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I INVITE the attention of horsemen to my young stock sire, PILGRIM. I have fed carefully for several years, from the very best stock in the State, and I think I have a horse that will please all who will look at him, and pay a fee who will patronize. He may be seen at my stables in New Haven during the season of 1874, except Saturdays, when he will be at Vergennes. 4tf R. D. RYDER.

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SPRING-SIDE AVENUE.
LAST MONTH SEVERAL LOTS WERE PURCHASED.
Among the buyers were A. P. Tupper, Esq., Col. Knapp.
Others in Negotiation!
HANDSOME LOTS OFFERED ON EASY TERMS!
The Superiority of BUILDING LOTS on this New Street is universally admitted.

Yea, it is a Christian duty,
To secure a pleasant home,
When the days so dark and rainy,
Of a stormy life shall come.
Yea, 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:

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

The Middlebury Register.

VOL. XXXIX. MIDDLEBURY, VT., JUNE 2, 1874. NO. 11.

DIED.

Thursday, May 14th, at his residence in Middlebury village, Edmund A. Barney, aged 59 years, 2 months and 15 days.

Tranquil sleeps our Christian brother,
Called home of God to joys sublime,
He now in heaven is safely folded
From all the dangerous snares of time.

Brother Barney, though we miss thee,
In bitter anguish we'll not weep,
Thy face reveals a soul in glory,
For seemingly thou art asleep.

Only as a friend we mourn thee,
For we know thou art at rest,
Thou art with the loving Savior,
In the mansions of the bless'd.

Received and Crowned—a faithful soldier,
All thy battles now are o'er,
Pain and death no more can rack thee,
On that bright and happy shore.

In such an hour as we think not,
The Son of Man doth surely come,
Let us like thee, be also ready,
For a glorious transport home.

Faithful unto Death.

'Only a girl's likeness,' thought Miss Abbervill, as she musingly surveyed the picture before her. The face was one of serene, gentle goodness; there was no remarkable intelligence gleaming from the depths of the blue eyes; no especial beauty enriched the features. It was simply the sweet, calm face of a happy girl, who knew of life only its sunshine and its goodness.

'I never look at the face of my sister Ethel,' said Miss Laurens, 'without thinking of the lesson her life taught—to believe a man innocent until he has been proved guilty.'

You look at Ethel's calm face, and you think that it simply betokens goodness and gentleness; but in it I see firmness and resolution, endurance and courage which will brave the fiercest opposition if it stands in the way of duty.

My father did not approve of Ethel's engagement to Henry Ackland, who was only a poor clerk, and the son of a poor clergyman. However, he consented, for he knew that Ethel really loved with all the gentle devotion of her nature.

But when the day before the wedding was to take place, there came a letter to Laurens Manor, from a gentleman in the city; my father read it with grim satisfaction, for the intelligence it contained gave him an excuse for breaking off a match always distasteful to him.

With the letter in his hand, he entered the library where Ethel and Henry were sitting. She sat showing him her bridal veil and wreath that had just arrived from the city, and in sportive happiness had thrown the veil over her head, which sat like a coronal of beauty on her fair brow.

I sat in the balcony, and through the open window, for it was early summer, looked into the room.

Into the midst of that happy scene stalked the tall form of my father holding the fearful missive which was intended to part two loving hearts forever.

'Read this letter, sir!' he said to Henry Ackland, sternly, 'and after reading it, leave my house forever.'

This abrupt address startled the young couple, and arrested their playful gaiety. Henry Ackland took the letter, and though his color deepened while reading it, he betrayed no other emotion.

'Well, sir, what have you to say to the accusation?' said my father indignantly.

'It is false, sir! false as the base heart that originated it.'

'That must be proven; with such an imputation resting upon you, surely you cannot expect to marry my daughter.'

'I am well aware, sir,' said the young man, respectfully, 'that it is difficult to prove ourselves innocent in the eyes of those who are determined to think us guilty—'

'Very well,' said my father, interrupting him, impatiently, 'prove yourself innocent, that is all that is required of you. This letter says that you have stolen a large amount from your employers; and you will not think me unreasonable in not wishing to see my daughter the wife of a thief.'

