Co. Clerk

The Middlebury Register.

VOL. XXXVII. MIDDLEBURY, VT., NOVEMBER 26, 1872 NO. 36.

Middlebury Register,

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY

THE REGISTER PRINTING CO.

L. E. KNAPP, JUSTUS COBB, W. J. FULLER.

TERMS:

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ADVERTISING RATES.—Transient; one inch one week, $1,00. Each week additional, 25 cts. Business Cards, $5,00 for one half inch per year. Notices in reading columns, 10 cents per line.

Business Cards.

A. N PIPER, General Engraver, Steel Stamp and Stencil Cutter, Seminary Building, Middlebury, Vt. Engraving, Stencil plates, name stamps, door plates, key tags, &c., made on short notice. 28

H. C. Powers, Physician and Surgeon, 23;y1 RIPTON VT.

W. W. THOMAS, Teacher of Vocal Music. Agent for Pianos, Organs and Melodeons. 26 MIDDLEBURY, Vt.

W. H. ROWE, Marble Dealer. Shop half mile East of George Hammond's. Those desiring anything in the line will do well to call on him. 46;1tf

JAMES M. SLADE, JR., Assistant Assessor of Internal Revenue, 1st District, 2d Division Vermont. Office 2d floor Stewart's Building. 48 MIDDLEBURY, VT.

E. B. STEWART, Dealer in Pianos, Organs and Melodeons. Has sold since March 1st, over $1,300 worth of the Esty's Organ. The reason is, a superior Instrument is sold, and sold low. Send for circulars and prices. 6;tf BRISTOL, Vt.

J. M. HOLDEN, Carriage Manufacturer, MIDDLEBURY, VT. Repairing done at short notice. Saws of every description filed and put in complete repair. 31tf

W. W. RIDER, Attorney and Counsellor at Law and Solicitor in Chancery, 20;6m BRISTOL, VT.

H. KINGSLEY, Dentist, 42 MIDDLEBURY, VT.

THOMAS H. McLEOD, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Solicitor in Chancery, and Claim Agent. Office in Lane & Clay's Block. East end of the Bridge. Middlebury, VT.

A. P. TUPPER, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW and Solicitor in Chancery. 38 EAST MIDDLEBURY, VT.

R. CLAY, Dealer in Millinery and Fancy Goods, Cloaks, Shawls, Furs and Ladies' Furnishing Goods. MIDDLEBURY, Vt.

ZRO MEACHAM, Dealer in Ready Made Clothing, Hats, Caps, Trunks, Vases, Furnishing Goods, &c. BRANDON, VT.

W. JUDD, Manufacturer and dealer in all kinds of American and Foreign Marble, Granite Work, &c. With Old Middlebury Marble Co. 1tf

H. W. BREWSTER, Dealer in Gold and Silver Watches, Silver and Plated Ware, of every description. All kinds of Repairing done at the lowest rates. Brewster's Block, 1tf MIDDLEBURY, VT.

L. M. TRIPP Sheriff for Addison County. Office in Stewart's Block. 41tf MIDDLEBURY, VT.

IRA W. CLARK, Attorney & Counsellor at Law and Solicitor in Chancery. 41 MIDDLEBURY, VT.

STEWART & ELDREDGE, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law. MIDDLEBURY, VT.

JASON DAVENPORT, Fire Insurance Agent, representing the companies lately represented by C. L. Cook, Esq. Also the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York. Office at Buttolph & Miner's Hardware store. 49

L. R. SAYRE, Dealer in Household Provisions, a general assortment of Groceries, Flour, Cheese, Lard, Teas, Coffees, Sugars, Oil, Tobaccos, &c. Cash paid for Prime Butter at my store any day in the week. 10tf MIDDLEBURY, VT.

DOWNER, BOLTON & ALLEN

MANUFACTURERS OF

DOORS, SASH, BLINDS,

Mouldings, Architraves,

Brackets and Lumber,

Which are kept constantly on hand, or will be made to order on short notice.

Planing, Wood turning, Scroll sawing.

Blinds painted and sash glazed to order.

Newels Stair Rails and Balusters on hand or made to oder.

Laths, Shingles, Clapboards, Floor-boards and FinishinLumber constantly on hand and worked desgred. MIDDLEBURY, VT.

T. W. DOWNER. S. R. BOLTON. WM. H. ALLEN.

Dr. H. TURRILL is fully prepared to execute all work upon the Natural Teeth, or on the various styles of Artificial Work "with all the modern improvements," in a superior manner and at reasonable prices. Extracting free of charge, where teeth are inserted on a plate. Ether or Gas administered when desired.

Office hours, 8 to 12, a. m., and 1, to 5, p. m. 52;tf Middlebury, Vt.

STOCKWELL COTTAGE for SALE.

This fine residence, situate at West Cornwall, is for sale on reasonable terms. Also twenty acres of land conveniently situated to said place. Possession given immediately.

