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DENTON, MD., SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1873.

NO. 36.

ferent points of view.

THE WAGES OF SIN IS DEATH.

DOMESTIC SHAME AND SORROW.

son were thrown into bankruptcy.

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W. SNYDER.

Or glimpse through æons old? The secrets which the mountains kept, county to call sales. He has been an auctioneer for The river never told. many years, and believes and knows, if employed

left at the Journal Office will be promptly attended | But from the vision ere it passed A tender hope I drew, And, pleasant as a dawn of spring, The thought within me grew.

That love wou'd temper every change And soften all surprise, And, misty with the dreams of earth,

A MYSTERY.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The open pines between.

Clear into sunlight sprang;

The mountains that I sang!

No clew of memory led me on,

But well the ways I knew;

With every footstep grew.

Could lean the blasted pine;

So up the long and shorn foot-hills

So green and low, the meadow fold

Their place the mountains took,

Its red-baired kine asleep.

Wore no unwonted look.

Yet ne'er before that river's rim

Was pressed by feet of mine,

That broken mountain line.

Never before mine eye hath crossed

Walked with me as my guide;

The skirts of some forgotten life

Trailed noiseless at my side.

The mountain road should creep;

Not otherwise the maple hold

Aloft its red ensign.

Not otherwise above its crag

I saw the river of my dreams

The hills of Heaven arise. AN AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

"It's always pleasanter to give people Thorneycroft.

And so he stepped more mineingly over the frozen ground, although he was a good mile and a half from the country house whither his footsteps were bound, as if the old cedar trees and leafless tangle of blackberry bries along the roadside were so many ears to hear, and telegraphic wires to report.

A snug little man, slightly bald on the crown of his head, with a leg of to him, the solitary p azza was swarm- fully serious. the sunny side of a winter apple. This was Mr. Thomeycroft's pen photograph, as he plodded his way over the desolate road which led from the station at Winterdale to the Clinton home-WM. G. ROBERTS stead-at least in so far as the stagedriver's rather misty directions were to

be credited. "I should a s'posed they'd ha' sent the carriage to meet you, sir," said the man. "It's a good three mile, and not the easiest road in the world nei-

"But you see my good friend, they don't expect me," said Thorneycroft. "I intend to surprise them."

"Humph," said the man. "I don't CHAS. E. SHANAHAN, b'lieve in surprises; but it ain't me as hills, with the wind fit to freeze the nose off my face."

So saying, the misanthropic Jehu Will practice in the Courts of Talbot, Carowhipped up his horses, and Mr. Thorneycroft, nowise disheartened, commenced his twilight tramp.

"Clinton don't look for me till next before him. week," he said to himself, "How he will stare to see me walk in upon him! Talbot seems almost impossible that ten years pressure on his cravat; "it is-" have elapsed since last we looked upon own! He wrote to me that his pretty him safe enough." wants me to fall in love with Nora Kin- for a sneak-thief anywheres." I've been a great deal too busy to think my friend," was the response, "bt just Pray accept my apology." mony; but now that my business seems | tight Carlo!"

fashion settled, why-"

kers with complacent meditation. pecial attention given to the Collecupon the agreeable surprise he was cious!" the icy touch of the chill north-west a good stout padlock and plenty of gaged pair. wind, as it whistled over the plains and chain!

the Arctic regions playing hide and

seek with a half dozen other Boroan The river hemmed with leaning trees blasts. Mr. Thorneycroft's feet were Thorneycroft. "I am-" Would through its meadows green; A low, blue line of mountains showed couldn't but reflect that that purple "But I came to-One sharp, tall peak above them all

thing," he thought, a little uneasily .- is by all odds the best policy."

in this climate!" even to a desolate twilight tramp over tile, and locked in. a February wilderness, and presently "Is this the way to treats Christian

nand lives, eh? Pretty grounds-arbor his prison house. A presence, strange at once and known,

> across the piazza and flattened his nose a gentleman when they see him." against the glass of the window.

blazing on the open hearth stover two suspicious aspect. slender, dark haired and graceful.

thought Mr. Thorneycroft. "Confound to be the end of his "surprise?"

panes of glass.

growls masculine.

