The Middlebury Register.

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H. S. PUTNAM would inform the people of Middlebury and Addison County that the old Cotton Mill is in full operation, and that he is prepared to furnish carpet warp and batting of a superior quality, at the lowest cash price. Middlebury, Dec. 13, 1872. 39;tf

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THE MUTUAL

Life Insurance Company

OF NEW YORK.

ORGANIZED IN 1842.

F. S WINSTON, PRESIDENT.

Assets, 58 Millions Cash.

NO NOTES.

THE OLDEST IN THE U. S.

LARGEST AND BEST IN THE WORLD.

Cheapest because expenses are far lower than any other company, and dividends, which are paid annually in cash, are much larger than any other company. Experience is the best test. Insure your lives while in health in this grand old company, the largest and strongest monied corporation in the United States.

The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York is the best possible kind of Savings Institution for those in health. If the insured die soon after paying a few dollars in premiums, thousands of dollars are at once secured. If he lives many years, it is a good investment in this Company, such are its large dividends, as will be seen by the following illustration: Policy No. 14,470, for $8,000, dated April 22, 1855, on the life of the late HON. HORACE GREELEY.

Eighteen annual premiums of $293.04 were paid, making in all	$5,274 72
The dividend additions to this policy amount to	6,108 37
Which is $833.65 more than all the premiums paid.	
The original amount insured	$8,000 00
Has been increased by dividends	6,108 37
Present amount of policy,	$14,108 37
Which is $8,833 65 more than all premiums paid.	
The premiums on this policy, at 6 per cent. compound interest, amount to only	9,599 99
Leaving a profit, over and above premiums and compound interest thereon, of	$4,408 38
Another dividend, from April 12, 1872, to date of Mr. Greeley's death will be paid.	

☞ Office with Judge of Probate, in the Brick Block, near the Court House.

M. A. MUNROE, Agent.

Middlebury, March 1, 1873. 50;tf

SPRING-SIDE AVENUE.

LAST MONTH

SEVERAL LOTS

WERE PURCHASED.

Among the buyers were A. P. Tupper, Esq., and Col. Knapp.

Others in Negotiation!

HANDSOME LOTS OFFERED ON

EASY TERMS!

The Superiority of

BUILDING LOTS

On this New Street is universally admitted.

Yes, it is a Christian duty,
To secure a pleasant home,
When the days so dark and rainy,
Of a stormy life shall come.
Yes, to feel one's self protected
From the blasts that winter sends,
Is a step of first importance
To all parents and their friends.

MORAL:

Yes, build thyself a nice new house,
Exempt from rat, or bug, or mouse.

A Heart-Song.

BY SAMUEL DUFFIELD.

Hast thou a song, O singer of mine,
A little song to cheer the heart;
Like well-wrung drops of the choicest wine,
Pressed in a vineyard far apart?

One that was caught in flying by—
A little song to cheer the heart;
Like the voice of a bird, on branches high,
Deep in a forest, far apart.

One that has come like morning air—
A little song to cheer the heart;
Like the breath of a kiss on the brow of care,
Blessing a life that dwells apart.

Sing me that song, O singer of mine,
That little song to cheer the heart:
Whisper it light as a word divine
Unto a watcher far apart.

—*Scribner's for September.*

Evening Hymn.

The little birds now seek their rest,
The baby sleeps on mother's breast;
Thou givest all thy children rest,
God of the weary.

The sailor prayeth on the sea;
The little ones at mother's knee;
Now comes the penitent to thee,
God of the weary.

The orphan puts away his fears;
The troubled hopes for happier years;
Thou driest all the mourner's tears,
God of the weary.

Thou sendest rest to tired feet.
To little toilers slumbers sweet,
To aching hearts repose complete,
God of the weary.

In grief, perplexity or pain,
None ever come to thee in vain;
Thou makest life a joy again,
God of the weary.

We sleep that we may wake renewed,
To serve thee as thy children should,
With love, and zeal, and gratitude,
God of the weary.

"Surprised."

The evening train was just starting for its journey out into the solitudes of country wilds, when a tall, handsome man of seven or eight and twenty, darted frantically into the depot and swung himself after rather a perilous fashion, upon the platform of the moving cars!

'Just saved myself?' was his complacent remark as he settled himself on the velvet cushions under the lamp.

'Yes—exactly—just!' commented a gentleman who sat opposite. 'I tell you what, Harry Kneller, I shouldn't repeat that kind of experiment very often, if I were you.'