'Thief!' How that word aroused the indignation of Ethel. I see her now as she sprung from the chair in which she was sitting, and placed herself beside her betrothed, as it to shield him from such accusations.

'Thief,' she said; 'who dares to call him a thief. Let them prove it if they can. The whole world may deem him guilty; I know him better than the world, and I believe him innocent.'

Her eyes flashed; and her whole manner evinced how deeply her gentle nature had been moved.

'Nonsense!' said my father. 'What proof have you of his innocence?'

'I have that within,' she said, laying her hand on her heart, 'which tells me he has done no wrong. I would stake my life on his innocence.'

'Women are very silly when they love,' said my father; 'even proof proves nothing to them.'

'I am innocent, Ethel—I am innocent!' protested Henry Ackland in a tremulous voice, touched to the heart by her eloquent defense.

'Do I not know it?, she replied earnestly.

'Then you will not forsake me?' he asked eagerly.

'Faithful unto death,' was her only answer, as the tears rushed to her eyes and fell in great drops on her hand, which was clasping his.

'This is a very unpleasant affair,' said my father. 'I cannot allow my daughter to marry you. You had better return to the city at once, and consider your marriage engagement at an end.'

'Your employer writes me that he has missed a large sum, and suspicion has fallen on you. I am sorry for you, young man; but you have blasted your own life. You will please leave my house at your earliest convenience.'

'I will leave it with him, father,' said Ethel, calmly. To-morrow was to have been my wedding day, and shal' be still.'

My father looked at her sternly.—There was resolution depicted on her face, and he knew that she would do as she said,

'Once go from under my roof with that young man,' replied my father, 'and you never again cross the threshold of my door. Heaven help you if you have so little respect that you are willing to be the wife—to bear the name of a thief!'

'Did I think him a thief,' she replied proudly, 'his wife I could never be; believing him to be innocent, I shall remain true until death.'

My father rose abruptly, slamming the door as he departed. I heard a low sob, but it did not come from Ethel; ti proceeded from Henry Ackland. Then I saw him spring to his feet and pace the room; then he stopped in front of Ethel, and I heard him say:

'How it galls a man to be thought a villain when he feels that he is innocent; to see the finger of scorn pointing at him; to know that he is held in contempt—this, too, the bitter portion of man's heart that knows he has done no wrong.'

'Be patient,' I heard him say 'and the cloud will pass away.'

Then I saw him lean his head on his hands, and I knew he was weeping, for I perceived her trying to comfort him, as she laid her hand on his bowed head.

The next morning they were both gone. She went to the clergyman's humble house from this stately mansion, and he married her to his son.—My father never permitted us to name her in his presence; her letters were returned to her unopened; her picture was turned with its face to the wall; and all that we had left of our gentle Ethel was the memory of her sweet face and loving deeds.

Respect for her father, and regard for his own former good character actuated Henry Ackland's employers in taking no legal measures against him. They simply dismissed him from their service.

One year elapsed, and the clouds had not been cleared from his character and heart. Honorable and sensitive, he was continually haunted by a sense shame; a great burden that he could not shake off, seemed weighing him to the earth.

His spirit forsook him, his breath gave way, and at last he whispered, one day as he lay sick and wasted on the couch:

'Ethel, my darling, my heart is broken. I can survive sorrow, but not disgrace.'

She looked at him through her tears for she felt that it was too true, and her only answer was too stoop down and kiss the pale cheek of the man whose honor she, at all events, had never doubted.

He lived just long enough to see the imputation removed from his name.

The day before Ethel's husband died, moved by remorse, the porter of the establishment confessed that he had done the deed of which Henry Ackland had been accused.

'Too late!' sobbed poor Ethel, as she took up the wasted hand of her husband and pressed it tenderly, almost despairingly.

He looked at her with a satisfied smile, as he whispered faintly:

'No, not too late for those who believe me guilty. You need not this to convince you of my innocence but they did. Others deserted me, but you were indeed faithful unto death.'

And when the morning sun stole into the chamber, it shone on the dead husband and the weeping wife—the young girl who taught us the lesson, to believe a man innocent until he is proven guilty.

The Broken Pledge.