"Don't let him come in here," cried | ple again." were only at home!"

"I've got you, vou villain!" roared a himself shaken to and fro, like a hur- stiffness in all his limbs. "Ferdinana ricane, while a painful apoplectic sensa- old fellow!" tion took possession of the man total "You're the fellow that has been sneak- window was clear and radiant now thieving round the country, the past month; are you? Well, you've got to the end of your rope at last. Where is the end of your rope at last. Where is the end of your rope at last. Where is the end of your rope at last. Where is the end of your rope at last. Where is the end of your rope at last. Where is the end of your rope at last. Where is the end of your rope at last. Where is the end of your rope at last. Where is the end of your rope at last. Where is the end of your rope at last. Where is the end of your rope at last. Where is the end of your rope at last. Where is the end of your rope at last. Where is the end of your rope at last. Where is the end of your rope at last. Where is the end of your rope at last. Where is the end of your rope at last. Where is the end of your rope at last. Where is the end of your rope at last. Where is the end of your rope at last. Where is the end of your rope at last. Where is the end of your rope at last. Where is the end of your rope at last is the essential nature of all wines are your rope at last. Where is the end of your rope at last is the essential nature of all wines are your rope at last is the essential nature of all wines are your rope at last is the essential nature of all wines are your rope at last is the essential nature of all wines are your rope at last is the essential nature of all wines are your rope at last is the essential nature of all wines are your rope at last is the essential nature of all wines are your rope at last is the essential nature of all wines are your rope at last is the essential nature of all wines are your rope at last is the essential nature of all wines are your rope at last is the essential nature of all wines are your rope at last is the essential nature of all wines are your rope at last is the essential nature of all wines are your rope at last is the essential nature of all wines are your rope at last is the essential nature of all wines are your rope at last is the essential nature of all wines are your rope at last is th has got to walk the three miles over the Deacon Barley's overcoat? Where are a burglar?" Mrs. Grimes' silver spoons? Where have you hidden Colonel Johnson's

separate shake for each interrogatory. Mr. Thorneycroft, who had been the matter. pulled to his feet through no exertion of his own, stood helplessly staring straight were?"

I wonder what he will be doing? It ing to free himself- from the strangling vers, to speak a word?" each other's faces. And to think that his captor, a muscular young-fellow, ing his friend's hand I been ry as well as partner. At one time his selves; they increase in size, and in dohe's a sober old edition of Benedick the somewhat taller than himself. "There, at home, it never would have happened. profits from the refinery gave him \$1,000 ing so they press against the more yield-

Talbot allot sister-in-law was staying there too. - "Oh, my!" ejaculated a voice from ready, and -" Aha, I know what the sly dog is up to, the crowd of women servants at the Upon my word, sir," put in a genial ture dealer in New York, one of the blood is not carried to the arteries although he covered up his meaning door; "what an ill-looking old villain voice. "I am heartily sorry that such oldest in his line in that city. A short of the brain faster; than is natural or under a double stratum of words. He he is, to be sure!" I'd a known him a misunderstanding should have occur- time since one of the oldest resident healthful, but it is prevented from leav-

fellow, Harry? chirped a soft voice; whisper: "Just engaged to Nora, my surroundings could bring to insure hap-said a gentleman to a pert beauty. -And Mr. Thorneycroft felt his whis- the screaming, by the way, having by wife's sister. Ha, ha! old fellow, you piness. They made their sumptuous "They are not worth a farthing, sir," this time subsided into a volley of sighs | see you're a day behind the tair." But even as he congratulated himself and long breaths and "O goodness gra- And during the long siege of inflam- among the brilliant life of the metropo-

7:24 1. . . . . . . . .

