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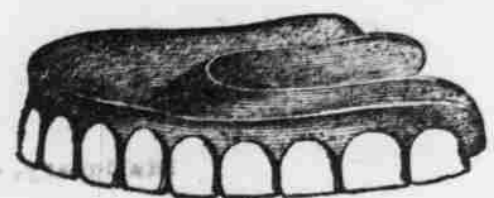
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Highest Cash Price paid for all kinds of  
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WANTED, ALL THE PORK IN Polk County, for which the highest cash price will be paid.

AT THE  
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HAVING PURCHASED A LARGE AND complete Stock of NEW GOODS, and receiving fresh supplies every week I can supply everybody with.

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And all articles found in a GENERAL VARIETY STORE, I would respectfully call the attention of the Public to my Establishment.

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Cor. Main and Court Streets,  
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HAVING PURCHASED THE ABOVE Stand of Mr. A. H. Whitley, we have refitted and restocked it in such a manner as will satisfactorily meet every want of the community.  
Buggies, single or double, Hacks, Concord Wagons, etc., etc.,  
Furnished at all hours, day or night, on short notice.  
Superior Saddle Horses, let by the Day or Week.  
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27-11

## A RUINED FAMILY. The Career of Edward Stiles Stokes—His Relatives and Victims.

A Sad Tale of Domestic Shame and Sorrow.

The other day, there sat by our elbow in the Tribune editorial-room a young man stained with a deliberate crime, whose consequences, if pursued, would land him in the Penitentiary. He had no defense for his guilt. But the case was one surrounded with circumstances which made it the interest of other parties to save rather than prosecute him, and he was anxious to close all the news channels against exposure. He made a touching appeal in behalf of his father and mother, his wife and children. "Think how you will plunge all my relatives in grief? This same appeal is often made by those overtaken in wrong-doing. What is more irresistible than the direct counter-appeal: 'Young man, why did you not think of them yourself?' Why ask strangers to be more merciful to these loved ones than he, the only one who could have saved them? The saddest of all features in all the cases of the calendar of wrong doing is the undeserved suffering of the innocent ones who get grief-stricken in the penumbra of a great crime. The offender calculated his chances, took the risk, and saw the cloud above his head. They, on the contrary, in many cases, receive the bolt out of the clear sky, no small part of the accumulated guilt of most criminals in this antecedent utter disregard of the tender household ties that should hold them in the way of right, instead of which they are kept coiled on board as a last resort in case of shipwreck.

Without further moralizing we have thought that, though the task is no great one, the career of E. S. Stokes, now under sentence of death for the murder of James Fisk, may be fully given as illustrating how deeply a great crime strikes among the innocent victims, and that wealth, culture, and standing are no safeguard against the saddest vicissitudes of human experience. It is rare that reference to this kind includes sufferers of like high prominence, for there are no better names in New York or Philadelphia than those born by persons in this catastrophe.

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

Edward was educated at the University, and took high rank as a scholar. He went to New York at the age of seventeen, to enter into the store of Samuel Perry, on South Water Street an extensive cheese dealer. Perry failed three years later, and young Stokes made a new partnership with a junior of the collapsed house and they as Stokes and Budlong, opened a cheese store on Vesey street. They had excellent success, their foreign shipping

trade being very large, calling Stokes to visit Europe several times within the next few seasons. About this time the Senior Stokes was induced to remove to New York, where he made his office with his son, though not originally intending to become entangled in business. Such was the result however, and not only were the father but other prominent wealthy relatives gradually but heavily involved in the extended venture of Stokes & Budlong. The failure of the firm followed, and father and son were thrown into bankruptcy.

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

In 1864, Stokes married the daughter of J. W. Southwick, a prominent furniture dealer in New York, one of the oldest in his line in that city. A short time since one of our oldest residents showed us a set of furniture, a wedding outfit brought to Chicago in 1836, bought of Mr. Southwick, who is now a man of immense wealth, and still in active business in a great Broadway establishment. The wedding of Stokes with Miss Southwick seemed to lack nothing that wealth, position and social surroundings could bring to happiness. They made their sumptuous home in the Hoffman House, and moved among the most brilliant life of the metropolis.

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

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

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

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

Her goeth after her straightway, as an ox goeth to the slaughter.

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

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

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

in-law Southwick, sent his daughter and her child to Europe early in 1871, to remove her from the scene of scandal. Stokes, enraged at Fisk, used his position as Secretary to collect \$30,000 from Devere, an oil merchant, which sum he held openly and defiantly as his share of the profits. Fisk caused his arrest on a criminal charge. Stokes turned to wealthy relatives. No one of them would bail him, and he was forced to make terms and submit, and refund the money. His relations with Fisk were bitter, and out of the intensity of the evil passions and criminalities with Mansfield grew murder. Turn to Solomon again, and there is no mystery in the chain of sequences. It is said that the same steamer that took out to Europe the murder of Fisk by Stokes carried a divorce procured by her family for his wife, who still remains abroad.