Blanche Haughton was standing longer than usual before her toilet glass one evening, and the face and form therein reflected were fair indeed, but Blanche was a beauty in one sense, and in another—well the sequel will prove. It was the eventful eve of the grand party of the season: Miss Haughton had called, her maid an hour before her usual time, and now she stood before the glass as pretty a picture as one could wish to see, the light flashing in her large black eyes as she saw and realized her peerless beauty; her dark hair falling in waving curls from her fair brow, and the hue of her cheeks glowing like roses in the sunlight. 'Yes, I must look my best to-night; perhaps Frank Lawrence can see the difference between May Hunt, with her yellow curls, blue eyes and half simpering ways, and Blanche Haughton. I have said I would have my revenge and I will. So Master Frank, you have signed the 'pledge' have you? because of May, and you'll never touch the wine cup again! we'll see how long your good resolves last,' and the spoiled beauty, giving one more look at the reflection in the mirror, swept haughtily away.

It was at the home of Blanche that the party was gathering, and the gas-light shone brightly on fair forms, and faces with not a thought of care.—Standing near one of the windows, engaged in conversation, were a young lady and gentleman; he was a tall, handsome young man with clear brown eyes and curling hair, while his companion was a petite, little lady, with fair hair and large, blue eyes. They were watching the guests, as they came with merry laughter and pleasurable anticipations, when suddenly the lady said:

'Frank, have you seen Blanche Haughton to-night? I always thought her beautiful but this evening she surpasses herself.'

'Yes, I have seen her, May,' replied the young man; 'she is very handsome, but her beauty is nothing to me now, if it was once;' and the loving glance he gave fair May was enough to verify his words.

The hours sped by as swiftly as the feet of the merry dancers. Tired at last of tripping the 'light fantastic toe,' Frank Lawrence had wandered to the window where he and May Hunt had so lately stood together busy with his own thoughts he did not hear the light footstep, or know that any one was near, till he felt a soft touch on his shoulder, and a sweet voice saying:

'You look lonely, Mr. Lawrence.—

He turned with a start to see Blanche Haughton, her cheeks glowing, and eyes sparkling with the excitement of the evening. 'Why are you not with the dancers?' she continued: 'I have looked for you all the evening, and now I find you so lonely here by the window gazing at the stars; a penny for your thoughts, sir,'

'Thank you for your kindness, Miss Blanche, but if you think me lonely, you are much mistaken, for the stars and my thoughts are good companions, and now that you have come what more could I wish?' and he gave an admiring glance at the fascinating girl

The long lashes droped on Blanche's fair cheek—for she was well versed in the art of coquetry—as she replied:

'I cannot keep your company long, for I hear a call for Blanche,' and she was moving away, when Frank called her back saying:

'May I not have the pleasure of taking you to supper?' Blanche bowed her head in assent and merrily joined the companions she had left.

Frank Lawrence went to the supper table fully resolved not to touch a drop of wine, and when it passed, he shook his head with a determined gesture, saying, 'A glass of cold water for me, please.' Blanche Haughton knew her time, she was then holding the glass to the light, and watched the 'bead' as it floated to the brim; turning to her companion in winning tones she said:

'Is not that beautiful, will you not drink with me once to-night, Frank just once? I will only ask that. I hear you have signed the 'pledge' but what hurt to just taste this? Look, see how glowingly the light lingers through it,' and again she held the goblet up.

The voice of the tempter whispered the same in his ear, 'what hurt will it do? He yielded and lifted the goblet for a taste but that little was too much; the cup was empty when he set it down, saying, 'that was well worth trying.' A smile of triumph curled Blanche Haughton's lip as she heard the words she knew were the beginning of her longed for revenge.

Ah, poor Frank! that glass was not his last. Some of his friends carried his senseless form home to his mother that evening, and if Blanche Haughton could have seen the tears that rolled down her palid cheek as she watched over her drunken son, she might have thought her revenge fell on the inocent also; if she could have seen the anguish of gentle May as she saw her lover, so manly and handsome a few hours before, so full of buoyant hopes and plans for the future, carried home inebriated, perhaps the joy that filled her heart might have lost some of its gratification, but she did not see this, and only thought of her triumph. But beware and remember, fair false one that 'Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall.' Why was it that the spoiled beauty wished for revenge? Simply this: she had loved Frank Lawrence and thought her passion returned, but when May Hunt was found to be her rival, her heart was filled with jealousy; knowing his weakness and also that he had signed the 'pledge' she thought if she could not win his love there would be some pleasure in knowing him lost to May; she little cared for the sorrow of his mother whose idol he was, and when she heard of her death, did not think she was half the cause of it.