'Well, you see I was in a deuce of a hurry. I've been getting a little surprise for my wife, and somehow I got behind time.'

'A surprise, eh?'

'You see,' went on Mr. Kneller, confidentially leaning over toward his friend, 'she's exceedingly fond of fried oysters, and up in the country we never get any of that sort of thing.'

'So that's the secret of the tin pail, eh?' said George Arden, laughing good humoredly.

Mr. Kneeler, on getting home, deposited his precious burden carefully in the corner of the porch, and walked in with a nonchalant air.

'Well, Matie!' as the blue-eyed woman came to meet him, and put up a rosy mouth to be kissed; 'supper ready?'

'Yes—and I'm so glad you came home early, Harry, for Mrs. Everts is sick, and they want me to sit up with her to-night.'

'All right!' said Harry good-humoredly. 'Go, by all means, my pet!'

And he rubbed his hands, thinking gleefully of the fine field he should have for his 'surprise.'

'I will be back before seven to-morrow, Harry,' went on Mary Kneller, making a musical clinking among the china tea cups and saucers, 'and you shall have your breakfast in time for the train.,

'*Shall* I?' thought Harry, nearly choking himself with scalding tea, in his strong sense of the implied joke.

'Could'nt have happened better,' he pondered, as he toasted his slipper soles before the fire, while Mary was washing the china and hovering about the apartment 'on household thoughts intent'—for Mr. and Mrs Harry Kneller were young people of limited income, and had not yet aspired to the dignity of 'help'—'no; it couldn't possibly have happened better! A fair field and no favor; and when Mattie comes back to morrow morning, she'll find breakfast ready, fried oysters and all or I'm uncommonly mistaken! Won't it be a jolly surprise?'

'Good gracious, Harry! what *are* you doing?' ejaculated Mary, as her husband gave vent to a very audible chuckle. 'What pleases you so much?'

'Pleases me? Nothing!' said Harry, trying to look austere all of a sudden, and utterly. 'I—I was thinking how lonely I should be without you, dear!'

So Mrs. Harry Kneller tied a little white Cashmere hood over her brown ringlets, and enveloped herself in a prodigious Scotch plaid shawl, and tripped away under her husband's arm, to Mrs, Evarts' abode, about half a mile beyond.

'Good-night, darling!' said Harry, stooping to kiss her rosy cheeks at the door.

'Good-night, Harry.'

'And I say, Mattie,' pursued Kneller, unable to repress a brief flash of exultation, 'don't be astonished at any little surprise I may have in store for you tomorrow morning!'

'Surprise!'

But Harry was off before the dissyllable had fairly passed Mary's lips.

'It will be jolly fun!' thought Harry.

With the first gray dawn of the chilly winter morning Harry Kneller was up and stirring with a vivid remembrance of the laurels he was to reap by that morning's work.

'Where are the oysters?' pondered he, carefully holding the skirts of his morning wrapper, so that the fire should not endanger them. 'Oh, I remember! I left them out on the piazza.'

And he made a rush for the piazza.

'Frozen, by Jupiter! Just my luck exactly! frozen like a rock. However, they're easily thawed out again, on a hot fire; and I'll put the coffee stewing too. I don't know just exactly what the regulation rations of coffee are, but if I fill the pot half full, it can't help being strong.'

Mr. Kneller made a liberal apportionment of coffee, filled up the pot with water, and placed it on the hot coals with a countenance expressive of great satisfaction; while close beside it the pail of frozen oysters was exposed to the genial influence of caloric.

'They'll boil like ginger pretty soon,' thought Harry. 'And now I'll stir up a buckwheat or so—I know where Matie keeps the bag of flour.'

'Stir up a buckwheat or so,' sounds remarkable easy—but Mr. Kneller found it a more difficult task than he had apprehended.

'If—don't—see—where—the—hitch—is,' slowly soliloquized our hero. 'It ought to foam over, with little bubbles on the top—at least Matie's always does. Perhaps the cold weather makes a difference Hallo! I've forgotten all about potatoes!'

But not a potato could be found, and Harry Kneller, with all the originality of a great mind, fell back on a pan of withered yellow turnips, four in number, which he put boiling in a prodigious iron pot, with the cover safely held down by a couple of flat-irons.

'It will boil all the sooner,' thought Harry. 'Nothing like an economy of heat. Now then for the oysters!'

The frying pan was liberally anointed with butter and placed on the fire, and Harry began operations by impaling a fat half-frozen oyster on the prongs of a fork.

