervent tones, "not guilty—so help me God."

On the opening day of the trial the old court-room in Frederick was densely crowded with deeply interested spectators.

Little time was wasted in preliminary proceedings. Newspaper enterprise, at that date, was limited and nothing had been chronicled about the matter, in the public prints, except a brief account of the fire and Frank Remsen's arrest as the alleged incendiary, so that little was known by the people generally of the facts of the case. Few of the jury men were challenged and only two were disqualified because of having formed and expressed an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the accused.

The prosecuting attorney who, if his name were mentioned, would be remembered by some of the very old citizens of the county as one of the most brilliant lawyers of his day, made an impressive opening statement, in which he set forth the nature and extent of the evidence upon which the State relied to establish the guilt of the prisoner and obtain a verdict against him.

Frank's infatuation with the beautiful Mattie Coburn; her urgent request to him, after their marriage engagement, to provide her a more attractive house than his old dwelling; his suggestion that he could only gratify her request by becoming an incendiary and thus securing the sum for which his property was insured; the development of this suggestion in the young man's mind as a powerful and fatal temptation; the method of preparation for the commission of the crime as witnessed by two reliable and trustworthy persons and confirmed by the course of the fire, and finally the awful catastrophe which involved not only the destruction of his home but the life of his sister—all this was outlined and portrayed by the hand of a master and made a deep impression on court and jury. The revelation of a motive for the crime, having its origin in two of the most powerful passions of the human heart—love and avarice—made the guilt of the honest looking young man in the prisoner's box appear exceedingly probable. As the climax of the statement was reached in a graphic description of the awful tragedy the emotions of the audience could not be restrained. A groan of horror burst from every breast and lowering faces were turned toward the object of denunciation. Frank's case looked dark indeed and was not brightened by the declination of his counsel to make an opening statement until the conclusion of the testimony for the State.

The first witness called for the prosecution was Mattie Coburn. Rumors of her wonderful beauty had preceded her appearance, but the spectators could not repress a murmur of admiration as she took the stand and with perfect self-possession—some said boldness—glanced over the court-room.

The stern "silence in court" of the bailiff having suppressed the momentary disorder she was, after a few preliminary questions by the prosecutor, directed to tell all she knew concerning the connection of the prisoner at the bar with the burning of his property. Her testimony was substantially, a repetition of facts already known to the reader. She asserted her belief that from the manner of the accused, in his conversation with her, he then seriously contemplated the distruction of his home.

Upon cross-examination she admitted that she had divulged these threats to George Barton the day after they were made. She also further admitted that after Frank's arrest she had become engaged to marry Barton, and had neither seen nor held communication with the prisoner during his incarceration. When asked if she considered such conduct as becoming a true woman, she replied:

"You don't think I would marry a fellow who was in jail for burning his own house and his sister too, do you?"

The next witness was Jacob Warren. Others beside his daughter Rose had been led by his silence to suspect that he was in possession of some knowledge in regard to the cause of the fire. His remark to Lewis Hart had been repeated by that gentleman and had come to the ears of the prosecuting attorney, who had him summoned at a venture as a State's witness and then skilfully extracted from him all that he knew concerning the affair. His manner plainly indicated that he was a reluctant witness, and this only gave greater force to his testimony.

He was asked the usual preliminary questions and then directed to state all he knew concerning the crime whereof Frank Remsen stood accused at the bar of that court. To this he replied:

"It is a hard duty that is laid on me, but I will endeavor to testify fully to all the facts within my knowledge, without evasion or concealment. The fire occurred on the night of September 19th, about half past eleven o'clock. On that day I had been in Frederick, and was detained until nearly night-fall. I travelled on horseback and had to pass the Remsen's place to reach my own home. The road runs within about fifty feet of the line of the rear wall of the burned dwelling and at a slight elevation above it. The road is not straight and I could not see the house until I reached a point about fifty or sixty yards from it. Then the side of it came in view. It was an L shaped house with the stem of the L, or back building as it really was, extending towards the road. This back building was about forty-five feet long, and had a kitchen and two rooms on the first floor. The kitchen was at the end towards the road; next to the kitchen, the dining room and beyond that the family sitting room. Between the dining room and sitting room a stairway led to the second floor which was divided into three bed rooms. Lucilla's room was over the dining room and Frank's over the sitting room. The room over the kitchen, which was reached by a stairway leading directly from that apartment, was kept for the use of occasional employes. The regular help employed by the Remsens consisted of an entire family—man, wife, son and two daughters—who occupied a tenant house about one hundred yards from the dwelling. Only Frank Remsen and his sister occupied the dwelling on the night of the fire. There was no moon that night, but it was clear and starlight and when I reached the point in the road from which the house could be seen, it was distinctly visible. There was a light in the kitchen which illuminated the side window. It was then about 11 o'clock. When I came to a point in the road opposite the end window, the interior of the kitchen was partially revealed. There was a curtain at the lower half of the window but it had only been drawn over about one-third of the window space and I could see into the kitchen quite plainly. I was riding slowly, and the condition of the room induced me to pause and look more carefully. What I saw was a lot of furniture, chairs, tables, &c., piled together against the partition that separated the kitchen from the dining room. A man stood beside the pile of furniture with a vessel of some kind in his hand. It looked like an oil can, and he seemed to be pouring its contents over the furniture. The man stood with his left side toward me and I saw his profile distinctly. He looked exactly like Frank Remsen. I recognized the profile as Frank's. His employment appeared rather singular, but I had no suspicion of any wrong, and, as the hour was late, I rode on to my house, about one-third of a mile distant, stabled and fed my horse, and was about to go to my own bed, when I saw a glare of light in the direction of the Remsen's place. I ran as rapidly as I could to the scene, but when I reached it the whole back building was in flames. Frank, himself, rushed from it just as I arrived. He was only partially dressed, and his clothing, hair and beard were scorched and his face, hands and arms blistered by the fire. He asked wildly, "my God, Mr. Warren, have you seen Lucilla?" I told him no and asked him how the fire occurred. He said he didn't know; that he was awakened from sleep by the noise made by the flames, and thinking first of Lucilla, had thrown on a garment and rushed into her room, which was filled with smoke through which the flames were darting. That he called Lucilla's name, but received no answer; and then groped his way to the bed in which she slept, but she was not there. That he then endeavored to search the room, and repeatedly called her name, but she did not reply, and he was at last forced to fly to save his own life. That perhaps she had escaped from the building and frightened by the fire had fled in terror from the scene.

When it became known with certainty that she had perished, he exhibited the deepest distress and would not be comforted."

Before proceeding to cross examine Mr. Warren, counsel for the defence conferred with the prisoner and then asked the witness if he knew any young man in his neighborhood who resembled Frank Remsen, especially in proffle. He replied that he had never noticed such a resemblance; that to the best of his knowledge and belief the man he had seen in the Remsens' kitchen, was Frank Remsen, reluctant as he was to believe it. He also stated that shortly after reaching his home, after that scene, and while at his stable, he had heard a horse pass going at a quick gallop, and from the peculiar sound of the hoof beats on the road, thought the animal was lame.

At the conclusion of Mr. Warren's testimony court adjourned until the following day.

About nine o'clock the same evening Frank's counsel were at the office of one of them on Court street, engaged in the consideration of his case when they were interrupted by a timid knock at the door. Their visitor proved to be Rose Warren, accompanied by a middle aged man named Jerry Thompson, a blacksmith who carried on his trade about a mile from Mr. Warren's. Rose told the purpose of her visit as briefly as possible.

She said the thought of Frank Remsen's peril had made her so restless during the morning of that day that she could not remain quietly at home. In this mood she had gone over to the site of the burnt buildings and while there was so wrought upon by the danger threatening her old playmate and friend, that she had crouched upon the ground near the site of the side window of the kitchen, and in that attitude had wept and prayed that some evidence might be discovered to make Frank's innocence manifest to the court and jury. That after a time she became calm and began to look about her. Soon her attention was attracted by a small bright object which she picked up and found to be a gold ring set with a sparkling stone and engraved inside with the initials "G. B." It appeared like a small thing but something seemed to tell her that it might have an important bearing on Frank's case, and she started homeward to see and consult her mother about it. That in her haste she left the path which ran by the roadside and took a course leading directly to her home. This brought her into a wooded ravine which could not be seen from the road. That while hastening along she saw a horse shoe of peculiar shape lying in the way, and carried that home also. That when these articles was shown to her mother the latter expressed the hope that they might in some way assist Frank in his trial, and the mother and daughter then went to see the blacksmith, Thompson, who said he believed an important discovery had been made, and at once agreed to come with her and submit the matter to Frank's counsel.

Thompson then stated what he knew concerning the articles found by Rose, who was assured that she had brought evidence which would probably entirely exonerate the accused.

After Rose and the blacksmith had left the office to seek her father, Frank's lawyers heartily congratulated each other on the favorable turn in the case of their client and one of them said:

"But what a charming girl is this country maiden to be sure. Frank Remsen deserves to be convicted for passing her by for that bold beauty who testified against him to-day."