Hardly had the events of the grand party ceased to be talked of when the news came that Mr. Haughton, the rich lawyer' had 'failed;' he had nothing left him; everything was swept away. Proud in spirit he could ill brook the cold stare from those once called friends; he died, leaving Blanche and her mother to battle alone with the world. Never healthy and long used to every form of luxury, Mrs. Haughton soon followed her husband to the grave, and Blanche found herself alone in the great city without nothing but her own hands to depend upon. What a change from the belle of a fashionable ball room, courted and flattered by all, to the reality of her utter loneliness.—Those whom but a short time before she termed friends, now passed her coldly, as though she were the veriest beggear in the street.

One evening, after a fruitless endeavor to find work, she sat alone by her scanty fire sorrowfully thinking of the past, and the change in her life, when a light tap on her door broke the silence of her little room. Rising to open it with trembling fingers Blanche lifted the latch, when who but the former hated rival, May Hunt, should stand before her Blanche was thoroughly humbled, now, and the sight of a friendly face was what she wished. May told her that she had searched all over the city for her, and listened with tears in her eyes to the recital of Blanche's troubles, and when Blanche begged her forgiveness for the wrong she had done, May readily forgave her, though it cost a bitter heart pang.

It was a clear bright day in winter; the sunlight shone brightly through the window, on one of the poorest streets of the city; it lingered lovingly over two kneeling forms there, touching the brown and golden curls with a halo of light and shining on the palid features of a corpse, lying on the little pallet-bed by which the mourners (for such they were) knelt twining their arms about one another; one spoke, saying:

'Oh, May how can you ever forgive me?' and burst into a passionate fit of weeping.

The corpse on which the sun shoned so brightly was none other than Frank Lawrance, and the mourners were Blanche Haughton and May Hunt.—From that evening when he had yielded to the voice of the tempter his course had been downward, and none who saw his haggard face, bloodshot eyes and staggering steps would have thought it was the handsome manly Frank Lawrence of a few months before. Now he was dead; dead in the prime of his manhood, dead in the flushing hours of his life, killed by a demon that has killed many a young man ere he learned the paths trod by the temperate and virtuous; now the bright winter sunshine shone o'er his pale corpse as brightly as on the busy people in the street below, who passed by with little heeding or knowing the sorrow so near them.

A RACE OF PIGMIES.—Bayard Taylor, in a letter from Egypt, gives an account of the recent discovery of a race of pigmies in Central Africa. Speaking of two, in the care of the Khedive, he says: The little fellows looked at me with bright, questioning, steady eyes, while I examined and measured them. Tubbal was 46 inches in height, the legs being 22 inches, and body with head 24, which is somewhat better proportioned than is usual in savage tribes. The head and arms were quite symmetrical, but the spine curved in remarkably from the shoulders to the hip-joint, throwing out the abdomen, which was already much distorted, probably from their diet of beans and bananas. The head was erect, the shoulders on the line of gravity, and there was no stoop in the posture of the body, as in South Africa.

Tubbal measured 26 inches around the breast, and 28 inches around the abdomen. His hands and feet were coarsely formed but not large, only the knee joints being disproportionately thick and clumsy. The facial angle was fully up to the average. There was good development of the brain, fine intelligent eyes, and a nose so flattened that in looking down the forehead from above one can only see the lips projecting beyond it. The nostrils were astonishingly wide and square. The camplexion was that of a dark mulatto.

The Latter Rain.

BY SPURGEON.