Inquire of F. H. Dean, West Cornwall, Vt., or Stewart & Eldredge, Middlebury.

March 4. 1872. 50;tf

New Carriage Shop.

THE SANFORD & GAGER SHOP IS AGAIN OPEN.

Competent workmen in every department.

New work of all kinds on hand or made to order. Repairing done at short notice.

HORSE SHOEING and all kinds of Blacksmithing work well and promptly done.

Come and see. L. H. STOWE.

J. M. Peck may be found at this shop ready to see all his old customers. 13;tf

FALL GOODS

A FULL STOCK OF

Seasonable Goods

OPENING THIS WEEK AT

VALLETTE'S.

September 16.

FOR SALE.

A few pure bred Atwood Breeding Ewes and two good Stock Rams. Inquire of ALBERT CHAPMAN.

The Novelty Hand Stamp,

With complete case of Type, for marking Linen, CARDS, ENVELOPES, etc. A perfect little GEM. Price, $1.00; post-paid, $1.25; Samples FREE. Agents wanted for this. Also, for WEBSTER'S BUTTON HOLE WORKER, and other NEW and USEFUL articles. Address, GEO. DAVIS, 30;3m 356 Main St., Hartford, Conn.

BENSON & ANDREWS.

DEALERS IN

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC

Fruits, Confectionery,

NUTS, TOBACCO, PIPES

AND CIGARS.

Canned Goods,

OF ALL KINDS.

Pickles, Choice Teas, Coffee and Spices, with a general assortment of

FANCY GROCERIES.

We keep the best goods, and sell as low possible. Oysters, Ice Cream, Soda and Mineral Waters in their season.

JAMES H. BENSON. WM. ANDREWS.

Middlebury, May 14, 1872. 9;1y

PAINTS AND OIL.

3000 lbs Salem Pure Lead,

2000 lbs Genuine Fr'ch Zinc,

300 Gals. Pure Linseed Oil.

Also a full assortment

Standard Colored Paints

SPIRITS TURPENTINE, &c.

For sale by E. VALLETTE.

BUTTER.

100 Tubs of Prime

BUTER

WANTED EVERY

FRIDAY,

In exchange for CASH, at the store of

CHAPMAN BROS.

BUTTER.

Fish. Fish.

No 1 Salmon,

No 1 Mackerel—Large.

Extra No 1 Mackerel,

Greenland Salmon Trout,

Georges & Grand B'k Codfish

all of choicest quality, for sale at

Feb. 27. VALLETTE'S

250 Tons

Stove and Chestnut

COAL,

FOR SALE AT

LARABEE'S POINT & WATCH POINT

ATWOOD & NORTH.

Shoreham, Vt., Sept. 2, 1872. 24

NOTICE.

The Cabinet and Coffin business formerly carried on by Smith & Lister, will in the future be carried on by J. Lister & Co., Smith having retired.

J. Lister respectfully thanks the public of Middlebury and vicinity for past favors, and by strict attention to business and doing work well hopes to receive a liberal share of the public patronage in our line of business, such as

WRITING DESKS, WARDROBES, BOOK-CASES, SIDEBOARDS, SHOW-CASES, WINDOW CORNICES, &c., &c.

Also wholesale manufacturers of

Coffins and Caskets.

We are also prepared to build and repair houses on short notice.

N. B. Building Lots pleasantly located for sale at a bargain.

23;6m J. LISTER & CO.

MIDDLEBURY GRADED SCHOOL.

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT.

C. D. MEAD, A. M., Principal.
R. M. BAILEY, A. B., Teacher of Greek.
Miss EMILY HUMPHREY, Preceptress.
" LAURA A. GOODRICH, Teacher of Grammar School.
" MARY A. B. HACKETT, " Intermediate.
" ELLEN FULLER, " Third Primary.
" NANCY M. CUSHMAN, " Second "
Mrs. E. A. BARNEY, " First "
" Penmanship.
Miss EMMA L. HIGLEY, Vocal and Instrumental Music.
HORACE D. CUSHMAN, Janitor.

The Fall Term begins Sept. 9th and continues 13 weeks.

TUITION—To Non-Residents.

Primary Department, per term,	$3 00
Intermediate and Grammar School,	6 00
High School,	8 00
Greek and Latin, "	"
Music—Piano, per quarter of 20 lessons,	10 00
" per term of 26 "	12 00

Instruction in Vocal Music will be given to the pupils in all the grades below the High School, free of charge.

Daily lessons to *singing class* at $3 per term.

Carriages. Carriages.

A fine assortment of elegant carriages, of various styles and prices, have just been received from West Atmsbury, Mass., which will be sold at reasonable prices or exchanged for horses. They can be seen at the barn of Milton Brooks. For particulars enquire of S. N. BROOKS.

Middlebury. 16;tf

Splendid Dolls,

OF ALL KINDS JUST RECEIVED AT THE

REGISTER BOOK--STORE

The Bells.