The story of family grief and reverses is not all told. The senior Stokes, after thirty years of retirement and enjoyment of a luxurious home, is bankrupt and homeless in his old age. One of the daughters died two weeks after marriage. The daughter, the wife of a Mr. Sutton, attached herself so strongly to the fortunes of her brother that her husband discarded her, and she is in refuge with her aged and penniless parents. The second son, a young man of great promise died two months ago, of grief and at the family reverses, and the whole tale of the innocent and suffering victims by this complication of crime and shame is not to be told without including some of the best and esteemed of New York families.

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

## VINDICATION OF RELIGION.

Gladstone's Warning Voice Against the Encroachment of Rankist Disbelief—His Noble Championship of Christianity.

From the Address of the British Premier to the Pupils of Liverpool College we copy this interesting portion:

On an occasion like this I should not have, desired even before those of you my younger friends, who are on the threshold of active and responsible manhood, to dwell in a marked manner on the trials you will have to encounter. But the incidents of the time are no common incidents, and there is one among them so obtrusive that you can not long enjoy its natural privilege of unacquaintance with the mischief, but at the same time so formidable that youth really requires to be forewarned against the danger. I refer to the extraordinary manifestation in this world of ours, and especially in the year about to close, of the extremest forms of unbelief. [Applause] I am not about to touch upon the differences which distinguish or partly sever the Church of England from those communities by which it is surrounded; whether they be of Protestant Nonconformists or of those who have recently incorpo-

rated into the Christian faith what we must suppose they think a bulwark and not a danger to religion, the doctrine of Papal infallibility. For handling controversies of such a class this is not a time, I am not the person, and my office is not the proper office. And it is not now only the Christian Church or only the Holy Scriptures, or only Christianity which is attacked. The disposition is boldly proclaimed to deal alike with root and branch, and to snap the ties which under the still venerable name of religion unite man with the unseen world, and lighten the struggles and woes of life by the hope of a better land. [Applause.] I will not detain and weary you with a multitude of details. I will only refer by name to one who is not a British writer—to the learned German Dr. Strauss. He is a man of far wider fame than any British writer who marches under the same banner. He has spent a long life in what he doubtless thinks a good cause and I mention him with the respect which is justly due not only to his ability but to his straight forward earnestness and to the fairness and mildness toward antagonists in argument with which so far as I have seen, he pursues his ill starred and hopeless enterprise. [Applause.] He has published during the present year a volume entitled "The Old Belief and the New." In his introduction he frankly raises the question whether, considering the progress which culture has now made there is any longer occasion to maintain religious worship in any form whatever. Why, he asks on behalf not only of himself, but of a party in Germany for which he claims that it answers the state of modern thought—Why should there be a separate religious society at all, when we have already provision made for all men in the State; the school, science, and fine art? In his first chapter he puts the question, "Are we still Christians?" "And after a detailed examination he includes, always speaking on behalf of modern thought, that if we wish our era to be yea, and our nay, nay—if we are to think and speak our thoughts as honorable upright men, we must reply we are Christians no longer. This question and answer, however, he observes, are insufficient. The essential and fundamental inquiry with him is, whether we are, or are not, still to have a religion? To this inquiry he devotes his second chapter. In this second chapter he finds that there is no personal God; there is no further state; the dead live in the recollection of survivors—This is enough for them. After this he had little difficulty in answering the question he has put. All religious worship ought to be abolished. The very name of Divine Service is indignity to man. Therefore, in the sense in which religion has been heretofore understood, his answer is that we ought to have no religion any more. But preceeding, as he always does with commendable frankness, he admits that he ought to fill with something the void which he has made. This he accordingly proceeds to do. Instead of God, he offers to us what he calls the All or Universum. This All or Universum has, he tells us, neither consciousness nor reason. But it has order and law. He thinks it fitted, therefore, to the object of a new and true piety, which he claims for his Universum, as the devout of the old style did for their God. If any one repudiates this doctrine, to Dr. Strauss' reason repudiation is absurdity, and to his feeling is blasphemy. These are not the ravings of a maniac; nor are these mere dreams of an imaginative high wrought enthusiast such as Comte appears to be; they are grave conclusions, after elaborate reasoning, of a learned, a calm, and so far as form is concerned, a sober minded man, who in this very year has been commended

Continued to fourth page.