'They dredge 'em in flour first,' thought Harry, reflectively eying his oyster; 'and where the flour barrel is, I'm hanged if I know! Ah-h! there it is under the cellar shelf.'

And Harry plunged his oyster down into the white powdery depths, bringing it up an oblong sphere of snow.

'That's the time of day! Now my fine fellow, cook away at your leisure, while I give your brothers white jackets too! This is certainly a remarkably fine flour. How fragrant the coffee smells! Here's a little drawback—frying pan not big enough to hold the oysters! Never mind; we'll put 'em in first and second series, like a volume of popular essays!'

Mr. Harry Kneller paused to wipe the streaming prespiration from his brow. Half past six! Mary would soon be at home now—the 'surprise' must really be accelerated!

'I really think the oysters must be done on one side now,' said Harry eying the frying-pan scientifically, and making a dive at its contents with his fork. 'Hallo! why they're as hard as bullets! What on earth is the matter?'

He stared with discomfited eyes at the round adamantine balls that he imagined juicy-hearted oysters!

'I'm not bewitched, am I? he pondered. 'I've heard of money changing to dry leaves, but I never heard of oysters being transformed to stone! It can't be possible that—By Jove it *is* possible, and I've been and gone and done it! I've dredged my oysters in plaster of Paris that was brought in for the garden, instead of the flour! Here's a pretty blunder! All the oysters spoiled!—twenty-five of 'em, at five cents apiece! and all through my con-found-ed stupidity!'

And at the same moment the spout of the Britannia coffee-pot parted company with its main reservoir, and the coffee grounds, water, and melting metal poured into the fire in confused steam, ashes, and noise.

While Harry Kneller gazed at this chaos with a dim idea that it would be best to evactuate the kitchen promptly before the occurrence of any more disasters, the two flat-irons, impelled by some unforeseen hydraulic pressure, flew up against the ceiling, coming noisily down among china cups and piled-up plates, the pot cover following with a noise like the report of artillery, and giving Mr. Kneller a smart rap on the side of the head as it came down, which stretched him on the floor, still holding the fossiled oyster out on the end of a tosting fork.

While Harry lay prone on the kitchen oil-cloth, considering within himself whether he were killed dead, mortally wounded, or not hurt at all, the door opened, and Mrs. Kneller rushed in pale and breathless

'He has shot himself—I know he has! He has committed suicide! Oh, Harry, my own, own husband, speak to me! Tell me you are not dead!'

'No—I don't think I am,' enunciated Mr. Kneller slowly, as his wife threw herself on her knees beside him, nearly strangling him with the fervency of her embrace. 'Only I've smashed the china, and fried the oysters in plaster of Paris, and melted the nose off the coffee pot. But I'm not dead, I *think*!'

And while Mary assisted him to rise, in a little hysteric tremor between laughing and crying, he looked sheepishly round on the chaos and ruin that surrounded the death agonies of his ambition as a cook.

'You see, Mattie,' he said, glancing dolorously down at his ash-besprinkled habiliments, 'I wanted to give you a little surprise, and—'

'And you have entirely succeeded, my love,' said his wife mischievously. 'You're a splendid lawyer, dear, I've no doubt; but you'll never succeed in life as a cook.'

'I wish you'd tell me one thing, Mattie,' he said that evening, as Mrs. Kneller handed him his second cup of tea.

'And what's that?'

'Why didn't my buckwheat batter foam over and bubble as yours does? I stirred it until my arm was lame.'

'My dear,' said Mary laughing, 'do you suppose the buckwheat batter didn't know the difference between you and me?'

'Nonsense!'

'Of course it's nonsense,' said Mary demurely, 'if you mean your attempting to fry oysters in plaster of Paris!'

And Mr. Kneller did not answer.

A LUXURIOUS CONVEYANCE.—The traveling train of the Empress of Russia is, perhaps, the most complete and luxurious in the world, and is, indeed, a house upon wheels. It consists of eight saloon carriages and offices, connected by covered passages, and is divided into dining and drawing rooms, bedrooms and kitchens. The dining room has large oval windows which give uninterrupted views over the country through which the train passes; the drawing room is an elegant apartment, prettily furnished, and the bedrooms might be those of a comfortable house. The beds are, seemingly, of the ordinary kind, but are in reality hammocks, which enable their occupants to sleep without sustaining any annoyance from the vibration of the train. Of course such an establishment would not be complete without servants, and to the train are attached domestics of all kinds, from butlers to engine-drivers and porters. To the train, however, is attached a sad souvenir; it formerly belonged to Napoleon III, and was used by him for his Lyons journeys, though it would be difficult to recognize it as the same, so completely has it been reconstructed and improved.