"But it's so cold there!" with a pity- case the sport had hardly been worth | what he was writing about. But his

nose and check-bones, looking as if they "We know quite well what you came were coated with red varnish, would after, my worthy friend," answered the hardly add materially to the graces of muscular hero. "Any necessary explahis first appearance before Miss Nora nation can be made before a magistrate Kincaid, Mr. Chnton's beautiful sister- to-morrow Carlo, old boy, d'ye mind? Carlo wagged his tail meaningly. "If "Perhaps it would have been wiser he opens his mouth, on him, my dog." for me to have hired a bnggy or some- Now, friend, you will find that silence

"But then I couldn't have surprised And thus Mr. Thorneycroft was drag-'em half so neatly. Whew-ew-ew! I ged ignominiously across the lawn, wonder if people's ears ever do freeze through a sort of paved court, to a sepulchrally smelling stable, where it was However, there is an end to all things, | cold as Greenland and damp as the Bas-

our hero came in sight of the welcome he indignantly demanded, the minute lights of the handsome white house on six good inches of door plank were bee en in this catastrophe. the side hill, just as dusk was draw- tween him and Carlo's double row o ing its sombre veil over all the land- gleaming fangs. "Listen, you fellow!

"I don't really think I could have But the sound of vanishing footsteps walked much further be - was all the answer he received, and a of the most prominent re resentatives downward. A quarrel between Fisk self. "And it is beginning ... snow hoarse growl told that the dogs had of the wealth and beneficience of that and Stokes followed It was carried inquite fast. So, this is where old Ferdi- mounted guard across the threshhold of city, retired from business with a hand- to an affair of business. Fisk refused

vitæ hedge-nice idea of a lawn; upon The room was quite dark and dis- viously he had married a Miss Stiles, a make a dividend, and thus cut off my word, the place is more extensive mally cold, but from a rustling under- daughter of a leading Philadelphian, Stokes supplies. This disgraceful rethan I had supposed. Lights shining neath his feet our hapless hero could and seeking a home of ease and elegance, lations became more shameless, and the through red curtains-quite pictur- discover that there was straw sufficient Mr. Stokes chose Philadelphia as his fu- father-in-law, Sothwick, sent his daughesque! A lucky thought-I'll take a for a bed, upon which he nestled down, peep at 'em all before I introduce my- wrapping himself up with his overcoat self. How Ferdinand will stare! Ha! with a spasmodic fit of shivering.

And on tiptoe Mr. Thorneycroft crept himself-"the ill-bred louts, not to know promise, a quick active mind, a gener- from Devoe, an old merchant, which

on the centre-table; a great fire of logs the circumstances did wear rather a er sons were born in the period between one of them would bail him, and he was or three little children playing at build- "It will be all right to-morrow, when ing block towers on the rug, and two they give me a chance to explain mat-

pretty women reading by the light- ters, thought Mr. Thorneycroft, striving to be hopeful. "I wonder which of 'em, is No a?" But in the meantime—Alas, was this best.

it, they've both got their faces turned The winter night wore away, and sity, and took high rank as a scholar. away. Perhaps at the further window Mr. Thorneycroft, huddled up in his He went to New York at the age of sev- er that took out to Europe the murder a surprise, when you can," said Mr. Toould see, if, if-" straw like a convict in a prison cell Tiptoeing across the snow-besprin- shivered all through the long lonely Perry, an extensive cheese dealer. Per- duced by her family for his wife, who kled planks, our hero's boot soles played hours. Rheumatic pains began to dart ry failed three years latter, and young still remains abroad. him, literally speaking, a slippery trick, through his limbs; frequent sneezes Stokes made a new partnership with a If young men in our communities and down he came in a sitting posture, shook him from head to foot, avant cou- junior of the collapsed house, and they, could only ride on express trains to the his head striking smartly against the riers of a hearty attack of influenza; as Stokes & Budlong, opened a store on devil, and take no one with them, there and he felt his neck growing stiffer and Vessey street. They had excellent suc- would be less to be said, since, aside "Oh!" cried Mr. Thorneycroft, with stiffer. Poor Thorneycroft! if he had cess, their foreign ship trade being very from these considerations, it is every an acute accent of mingled pain and been twenty years younger, he would large, calling Stokes to visit Europe man's individual right to barter away probably have regarded the whole af- several times within the next few sea- his life and fortune and sacred honer at And in hardly a second, as it seemed fair a joke, but now it was too mourn- sons. About this time the senior his own price. Satan buys a great