It is very usual in the life of grace for the soul to receive, in after years, a second very remarkable visitation of the Holy Spirit, which may be compared to the latter rain. The latter rain was sent to plump out the wheat, and make it full, mature, ready for the after-harvest ripening. So there is a time of special grace granted to saints, to prepare them for glory, to make them completely meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light. To some this is given in the form of what has very commonly, and I think correctly, been called a second conversion. There is a point in grace as much above the ordinary Christian as the ordinary Christian is above the wordling. The life of grace is no dead level. There are mountains and there are valleys, like the poor Swiss of the Vales, who live in the midst of miasma where fever has its lair, and the frame is languid and enfeebled. Such dwellers in the lowlands of unbelief are forever doubting, fearing, troubled, about their interest in Christ; and tossed to and fro; but there are other believers, who, by God's grace, have climbed the mountain of full assurance and near communion. Their place is with the eagle in his eyrie, high aloft. They are rejoicing Christians, holy and devout men, doing service for the Master all over the world, and everywhere conquerors throug him that loved him.

HOW CHARACTER IS EDUCED.—Men are made at zero, and by a process of self-development, by reason of their condition and their necessities, they unfold their characters. It is more or less the stimulus brought to bear, in the providence of God, through their wants, that lift them up. You would like it if a house were built for you before you were born. You would like it if, when you came into the world, you found shoes ready made for you; if you found coats hanging and waiting for you; if you found tables ready to slide in or to rise up through the floor, covered with all manner of delicious food, and surrounded by airy servitors. And what would you do? Oh, nothing! And what is a man who does nothing in this world? A man who does not cry with pain, who does not strive to avoid it, who does not aspire, and does not work; a man who is not piled on every hand with motives for the exercise of all his faculties in the development of himself—such a man is not the man God meant to produce in this world. He is not the ideal man of divine Providence. This world is a world of anvils, of benches, of plows, of looms, of everything which indicates that men must work out their own salvation; and work may be said to be the birthcry of creation to every man that comes into the world.—*H. W. Beecher.*

COUNTING A BILLION.—What is a billion? The reply is very simple—a million times a million. This is quickly written, and quicker pronounced. But no man is able to count it. You count 160 or 170 a minute; but let us suppose you go as far as 200, then an hour would produce 1,200; a day, 288,000; and a year or 365 days, 105,120,000. Let us suppose now that Adam, at the beginning of his existence, had begun to count, had continued to do so, and was counting still, he would not even now, according to the usually supposed age of our globe, have counted near enough. For to count a billion he would require 6512 years, 342 days, 5 hours and 20 minutes, according to the above rule. Supposing we were to allow a poor counter 12 hours daily for rest, eating and sleeping, he would need 19,025 years, 319 days, 10 hours and 45 minutes!

STRETCH IT A LITTLE.—A little girl and her brother were on their way to the store one winter morning. The grass on the common was white with frost, and the wind was very damp. They were both poorly dressed, but the little girl had a kind of cloak over her which she seemed to have outgrown.

As they walked briskly along she drew the boy closer to her, and said:

"Come under my coat, Johnny."

"It isn't big enough for both, sister."

"Then I will try and stretch it a little;" and they were soon as close together and as warm as birds in the same nest.

Now, why can't we all stretch our comforts a little? There are many shivering bodies, and sad hearts, and weeping eyes in the world, just because people do not stretch their comforts beyond themselves.

THE MATTER WITH MOSES.—The indictment for breach of trust and grand larceny found against Gov. Moses, of South Carolina, charges that eminent disciple of Grantism with having counseled and advised with J. R. Humbert, the defaulting treasurer of Orangeburg county, to use $8000 of the state taxes to pay the private debts of Moses. It is understood that Moses has done quite an extensive business in the way of borrowing money from country treasurers, on having the appointment of those officials; and the governor's free use of the public funds has led many of them to violate their trust for their own benefit, as they well know that he can pardon them if they should be convicted of embezzlement. H. A. Smith, the county treasurer of Fairfield, was recently convicted of embezzling $18,000 belonging to the state, and Judge Mackey, who is himself a radical republican, in passing sentence upon the culprit remarked that he firmly believed that he was performing a duty purely technical and formal, as the judgment itself was merely a precursor of a pardon which would surely follow. The question which now agitates South Carolina is, whether, if Moses should be tried and convicted of larceny, he has the power under the laws and constitution to pardon himself.—[New York Sun.

—The work of stocking the head-waters of the Connecticut with salmon spawn has begun in good earnest, all the four states on its banks being contributors. Eight hundred thousand are to be put in.

A man in San Francisco, who closed his saloon one night recently to allow a lady in the rooms above to die quietly, is now suing her heirs for $350 for the favor.