Something about Lace.

It has been wondered at by persons unacquainted with the possibilities of mechanism, that machine-made lace should be so inferior to that made by hand It is not only true that it is so, but that for obvious reasons it must always continue inferior. In lace-making it is essential that the ends of the threads be loose. Now, until a machine has been devised which will pick up these loose ends as a Devonshire lace-maker or a Belgian nun does, it is useless to expect from the automatic machine the softness and elasticity, the evenness of thread or grace of pattern, which come from intelligent fingers. I do not desire to snub the machine-made gimps and fringes that give a style to English and American ladie's dresses, which the traveler misses so much as he proceeds through Europe toward the East; but they are not lace.

There are but four real classes of lace, although the specialties of different countries are innumerable. Point, pillow, drawn and applique are the generic kinds of lace proper, and the name of each to a woman's understanding, designates how it is made. Point-lace, indeed, meaning lace made by the needle's point is untrue to its name, since it is partly pillow-twisted; but pillow lace, drawn lace, and applique lace are what their names indicate.

Of drawn lace and applique lace no description is needed. Of pillow lace the usual method of work is thus: Upon the pillow, which is nearly globular, a piece of stiff parchment is stretched, having a number of holes forming the pattern. Through these holes pins are stuck, and threads wound upon bobbins are woven around the pins and twisted in complex ways around each other. These threads now form the skeleton. The meshes are bound together. At every two or three turns of the thread it is twisted around its own cord and then again around its neighbors' cords. The figure of the meshes depends upon the number of turns made before the twist is changed from one cord to another. It is a most tedious process. Attention cannot be diverted. Thought must be upon the work. Memory is severely taxed. The mistake of a single twist becomes fatal to the whole piece.

There are certain peculiar conditions necessary to the production of perfect lace. These are, first, the quality of thread; second, the abundance of female labor; and third, the Roman Catholic religion. Belgium, better than all other European countries, possesses the three. Her thread has not, and never had a rival; her peasant girls, red-cheeked pictures of perfect health, are proverbially industrious; and her upper and lower classes are Catholic devotees. In the vestries of the old churches of Flemish land there is a wealth of lace upon sacerdotal vestments that is beyond estimate. It has been collecting ever since Isabella's days, was wrought as a labor of love by nuns and other holy ladies, and appears upon the gorgeous apparel of ecclesiastical dignitaries on great days of the church But in all the world there is no such a collection of every description of lace as at the Vatican. From France and England, from Spain, Portugal, Austria and Italy, point d'Espagne and point Alencon, Valenciennes and Haniton, Brussels, Genoese, Argentan and one knows not what, have been coming as gifts to the church these 500 years. There are 12 large rooms used exclusively as wardrobes for laces in the papal palace.

Though a great deal of old lace has come down in families and in ecclesiastical establishments, and though lace, as an heir-loom, is guarded as watchfully as diamonds, no doubt much has been lost. It has been the fashion at times, in different parts of the world, to bury the dead of distinguished families in their lace. This was particularly the case at Corfu. To this day, there are to be found in shops these specimens of antique lace of elegant workmanship, conspicuous for darkness of color and sepulchral smell.

Honiton lace, made only in Devonshire, England, has never been a favorite in the United States. Two handkerchiefs, contributed by an American gentleman visiting in London to the New York sanitary in 1863, could scarcely be disposed of at cost. About the middle of the last century this lace was made in such perfection that it rivaled Brussels. But the lace-makers introduced a set of hideous patterns "out of their own heads," they said, patterns of boars' heads and peacocks' tails; of kettles and frying-pans; of churches and castles. Leaves and flowers, graceful compositions of the old school, were abandoned, and the end was an utter depression of the trade. To revive the best days of Honiton once again, Queen Victoria ordered her wedding lace, composed of sprigs, to be made in Devonshire, and paid for it £1000. The bridal dress of each of her married daughters has been made also of Honiton point, the patterns being the national flowers. This encouragement, together with the new business of restoring old lace, has once again set Devonshire industry on its legs.

