The Middlebury Register.

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Middlebury Register,

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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. Buttolph's Store. 49

NICHOLS & ELDRIDGE, Manufacturers of Caskets and Coffins, on short notice. Furniture of all kinds repaired neatly. All kinds of saws set and filed. Shop south of Wm. B. Nichols' house, High street. W. B. NICHOLS. 38-3m M. E. ELDRIDGE.

H. TURRILL, DENTIST. Office hours 8 to 12 a. m., 1 to 5 p. m. Office over J. L. Buttolph's store, MIDDLEBURY, Vermont.

L. R. SAYRE would inform the Butter-makers of Middlebury and vicinity, and especially his old customers that he will pay cash for Prime Butter at Beckwith & Co.'s Mondays and Saturdays hereafter, at the stand formerly occupied by R. T. Bristol. Middlebury, May 24, 1875. 10 tf

PERSONAL NOTICE. Notice is hereby given that all officers, sailors, and soldiers, wounded, ruptured, or injured in the late rebellion, however slightly, are entitled to a pension, and thousands of pensioners are entitled to an increased rate. Apply immediately through DR. E. B. JACKSON, Late Surgeon, U. S. Navy. No. 4 New Chambers St., N. Y. 24-1y

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, RANDOLPH, VERMONT. ABEL E. LEAVENWORTH, A. M., PRINCIPAL, Assisted by Four Capable Graduates of Normal Schools from three States. New Features for Fall Term, 1875. Capacity of building doubled. Model and Preparatory departments added. Fall Term opens fourth Tuesday in August. Spring Term, first Tuesday in February. SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

BUSINESS. The Downer, Bolton & Allen mill will be put in operation for sawing custom logs, at once, under the control of the new proprietors. Bring in your logs. The sash and door branch, continued with the mill, will also receive a jog. MARTIN & TUPPER. December, 1874. 40tf

FOR SALE. My store and stock of goods, the barn and eighteen rods of land connected with the store, in the village of Brooksville, are now offered for sale, cheap, for cash. The post-office is kept in the building and can be had, without doubt, by the purchaser. The store is only a few rods from the railroad station, so that there is little expense of transportation. HENRY JACKSON. Brooksville, Vt., Aug. 11, 1875. 22tf

ROYAL D. FARR, EAST MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT, IMPROVEMENT IN STOVE PIPE SHELVES, Patented April 20, 1875.

This shelf is made fast on the stove pipe by a band around the pipe and is easily raised or lowered on the pipe as desired for convenience and is the CHEAPEST AND BEST SHELF IN USE. State, county and town rights for sale. Agents wanted to canvass. 25-13w

NOTICE. The dwelling houses and lot belonging to the estate of the late Alanson Dustin are now offered for sale or rent. For terms inquire of Est H. G. LANGWORTHY, Admr

CENTRAL VT. RAILROAD
RUTLAND DIVISION.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

MOVING NORTH—Night express leaves Rutland 1:35; Brandon 2:15; Middlebury 2:55; Vergennes 3:30; arrives in Burlington at 4:25.

Express Freight—Leaves Bellows Falls 1:05 a. m.; Rutland at 6:00 a m; Brandon 7:40; Middlebury 9:35; Vergennes 10:14; arrive in Burlington at 12:30 p m.

Mail—Leaves Bellows Falls at 11:50 a m; Chester 12 33 p m; Ludlow 1:15; arrives in Rutland at 2:30. Leaves Rutland at 2:30 p m; Brandon 3:15; Middlebury 4:00; Vergennes 4:35; arrives in Burlington at 5:30.

New York Express—Leaves Rutland at 12:15 p m; Brandon 12:55; Middlebury 1:33; Vergennes 2:07; arrives in Burlington at 2:55; and only stops at the above stations, except to take passengers going north of St. Albans.

MOVING SOUTH—Mail leaves Burlington at 8:10 a m; Vergennes 9:02; Middlebury 9:35, Brandon 10:18; arrives in Rutland at 11:10. Leaves Rutland at 12:10 m; Ludlow 1:15 p m; Chester 2:00; arrives in Bellows Falls at 2:35 p m.

Mixed—Leaves Burlington at 2:00 p m.; Vergennes 3:52; Middlebury 4:55; Brandon 6:07; arrives at Rutland at 7:30 p m.

