The Middlebury Register.

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Middlebury Register,

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E. P. RUSSEL, M. D., Physician and Surgeon. Office at the residence of the late Dr. W. P. Russel. Office hours 9 A. M. till 4 P. M. Cp. M. till 8 P. M., unless professionally engaged. 41

B. F. SUTTON, M. D., Physician and Surgeon. Office next door east of the Addison House. Office hours, from 8 to 10, a. m. 12 to 1 p. m., and 6 to 8 p. m., 15;1y MIDDLEBURY, VT.

JASON DAVENPORT, Fire Insurance Agent, will write policies in the Farmers' Mutual and other companies represented by M. J. Francisco in Rutland. Also the Mutual Life Insurance Co. of New York. Office at J. L. Cuttingham's 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.

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 20;tf

DEPOSITORY OF THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY, at the office of O. P. MEAD. Bibles and Testaments for sale at cost. 35;3m

UPHOLSTERING.

F. L. DRAKE, PRACTICAL UPHOLSTERER, Shop in Sheldon's Block, over Pierce's Store.—Repairing and new work done to order and in a thorough and satisfactory manner. 20;y

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For Sale.

A BRICK HOUSE, two stories high with L attached, Wood Shed, Barn, &c., on one of the best streets in Brandon Village, near the business center, on a large lot, well stocked with Apples, Pears, Grapes, and Shrub Trees. Good Well and Cistern. Buildings all in good repair. Will be sold at a bargain if applied for soon. 43 OTHO MEACHAM, Brandon, Vt

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.

CENTRAL VT. RAILROAD.
RUTLAND DIVISION.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

MOVING NORTH—Night express leaves Bellows Falls at 11:25 p m; Chester 12 m; Ludlow 12:35 a m; arrives at Rutland at 1:45 a m. Leaves Rutland 1:50; Brandon 2:28; Middlebury 3:07; Vergennes 3:40; arrives in Burlington at 4:30.

Accommodation—Leaves Rutland at 6:40 a m; Brandon 7:25; Middlebury 8:10; Vergennes 9:47; arrive in Burlington at 9:50 a m.

Mail—Leaves Bellows Falls at 11:15 a m; Chester 12:05 p m; Ludlow 1; arrives in Rutland at 2:05. Leaves Rutland at 2:10 p m; Brandon 2:48; Middlebury 3:25; Vergennes 3:50; arrives in Burlington at 4:42.

New York Express—Leaves Rutland at 2:10 p m; Brandon 2:48; Middlebury 3:25; Vergennes 3:50; arrives in Burlington at 4:42; and only stops at the above stations, except to take passengers going north of St. Albans.

Mixed—Leaves Rutland at 2:15 a m; Brandon 3:12; Middlebury 4:50; Vergennes 6:04; arrives in Burlington at 7:55 p m.

Mixed—Leaves Bellows Falls at 3:35 p m; Chester 4:35; Ludlow 5:40; arrives in Rutland at 6 p m.

MOVING SOUTH—Mail leaves Burlington at 8:20 a m; Vergennes 9:20; Middlebury 10; Brandon 10:50, arrives in Rutland at 11:40. Leaves Rutland at 12 m; Ludlow 1:00 p m; Chester 1:42; arrives in Bellows Falls at 2:25 pm.

New York Express—Leaves Burlington at 2 p m; Vergennes 2:51; Middlebury 3:25; Brandon 4:2; arrives in Rutland at 4:40 p m

Night Express—Leaves Burlington at 9:05 p m; Vergennes 10:14; Middlebury 10:56; Brandon 11:50, arrive in Rutland at 12:35 a m. Leaves Rutland at 12:50 a m; Ludlow 2:02; Chester 2:40; arrives in Bellows Falls 3:20 a m.

For the REGISTER.

A PLEA FOR PRAYER.

BY C. HERBERT NORTON.

(Respectfully inscribed to one who said, "Intemperance can never be put down by prayer.")

Tell me not that prayer is useless, that our pleadings shall but fall,
Add that force, alone, can grant us, what we ask without avail;
That our prayers and heart-felt pleadings, for the erring ones we love,
Are in vain to Him who noteth, e'en the sparrows fall, above!

Man is not a brute that only by brute force can be restrained,
That, to keep him from destroying, he must, like the brute, be chained;
No! his soul for good or evil off will turet our confines o'er,
If we bar him from the Tempter, we must lock fore'er the door!