gray eyes and a fresh complexion like ing with life. He was seized round the "Why couldn't I have rung the door York, where he made his office with his and at short option for seller. But collar by a Herculean grasp; two sav- bell, like a Christian?" he asked him- son, though not originally intending to every ear is part of a family train. The age dogs hung at his coat tails, the air self regretfully. "Or better still, why become entangled in business. Such shock and crush of shame and disgrace was resonant with shricks feminine and didn't I telegraph that I was coming? was the result, however, and not only must fall on the innocent as well as the I never will undertake to surprise peo- were the father, but other and promi- guilty. In behalf of the fathers and

> forth from one of the fair students. "I sort of unquit slumber, from which ne tures of Stokes & Budlong. The fail- of Edward Stokes. Where has romance shall die if you do! Oh, if Ferdinand was aroused by the turning of a key in | ure of the firm followed and father and | woven anything so sail? Where, in a rusty padlock without. "Hey! whose there ?" he cried aloud.

> gruff voice, as Mr. Thorneycroft felt starting up as well as he could for the Stokes embarked next in the enterpise light and shade, from the brightest

interrupted by irrepressible bursts of tage (we wish it were less employed by form of alcohol, is to send the blood sleigh-robes and bells? eh?"—with a laughter on the part of his friend, who even more scrupulous railway managers there faster than common, hence the could not but see the ridiculous side of than he) supplied by his coporation, in circulacion that gives the red face. It

"I dare say; likely story," responded ception," said Clinton, warmly press- cessful competion. Stokes was secreta- for it the arteries have to enlarge themmarried man now, with children of his there, Nora, don't scream so, I've got But come in and get warmed; you are per week.

said Ferdinand Clinton; and as Thor- with Miss Southwick seemed to lack drunk. - Dr. Hall. beyond danger, and things are after a "Where are you going to put the poor neycroft bowed stiffly, he added in a nothing that wealth, position and social "A PENNY for your thoughts, miss,"

matory rheumatism that followed, our lis. about to give his old college friend Fer- "In the chamber over the brick sta- hero was doomed to be a daily witness The next scene in the drama brings Your photograph dinand Clinton, he could not but feel ble. He'll keep there, I imagine, with of the billings and cooings of the en- the infamous woman Mansifeld into the WHAT is that which has its head at

Poor Mr. Thorneycroft! Truly, in his turies ago, and we fear Solomon knew A river

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e canal. Clinton thought, it all a painting has never been surpassed, and "jolly lark," but then Clinton hadn't if somebody could have slipped some "Will you hear me?" gasped poor been locked up all night in the state Stokes' mind the little pen portrait, chamber, with six weeks of inflamitory made more than two thousand years ago getting cold; his hands felt like ice even "Come along, and no more of your rheumatism by way of a sequel. And of Josephine Mansfield and her infain his fleecy-lined gloves; and he nonsense!" was the brusque rejoinder. things do look so differently from dif- mous 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 THE CAREER OF S. STOKES-IIIS RELAincreaseth the transgressions among TIVES AND VICTIMS—A SAD TALE OF

Her feet go down to death; her steps The career of Edward Stiles Stokes, take hold on hell. now under sentence of death for the mur-

Her house inclineth into death, and

der of James Fisk, forcibly illustrates her pains into the dead. None that go how deeply a great crime strikes among unto her returns gain. the innocent victims, and that wealth, He goeth after straightway, as an ox culture and standing are no sure safe-

goeth to the slaughter. guards against the saddest vicissitudes She hath casted down many wounded. of human experience. It is rare that a yea many strong men have been slain reference of this kind includes sufferers by her.