Night Express—Leaves Burlington at 7:20 p m; Vergennes 8:10; Middlebury 8:42; Brandon 9:23, arrive in Rutland at 10:00 a m.

The Cross Roads.

Where the roads crossed we met,
My love and I;
In the near bay the ships
Tossed heavily.
Lamps were gone out on earth,
But those in heaven
Trembled, for two more hearts
That God had riven.

His accents broke the pause:
My tongue was tied;
He found last words to say:
My sobs replied.
Then he drew my white face
Up to the light,
And said, "Farewell, poor love!
Dear love, good night!"

At the cross roads we kissed,—
I stood alone
His was the seaward road,
Mine led me home.
He called, "I shall return!"
I knew "not so:"
Not one in ten returns
Of those that go.

Dreary the great world grew,
And the sun cold;
So young an hour ago,
I had grown old.
Our God made me for him;
We loved each other;
Yet fate gave him one road,
And me another.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for January contains sixty six illustrations and a rich variety of reading matter. The number begins and ends with Florida. The opening article, "The Oklawaha," by Constance F. Woolson, profusely illustrated, describes the scenery, tropical fruits and flowers, and the historical associations of the most wonderful river valley in Florida; and the concluding poem of the number, "Florida Pioneers," is a pleasant rendering in verse of the story of recent progress in Orange county, in that state.

The illustrated descriptive articles on New England, of late so prominent a feature in *Harpers*, are continued, this number containing an interesting description of a university town—"Cambridge on the Charles"—with twenty-six engravings, comprising illustrations of the college buildings and old historic houses, and portraits of Harvard's most eminent presidents, and of the distinguished literary men of Cambridge

The number has a christian flavor, especially in the capitally illustrated paper on belfry music, entitled "The Poetry of Steeples." "A Quaker's Christmas-eve" is a beautiful poem, contributed by Fanny R. Robinson. The Editor's Easy Chair opens with a delightful chat about the influence of Dickens, Thackeray and Irving on our Christmas festival.

Among the lighter and more attractive articles of the number must be reckoned the Hon. S. S. Cox's concluding paper on "Legislative Humors," which is rich in anecdote and personal allusion.

President Bernard, in the "First Century" series, concludes his able and suggestive review of the contributions made to the exact sciences by Americans, and followed by Professor Theo. Gill, who reviews American progress in natural science.

John J. Stevenson, who is to England what Viollet-le-Duc is to France, contributes an exceedingly instructive and lucid paper on Gothic Architecture, with explanatory illustrations.

There are three unusually strong stories in this number, contributed by the Rev. William M. Baker, Mrs. Frank McCarthy, and G. W. Cable. Julian Hawthorne's serial story, "Garth," still continued, has no equal in recent American fiction. The number contains poems, in addition to those already mentioned, by the Rev. Horatio N. Powers, Carl Spencer, Hannah R. Hudson, and John J. Piatt.

The Messrs. Harper announce the commencement, in the February number, of a new novel by George Eliot, of the same scope as "Middlemarch," portraying English social life of the present day.

The Cincinnati *Commercial* relates a suggestive little anecdote concerning a quiet, hardworking farmer, well to do in the world, named Lock, and living in the neighborhood of Kokomo, Ind. There came to him, some three months ago, a man professing to be a traveling root and herb doctor, who had with him for a wife a smartish woman, painted like an Indian squaw, who made a practice of telling fortunes, as she knew all about the past, present and future. The doctor was not there to practice so much as to gather "yarbs." After a time the woman informed the farmer that there was concealed on his farm the sum of $100,000 in gold, and that for $5,000, which he need not pay until the nugget was found, she would raise it for him. Now farmer Lock was not so well off that he didn't want more, and the proposition seeming to be a fair one, he proceeded to raise the money by a mortgage on his farm. With the money in his hand he went to the tent of the Indian fortune teller. He had it carefully tied up in a pocket handkerchief. She demanded a count of it to assure herself it was all right and having satisfied her mind handed back the package to the old gentleman, neatly tied up, as before, with several additional knots in the handkerchief, and the injunction not to untie the knots till the gold had been dug up and placed in his possession. Then the digging commenced, with some incidental jugglery; but before long the neighbors of Mr. Lock became suspicious that he was being practiced upon and it was determined to untie that handkerchief, which was done, and nothing found in it but a parcel of brown paper, cut into pieces the shape and size of greenbacks. The woman had juggled the old granger out of his money, and right under his nose. Mr. Lock is looking for that Indian squaw.