No! he has a heart that ever, however clouded o'er by sin,
Is not dead to love and kindness, bears some former light within.
And he often hears a summons at the portal of his heart,
'Tis the voice of God in warning: "From the path of sin depart!"

And that voice so kind in warning, doth what man can never do,
Wakens oft that soul-long sleeping, penetrates the darkness through,
And he turns from out those shadows, from the powers that bound him o'er,
All his strength aroused within, and he is a man once more!

Oh, we want not bolts and fetters, to restrain us from the wrong,
But we want that strength, heaven-given, that shall make us pure and strong;
Hearts so pure, so true, and noble, that no Tempter e'er can win,
From the paths of Love and Virtue to the dark abodes of sin!

Then for all the sinful, erring, let our heart-felt prayers arise
To that God of Love and Mercy, who shall hear our earnest cries,
And perhaps that in His mercy He will touch some hardened heart,
And from sin and shame and sorrow he may evermore depart!

Let us pray! Not only praying, let us work and watch as well,
Doing deeds of love and kindness, that for good shall surely tell,
Cheering, blessing those around us, with our life, from day to day,
Doing that for which we ask, and being that for which we pray!

BILLY'S WIFE.

Don't know Billy? Then allow me to introduce to you "an Irishman by trade, and a mechanic by the grace of God;" a perfect pet among the girls, as handsome as the day is long, and as good as he is handsome. That is Billy, or rather *was* Billy when first I knew him. He was the youngest of the squad of carpenters that worked on our new building, and altogether the most active and efficient of the party. They sent him to all the exposed positions, and he risked his life gaily, every day. "There is a special Providence for fools and children," said he, "and I claim protection under the first clause of that law."

I was watching him, one day, at work on top of the house, when his foot slipped and he started head foremost for *terra firma*. When within ten feet of the bottom he touched some scaffolding with his hand, "swapped ends," and lighted on his feet, like the tumbler in the circus, made me an elaborate *salaam*, and climbed up again to his eyrie full forty feet above my head.

Billy had not worked long for us when it became apparent there was something on his mind. The jolliest of fellows among the men, he yet strove to get away from them in his leisure hours, and passed the greater part of Sunday out in the meadows, or under the trees. Even in the house he was addicted to reverie, and his absent-minded replies to remarks made to him gave rise to many a laugh. The query went round, "What's the matter with Billy?" but found no solution until I guessed it.

He was in love. The neighboring girls laughing-eyed, dimpled-cheeked rustic beauties who came to visit me, could make no impression on his faithful heart. Being myself a motherly individual of that type which Byron describes as "fair, fat, and forty," Billy took to me as naturally as ducks to water, and before long he told me all about it.

'The prettiest girl in all the world, Mrs. Brown,' he said; 'but that would be nothing if it wasn't for her goodness. To be sure she is two years older than I, but why should I care? She is so truthful and innocent, you can look clear down through her blue eyes into her very soul. She is a big girl; she weighs a hundred and fifty pounds.' I judged it to be nearer one hundred and eighty. 'But then you are big, you know, and the boss certainly made a tenderer when he got you. I like big girls myself. If they are sweet and good, you can't have too much of 'em. I am like a Chinaman buying boots; I want the biggest I can get for the money. Then Alice is smart, I tell you; in fact she is to smart too be tied to such a numskull as I am, and I can't tell what she sees in me to love; but there is no accounting for taste. She does love me, anyhow, in spite of my ignorance and awkwardness. God bless her! And I am wholly grateful to her for it. Yes, I am. The thoughts of it brings tears to my eyes often, though you wouldn't take me for such a granny.'

And away he went singing in a rich, clear voice, "I'm lonely to-night, love, without you," and I passed in out of the moonlight to put Little Pickle to bed, thinking all the time of Billy, and hoping his girl would be as good and as true as he believed. But somehow, without any particular reason, I felt sorry for him. I have a sort of old-fashioned pity for men, anyhow, thinking of my own good husband, and how he has struggled to support me and the children, until care and anxiety have furrowed his dear face and blanched his hair, while I have been so sheltered and protected that time has left me almost untouched. 'About as young as when I married you, Liz, and a heap better looking,' he said, last Sunday, when I had on my new blue and white calico for the first time.

Before long Billy got leave of absence and went to Sacramento, whence he returned, bringing his wife. She was willing—even anxious—to help me with the housework; and soon, with a big-hearted tyranny, she monopolized it all. Of course I could not rest in my easy-chair, feeling all the time that I was imposing upon her kindness; and so after confering with my husband, it was decided to pay her fair wages for her work.