BY MRS. OLIVE E. P. THOMAS.

Chime, church bells, chime! Thy winning call
Hath power the roving feet to thrall,
To bide neath rising psalm and prayer
Hearts leave their weary weight of care,
With Him who will each burden bear.
Chime, church bells, chime!

Ring, wedding bells! The flowers are sweet
That wait to kiss the young bride's feet!
Hope, like the morning, fair and high,
Wafts many a golden promise by,
While love records her mystic tie!
Ring, wedding bells!

Toll, funeral bells, oh sadly toll
For a departed, starry soul!
Stern anguish is the sovereign now,
Death's frost is on an idol's brow.
Once more, o'er the calm face we bow,
Toll, solemn bell!

Sound, vespers, long! The dying day
Like a loved spirit glides away,
Her smile lies on the waiting lands,
Till with the past encrowned she stands,
Steal through the twilight's purple bands,
Soft vespers steal!

Rise, Christmas lay! The star of fire
The lowly brings to Eden nigher,
While listening nations meet to sing
The glory of Judea's king.
Oh, joyfully your echoes ring,
Wild Christmas bells!

The new year makes a welcome tone
For hope and promise all its own.
Ring gaily in the hour of mirth,
Till dear delight enfolds the earth,
And untold melodies have birth,
Ring, new year bells!

Spring Side Cottage, Middlebury, Vt.

From Kittery to Kansas.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

'Your Susy's a pretty little thing, Mrs. Marsh.'

'Yes, Susy is growing right pretty, everybody admits. I rather think she knows it herself, by the way she stands at the glass sometimes. I wish very often she wasn't petted and made so much of.'

'It'll ruin her, Mrs. Marsh.'

'Oh, dear! I hope not,' rejoined the mother earnestly.

'I tell you there's danger. Keep your eye on her, Mrs. Marsh; look out who she goes with. These pretty girls break mother's hearts sometimes.'

'Don't be so dreadfully earnest, my friend; though, indeed, I shall be very careful. Why, what have I said?'

The little neighbor, so fresh and pretty herself yet, caught up her apron, and was sobbing as if her heart would break. She had run into the back-door of the public house—for Mrs. Marsh kept a hotel—just to have a minute's chat. What could have happened to call forth such tears and sighs?

'Don't mind me, Mrs. Marsh,' she said after a few moments, drying her eyes 'Let me help you shell the peas. That ever I should have given way like that!'

But Mrs. Marsh did mind. She began to think her little neighbor must be demented. There must be a cause for such an outburst. Suppose Mills didn't treat her well. He was a rough looking man, though he seemed kind enough in his way.

'I know what you're thinking of, Mrs. Marsh,' said Mrs. Mills, with a little shake of the shoulders. 'You've said often enough, what a pity we had no children. Well, you know I've shirked it, when you've spoken so; but I might as well be out with it now. I've got one daughter.' The tears began to flow again.

Mrs. Marsh looked her surprise.

'Well, I declare, I'm sure!' was all she could say.

'I don't know what Mills would do to me, if he knew I'd spoken; for he won't let me mention her name—and his heart was bound up in that girl; he's never been the same man since.'

'Dear me!' said Mrs. Marsh; and there were volumes of pathos in her voice.

'But sometimes I feel as if I must tell somebody. I don't know if we did right—I don't know. But then she would go in opposition to the wishes of her best friends.'

There was a pause.

'That is why we left Kittery,' she added. 'John said, 'Let's go to Kansas; let's get off where nobody knows us, and out of the sight and memory of things.' We got out of the sight, perhaps; but as to the memory, that's as keen as ever.'

'Dear, dear! I'm so sorry for you!' said sympathetic Mrs. Marsh. She asked no questions; perhaps if she had, Mary Mills might have kept the secret locked in her heart.

'Yes, from Kittery to Kansas is a long way,' mused Mrs. Mills; 'and I don't know as I care for Kittery much, now, though all my relations are there. I don't, somehow, want to see anybody that knew Hetty. The poor child was so downright beautiful, and folks were all the time telling her of it. I wish people had common sense,' added Mary Mills energetically. 'That's the way children get spoiled. Poor little Hetty! I'll never forget almost the last time I saw her. She came home in the rain, and her yellow hair was dripping wet. That night father gave her an awful scolding; he'd found out somehow that she had been to the post-office to see—to see somebody who'd been trying to wait on her. Says she, 'father, you needn't scold, for I am going to marry him.' 'Then neither you nor that scamp shall come in my house,' says father in a passion 'Do you mean it?' She stood up and looked at him, strange like. 'I do mean it, so help me ——,' he added, taking the great name; and then she turned away and said nothing. She kissed me that night, but she didn't kiss father—and it hurt him dreadfully. Well, next night, she went out to meeting, as we thought; but, bless you! 'twas all cut and dried, we've never seen her since. I believe father would have done anything to take back what he said; but he thinks the worst of her now, and that almost breaks my heart—for you see that man was married already; that was found out right away. Father would a' shot him—he'd shoot him now if he met him. It's well we moved from Kittery to Kansas—though we're both so altered. There comes somebody, and I must run. Don't mention this, will you, Mrs. Marsh? Not to one living soul!'