Simpkins had been to a raffle. He started in boldly and after a few tips of the box succeeded in winning a very scraggy bird, but it had cost him about three times as much as a good one, bought at the store. His winning so elated him that he asked the boys to take something on the fowl. They took something. Indeed, they did so several times. Simpkins finally started for home and entering the room where his wife was sitting up waiting for him, with a maudlin smile he laid his trophy at her feet. She looked at the object and then at Simpkins. Then she said, "Simpkins, you are drunk; and what are you doing with that old dead cat?" Simpkins' friends had played a little joke on him, that's all.—*Portland Argus.*

From our Special Correspondent.

Our New York Letter.

NEW YORK, DEC. 16, 1875.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—"To err is human," especially as to the amount of a very rich man's property. Hardly two weeks ago public opinion as to Mr. Astor's wealth crystalized at $100,000,000. His will, recently admitted to probate, reduces that figure just about one half, but still leaves a sum that the average man would be tolerably well satisfied to possess. Of this, as was generally understood would be the case, John Jacob 2d gets the lion's share, or some $35,000,000. The remainder was bestowed in miscellaneous bequests to remaining members of the family, charities, etc., the latter, however, being but feebly represented.

One of the sons, who committed the unpardonable sin of marrying "below his station," was cut off with $30,000; but happily in this instance the ends of poetic justice were served by his having been already made a millionaire through his grandfather's will.

The Hon. Wm. M. Tweed has been suddenly called from the city on urgent business, and his present whereabouts are not known with any great precision. The papers say that "nothing has been heard about him," but it seems to me that we have hardly heard anything about any one else since his departure. But seriously, it looks as though this were to be the end of it, and as though with the Boss's escape the curtain had fallen on the long and tedious farce called "New York Justice." Previous to his incarceration on Blackwell's Island, Tweed maintained the bland smile and what-are-you-going-to-do-about-it air, with which his caricatures have familiarized the public; but once within the striped suit, he realized that the game had been more earnest than he had supposed. Then he commenced the fight for liberty, which ended as we have seen. Taught by the history of his previous life to regard money as the one only force that is universal in application and irresistible in operation, this was, very naturally, the agent which he selected to aid him. Nor were his calculations at fault; for the result has proved that *money* is stronger than the intense and righteous indignation of a whole people. The steps in his progress toward freedom are known to all. First, when the law had deliberately and finally pronounced him a convict, and had sent him to live among his kind, money brought the craftiest legal locksmiths to pick his prison locks and set him free. Re-arrested on other charges and again imprisoned, the same powerful ally once more came to the rescue, and once more it was shown to be invincible. For a while it only procured him extra luxuries of living, but it was not long before bolts and bars began to be worn away by its corrosion. Gradually as his case progressed the mass of testimony and decisions was piled higher and higher against him, but apparently just in proportion as the meshes of the law drew closer about him, were his liberties and privileges increased, until at last, all the plans for his flight having been leisurely perfected, and the eyes of keepers and detectives tightly bandaged with greenbacks, our bulky hero quietly vanished, leaving New York staring vacantly in all directions in helpless indignation at this humiliating and disgraceful exhibition of official corruption. Of course something has to be done to allay popular feeling, and so a tremendous hue and cry is raised by the police, and a great deal of talk made by the higher powers, who blame and threaten to remove their subordinates, but all that looks rather thin as day after day goes by, and the prospects of Tweed's recapture grow beautifully less.

But even should he never be retaken, there is some consolation in feeling that the Boss has by no means escaped retribution. His terrible fall from power to a prison, and the trials of the last two years, would in themselves be expiation for crimes less great than his, while to a man of his age and habits, ignominious exile and the consciousness that he must leave behind him a name so stained and blackened as to be a burden to all who bear it, form a punishment to which imprisonment or loss of wealth could hardly add much severity.