She was a remarkably handsome woman, with a 'head-piece' on her. Fifteen years older than Billy at least, two she called it, but he was young in years and in the machinations of our charming sex, and took her word on all subjects. I never saw a man so much in love in all my life; and though he made no effort to conceal it, there was nothing maudlin or sentimental in his exhibition of it. It was a love so trusting, so beautiful and honest, that it seemed to lift him out of the common meanonesses and insincerities of humanity. Alice had been a widow—of that type which Philosopher Somebody advises a man to marry; (According to Philosopher S., he should have been hanged; but in either case the object is attained, namely: to render it difficult to approach No. 2 with the contrasted excellencies of No. 1).

About six weeks after she came, our boy brought out the mail, and handed Billy a letter. Without glancing at the subscription, he opened it and read nearly a page, when he took up the envelope and looked at it.

'Alice,' he said, 'this is your letter. I opened it by mistake, but it is so queer I should like to read it, if you don't object. Here you read it first and see what you can make of it.'

'I don't understand it at all,' she said after glancing hastily through it. 'It reads like a love letter, and the signature is new to me. George Thorndike. I really don't know any one of that name.' Then she went to the stove and raised the gridiron on which the meat was broiling. In doing so she held the open letter in such a position that the flames caught it and sprung up round her hand, so that she was forced to drop it into the fire. Was it an accident? She said it was, and uttered many regretful exclamations.

But three weeks after there was another letter in the same hand. It was given to Billy as before; but after looking at the address, he brought it to her.

'You'll let me read that one, won't you, Alice?' he said. 'If any one chooses to persecute you with unwelcome letters, I ought to know it.'

She opened the letter and read aloud the first few lines, and then closing it, she told Billy that supper was just ready to put on the table, and that he should see the note before bed-time.

'All right,' he said; 'but don't let it get burned this time, will you?'

She promised him, and he went to the table with the other men. As soon as he sat down she lit a candle and went to her room. She was only gone a short time, but when she returned she burnt the letter unobserved by her husband.

After supper when the men had all gone, he asked her to read the letter to him.

'Why, Billy,' she said innocently, 'I burnt it up; but I saved the signature, as you told me, and here it is.'

Billy burst out into a tempest of suspicious anger and disappointment. 'Why didn't you read that letter to me Alice?' he said. 'Your conduct convicts you of complicity with this fellow. I know now that you answered his last letter, that you know perfectly well about the man who wrote it.'

'Why, Billy,' she said, 'I read the letter to you, and you told me to save the signature, which I have done.'

'Alice!' he cried, turning as white as a sheet and trembling all over; my God, how you have deceived me! You are telling me a lie, and you know it. O Alice, to think how I trusted you; and now———'

He sat down from very faintness, and wiped his cold face and shaded his eyes with a hand that looked palsied and dead.

I went to him and touched his curly hair caressingly. 'She can explain it, Billy, no doubt,' I suggested.

'Explain it,' he groaned bitterly. 'She can explain hell away, and darkness, and all the sin and hypocrisy of this miserable world. O, you don't know how this little thing throws light upon so many other things that were a mystery to me before. But I trusted her so; I took all for granted. I would have been ashamed to insult her by a suspicious question.'

Pretty soon my husband came in and tried to comfort him. His confidence in Alice was unbounded, though I must confess that I had become distrustful of her honesty. That she was cognizant of my distrust she betrayed in many ways, but chiefly in the desire she manifested to dodge my eyes when they were fixed upon her. I had told Brown how I felt toward her, and he blamed me severely for it. 'You women are always so unjust to each other,' he said. 'Like most good men, he yielded in a great degree to that superficial charm of manner that women of extraordinary fact acquire by association with many men, and without knowing if he was evidently just a little bit infatuated.

'I know there is a plausible explanation of this,' he said to Billy; 'I am sure you have not been deceived in Alice. If she isn't a good, true-hearted woman, I don't know of any.' He should have said, 'If she isn't a good-looking woman,' etc; but she had spun a web about him out of her graces and beauties, and he saw through it but dimly.

All this time Alice had not offered to explain, but stood like a statue by the dish-pan, and waited, as I supposed, for chance to throw some winning card into her hands, being perfectly well aware of the fact that her nimble tongue would not serve her now.

Mr. Brown walked toward her with the intention of urging her to say something in her own justification, when suddenly, with a most tragic scream, she rushed past us, and went out of the house. 'Pretty well done,' I said jealously to myself; 'no all probability acting is your natural vocation, madam.' It was a cold night—about as cold as ever comes in our genial climate—there would be frost before morning.