Of the value of old laces it is impossible to speak with accuracy. The bed-furniture, made of point d'Alancon for the Empress Maria Louise, cost Napoleon First 200,000 francs. The flounce which Eugenie wore at her wedding, which had taken 36 women 18 months to complete, cost 22,000 francs. The emperor gave her a dress also for which he paid 70,000 francs. In the exhibition of 1857 was a dress of this lace which it had taken 40 women seven years to complete, and which was valued at 85,000 francs. There is a Brussels lace stole, worn only by the archbishop in the Malines' cathedral, that is said to be the largest and finest specimen in the world. It cost the labor of 73 nuns 14 years. 'What may be the worth of that stole?' asked a lady who had been admiring its marvelous beauty. 'In money, madame, do you mean?' asked the veger, in reply. 'Yes, monsieur.' 'The church, madame,' said the veger, 'reckons the value of the gifts it receives by love and not money.'—*N. S. Dodge in Hearth and Home.*

A distinguished clergymen being invited in one of our churches, a few weeks since, to open the service by prayer, but not having received an invitation to preach, declined, saying that "if his friend was going to do the mowing he might whet his own scythe."

The woman's club—the broomstick.

Hayne and Webster.

Henry S. Foote devotes one of his reminiscences, now being published in the Washington Chronicle, to ex-Senator Hayne of South Carolina, giving an account of the way in which, as described by himself, he overcame the habit of stammering in youth, and adding a graceful tribute by him to his old antagonist Daniel Webster. Mr. Foote writes: Gen. Hayne was of medium stature, well shaped, and of a singularly animated and mercurial aspect. His eyes were very bright and dazzling, and of light hazel color. His countenance wore a very mild and benignant expression. His face was cleanly shaven, and he was elegantly but unostentatiously attired. His manners were marked with a graceful and winning affability which I have never seen surpassed. I asked him how he had been able to acquire such wondrous facility of expression, and such remarkable capacity for keeping alive the interest of his audience. He answered my querics without any false modesty, and without a particle of vulgar egotism, very nearly in these words: 'You give me credit for much facility of expression, and for having successfully cultivated to some extent the graces of rhetorical display. I shall surprise you, I do not doubt, when I tell you that at 16 years of age I was an awkward, stammering boy. I desired to become a lawyer, and was even then assiduously preparing myself for the legal profession. A youth more ambitious of oratorical distinction than I was I am sure has never lived. But my friends and relatives all joined in urging me to give up the hope of future renown as a speaker, and to devote myself to some other calling better adapted to the slenderness of my faculties. They told me that it was absurd and ridiculous in one who stuttered so abominably to think of becoming even a tolerable pleader of causes. This mortified me much, but I did not desert from the struggle in which I had so zealously enlisted. I thought much of the difficulties of a similar kind which Demosthenes was reported to have encountered, and of the successful efforts made by him to overcome them. I diligently studied the tones of my own voice. I essayed to find out all the mysteries which belonged to our complex vocal organ. I labored from hour to hour, and from minute to minute, to ascertain the precise nature of those particular impediments to a clear and easy articulation under which I was suffering. I pondered this subject by day, and it was with me the prompter of many a painful and of many a pleasing dream. At length the light broke in upon me. I found that I had never before learned to talk; that I had been suffered all my life to jabber confused and unintelligible sounds. I learned at last that to speak, in the true sense of the word, was to articulate distinct vocables; that the ardor of my temperament was such, as well as my ambition, to communicate ideas to the minds of others, that I had heretofore unduly hurried my syllables upon each other, or rather tried to do so, so that the vocal sounds became inextricably intermingled and hopelessly indistinct, and that every fresh effort had involved me in greater and greater embarrassments. I came at last to the conclusion that the first step I had to take in order to acquire the complete control of my voice was to put my own feelings under the strictest discipline, to habituate myself to sober thought, and to learn the indispensable art of keeping the fervent sensibilities with which I was endowed under thorough command, and that after I had done these things in an effectual manner it would then be indespensable that I should strive to enunciate each syllable that I had to utter clearly and emphatically before attempting to emit a succeeding one, and so on until the whole sentence, whether long or short, should have passed forth from my lips. By pursuing this course rigidly for a considerable period of time, I hoped that at last I might accomplish the great object that I was seeking to attain, and that I should become able to speak fluently and without pain either to myself or to others. I practiced constantly upon these ideas, and if I now speak with ease, as you seem to think, I am indebted for my power in this respect to the labors which I have just described. This is so certainly the case that I assure you that were I even now to attempt to express myself in the rapid manner which has become so common of late among young men of fiery temperament and unchastened moral organism, I should inevitably stutter just as disgustingly as I did forty years ago."