Our metropolitan journals are not particularly celebrated for living together in harmony at any time, but there has been a little mill recently between the *Times* and *Graphic*, which was rather lively even for New York. The *Times* commenced the attack, and in the course of a week or so had so covered its adversary with mud that the *Graphic* thinks it will have to have a bath in the courts to get back its pristine purity. The proprietors think their character has been damaged to the value of $600,000, and desire the *Times* to pay that sum for repairs. If one-half of the latter's charges are true, five cents would fully cover the loss.

Trade is beginning to show holiday activity. The market is filling up with everything, but with nothing more largely than books, which have for some time been coming as thick as snow-flakes. Out of the mass a few, as usual, will be successful. The one which promises to have the largest sale of the year, and probably of many years, is "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of the World's Dispensary at Buffalo, one of the most prominent physicians and best popular writers on medical subjects in the country. This work, already in its third edition, is a large, elegant volume, popular in matter, style, and price, and cannot fail to add to Dr. Pierce's high reputation.

Amusements are attractive and well patronized. The only novelty that bids fair to be a striking success is "Bosom Friends," with Mr. Jno. Gilbert as "star," at Wallack's. Mr. Fechter holds to French drama at the Lyceum. "Mighty Dollar" and "Our Boys" are finally withdrawn after very successful runs. The harrowing "Rose Michel" continues to draw crowds to the Union Square, and the German Opera company, with Wachtel at its head, sets a very attractive musical table at the Academy of Music

John B. Gough is in town, but is doing no professional work at present.

Moncure D. Conway, the great "Student of the Devil," is lecturing on His Satanic Majesty and kindred topics.

Prof. Richard A. Proctor, the eminent English astronomer, has entered upon a series of his fascinating illustrated lectures at Steinway Hall.

News reaches us that Theodore Thomas has been chosen to take charge of the musical part of the grand opening ceremonies of the centennial. This choice gives universal satisfaction, and guarantees that this important department will be conducted in a manner worthy of the occasion. RADIX.

Church Sociables.

The trouble with church sociables,—and it inheres in the very nature of things,—is that they are apt to be over-formal. And this formality springs from the fact that they are not natural. The New England conception of a church is that it is a purely spiritual association, and not a social one at all. Hence the "sociable" which the pastor has announced from the pulpit is a profound embarrassment. The sociable is held in the church edifice which they have always been taught to look upon as the house of God, built for his formal worship, and in which all the exercises were to be of a strictly religious character and especially solemn.

The very atmosphere of the place, therefore, is destructive of that freedom and ease of manner, of that lightness and brilliancy of conversation, which are to a sociable what the leaven is to the loaf. Social life means jokes and playful squibs, repartee, flashes of wit, the play of humor, the pungent sarcasm, the hearty laugh which has no reason in it save the jovial spirits of the laughers; and to expect that people, especially young people, are to feel at liberty to indulge in these various pleasantries in the very room where they have heard the earnest prayer and solemn hymn, and which is associated with the gravest memories of their lives, is asking too much of human nature. The people are not to blame if they are sober and stiff and awkward, distant and unsocial.

The fault lies in the place. There is a place to laugh as well as a time; and a church is not a place where a man loves to explode a rocket-like joke, or where a wag can tickle the company with the dryness of his drollery. As long as religion is preached as applicable only to a certain range of faculties it will never elicit the hearty co-operation of the remaining faculties in man. Our experience has been that a sociable held in a public hall or private house is worth ten held in the rooms of the church. If you want the people to be funny, to be jolly, to be happy, meaning by these terms what the average human means by them, bring them together in a place where these exercises do not seem desecration.

We have been delightfully surprised to see how much good fellowship there is in people if they only have an opportunity to show it. A man can't laugh through a tube twenty feet long. No more can you get a good human joke through a church door. Throw open the doors of your houses, friends, and ask all the people to come down and see you, throw formality to the dogs, and let them come together in a hearty, off-hand fashion, and your rooms will be as full of the pleasant murmurs of happy fellowship, as a grove in summer is full of the murmur of leaves when the wind is coquetting with the branches. "Rejoice evermore."—*Golden Rule.*

"O wearisome condition of humanity!"