'O, Lizzie!' said Mr. Brown, 'go after her and beg her to come back; she may injure herself in some way.'

'Not the slighest danger,' observed the cynical individual thus addressed.

He gave me a reproachful look, and started after her himself. He was gone five minutes, and came back without her. Billy and I were sitting by the fire in solemn silence, and he sat down between us.

'I could not find her,' he said. 'You go and hunt her, Billy. She will come when you call her. I am afraid she will do herself some harm.'

'No,' said Billy, 'she is a woman to others, but not herself.'

So an hour passed, and the night grew very cold. Even hard-hearted Mrs Brown became uneasy. Not that I feared anything more serious than that Alice might make herself sick by being out so late, so that I should have the work to do. But what interest moves the heart of poor humanity like a selfish interest? Thus prompted to generosity, I started after her. I went to the barn, and called her—called her until I was hoarse. There was no answer. At first I was vexed, then frightened. What could have happened? I came back into the house, and sent Mr. Brown. Billy still refused to go. 'Let her have it out,' he said. 'He would not demean himself by running after her; he could wait by the fire as well as any place for the next move in the game.' But being an Irishman, the one thing he could not do was to wait. He had not the grand genius of patience. I think that in a quarrel he would have been equal to the greatest flow of words that ever issued from a woman's mouth; but to hear absolutely nothing from the opposing counsel was to much for Milesian endurance. I doubt whether even the most phlegmatic of Dutchmen could sit quietly under the grand silent system of domestic warfare. If wives all understood this, their influence over their husbands would be without limit. But they are like the beasts of the fields—they don't know their own power. And what a blessed thing it is for men that they don't! So Billy became restless, starting at every noise, and casting frequent glances toward the door. At last he started up, and went out.

In about ten minutes I heard both searchers calling me. I ran out, and down the ravine, guided by the sound of their voices, and soon met them coming back. My poor old man was carrying the baggage in his arms, Billy being to much excited to render any assistance. 'Bring water!' screamed Mr. Brown; 'Alice has a fit; she is dying.' I knew she was not dying. I believed she was making the fit, so I did not go for the water. The water was brought however; for Mr. Brown, completely exhausted, was compelled to lay her down; then he ran and brought a pitcher full. 'Sprinkle it upon her face,' he cried.

I had an idea. In a moment it magnetized me into a sort of spasmodic activity. I took hold of the pitcher, and dashed its contents violently into her face. For a moment she had a terrible struggle for her breath (no affectation in that) then relapsed again into her—what shall I call it?—tantrums. She was stiff as steelyards, and looked like a big doll cut out whole from one piece of wood. Mr. Brown took her up again with infinite difficulty, and carried her into the house, where he dropped her upon a bed. I wanted him to stand her on her head in one corner, and prop her up with furniture, but did not dare suggest it. Immediately there was a clamorous demand for hot water and other restoratives.

'Here, Lizzie, take off her shoes and stockings, and bathe her feet.'

Well, I declare!—and it seemed that I did not hear, for I went out and sat down by the fire. Pretty soon it was, 'Lizzie make mustard poultices for Alice's ankles.' I would have refused, but that I had another idea, and complied. 'Make them weak,' said my beloved, from the sick-room; 'mix them half flour.'

Half flour, indeed! I had some vinegar that was simply pyroligneous acid very slightly diluted. I mixed it with that, and instead of weakening the effects of the mustard with flour, I weakened it with red pepper. Then my charmer asked me to put the poultices on her. Of course I could not take so delicious a job from him, and told him so. I am bound to admit that the hussy's feet and ankles were the prettiest I ever saw. I have no doubt but Mr. Brown thought so too.

This wonderful, unparalleled combination poultice had not been on more than two minutes before she opened her eyes—her charming blue eyes—and began to squirm. My dear, delightful husband rushed to the rescue and pulled the mustard off her, and in an instant she stiffened herself into another convulsion. All this time she had not lost color, and her pulse was unchanged. She knew perfectly well that I had no confidence in her acting, and rather suppressed herself when I was in the room. When I went out, and peeped through the key-hole, I could see her tearing at her bosom and hair, and trying to bite her two attendants. I hope they enjoyed the performance!