After this interesting recital had closed, I ventured to refer to the great oratorical contest between himself and Mr. Webster, in the national Senate, now nearly half a century ago, and asked him what he thought of Mr. Webster's powers as a speaker. He at once answered, that he supposed him, upon the whole, to be the most consummate orator of ancient or modern times; that his ability as a reasoner, he was confident, had never been exceeded; that his imagination was as fertile and vigorous as that of Milton or Homer; that his humor was both exquisite and abundant; that his knowledge was unlimited; that he had the most happy command of his temper at all times, and that on certain great occasions he had excelled all the speakers that had ever lived, not excepting either Demosthenes or Cicero. I then asked him what he thought of Webster's manner. He replied that it was always grand and impressive, that he had never heard him utter a word in a careless or vulgar style: that he seemed never to forget his own dignity, or to be unmindful of the character and feelings of others, and that when thoroughly excited, the sublime grandeur of his thoughts and language derived great additional potency from his noble and soul-moving enunciation and his few but impressive gestures. I then said to him: "But, Gen. Hayne every one in the South admired your speeches on the occasion to which you have been referring more than they did those of Mr. Webster, and it is said that Gen. Jackson was so much delighted with the first of your speeches in the Senate that he had it printed on satin for distribution among his friends at a distance. Was this so?" To which he replied: "I believe this to have been true; the people of the South generally approved my speech because they believed that I had been defending in it their own local interests and honor. Gen. Jackson admired it because he thought that I had successfully vindicated the democratic cause, to the support of which his own life had been devoted. But you know that in a few months thereafter, when our nullification experiment had developed its gigantic proportions, and after the memorable contest had occurred in the Senate between Mr. Calhoun and my ancient antagonist, Mr. Webster, Gen. Jackson became so great an admirer of the senator from Massachusetts that he thought seriously of making him the chief justice of the supreme court of the United States, upon the decease of the venerable Marshall. Be assured, sir," he continued, "I never for one moment have thought of comparing that speech of mine, made in direct assailment of Mr. Webster and the federal party of old, and to the defense of which I had thought proper to challenge him, to his great and unequaled speech in reply thereto; though it is certain that for a day or two it seemed to many that I had come off victor in the contest."

BUFFALO HUNTING.—From the shelves of the modern library, says the Chicago *Tribune*, ideas have been gathered respecting the killing of Buffalo that are totally at variance with the facts. The hunter, a symmetrical being, generally in loose-cut undressed deer-skin leggings and tunic, adorned with dried quills, and fringed, leaps on his panting steed, and chases the bison many a long mile; and, at a convenient distance, with his strong right arm, throws the sinuous lasso, bringing the monster to earth in the midst of its wild career. Calmly he takes unerring aim with his goodly backwoods rifle, and lodges the leaden messenger of death straight in the brain of the lassoed brute. Leaping lightly from his steed, the hunter then advances cautiously, knife in hand, and the bison's heart has scarcely ceased to beat ere the luscious steak is on the glowing coal. And so forth and so on, until the remaining meat has been hung up on a tree or buried, to be come for at another time, and the animal duly flayed and its skin set out to dry in the sun. For a gilt-edged young gentleman fond of romance, who had the good luck to find a terrified bounding bison out all alone, with his hoofs and horns safely locked up at home, and his teeth in his waist-coat pocket, that library picture will do well enough; but the reality is sometimes a grim affair. The bison run in herds of from two to four thousand head, and when they are alarmed, scamper off, and when they scamper off, God help the hunter or score of hunters who are luckless enough to stand in their way. A hundred hunters would be swept off the earth into atoms as certainly as though they were to oppose with their bodies a locomotive engine. The bold hunters do not chase the bison in that way. They have learned wisdom and tricks since they shot bison for the Eastern markets. They adopt all kinds of stratagem, the most successful of which is the digging of little pits, or hiding in natural holes where the buffalo is sure to pass. Here they wait many weary hours before the herd takes up such a position that they can be safely scared from the rear, with the certainty of advancing in direction of the hunters. Once scared, they will come tearing on like the wind, and the hunter can pop at them in front from out of the pits, while those in the rear pop at them behind and on the sides from their sandies. A bison will always jump a hole, but if he turns and shows fight, most hunters prefer not to abide the issue. It is a risky business, and only fit for Indians and whites of the most unsettled habits

STARTING TO SCHOOL.—Out of the slumber-land and the snowy pillow ruffles two little eyes are kissed open an hour earlier than usual to get themselves ready for school.