How many wretched homes in our land! How many heart-broken invalids! Life with many signifies a mere onerous existence. All are subjected to disease, but when health is removed the hope is nearly gone out. Sickness is usually incurred through exposure or carelessness. Especially is this true with those diseases peculiar to woman. Through her own imprudence and folly she is made to drag out a miserable existence—a source of annoyance and anxiety to her friends, and any thing but a comfort and pleasure to herself. Exposure to the cold at times when she should be most prudent, and [illegible] ployment, are both fruitful causes of many of the maladies from which she suffers. Gradually the bloom leaves her cheeks, her lips grow ashy white, her vivacity departs, she continually experiences a feeling of weariness and general languor, and altogether presents a ghostly appearance. What does she need? Should she take some stimulating drug, which will for the time make her "*feel better*," or does her entire system demand reparation? She requires something which not only will restore to health the diseased organs, but will tone and invigorate the system. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will do this. It imparts strength to the diseased parts, brings back the glow of health, and restores comfort where previously there was only suffering.

Every invalid lady should send for "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," in which over fifty pages are devoted to the consideration of those diseases peculiar to women. It will be sent, post-paid, to any address, for $1.50. Address, R. V. Pierce, M. D., World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y. Agents wanted to sell this valuable work.

HOW THEY DO IT IN MISSISSIPPI. — I witnessed many strange scenes at the polls and round about among the crowd. This sort of thing was repeated often by men who were supplied with money for the purpose. A man would select his darkey and operate on him in this wise:

"Uncle, have you voted?"

"No, sah."

"Going to vote?"

"Yes, sah."

"How?"

"The 'Publican ticket, sah."

"Can't I persuade you to vote the Democratic ticket?"

"No, sah."

"You are afraid to vote it, are you?"

"No, sah; not a bit."

"I'll bet two dollars you are afraid to step up there and vote the Democratic ticket."

"Me 'fraid! No, sah; dis nigger ain't 'fraid; he ain't the skeery sort, he ain't."

"Well, I'll bet two dollars you are afraid to do it."

"Put up your money. I'll take dat bet, sir; I'm no skeery nigger."

The money is handed to a third party. The negro is given a Democratic ticket and accompanied to the polls by a white man, who sees that it is voted. Then the negro returns and is paid the "wager" he has won!—*Jackson Correspondence of the Cincinnati Commercial.*

An Hour at the Central Station Court.

"War is a sad thing," sighed Bijah, as he folded up the morning paper, uncrossed his legs and stood up. "I hope I may never witness another such sight as I saw at Fair Oaks."

"What was that?" asked his honor, looking up from his writing.

"Why, I saw the fight—the battle—saw men mashed all to pieces! I had a chance to see the whole thing."

"Were you up a tree?"

"No, sir!" replied Bijah indignantly, "I was not up a tree."

"Under a wagon, then?"

The old janitor laid the paper down and walked into the corridor without replying. He felt the iron in his soul, and his insulted manhood could find no words long enough to talk back in. It is a well-known fact that he would have been one of the first to volunteer if he hadn't been too old, too full of business and too merciful to want to kill anybody.

COURT OPENS.

"Proclaim to the assembled multitude that this 'ere court is ready for business," said his honor, as he signed the last warrant, "and give the ladies front seats, drive those boys off the window sills, push those deck loafers way back, and be ready to hand out a fresh victim when you hear the bell ring. Now for a start."

AN EASY START.

"Julius Remembrance Delano, this is you, is it?" he asked of the first man out.

"I was never here before, sir."

"There is always a first time, Julius, and I'd as soon see you here to-day as to-morrow. The charge against you is kicking in a door and raising a great howl, and if you can't explain it away you are going on a free excursion."

"Not guilty, sir."

"Come up here, Mr. Officer; hold up your right hand and let me hear you swear to tell the whole truth without fear or favor, and without being influenced by the fact that the prisoner kicked you under the chin and bit you on the wrist. Go ahead, now."

The officer's testimony was clear and direct, and turning to Julius the court continued:

"Julius Remembrance Delano, the falling autumn leaves, the bleak winds and sobbing gales won't hurt you a cent's worth. What you need is a barrel of water, a bar of soap, and perfect rest for three months. Stand back, Julius, and when you hear the rumble of the Black Maria prepare to get aboard."

SOME EXPLANATION.

"Cornelius Rose, stand up straight, look me in the eye, and tell me how you came to get drunk yesterday."