of like high prominence, for there are no Her house is the way to hell, going better names in New York or Philadeldwn to the chamber of death. phia than those borne by persons strick-The dead are there. Her guests are

in the depths of hell. In the year 1838, Edward H. Stokes, And just precisely that happened a successful cloth merchant in New which the Son of David predicted; from York, and nearly connected with some the house of the harlot the path turned some competency. Eight vears pre- to allow the Hunter's Point concern to ture residence. There his eldest son ter and child to Europe early in 1871, was born, in 1839, and named Edward to remove her from the scene of scan-Stiles, after a maternal relative. The dal. Stokes, enraged at Fisk, used his "The scoundrels," he muttered to lad was a boy of unusual beauty and position as secretary to collect \$30,000 ous and loving disposition—these traits sum he held openly and definantly as But when he remembered that his en- being remembered well after the lapse his share of the profits. Fisk caused A quiet domestic scene met his view; emies had really not seen him thus far, of years by those who knew him well at his arrest on a criminal charge. Stokes a shaded lamp like some tranquil moon and could not confess to himself that that time. Two daughters and two oth-1840 and 1850. The family is recalled forced to make terms and submit, and as being rarely endowed with all that refund the money. His relations to seemed needed to insure the happiness Fisk were bitter, and out of the intenof the household. The home was one sity of the evil passions and criminaliof wealth and luxury the culture of the ties of his position with Mansfield grew murder. Turn to Solomon again, and Edward was educated at the Univerthere is no mystery in the chain of sequences. It is said that the same steamenteen, to enter into the store of Samuel of Fisk by Stokes carried a divorce pro-

Stokes was induced to remove to New many of these poor fellows very cheap, nent wealthy relatives, gradually, but mothers and sisters of the community, a falsetto voice, doubtless proceeding Toward the morning he drifted into a heavily involved in the extended ven- let general warning be made of the case modern communities have been given With the wreck of his fortune young more abrupt and startling variation of of establishing an oil refinery at Hun- point of promise and assured happiness ter's Point. Three hundred thousand to the depths of darkness and misery, For the light through the eastern dollars were expended in the works; than those on which the curtain falls?

which were to be of the first class, when. "Why it's Thorneycroft!" bawled a the company fell into difficulties, and at How Drinking Causes Appoplexy, ry. Jim was in the full tide of his ope of blood to the brain. The first effect And Mr. Thorneycroft told his tale, rations with Erie. He held the advan- of taking a glass of wine or stronger transportation and control of the mar- in reases the activity of the brain, and "But why didn't you tell 'em who you ket, as the Erie was the great thorough- it works faster, and so does the tongue. fare of the oil regions. A compact was But as the blood goes to the brain taster "How could I?" snapped Mr. Thor- struck. Fisk entered the refinery com- then common, it returns faster, and no neveroft, "when they didn't give me a pany, reinforced capital, and with a special harm results. But suppose a "It's all a mistake," he croaked, try- chance, with their dogs and their revol- change of name and heavy 'drawbacks' man keeps on drinking, the blood is on the Eric freight bills, the Hunter's sent to the brain so fast, in such large "Well, it is rather an inhospitable re- Point refinery sailed strongly into suc- quantities, that in order to make room ing flaccid veins which carry the blood as a snow image. Breakfast is just In 1864, Stokes married the daughter out of the brain and thus diminish their of J. W. Southwick, a prominent furni- size, their pores, the result being that red. I'm afraid I screwed your neck- showed us a set of furniture, a wedding ing it as fast as usual hence, a double caid. Well, why not, if she's half as "I'm no sneak-thief!" ejaculated Mr. cloth up pretty tight once or twice, last outfit brought to Chicago, in 1836, set of causes are in operation. Hence a pretty and agreeable as his letters have Thorneycroit, "I am-" evening; but things did look rather bought of Mr. Southwick, who is now a man may drink enough of brandy or made her out to be? Up to this time Never mind your genealogical lible, ugly for you, vou must own yourself. - man of immense wealth, and still in ac- other spirits in a few hours, or even tive business in a great Broadway cs- minutes, to bring on a fatal attack of about such luxuries as love or matri- come with me. Good dog, Bose! Hold "This is my friend Mr. Allston," tablishment. The wedding of Stokes apoplexy. This is literally being dead

home in the Hoffman House, and moved she replied; "I was thinking of you." WHAT is that which must be taken from you before you can give it away?

plot. Solomon described her many cen- one end, and its mouth at the other ?-

Constitution of the second sec