'I won't, indeed, I promise you,' said Mrs. Marsh, thinking of Sue with new tenderness; and then sighed, 'how little we know about our neighbors, after all!'

'There's a coachful come, Mrs., said Polly, the maid-of-all-work, standing in the door-way; 'as pretty a load as ever I see. They're gone into the parlor, and one party wants rooms for a month—rooms, Mrs.; a parlor and two bedrooms adjoining.'

'I'll go and see them, Holly.'

The "party" was a widow lady, rather tall, graceful and lovely, decidedly. Two boys sat on the sofa beside her, twins, with pale golden curls falling over their black velveteen jackets. As the maid had said, it was as pretty a load as ever she had seen.

'Can I have a suite of rooms?' the lady asked. 'Your servant thought I could.'

'Judge Ottey's going out to-day—going traveling for a month or two. A small parlor on this floor, and a couple of bed-rooms, if they would suit you.'

'Can I see them?'

'Oh, yes; Judge Ottey's out.'

The widow liked the rooms; the parlor looked upon two back gardens full of fruit-trees. The rooms were by no means elegantly furnished, but were neat and attractive.

'I like them,' she said. 'Can I have my trunks brought up here?'

'I'll send them right up,' was the response; and the widow took off her bonnet, and the little boys looked out of the window.

Meantime Mrs. Marsh sent up the trunks, and then went to the clerk to learn who her visitors were. The clerk was her son, a tall, good-looking lad of seventeen.

'They've got the cash, mother,' said he.

'How do you know?' she asked, reading out, from the hotel register, "Mrs. H. L. Atley, and two sons.

'Well, by signs which are usually correct,' was the reply. 'Did you notice the trunks? All covered and stamped. She's from New York Splendid figure, and beautiful face.'

'Nonsense!' said practical Mrs. Marsh, and went back to her duties.

The widow had taken off her outside wraps, and was sitting at one of the windows, with her arm about the twin William.

'How queer to be in Kansas, isn't it, mama?'

'Very, dear,' was the reply.

'And now, when shall we see grandma?'

'I don't know, my dear,' was the reply, and her lip trembled a little.

'Is she as pretty as you, mama?' asked the other twin.

'As pretty as a picture,' said the young widow, smiling; 'at least I used to think so.'

'Is she rich?' asked the first named.

'I can't say, Willy. I expect not. Don't you remember the little house in Kittery?'

'Oh, dear, yes; it was so droll. You could almost put it in one of our parlors, couldn't you?'

'It's a dear little house to mamma,' said the lady, as a tear glittered on her lashes; 'mamma was born there.'

'How funny,' said Willy. 'But why don't you send for grandma?'

'I don't know where to send dear. Besides, I wish to get rested first.'

Mrs. Marsh came in just then with towels on her arm. She was a painstaking woman, and not above paying little attentions to her guests personally.

'I hope you find yourself comfortable?' she said, in her sprightly way.

For answer she heard something like a groan. Turning, at a cry from the twins she saw the widow, pale as ashes, grasping at the window sill. Mrs. Marsh sprang toward her.

'I am not going to faint, Hush! Boys I—I—just saw—your—grandmother!'

In a moment Mrs. Marsh divined all; in another, the widow was telling her story, just as Mrs. Mills had told it.

'Some one came to him on the cars that night,' she said, after a little preliminary conversation, 'and, looking at me, told him he had just seen his wife. That was enough. I knew from his looks it was true. What do you think I did? I went over to a fine, white-haired old gentleman, in an opposite seat, and told him the whole story. I was angry with my father. I was angry with that base man. I would not go back to Kittery, to be the laughing-stock of the town. Well, it's a curious thing to tell,' she added, smiling through her tears, 'but that fine old gentleman fell in love with me then and there. He was going to Europe—just on his way to the steamer. He told me all about himself, and I believed him. We were married on board the boat, the moment she left the dock. I sent word to my mother, but the note never reached her.

'And so I became the wife of an honorable man. We lived abroad seven years, My husband returned to New York, an invalid, and died the very day these twins were six years old. That's only a few months ago. I have several times written to my mother, but I cannot find that any of the letters reached their destination. Now I learn that she has been in Kansas ever since the year I went away.'

Well, there was a meeting that night in the little private parlor. The twins laughed to see their burly grandfather pull their mother down on his knees; but they were sobered when they saw him weeping like a child, his head upon her shoulder.

'You don't know how I've mourned for you, Hetty,' he sobbed.

'Indeed, Mrs. Mills bore it much the best of the two,' Mrs. Marsh said.

The widow was rich enough to buy a handsome house, and after that they all lived together happily.