"I drank whisky—dat's de reason."

"Correct, Cornelius. You might have tried for a life-time and not come any nearer the mark. After getting drunk you lay down on the front steps of an honest, worthy citizen, and when he tried to move you, you sat up and called him names, and offered to fight him. You raised a row which was heard for two blocks away. It is a serious charge, Cornelius Rose, and I'm afraid that you have eaten your last fall watermelon."

"I can 'splain all dat, sah," replied the prisoner. "I went to de party last night, you know. Sam was dar,"

"I don't know anything about any of your Sams."

"Well, Sam was dar. Sam an' me don't jist git along very well, and when I seed him dar I knew——"

"What's all this about?" interrupted the court.

"'Bout Sam, sah."

"Well, you just drop Sam and tell me about your getting drunk."

"Yes, sah." Well, when I seed Sam dar I knew dar was going to be de awfulest fight you ever sot eyes on, and——"

"I can't fool away any more time on Sam. I send you up for ninety days, and you can write out Sam's history and send it down by mail.

NO CAUSE FOR ACTION.

"And the charge is drunkenness," said his honor to Sarah Jane Doone.

"Come up here," she said to three or four witnesses in attendance, and every one swore that she was perfectly sober,

"Where's the complaining witness in this case?" called the court, and Mrs. McNabb came forward and remarked:

"I'm here, and I'll send her to prison for fourteen years."

"You couldn't send my little finger for even a day, you old wheelbarrow!" murmured Mrs. Doone.

"Shut right up, both of you, and let me talk. Now, then, Mrs. McNabb, what did Mrs. Doone do or say?"

"She called me names and shook her fist in my face."

"So far so good. And what did Mrs. McNabb do to you, Mrs. Doone?"

"Spit in my face and scalded our dog."

"This case shouldn't have come here," resumed the court, "and I'm going to let you both go. I could go on and give you both good advice warning you that life is short and it is better to live at peace and have your memory reverenced after death, but I won't do it. You are neighbors, both over forty years old, and if you have any fun spitting in each other's faces and clawing around like two old cats, why, claw away."

WAS WILLING.

"Vagrancy, Thomas Pool," said the court, as the last man came out.

"Can't find work," whined the prisoner.

"Do you want work?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you work for me?"

"I will."

"Very well, Thomas, I am interested in a large chair factory in the northern part of the city, and I want a few more able-bodied men like yourself. I'll engage you for three months, and see how you can do. Sit down, Thomas, and my carriage will soon be here."

When Bijah had dismissed the court and loaded up the prisoners, the boys appeared beside the vehicle, removed their caps, and sweetly sang:

"Oh, Thomas Pool
You are a fool
For coming to this town,
You loafed the street,
No food to eat,
And now are salted down.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

"You'll build the fires or I'll be a widow," is the way the Fat Contributor's wife talks.

Scene at a Bull Fight.

One of the most thrilling scenes ever witnessed in the amphitheater at Cadiz transpired in the autumn of 1841. I was in the city at the time, but was not present at the theater. The circumstances were related to me by a friend. It will be understood that the really thrilling scenes on such occasions are not of blood. Blood is too common a thing at a bull fight for rivers of it, be it brute or human, to thrill an ordinary audience. Something out of the ordinary line is what transpired on the occasion to which I refer.

Notice had been posted in all the public places that on a certain day the bull called El Moro (the Moor) would be introduced in the arena, and that when he should have been goaded to the utmost fury a young girl would appear and reduce the animal to quiet subjection. The people of Cadiz had heard of El Moro as the most magnificent bull ever brought into the city, and it soon became known that the girl thus advertised to appear in so strange and daring a part was a peasant girl of Espera, who had petted the bull, and fed it and cared for it during the years of its growth.

On the appointed day, as might be supposed, the vast amphitheater was filled to overflowing with an anxious, eager crowd. Two bulls had been killed and dragged away, and then a flourish of trumpets announced the coming of the hero of the day. With a deep, terrific roar El Moro entered upon the scene. He was truly magnificent, a bovine monarch, black and glossy, with eyes of fire, dilating nostrils and wicked looking horns. The picadores attacked him warily, and hurled their banderilles (small, dart-like javelins, ornamented with ribbons, and intended to goad and infuriate.) The bull had killed three horses off-hand, and had received eight banderillos in his neck and shoulders, when, upon a given signal, the picadores and matadores suddenly withdrew, leaving the infuriate beast alone in his wild paroxysm of wrath.