Poor Billy sat on the bed, trying to hold her hands, to keep her from hurting herself. He was all anxiety now, and all contrition. He begged her forgiveness in the most humble and pathetic way. He told her that no matter what she should do in the future, he would never ask her a question nor utter a reproach. Then she would roll her eyes up quite out of sight, and her one hundred and ninety pounds avoirdupois would settle an inch deeper into the mattress. O, dear! how I did tremble for the spring.

'Will she die, Mrs. Brown?' said Billy, during one of these (literal) looking spells.

'No danger, Billy,' I sniffed.

'O, look at her!' he said, in an agitation so painful to witness, that I found it difficult to restrain myself from choking the suffering angel as she lay on the bed so conveniently before me.

'I would rather have died than have seen her so,' he added with a groan.

'Perhaps you will learn from this how to treat a woman,' said Mr. Brown, sternly.

I could not stay in the room another moment, without danger of an explosion. So I went out. But what relief could I gain by going out, unless I had some one with me before whom I could boil over in high-pressure style suited to the effervescent state of my feelings?

'Mr. Brown, I want to see you a moment.'

Mr. Brown came. I did not take hold of one of the buttons of his coat, as I usually do in domestic conference, but stood apart, and looked at him with a look that would probably have passed muster, as a good caricature of the stony British stare we read of.

At first I could not speak for something in my throat that might have been Little Pickle's trap ball from its size and shape; but I swallowed it, and began:—

'Billy is not the only one who has learned something to-night. I have learned how a woman can crash a man in the very face of truth and justice, and cover up her own wicked, wicked ways, by practicing upon his silly sympathies. And now I give you fair warning, Mr. Brown, that whenever I want my own way, and can't have it on straightforward, honest principles, I intend to have fits. And when you see me in fits, I hope you'll know how to treat a woman.'

Mr. Brown is not a Scotchman, and it is possible to get an idea in his head without a surgical operation; but even the partner of his joys and sorrows will admit that it requires something little short of mental earthquake to do it. In this instance, he looked at me, and kept looking at first with a perfectly blank face, then with an expression of bewilderment, then amazement, then with awakening intelligence, and last with something like scorn in his eyes. He did not speak. Like Barkis, he is not overburdened with colloquial powers; but unlike Barkis, when he does speak it counts. As Aunt Becky used to say about him, 'John Brown is a man of mighty few words, but what John Brown says, he ginerally says to the pint.' Feeling, as I suppose he did, on this occasion that even he could not speak sufficiently to the 'pint' to do justice to the subject, he turned slowly and walked back into Alice's room.

Now there is no insult so galling to a woman as for her husband to refuse to listen to her when she has determined to give him a piece of her mind. To work up one's whole soul to a pitch of angry eloquence, and find no audience! Out of the bitter depths of my disappointment was born another idea.

Quite remarkable, I think, you will admit, for a little dumpling of a woman to have three ideas in one night; but then there was a strong head of steam on—fits are very stimulating—and the family brain was pushing ahead beyond its natural pace. Now this third idea was almost sublime in its audacity. I actually took it into my head not only to attend the pantomime in Alice's room, but to direct the performances—in short to elect myself theatrical manager.

So I went and stood by her bed. She was no better.

'We'll put the poultices on again, Mr. Brown.' She looked disgusted even through her fit. But I wet them with fresh vinegar, and newly sprinkled them with red pepper, and handed them over to Mr. Brown to 'put on.'

'Now Billy,' I said, 'she will be better soon. When she begins to recover consciousness, you will observe that the corners of her mouth will be violently drawn down, while the outer corners of her eyes will be drawn upward. I have seen many such cases, and I know all the changes perfectly. After that she will remember how cruelly you have treated her, and will cry bitterly, and probably reproach you for your unkindness. Then she will begin to feel the poultices, and to beg us to take them off. After which she will drink a glass of wine and go to sleep.'

It was a sweet thing to see how, as soon as the poultices began to make her think herself in—well, warm—she tried to shape her face in accordance with my prediction. She cut this part of the performance short, however, and passed rapidly into the next act. Here she was at home. Such faces as she made in her effort to squeese out a few tears may I never more behold. The pantomime ended here, however; her cries and screams were terrific, and more than made up in tragic and ear-splitting enunciation for her lacrymal deficiency. O, how she wriggled! and how that quintuple, back-action, double-reflex-combination poultice was pulling at the dainty cuticle of her charming feet!

'She is getting better,' said Billy. 'O speak to me, dearest!'