A CURE FOR WHISKEY DRINKERS.—A correspondent of an exchange, who signs himself "One who has reformed," sends the following: "Captain Hall was the commander of the Great Eastern steamship. He had fallen into such habits of drunkenness that his most earnest efforts to reclaim himself proved unavailing. At length he sought the advice of an eminent physician who gave him a prescription which he followed faithfully for seven months. At the end of that time he had lost all desire for liquor, although he had many times been led captive by a most debasing appetite. The prescription, which he afterwards published, and by which so many other drunkards have been assisted to reform, is as follows: Sulphate of iron, 5 grains; magnesia, 10 grains; peppermint water, 11 drachms; spirits of nutmeg, 1 drachm: twice a day.

JORDAN, MARSH & Co. sent a check for $10,000 to be appropriated to the firemen who exerted themselves so nobly in staying the conflagration, especially requesting that the firemen of all cities and towns, who were present, should participate in its benefit.

The Selling of Goods to Minors for Credit.

The following is the opinions of the editor of the law column of the *Land and Law Reporter*:

An infant, as the law calls every one who has not attained the age of twenty-one years, cannot, as a general rule, make a contract which he may not disaffirm during minority, or within a reasonable time after attaining his majority. If you sell him goods on credit and he resells them, and then refuses to pay, you are without legal remedy. If you buy a horse from him and pay him the price for it, and he refuses to deliver, your money is gone. He is not liable to his promissory note or bond, nor for borrowed money. If he undertakes to do a certain act and receive money in advance therefor, he cannot be compelled to perform his promise after he has parted with the consideration; nor can the money be recovered from him, for it was the folly of the party to trust him. If, however, he retain the specific and identical consideration, and it can be indentified, he becomes the trustee of the other party, and as soon as he disaffirms the contract or refuses to perform it, he is bound to surrender it. So, if an infant has advanced money which has been parted with by any other party, and afterwards disaffirms the contract, he cannot if he has received any benefit from it, recover from the other party the advanced consideration Thus if he buys a large quantity of grain, and after selling a portion, disaffirm his contract, he cannot, by returning the remainder, acquire a right to sue the seller for a proportional part of the price. An infant is not bound by his executed contracts if it be in the power of the other party to replace him in the same condition in respect to the matter as that in which he was before the contract, but in such cases he must return the consideration which was advanced to him.

The general rule, denying the obligatory power of an infant's contracts, admits of but one exception. He can make binding contracts for food, clothing, medical attendance, and such other necessaries as may be suitable to his actual condition; but even in these cases, some care is required on the part of the seller, He is bound to ascertain that the articles which the minor proposes to purchases, are actually necessaries, and that he is not already provided with them by his parents, guardian or friends. An infant who lives with his parents, or guardian, or other person under whose care he has been placed by them, and is properly maintained, cannot bind himself to a stranger, or third person, even for necessaries. "No man," says Mr. Justice Gould, "shall take upon himself to dictate to a parent, what clothing the child shall wear, at what time they shall be purchased, and of whom." If a tradesman furnish articles which might be necessary if the minor were not already supplied by his parents, or if confiding in false appearance, he furnish articles too expensive or numerous for the minor's real condition, he is not entitled to recover pay for them.

Infancy is no plea to actions founded in misrepresentation or fraud. If an infant falsely represents himself of age—or represents that he is purchasing for another who is of age—and on the faith of this, another sell him goods, the seller may retake the goods or sue him for damages.

A person may bind himself by a contract made the day previous to his twenty-first birthday—and it has been held that "if one be born on the first day of February, at eleven o'clock at night, and on the last day of January in the twenty-first year of his age at one o'clock in the morning, he make a will devising land, it is a good will, for he was of age." It is also settled that an express promise, after he comes of age, to pay back borrowed, or for goods purchased during his minority, will bind him—but such promise must be given voluntarily and with full knowledge that he then stood discharged from all legal liability.

DO PEOPLE READ ADVERTISEMENTS.—There is now and then a person so stupid as to believe that advertisments on newspapers are not generally read, and that money expended in adververtising is practically wasted. Even such will concede that if a hundred men of polite address, of fluent speech and ready wit were to call daily or weekly each upon an hundred others and get the ears of each long enough to say Jno. Smith or Jones, or Thompson at such a place, has such and such goods at such prices, or would sell a farm, or house and lot, or had lost a horse or pocket-book, or would loan money, etc.,—we say such men will concede, that the services of this one hundred men would be of great value to Smith or Jones, and in some measure advantageous to pay to whom this statement was made. The hundred men could not be employed to go from door to door and make this statement to ten thousand people at less than the cost of several hundred dollars each trip. All this is done by the newspapers at a cost of a few shillings, or a few dollars at most, and the visits are made week after week, day after day. The messenger who travels, addresses himself to the ear and takes the party addressed, when he may have his thoughts absorbed in business or other matters; but the newspaper reaches the party sought through the eye, when the reader has his thoughts solely fixed upon the paper before him.