"Yes," said the other, "Miss Warren is certainly a superior woman. She is amiable, intelligent and pretty too. But the Coburn girl is beautiful enough to turn any man's head until he learns her shallow, sordid nature. I am very much mistaken if Frank Remsen has not been thoroughly cured of his penchant for her, beautiful as she is."

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

VERMIN ON STOCK.

I have noticed several articles on the destruction of vermin on livestock. We all have a way of our own, which is all right if based upon reason and common sense. My way is to lock the barn before the horse is stolen. "An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure," is an old saying if rightly used and applied. My belief is that no perfectly healthy domestic animal will ever breed or be infested with vermin if properly treated and cared for, and most all diseases may be warded off or prevented by using timely remedies or preventatives. During twenty years of farm experience I used from fifteen to twenty-five pounds of sulphur every year, which can be bought for six cents per pound by the quantity. To prepare it for use, to one part sulphur add two parts salt, one part fine wood ashes, the stronger the better. Place it under an open shed if you have it; if not, in the yard, and put a cover over it, where all can have access when they please, and feed no other salt. During the last twenty years I have kept from one to ten horses constantly, kept and fed hundreds of cattle, hogs and sheep, and never lost by disease or otherwise one hundred dollars, all told. In stall-feeding cattle, I give them a warm stable, plenty of fresh bedding, and use the card freely every day. To guard against lice, take an old tin baking powder can, fill about half full of flour of sulphur, perforate the cover with small holes, replace, and you are ready for business. Take your card in left hand, your pepper box in right; get on near side of steer. Commence at tail and rake the hair toward the head with card, following up with a light sprinkling of sulphur from your box, from tail to horns. Then give the hair a light brush with hand back and forth, to work sulphur down into the hair. Repeat this and in two or three weeks allow them all of the sunshine, but keep well sheltered from the storm. Crowd all of the feed into them that they will take and take clean. My word for it, you will be troubled with no lice and will get good returns for your trouble and feed.—*Cor. Toledo Blade.*

Curing of Grass.

E. C. Bailey, in FARM AND HOME.

I once laid up a mow of timothy and redtop, with a small percentage of clover. One part of the hay was cut as soon as the herdsgrass was in bloom; the rest in the same field was allowed to ripen. The early-cut hay produced milk and growth without meal. When it was half gone we changed to the late cut hay, and fed the whole mow. The stock survived the change, but when the early cut hay was resorted to again, began to show signs of life, and the growth and milk produced was all in favor of the early cut hay. I have often regretted that the figures were not preserved, but I have had the experience and shall not soon forget it, and shall never doubt the value of hay cut in the early part of July, nor the almost worthlessness of September grass. An important matter to consider is the condition of the field after the hay is removed. That portion of the mowing which I cut early, started a heavy aftermath, and held out to several good crops of hay in subsequent years, while the later-cut portion failed much sooner. Hay may be cut too soon, but I had only one piece of grass to cut, that would be cured as soon as the stalks had attained the natural growth and begun to show by blossoming that the further efforts of nature would not be in the making of hay, but in the production of plant, by perfecting seed. Hay seed is good feed, but costs too much by the bushel. All grasses native to our soil and all weeds and other coarse matter in the hay is of far greater value cured before the deposit of bitter matter in the fodder.

Farm Work Still.

"It is greatly to be regretted," was remarked in the hearing of an Illinois farmer, "that farmers' boys do not stick to the farm. It seems as if scarcely any of them do."

"Oh, I dunno," said the farmer. "I've raised eight boys and they're all farmers 'cept one."

"Is that so? Only one of them caught by the glitter of the city, eh?"

"Yes, that's all. Poor Bob would go, in spite of all I could do—run away to the city when he was twelve; and we hain't never seen him since, though it has been over twenty years. But I dunno but it's all right; he hadn't no likin' for farm work, nor wouldn't take no interest in it. He jes' seemed to hate the farm, and didn't know enough about farm work to drive ducks to water."

"Yes, I think it was better that he should leave the farm, as he evidently had no taste for it. Is he in the mercantile business?"

"Oh, no, nothing of the kind," replied the farmer. "No, for the last ten years Bob has been editor of an agricultural paper. He writes most all of the 'Hints to Farmers,' 'How to do Farm Work,' 'Stick to the Farm, Boys,' and such things."

Be brief, for it is with words as with sunbeams, the more they are condensed, the deeper they burn.

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