Oh! there are "hurryings to and fro" and tremblings on the stairs and nervousness of little fingers and larger ones; excited joy in five-year old's eyes and a shade of half-regret in mamma's; one more ration of pickle, jelly-cake and bread-and-butter in the dinner, and a primer with damaged picture alphabet in the satchel.

A tiny handkerchief has to be marked with the important owner's name, a wee apron must wait for its ruffles and then—the school ma'am and the brunette maiden pass out at the front gate!

Mamma swallows something that has suddenly grown in her throat and is astonished at the mist that comes between her and the wealth of wavy brown hair, that glitters like silk in the sunshine. Then something drops on her cheek and—its no use! Mamma is crying some tears, presently she smiles a little, weeps some more, and then, remembering that this is only a repetition of what every mother has to endure, she turns with a little show of bravery to her work, pausing to press the mold around the stem of the pot rose and notice it has another bud, and then going back to catch another glimpse of the scarlet and white dot moving around the bend half a mile away.

Grandma comes out of her room saying "how still it is;" for mamma has not sung a bit all the morning and—well, grandma sees how it is and sighs and smiles, remembering things that happened at least twenty years ago!

Gough says: There are people who can make nothing out of a joke. If you say to such a man, "I can't drive a joke into your head with a sledge-hammer," he will solemnly ask, "Do people drive jokes into other people's heads with a sledge hammer?" He lately travelled with such a man. He told him the little story of the darkey, who appeared with a very nice hat on, and when asked what the hat cost, didn't know; the storekeeper wasn't in when he got it; and this man said he should think he'd have asked the clerk. Then he told him of the man who had a box of cigars under his arm, and when asked what he had, replied, 'Tickets to my wife's lectures,' and the same gentleman said he couldn't see the connection.

An Iowa bride pulled her husband's hair while going home from the sacred altar, and he walked straight to a lawyer.

An Ohio man took a ride on a windmill, the other day, to have some high old fun. His widow owns a big farm and $5,000 in government bonds.

Every day should be distinguished by at least one particular act of love.

From the Messenger.

Little Bessy Brainerd.

BY GRANDPA.

God gave us little Bessy B——,
A lovely pet of summers three,
To love and cherish and protect,
And unto Him her steps direct.

Guide our little Bessy, guide;
O, may she in thy love abide;
Protect her from each sinful snare,
Surround her with thy guardian care.

Be thou, O Christ, her constant friend;
May she for strength on Thee depend;
Vouchsafe thine aid, and ever be
A friend to little Bessy B——.

O, guide her in the heavenly way,
And suffer not her feet to stray;
O may our little charming pet
From sinful ways by Thee be kept.

May Bessy live from year to year,
Within the circle of thy fear;
At last receive a radiant crown,
When life's stern duties all are done.

And when the race with each is o'er,
May we all meet on that blest shore,
To offer praises unto Thee,
Including little Bessy B——.

Middlebury, May 22, 1873. S. S. S.

A YOUNG MAN WHO WASN'T POSTED.—The new-fashioned belt for carrying all sorts of things, from a parasol to a button-hook, appeared in Rochester, N. Y., for the first time, last week. Among the first to seize the novelty was a very lovely young lady, who immediately donned the harness and went out for a promenade. She chanced to pass the porch of a hotel upon which several young men sat, regaling themselves with cigars, and of course their eyes were irresistably drawn to the passing beauty. The belt, with its beaded pointers, was observed with astonishment, for the young men had never seen the like, and one of the party, noticing that her elegant and costly gold watch was swinging loosely, and thinking it had slipped through her belt, and might prove too tempting to some thief, stepped forward when the lady had reached the group, and lifting his hat, said, "I beg your pardon, Miss, but your watch is swinging from your belt." She regarded not the watch or belt, but, turning her glorious eyes full upon him, said, with a dazzling smile, "O, well, sir, let it swing." Such a shout as went up from his companions! But he stood it manfully, likewise the treat implied in such cases, and then went slowly home to interview his sister about the fashions.

A CONDUCTOR TO BE TRUSTED.—One day, before Cornelius Vanderbilt obtained possession of the Hudson River Railway, he was traveling, it is said, from New York to Albany; and considering himself a privileged character, went into the baggage car to smoke. He had been enjoying his cigar but two or three minutes when the conductor came along and informed him politely that he must not smoke there. Vanderbilt said that it wouldn't make any difference—that it was all right, &c.; but the conductor was of a different opinion—declaring that it was contrary to the rules of the road.

"You don't know me," said the speaker. "My name is Vanderbilt; I am sometimes called Commododore. I generally do about as I please."