He had better have left his entreaty alone, for he soon found himself in the position of Ahasuerus, when he called for his satanic majesty, who presently came and made Ahasuerus wish he had called for somebody else. Such reproaches as she heaped upon his devoted head were enough to make his mother turn in the grave. After exhausting her vocabulary of abuse, she ordered us to take off the poultices.

'No,' said that thoughtful Mrs. B.; 'you will have another fit as soon as they are removed.'

'O, do take them off, do!'

'No!'—gently and firmly.

Billy.—'O, do take them off.'

Alice.—'O, do, do, do!'

Interesting Malevolence.—'Do you want to see your darling dying before your eyes in another fit?'

Disinterested Benevolence.—'Lizzie, they are going off; they are driving her wild.'

Alice.—'They are skinning me; they are killing me! Yah-h-h!' (prolonged into a roar like that of a brute)—'O Lord, I am dying!'

General rush for the foot of the bed. I held the clothes down firmly and told the men to stand back. Suprised at my vehemence, which was certainly impressive, as contrasted with my languor in the other part of the performance, they gave way and stood back.

'O, my darling, try and bear it a little! longer said Billy, precipitating himself upon her breast in an embrace so violent as to cut another yell in two parts. Of course, she could not stand this; so she struck him such a blow in the face as made him think there was fifty mustard poultices in his eyes.

Then happened what I expected. She kicked the bed-clothes up to the ceiling and sprung into the middle of the floor as nimbly as an athlete, tore the poultices off of her ankles, and rushed frantically after some water to stop the burning.

'She'll do,' observed that one of the spectators whose malevolent disposition had been before alluded to. 'If she should have another fit, Billy, locate the mustard plasters in a new position. I don't think there is any skin left where they have been. Good night I am going to bed.'

Once domiciled under the canopy of my old-fashioned four-poster, with Mr. Brown beside me, he began to remonstrate with the wife of his bosom.

'Lizzie,' he said, 'I am ashamed of your heartlessness. How could you treat that poor suffering angel as you did? I should have thought the sight of her innocent baby-looking feet would have moved you to compassion, if nothing else. It is perfectly plain to me that Billy ought to be whipped for his cruelty to her in the first part of the evening. Dunderheaded Irishman! he is no more fit to be married to that gentle, refined creature than to an angel of light.'

'Perhaps one of *your* sympathetic disposition would have suited her better,' said Mrs B., with withering sarcasm.

'You are trying to insult me, Lizzie; but let me tell you that if I was married to a woman like her—so sensitive to all disagreeable influences—I should be tempted to keep her in a bandbox, and never let any of the worries of life come near her.'

The kind of bandbox her first husband is in,' I suggested. 'Certainly, that would meet my most hearty approbation.'

'How is it, Lizzie, you women can be so cruel to each other?'

'Women of her stripe, sir,' I said, 'don't shine to dazzle other women. And while they concentrate all their rays upon you men, we from our shaded position can see clearly all that is going on and the motive that lies hidden from you.'

"The baseness of your suspicions disgusts me," he said. "Can it be that you are the woman I considered the most tender hearted and the most credulous creature in existence only one month ago? What has changed you so? Is it possible that you are jealous?"

O, what a blow was there, my countrywomen! Much too close to the truth to be taken as a joke. As may be imagined, all the seeds of Satan lying so long dormant in Mrs. Brown's tender little heart took root at once upon this charge monstrous—so (heaven forgive the lie) untrue. They not only took root, but achieved a growth so sudden and gigantic as entirely to eclipse such prodigies as Jonah's gourd and Jack's bean-stalk. She started up in bed. It came into her head to have a fit, but she doubted her genius in an extemporaneous production of such magnitude, and concluded to put it off until she had time for a private rehearsal. The most tragic thing she could substitute was to throw the bed-clothes on the floor. This had a decided success in Alice's drama, but Mr. Brown arrested the movement and rolled himself up in them like a huge chrysalis. Baffled at every point, she wanted to fight; and was encouraged in this idea by remembering to have heard of some woman who whipped her husband whenever she wanted to—after first tying him up in a sheet. Mr Brown had already tied himself up. How accommodating, to be sure!

"Your last move was just exactly in my hand," she said. "I have now got you where I want you!" and she began pounding him with both fists. But she might as well have been beating the feather-bed for all the harm it did. At last, the chrysalis became convulsed as with an earthquake, and a voice, quivering with suppressed mirth and pity, too, issued from its depths.

"Don't hurt your dear little dimpled fists," it said. "I'll come out and let you whip me, if you choose; but remember that I had rather be kissed."