But those who effect to believe that there is little use in advertising, urge as an objection that advertisements are not read. They can be easily convinced of their error in this respect by making inquiry. Let them insert an advertisement offering to purchase some article that is tolerably plenty in the market, and they will be flooded with offers to sell before the ink of the advertisement is dry. An enterprising weekly that has a circulation of one, two or three thousand copies, is in a position to do the village merchant great good, and for which, as a rule, the publisher does not get one-fourth of what he justly deserves. In its sphere the weekly is of quite as much service to the advertiser as the daily, and oftentimes it enjoys the privilege of being the exclusive family visitor, a privilege the daily seldom has.—*Union and Advertiser, Rochester, N. Y.*

In spite of the horse disease panthers are eating young colts in Texas.

The Lay of the Lost Traveler.

BY E. J. P.

With saddened face and tattered hat
And eye that told of blank despair,
On wooden bench a traveler sat
Cursing the fate that brought him there;
Nine hours, he cried, we've lingered here
With thoughts intent on distant homes,
Waiting for that delusive train
That, always coming, *never* comes,
Till weary and worn, cold and forlorn,
And paralyzed in every function,
I hope in hell
Their souls may dwell
Who first invented Essex Junction.

I've traveled north, I've traveled south,
O'er mountain, forest, prairie, river,
In ocean's storm, in desert's drought,
Through rail-road smash and steamboat shiver,
While hope and courage faltered not,
Nor strength gave way, nor faith was shaken,
Until I reached this dismal spot,
Of man accursed, of God forsaken,
Where strange new forms of misery
Assail men's lives without compunction,
And I hope in hell
Their souls may dwell
Who first invented Essex Junction.

Here Boston waits for Ogdensburgh,
And Ogdensburgh for Montreal,
And late New York long tarrieth,
And Saratoga hindereth all;
From far Atlantic wave swept bays
To Mississippi's turbid tide,
All accidents, mistakes, delays
Are gathered here and multiplied;
Oh! fellow man! avoid this place
As you would plague of Peter Funkshun;
And I hope in hell
Their souls may dwell
Who first invented Essex Junction.

And long and late, conductors tell
Of trains remote, shipwrecked, and slow,
Till even the engine's dismal bell
Takes up the cry, No go! No go!
Oh! let me from this hole depart
By any route, so 'tis a long one,
He cried, and with a sudden start
He jumped on board a train, (the wrong one),
And as he vanished in the smoke,
He shouted with redoubled unction,
I hope in hell
Their souls may dwell
Who first invented Essex Junction.

Not about the Boston Fire.

DEAR REGISTER: I never liked you better than when you called on me last night. If I could drop this letter upon you this morning I would like to help you to "do justice" to one of the great events of the century. As it is I will add but a single straw to show the first impressions four miles out. Our minister, who weighs about 130 saw it burn as long as he could stand it, and then walked into Boston. At three he got possession of a wheelbarrow and wheeled books till six, bought a Sunday paper, come home, washed himself, ate breakfast, and went to bed. At 10:30 he left his notes, took his paper, and met his audience of a half-dozen men and a score or two of women. His text was a column or two of the paper with running comments of what he had seen and otherwise learned. The sermon was about five minutes long and very impressive. In the next pew to me was a man who had been burned out very early that morning, and had nothing else to occupy him. At the only other church exercise, Sabbath-school anniversary, this same man took his post with his violin.

We have had a close election too,—ridiculously close. I had scratched the name of Banks (once one of Massachusetts best men,—of all who have not the fear of God as mainspring) off the Republican ticket two years ago, and four years ago, and was not pleased to hear that Democrats, Crispins, and the worst of his old supporters, with a few good men whose belief in him was chronic, were together likely to re-elect him. In fact, he carried just one town—the smallest or nearly so—in his district. As a close election is a serious evil, the braggarts who put us to all this trouble deserve to be trounced. The ruin of Banks, it is feared, is that of Yates and many other great men,—an endemic in Washington and a fearful epidemic "at the front" during the rebellion.

One lesson of our fire I must not omit. When the New York roughs come down upon us, the police closed the rum-shops—really closed them, back doors and all. The consequence was that those bibulous individuals went back to New York. The city suddenly passed from the most drunken condition in which it had ever been seen to the most sober, with a corresponding decrease of crime

And, by the way, the State Constabulary force did a noble service in our day of confusion. The suburban villains who went in to steal found ould acquaintances, and new reasons for not loving them. Nearly the whole force was concentrated in Boston, as fast as they could come, Their one duty is rogue-catching, and at that they are more expert than local police, who have multifarious callings to fulfill. There will probably never be another effort to rid the State of their presence: it is well understood that we cannot do without them, even if they do worry our helpless flock of liquor-dealers a little too much.