Gen. S. C. Griffin, of New Hampshire, is to deliver the oration at Providence, R. I., on Decoration Day.

ALEX.'s LOVES.—The Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise is responsible for the following, which must be taken *cum grano salis*, when it is remembered that American matrons and maidens are not in the habit of compromising their reputation even with royalty. If any such letters are in existance, they are most likely the prduction of adventuresses:

We do not know the following story in relation to the Grand Duke Alexis and his late tour in the United States has ever been published. It was related by the Grand Duke himself, while in Japan, to a gentleman whose name, were it mentioned, would be familiar to the most of our readers.

No sooner had the Grand Duke landed in the United States than he was flooded with all sorts of letters from all sorts of people on all sorts of subjects. Embraced in the epistolary hurricane were hundreds, perhaps thousands, of letters from females—many the inspiration of impertinence and dishonesty and many more the prompting of flagrant and criminal immodesty.

All classes seemed to participate in this folly—weman without reputation and with nothing to lose, as well as ladies of wealth and respectability, prepared to sacrifice everything. Many of those letters were glanced over merely and destroyed; but a large number were with pardonable vanity in the young Grand Duke, retained for future examination after he had finished his travels. These letters, embraced in no less than five packages, were intrusted to an orderly for conveyance to St. Petersburgh, while the Grand Duke continued his journey westward. In due time Alexis received a letter from his august father, announcing, among other matters, that four sealed packages had been received from him, but the messenger was missing. Alexis at once surmised that one of the packages had been stolen by the orderly, whose purpose was to make them public. Unwilling to have the reputation of many ladies of respectability thus compromised through his carelessness, Alexis promptly telegraphed the Emperor to arrest the orderly at any cost and seize the missing letters.

All the police appliances of the Russian Empire were at once invoked, but the orderly could not be found within the vast dominions of the Czar. He was at length discovered in a town in Belgium, where he was serenely engaged in making up the letters in an attractive volume of 300 or 400 pages, and the book was on the point of being issued, for the fellow had made good use of his time. No time was to be lost. But what was to be done? Russia had no extradition treaty with Belgium, and the Belgium authorities, although willing to accommodate the Czar, did not see how the publication could be suppressed. Exasperated at this state of affairs, the Czar threatened to invade Belgium at once with a powerful army, utterly reckless of the peace of Europe, unless the culpit was surrendered. Alarmed at this extraordinary threat, the Belgium King set about finding some pretext upon which the orderly might be arrested. It was finally ascertained that he was printing his book without the usual license, and he was promptly taken into custody. With his unfinished volume and stolen letters he was hurried across the Belgum line into Prussia, where the agents of the Russian government were ready to receive him. He was soon in St. Petersburgh, and in twenty-four hours after was on his way to Siberia, under sentence of a life servitude in the mines.

The next letter from the Emperor informed Alexis that his missing letters, partially printed, had been recovered, and the young gentleman was admonished to be a little more careful of his love missives in the future. Had these letters been published, a profound flutter would have been created among the fairest if not the best of the great cities of the East, and the volumes would have met of course, with a prodigious sale.

THE OLDEST CITY IN THE WORLD.—Damascus is the oldest city in the world. Tyre and Sidon have crumbled on the shore; Baalbec is a ruin; Palmyra is buried in the sands of the desert; Ninevah and Babylon have disappeared from the Tigris and Euphrates; Damascus remains what it was before the days of Abraham—a center of trade and travel—an island of verdure in a desert—a predestinated capital, with martial and sacred associations extending through more than thirty centuries. It was "near Damascus" that Saul of Tarsus saw the "light from heaven above the brightness of the sun;" the street which is called Strait, in which it was said "the prayeth," still runs through the city. The caravan comes and goes as it did a thousand years ago; there is still the shekel, the ass and the water-wheel; the merchants of the Euphrates and of the Mediterranean still "occupy" there with the multitude of their waiters. The city which Mahomet surveyed from a neighboring height, and was afraid to enter, "because it is given to man to have but one paradise, and for his part, he was resolved not to have it in this world," is to this day what Julian called "the eye of the east," as it was in the time of Isaiah, "the head of Syria." From Damascus came the damson, our blue plums, and delicious apricot of Portugal, called damasco; damask, our beautiful fabric of cotton and silk, with vines and flowers raised upon a smooth bright ground; the damask rose, introduced into England in the time of Henry VIII.; the Damascus blade, so famous the world over for its keen edge and wonderful elasticity, the secret of whose manufacture was lost when Tamerline carried off the artists in Persia; and that beautiful art of inlaying wood and steel with silver and gold, a kind of mosaic engraving and sculpture united—called Damas-keening—with which boxes and bureaus, and swords and guns were ornamented. It is still a city of flowers and bright waters: the streams from Lebanon, the rivers of Damascus, the "rivers of gold," still murmur and sparkle in the wilderness of "Syrian gardens."