"Get Alice to kiss you! I dare say you would like that better;" and with this last shot there came again that something about the size of an apple-dumpling into her throat, and this time she could not swallow it. She did get real fits, and the gymnastic exercises she went through that night to get rid of them would make an article of twenty-one columns in a sporting journal with "continued next week" at the end of it.

The demon of hysteria yielded to stimulants soon after midnight, and it was I, and not Alice, who got up before daylight to get breakfast for the men. Mr. Brown tried to help me. He did not know how to turn a batter cake, and, of course, a great big thing like him, with No. 10 boots to stumble over, was awfully in my way. But I recognized the intention of his kind heart, and suffered the inconvenience thankfully.

For four days Alice laid in bed, while I did the work and Billy waited on her. There was nothing the matter, only that she could not wear her shoes and stockings. If I had treated her cruelly, retribution followed me. I was taken sick almost as soon as she was able to do the work again. In the mean time, she had poisoned Billy's mind against me to such a degree that he could hardly bear the sight of me, and she was using her influence with him to leave us and go back to Sacramento, the place where she had formally lived. One day, while I was still in bed, though convalescent, Mr. Brown told me that Billy was dissatisfied and intended going away immediately. In his settlement with him he found a great discrepancy between the time as he kept it and the time as Billy kept it. Investigating the matter, we discovered that Alice had kept the time for him since their marriage, and had put in more days than there were between the date of his coming to us and the date of his leaving. Billy was surprised at this, and feared we would consider him dishonest. "It was a mistake in Alice," he said; "women are so careless, you know."

The next day they were sent to the nearest town in our bright new wagon, together with Billy's tool-chest and Alice's enormous Saratoga trunk. And that was the last of them for some time. When I got up about the house again, I found it stripped clean of every portable thing I had. Sheets, table-cloths, towels, napkins, spoons, unmade material of every description, clear down to the feather off little Pickle's Sunday hat and her blue grosgrain sash.

It was Mr. Brown's turn to be angry now. For my part, I thought it was a good riddance at any price; and, of course, I soothed his ruffled feelings after the manner of charming wives, by saying, "Didn't I tell you so?"

Did Billy know it? No, he did not. I ran across him in a street-car in this city, only a few weeks ago. The gaiety was all faded out of his frank, handsome face. He had in his lap a little girl about two years old; she was the very image of himself; and the only time his face relaxed from the habitual severity of its expression was when he looked at this child.

"And how is Alice, Billy?" I asked.

"She is gone to the devil, Mrs Brown. She ran away with that fellow who wrote her those letters before we had been in Sacramento a month. She took what money I had with her and my best suit of clothes. About a year after, she sent me this baby. It was a helpless little darling then, but I knew it was mine, and I felt to thank God for even a child to love. I have called it Lizzie."—Overland Monthly.

A Ticonderogain didn't know whether the grease he put on his boots was nitro glycerine or not; but he thinks if he could scrape together a small quantity of that missing right foot and the dog that he kicked, he could very soon tell.

The first news carrier. Noah's Dove.

A STUBBORN TICKET AGENT.—Yesterday afternoon an old man appeared before the Detroit and Lansing railroad ticket window at the Central depot and asked:

"What you charge for a ticket to Lansing?"

"Two-sixty, sir" replied the agent wetting his thumb and reaching out for the money.

"Two dollar and sixty cents!" exclaimed the stranger, pulling his head out of the window.

"Yes sir, that is the regular fare!"

"Then I sthays here by Detroit forty years!" said the man, getting red in the face. "I have never seen sush'n swindle as dat!"

"Two-sixty is the regular fare, and you will have to pay it if you go," replied the agent.

"I shurst get you $2 and no more" said the stranger.

"No; I can't do it."

"Vell den, I sthays mit Detroit till I dies," growled the old man, as he walked around the depot. He expected to be called back as he left the window, as a man is often called back to 'take it along' when he has been chaffing with a clothing dealer. Such an event did not occur; and after a few minutes the old man returned and called out:

"Vell, I get you $2.10."

"No, I can't do it," replied the agent.

"Vell, den I don't go so help me grashus! I have lived in Detroit three yare, und shall bay police tax, sewer tax, and want to grow up mit dis town und I shall not be swindlet."

He walked off again, looking back to see if the agent would not call him; and after a stroll around, he returned to the window, threw down some money, and said:

"Vell, dake $2.20 and gif me'n dickette."

"My dear sir, can't you understand that we have a schedule of prices here, and that I must go by it," replied the agent.