"I don't know nor do I care who you are, Mr. Vanderbilt. I intend to obey the rules. If you were ten times a Commodore I could not permit you to smoke here, and you must go elsewhere to finish your cigar."

The loyalty to duty displayed by the conductor pleased the ancient Cornelius, and he went out, though not before he said to the conductor:

"You are the right kind of a man for your place. You don't respect persons. I think of buying this road, and if I do you can stay on it as long as you like."

Vanderbilt did buy the road and retained the conductor. He frequently remarked that that man could be trusted; that he was never mistaken in judging of character, and that he knew from the first that the conductor was sound.

The conductor stayed on the road for five years, and in that time, as the story goes, stole himself into a pecuniary independence.

So much for Vanderbilt's knowledge of character. Evidently the conductor knew Vanderbilt better than Vanderbilt knew the conductor.

FLIGHT OF A CARRIER-PIGEON.—A large throng of spectators gathered in New York, recently, to witness what, in that city, is yet a novel sight—the flight of a carrier-pigeon. The bird which amused and edified so large a number of persons was the rather famous "Ariel," a native of Belgium and descendant from the best breed of Antwerp carriers. He has won several prizes in flying matches, once having earned $2,000 for his owner by beating 300 contestants in a match flight from London to Brussels. He was purchased in 1870 by O. S. Hubbell, a Philadelphia naturalist, and placed on the new owner's farm at River Cliff, Conn. Unusual interest is taken in this bird, owing to the fact that he is to be the leader of the brood of carrier-pigeons which Professor Wise proposes to take with him on his contemplated balloon voyage across the Atlantic.

A few minutes after three o'clock the pigeon was taken out from the cage in which he had been confined for several days. The gentleman who was to fly him stroked his sleek plumage caressingly a few moments, while the bird moved its head from side to side as if conscious that it was to be set loose. The keeper, who was standing in a window of the upper story of the large building, then gave the bird a toss up in the air, and "Ariel" was off. His long, slender, slate-colored wings were spread, and he immediately shot away over the housetops on the east side of Union square. After flying a few hundred yards he turned and soared away in the direction of Long Island Sound. The bird is now resting at its home at River Cliff, near Stratford, Conn.

HUMBOLDT'S MONEY.—It is well known that Alexander von Humboldt died in a state bordering on poverty. His financial embarrassments were caused by his loss, in 1843, of the sum of nine or ten thousand dollars in gold, which the King of Prussia had presented to him. At the time it was believed that the money had been stolen from the great savant, but the police were unable to find any clue to its disappearance. Strange to say, a short time since the gentleman now living in the house formerly occupied by Humboldt, found the money in a small box among some old rubbish in the cellar. How it got there puzzles Humboldt's intimate acquaintances exceedingly.

The Trans-Atlantic Balloon's Car and its Contents.

The car of the balloon, "The Daily Graphic," as designed by Profs. Wise and Donaldson, is now being carefully constructed under the direct supervision of the latter, and when completed will be a marvel of lightness, strength and convenience. It will necessarily be a combination of store-house, dormitory, workshop and observatory. It will be supported at one point only—its apex—and besides its own weight and that of the passengers and ballast, will have to bear the strain of the life-boat below.

It may be described in brief as to consist, in outline, of twelve stout ropes looped, with their twenty-four ends tied in the supporting ring above. These loops will be distended into a bell-like shape by three great hoops of stout ash, the lower of which, eight feet in diameter, will support a flooring strong enough to hold most of the ballast.

This flooring will be laid of two layers of narrow ash boards, the direction of one layer being at right angles to that of the other. This arrangement is designed to aid in resisting the pressure on the hoops from the ropes, which will pass around under the bottom of the car. Four and a half feet above this floor is another, resting on a hoop ten feet in diameter. This will consist of one layer of light pine boards, to be removed and thrown out if necessary, but which, nevertheless, will be the "main floor" of the airy tenement. Between these two floors, and extending about four feet above the upper one, the siding will consist of stout rope network, with meshes of about four inches. Outside of this, and between it and the ropes, there will be a casing of stout canvass or duck, extending, however, only to the upper floor. About ten feet above this floor will be placed the third distending hoop, six feet in diameter, above which the main ropes will taper directly to the ring.

From the apex to the main floor the car will be covered with duck, the lower part of which will be cut and arranged to be rolled up in seperate pieces, like curtains. There will be four windows cut in the convass siding, to look from in case in will be necessary to