Courting comes less expensive than formerly in Iowa, a judicial tribunal there having decided that when a lady breaks off an engagement she must return all presents received from her suitor or reimburse him for their value in money.

The editor of the Leavenworth *Daily Argus* touchingly remarks in the obituary of his paper: "We went into the business determined to run it or bust. We have busted."

The Prairie Duel.

Fifteen years ago, when the Great West seemed to be much further west than it does in these days of railroads, that "beat all creation," a remote patch or corner of the great prairies was counted by the few hunters and settlers occupying it as a district in itself, and they called it Little Elk Prairie.

Among the half-wild characters who had built for themselves of drift-wood and brush on the bit of rolling plain was a huge, bulky fellow of French Canadian, Indian and negro blood, whose name was Bendbow Laval. A complete savage in appearance, his clothing, whether winter or summer, never consisted of more than two garments—a ragged shirt and trousers, the material of which was rendered uncertain as to age and dirt. From his huge size and muscular development, Laval was more than a match for any one of the dwellers of Little Elk Prairie, none of whom were "chickens" as regarded physical strength. Entirely devoid of education—for he did not know one letter of the alphabet from another—nevertheless the great coarse fellow had a sort of chivalry about him which might or might not have been derived from his share of French blood. His appreciation of the benefits and etiquette of duelling was intense, and he had more than once killed his antagonist in a fair fight.

A much more dangerous man to deal with than Laval was Habakuk Sams, by origin a Yankee, as his name denotes, but a prairie man by long residence. 'Hab,' as he was called by the men of the plain, was a thin, wiry man of middle age, with a brick-red complexion and very light hair. He was an excellent marksman, and had a reputation for courage, shown in encounters with Indians and bears—but he always preferred mild stratagem to skill or strength for the discomfiture of his foes. He had several disputes with Laval; on the common basis of accusation that each was in the habit of stealing animals from the other's traps. This, in the code of the plains, is an unpardonable offense. Men caught in the act have frequently been killed on the spot, and when the offender was an Indian there are traditions of his having been tortured before being put to death.

Whether Hab Sams had ever defrauded Laval by purloining fur creatures from the traps set by the latter, never transpired. But that Laval was a fur-thief was established beyond a doubt when he was seen carrying, to his hovel, one day, a black wolf caught in a trap set by Hab; and which the latter had left there purposely to test the honesty of his rival. Hab's first idea was to fire upon the purloiner of his property, and so adjust the matter without any need of further reference or appeal. On further consideration, however, he approached Laval, and taxing him with the theft demanded restitution of his property or 'reason why.'

'Take that, then,' howled the huge fellow, hurling the wolf with such a force at Hab, that it knocked him down and set him a spinning a distance of several feet.

In a moment Hab Sams had risen on one knee, and, taking aim at his antagonist, fired, but without effect, owing to the flurry caused by the suddenness of the assault. On proceeding to reload he remembered that he had no powder—but Laval was in a similar predicament, for all the powder in the place has been expended in a recent hunt, and they were awaiting the arrival of a messenger with some from the nearest trading post.

Drawing their knives then, the two approached each other for deadly, which would have been an unequal one, however, owing to the superior strength of Laval, who was also a proficient in the use of the knife.

Knowing how slight his chance was with such an antagonist, Hab Sams paused, and looking fixedly at Laval, said, 'If you are a man, and not a cowardly sneak, you will fight it out with me in another way, and give me an equal chance for my life.'