"Vell, den I sthays mit Detroit von dousand yare!" exclaimed the stranger madder than ever. "I bays police taxes und I shall see about this by the Sheaf of Police."

He walked off again, and as he saw the locomotive backing up to couple on the train he went back to the window and said:

"Gef me'n dickette for two dollar and thirty cents, und I rides on de blatform."

"Can't do it," said the agent.

"Vell, den by golly, I spikes to you what I does. Here is dem two dollar and sixty cents, und I goes to Lansing und never comes back! No sir, I shall never come back, or I shall come by the blank road. I bays taxes by dem police und by dem sewers, und I shat show you dat I shall haf noddings more to do mit dis town!"

He went on the train.

On some of the East India islands, where so many queer things grow, is found a flower that measures a full yard across. Yet it has only a cup-like centre, and five broad, thick, fleshy petals. Seen from a distance, through the dark green leaves of the vines among which it grows, the rich wine-tint of the flower, flecked with spots of a lighter shade, is said to impart a warmth and brilliancy of color to the whole surrounding scene. But the nearer the observer comes—all eagerness to see more closely so wonderful a flower—the less does he like it. Not that the color is less beautiful; but who cares for beauty in human beings, when its possessor is malicious, disdainful, or untruthful? and who cares for beauty in a flower, when the odor is disagreeable? So, notwithstanding its proudly brilliant color, and its great size, the rafflesia-arnoldia will never be admired, for we are told that its odor is intolerable, polluting the atmosphere for many feet around." Another bad trait of its flower-character is, that it is too lazy to support itself, but lives upon the labors of others. In the forests where it is found, there are many vines, sometimes climbing up the trunks of the trees, and sometimes trailing along the ground. Fastening itself to a vine in the latter position, the unprincipal rafflesia grows without other trouble to itself than to draw for its own use, the nutriment which the industrious vine-roots are the while collecting from the earth. The vine must be very amiable, you think? Ah! but the poor vine cannot help itself. It cannot shake off the big, selfish flower, and can only work harder than ever to collect supplies sufficient to nourish the oderous hanger-on, and have enough, in addition, for its own branches and leaves.

JOHN ROBINSON'S SAD FUN.—John Robinson made New Year's calls. He called on a saloon keeper, he called for liquor, called the liquor good, and drank enough to trip him up. Then he called for police, and when the police came he called them liars and such.

"I was having a little fun," he exclaimed, winking at his honor.

"John Robinson, are you aware that this is a very solemn world," said the court, "a world which has ten heart aches to one smile? Don't you know that the grim shadow of grief rests upon every doorstep, and that the tombstones in the cemeteries almost outnumber the trees in the forest? There's wailing in every household, John Robinson—there's grief in every heart. And yet you claim that you were only having a little fun!"

"That's all, your honor; it was a holiday."

"It was sad fun, John Robinson. While all the rest of us were swearing off and making double-back-action resolves you were lying at the corner of an alley dead drunk. It is $5 or sixty days, sir, and if this case was before a Chicago chief justice he'd make it $500 or a life sentence.—[Detroit Free Press.

A gentle, husbandless creature in Illinois writes to a lawyer who advertised that he would provide companions for unmarried persons:

MY DEAR MR.—This is to certify that I am a widow with thirteen children born, and have had three husbands, each of which died in peace in his own way. I have a small farm, and would take another husband yet, if I could find a young one; no old, bull-headed sardine need apply; he will not be taken in. Ten dollars will be given to you to produce the man.

Hard times in Tennessee now, when a man has to make his wife take in washing in order that he may save money enough to buy a pistol to argue with.

JUROR TRIALS.—There are jury trials and juror trials. We can very well understand how an unfortunate juror, especially in a capital case, looks himself over and then glances at the man in the dock, wondering which is on trial for his life. It sometimes requires a great deal of patriotism to induce a man to run for office. He knows he will be abused and much mauled in public, but he consents to sacrifice himself on the altar of his country—or party, which is not always quite the same thing. As things go however, it is by no means pleasant to be summoned as a juryman. A man who is the pillar of a small and interesting family, and the ornament of a limited circle of friends, shrivels miserably under the hand of the opposing counsel in a criminal trial. Good and worthy citizen that he is, he is proud to obey the call of the law and do his duty in the imperiled cause of morality and good order. He is disappointed—almost outraged—to find that he is considered to be criminally guilty for not having an opinion. * * * * * But after all, the great trial of the juror who is *on* trial is the perfectly heartless way in which the counsel go into his private