The advent of Prof. Tyndall has created a great excitement in Boston. The Lowell Institute sells no tickets; but in this case, they were delivered to an immense string of applicants, all of whom were in line before the time for giving out the first Some of these fortunate ones were tempted for five or ten dollars to part with their prizes. All these six elementary lectures were attended by such scientists as Gray, Agassiz, Horsford, etc. His experiments were such as others could exhibit to one eye only. By means of the electric-light magic-lantern, he threw the most splendid results of polarization and refraction upon the walls. The previous fame of the lecturer had much to do with the pressure for seats. The Appletons had published from time to time "Heat as a mode of motion," "Sound," "Light and Electricity," "Radiation," "Fragments of Science," and "Hours of Exercise on the Alps," and have in press "Forms of Water." These books contain much that is new to the well-educated and almost incredible to ordinary scholars, not a little of which consists of his own contributions to the sum of human knowledge. His style of lecturing is nervous, not without embarrassment at times, and he reminded one strikingly of the veteran botanist, Torrey, as he appeared at about the same age. Torrey was born in 1798, Tyndall about 1820. But a large part of the American's force was spent on Botany, and of this the world takes no account.

Yours truly, L. F. H.

Most of the men who owned hand carts are now millionaires.

"In the course of time," said one man, lately, "the sea will be the only fence required." "What a bull!" said another. "You mean that the sea will be the only landmark!"

The Coming Centennial—Address of the Commission.

To the People of the United States:—

The Congress of the United States has enacted that the completion of the one hundreth year of American independence shall be celebrated by an international exhibition of the arts, manufacturers, and products of the soil and mine, to be held at Philadelphia in 1876, and has appointed a commission, consisting of representatives from each state and territory to conduct the celebration. Originating under the auspices of the national legislature, controlled by a national commission, and designed as it is to "commemorate the first century of our existence, by an exhibition of the natural resources of the country and their development, and of our progress in those arts which benefit mankind, in comparison with those of older nations," it is to the people at large that the commission look for the aid which is necessary to make the centennial celebration the grandest anniversary the world has ever seen. That the completion of the first century of our existence should be marked by some imposing demonstration is, we believe, the patriotic wish of the people of the whole country. The Congress of the United States has wisely decided that the birthday of the great republic can be most fittingly celebrated by the universal collection and display of all the trophies of its progress. It is designed to bring together, within a building covering 50 acres, not only the productions of our mines and of the soil, but types of all the intellectual triumphs of our citizens, specimens of everything that America can furnish, whether from the brains or hands of her children, and thus make evident to the world the advancement of which a self-governed people is capable.

In this "celebration" all nations will be invited to participate; its character being international. Europe will display her arts and manufactures, India her curious fabrics, while newly opened China and Japan will lay bare the treasures which for centuries their ingenious people have been perfecting. Each land will compete in generous rivalry for the palm of superior excellence. To this grand gathering every zone will contribute its fruits and cereals. No mineral shall be wanting, for what the East lacks the West will supply. Under one roof will the South display in rich luxuriance her growing cotton, and the North, in miniature, the ceaseless machinery of her mills, converting that cotton into cloth. Each section of the globe will send its best offerings to this exhibition, and each state of the Union, as a member of one united body politic, will show to her sister states and to the world, how much she can add to the greatness of the nation of which she is a harmonious part.

To make the centennial celebration such a success as the patriotism and the pride of every American demands, will require the co-operation of the people of the whole country. The United States centennial commission has received no government aid, such as England extended to her world's fair, and France to the universal exposition, yet the labor and responsibility imposed upon the commission is as great as in either of those undertakings. It is estimated that ten millions of dollars will be required, and this sum Congress has provided shall be raised by stock subscription, and that the people shall have the opportunity of subscribing in proportion to the population of their respective states and territories. The commission looks to the unfailing patriotism of the people of every section, to see that it contributes its share to the epenses, and receives its share of the benefits of an enterprise in which all are so deeply interested. It would further earnestly urge the formation in each state and territory of a centennial organization which shall in time see that country associations are formed, so that when the nations are gathered together in 1876 each commonwealth can view with pride the contributions she has made to the national glory. Confidently relying on the zeal and patriotism ever displayed by our people in every national undertaking, we pledge and phrophecy that the centennial celebration will worthily show how greatness, wealth and intelligence can be fostered by such institutions as those which have for one hundred years blessed the people of the United States.

JOSEPH R. HAWLEY, Pres.

Lewis Waln Smith, temporary Sec.