'What way do you want to settle in then?' said the other, 'I'm as good as you any how, and ain't afraid to get square with you in any way you please. Name your plan, and I'll go you even on it.'

'Well, then,' rejoined Hab, 'here's what we'll do, if you have heart enough to do it, as I have. Let's go to the place where the prairie dogs burrow, away over there. The rattlesnakes that live there are big, and unfailing with their deadly fangs. Let each of us choose a burrow, lie down in front of it and wait to see which of us will die first. You're too white-livered a fellow to fight it out that way with me, eh?'

Fearful to back out from this horrible proposition lest his reputation for valor might be tarnished forever, Laval agreed to it, trusting that, if one only keeps still, rattlesnakes are not apt to bite. The matter was arranged as follows:

They were to meet next morning, half an hour before sunrise, with one witness to act as umpire for both. The burrow in which they were to place their hands were to be selected by this umpire, who was to see them properly and impartially placed. There they were to remain until the first ray of the sun beamed above the horizon, a few minutes before which it is the habit of rattlesnakes to crawl forth from their dens. The umpire was to notify them of the rise of the sun, at which moment they were to be free to go their ways should they have escaped the fangs of the venemous reptiles. The honor of both was then to be considered fully satisfied, and from this there was to be no appeal.

It must have been a terrible time, that quarter of an hour before sunset, to the victims of the etiquette with which the duello ever has been romantic. Perhaps Hab Sams did not feel it so acutely as his rival, for reasons best known to himself.

The first gleam of dawn now reddened up the horizon, and at a word from the umpire, Hab Sams sprang to his feet, expressing by a loud whoop his satisfaction at having come safely out of the terrible ordeal. Not so with his rival, who lay where the umpire had placed him, motionless as a log. On examination it was found that he was in a deathlike swoon, from which he was with difficulty recovered by the free use of whisky. Sheer fright had got the better of the man's brute courage, and brought him to the brink of death. Hab Sams, as already hinted, had reasons of his own for preserving his equanimity of mind throughout the fearful ordeal. A little after sunset the previous evening, when the rattlesnakes had retired for the night, he took the precaution of stuffing a number of the dens in that part of the prairie agreed on for the trial with a sort of weed that is most noxious to the snakes, rendering them torpid for many hours, and unable to crawl or strike. This is how Yankee ingenuity triumphed over brute strength, and Bendbow was ever afterward obliged to knock under to Habakuk Sams, when personal fortitude was the subject in hand.

LEADING PRODUCTS OF THE STATES.—In Maine, hay occupies the first place and dairy-husbandry the second; hay and stock raising are of equal importance in New Hampshire; dairy-husbandry stands high in its predominance in Vermont; in Massachusetts, hay first, market-gardening next; the garden and the dairy divide the honors in Rhode Island; and tobacco stands first in Cinnecticut. There is much diversity in New York, but dairy-husbandry is far in advance, being the choice of one-third of the counties. There is much variety in New Jersey, though-market gardening stands first. In Pennsylvania, manufacturing and mining make a varied production most popular, few counties indicating very decided preferences, though wheat (as few would suppose) holds the first place in one-sixth of the counties. In Delaware, tobacco; in Maryland, tobacco and fruit growing. Of more than fifty Virginia counties expressing decided preferences, 16 favor tobacco, 8 mixed husbandry, 6 corn, 5 stock-raising, 5 market-gardening, and others pea nuts, sheep-husbandry, fruit growing and wheat. In North Carolina corn stands numerically before cotton. In Florida sugar-cane is preferred, while cotton predominates in South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and in Texas. In Arkansas corn stands first; and in Tennessee hay and corn are preferred. In West Virginia, corn and stock-growing; in Kentucky, tobacco and corn; in Ohio, great diversity appears—sheep-husbandry, corn, general cropping, wheat, hay, and fruit-growing; and in Michigan a similar variety—wheat, dairying, and fruit-growing. Corn is king in Indiana and hay prime minister. Corn is also first in Illinois and wheat next. In Minnesota, wheat; in Wisconsin, wheat and dairying; in Iowa and Missouri, stock growing, corn, and wheat. The order in Kansas and Nebraska is wheat, stock growing, and corn. In California, wheat, sheep-husbandry, and fruit-growing. In Oregon, wheat and