PETERSON MAGAZINE for December is on our table in advance, and is a perfect gem. This is, without doubt, the cheapest of the really good ladie's books. It containes, every year, one thousand pages: forteen steel engravings; twelve colored, double-size, steel fashions plates; twelve colored Berlin patterns; twenty-four pages of music; and more than a hundred novelets and original stories by the best American writers. There is no deception about it! Yet the price is only two dollars, or a dollar less than magazines of its class. No wonder it has the largest circulation in the world! To clubs it is cheaper still. Thus, five copies are sent for eight dollars, or eight copies for twelve dollars. To the person getting up either of these clubs an extra copy is given as a premium, and also a superb five-dollar engraving for framing, "Christ Weeping Over Jerusalem." Specimens of the magazine are sent, gratis; so write for one, and see for yourselves. Now is the time to subscribe, or to get up clubs for 1873. Address CHARLES J. PETERSON, 306 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Low water in Lake Honatcong, N. J., has uncovered a quantity of Indian antiquities, among which the Morris Republican says is a stone tomahawk of beautiful finish. It is of the hardest stone, and has around the head a groove, neatly cut, in which the thongs were placed which bound on the handle. Numerous pieces of pottery have been discovered, many of them marked and ornamented in a way that shows no small pretensions to taste and design, and nearly all in a good state of preservation. Among these there is what is evidently a pipe-stem, also made of pottery, and which it is believed is almost the only one found, the Indians generally using a wooden tube with a hole burned by fire, or else an elder stalk with the pith removed. It has not generally been thought that the Indians had progressed so far as to make a pipe-stem of this character.

A woman who tells fortunes from a teacup need not be a sauceress.

EVANS DENIES THAT HE MURDERED THE LOVERING GIRL.—Franklin B. Evans the man charged with an outrage upon and murder of Georgiana Lovering at Northwood, is a man weighing 135 pounds, 5 feet 8 inches in height, slim, gray hair, and has very large, full grayish whiskers. He has rather a strange eye, a little glaring, and set well back in his head; quite a retreating and narrow forehead; rather a dried-up form; a man of small intellect, garrulous and inoffensive in his appearance; and rather whining and cringing in in his manner than otherwise. He said: "I am not guilty of the murder, but knew where the body was put. When I got to the woods he had killed her; said that he had outraged her and then chocked her to death. He wanted me to help him conceal the body, and said he would give me a handsome present. We then lugged her a half or three quarters of a mile. I took her by the head and he by the feet and legs. I do not want to tell now who the person was that killed her. He got me two or three days before, to get her into the woods for him. (His language is unfit for publication. It was for corrupt purposes.) He showed me a piece of her body, gave it to me, and I went to the road and hid it. I should not have told the sheriff where the body was, if he had not solemnly promised me my liberty. He then declined to talk further, stating that he had nothing more to say at that time.

"DEAD LETTERS"—TWO MILLION DOLLARS RISKED IN MISDIRECTED AND UNMAILABLE ENVELOPES.—The aggregate carelessness of the American people is strikingly shown by a statistical statement in the *Postal Record* of the number of letters sent to the Dead Letter Office during a single year nearly three millions of letters were received at that office, of which sixty-eight could not be forwarded, for the reason that the county and State were left off the direction; four hundred thousand were unstamped, and more than three thousand were mailed with no direction at all.

Some of the unstamped letters may have lost their miniature portraits of American statesmen through the non-adhesiveness of Uncle Sam's mucilage, but how three thousand persons could mail simply blank envelopes passes our comprehension. It must be that they were bound to write a letter to some disagreeable acquaintance, and thus delivered themselves from the burden of "owing a letter," without the corresponding obligation of receiving an answer, or else the American people are wonderfully careless.

The strangest part of this statement is, that there were found in these letters, money orders to the amount of two millions of dollars. That a tired lover or a cold friend should write a tender epistle and trust it to the hands of a postoffice clerk, in an envelope innocent of even a single line of direction, is perhaps possible; but that old John Cashdown should send of his letters to his business correspondents in the same fashion, is hard to be believed.

PERILS OF INFANCY.—It is not hard to destroy the life of a child. The vanity, or importance of a fond mother often causes the calamity she would have given her life to avert. For instance, what an army of children have been destroyed by the absurd custome of exposing their necks and arms! And yet this fashion is tolerated because it is "so pretty." To illustrate the danger to which a child is thus exposed, it is only accessary to say that many children have been cured of habitual cough and hoarseness by keeping their arms and hands warm. Another fruitful source of danger to the young, is found in the foolish indulgence which will not withhold from them colored candies. An English chemist recently made an examination into the quality of these sweetmeats, and found that out of thirty-five different kinds, obtain do from twenty different dealers, twenty-eight were colored with poisonous material. The poison must commonly used is some preparation of lead. The diseases caused by lead poison are amoung the most terrible which are produced by anything. This experiment will serve as a warning to parents to practice greater care in providing sweetmeats for their children. If they are to be used at all, it is safer to make them at home. Then you know what they contain.

A GENTLE REBUKE.—"The Rev. Mr. Martin of Bellington, Maine, a man of decided talent and worth, was also somewhat noted for his eccentricity and humor, which occasionally showed themselves in his public ministrations. In the time of the great land speculations in Maine, several of his parishioners and church-members were carried away with the mania of buying lumber tracts. Mr. Martin resisted this speculating spirit, and more than once rebuked it in