Presently a soft, musical note, like the piping of a lark, was heard, and directly afterward a girl, not more than fifteen years of age, with the tasteful garb of an Andalusian peasant, and with an Andalusian face, sprang lightly into the arena, approaching the bull fearlessly, and at the same time calling his name:

"Moro! Moro! Ya voy!"

At the sound of the sweet voice the animal ceased its fury, and turned to the place whence it came, and when he saw the girl he plainly manifested pleasure. She came to his head, and put forth her hand, which he licked with his tongue. Then she sang a low, sweet song, at the same time caressing the animal by patting him on the forehead; and while she sang the suffering monarch kneeled at her feet. Then she stooped and gently removed the cruel banderillos, after which, with her arm around El Moro's neck, she led him towards the gate of the torril.

Until now the multitude had been held spell-bound, but when they saw the gentle mistress thus triumphant a shout went up that shook the very walls. In an instant the bull turned, the flame again in his eyes, but the girl very soon again subdued him, and led him out from the arena—a prize which she was to carry back with her to her home.

More than is Meat.

Meat being something that we think much of and must spend much for, would it not surprise us to learn that there is an article of general consumption, of little utility, and of vast harm, which annually costs the public more than all the meat sold in the markets of the United States? Of course we mean the consumption of liquors. Dr. William Hargreaves has recently collected the testimony to the extent of these, "Our Western Resources." In 1870, Dr. Edward Young, the chief of the United States statistical bureau, calculated the cost of spirituous and fermented liquors to the consumers in this country at $600,000,000 per year. The revenue returns and the records of imports furnish the data for this conclusion, and they approximate correctness. The same item for 1875 is probably $700,000,000. Dr. Hargreaves compares with this the value of "all animals slaughtered and sold for slaughter" in the same year, as returned by the census. This was, in round numbers, $400,000,000. This is doubtless an underestimate of the consumption of meat, because there must have been a great oversight and omission of animals slaughtered for home consumption. But, on the contrary, there was a considerable exportation. If we add fifty per cent. for advanced prices to the consumer, we should probably be quite within the truth when we say that in the United States there is annually more money spent on liquor than on meat by those who have to buy it; or, in other words, more money is spent in the liquor shops than in the meat shops.

Of the cost of spirituous and fermented liquors in 1870, one-fifth was represented by beer, which, for certain portions of our foreign population, is undoubtedly a food beverage, and so may be regarded, perhaps, as productive consumption. But, in view of the prodigious waste occasioned by the other four-fifths in its effects on the human system, property, public morals, crime and pauperism, and of the doubtful effect of beer on the native population, we may disregard this in the general result.

The consumption of alcoholic drink has a pretty direct bearing on this matter of over-production and business dullness. If the five thousand sellers in Massachusetts do an annual business of $5,000 each, which is Dr. Hargreave's estimate, the result would be a consumption of $25,000,000, or a sum equal to the gross receipts of all the railroads in the state in 1870. This sum seems pretty large, but if we suppose only half the sum to have been spent, it would pay over again all the wages paid to the cotton mill operatives in the state in the whole year 1870.

If there is any sermon in these figures it isn't our fault. The figures can't help preaching. The most moderate statement of the wasteful expenditure on spirituous and fermented liquors tells its own story of folly.—*Springfield Republican.*

A lofty position—the top of an editorial staff.

The Man Who Was Not Elected.

The candidate who didn't get enough votes to elect him the other day is out on the street now, wearing the look of an injured man. As he turns a corner he meets Jones, and Jones says:

"Ah! Well, I'm sorry for you; I'd have bet money that you would go in by five hundred majority."

"My majority would have been twice that if some dastard hadn't started the rumor that I was opposed to education," replies Unsuccessful.

"They lied about you, eh?"

"Lied? Why, they told the most outrageous falsehoods the human mind could conceive! I've got a clew, and you look out for three or four suits for damages!"

Turning the next corner he meets Davis, and Davis yells out:

"Hello! I see you aren't dead yet! Well, I'm sorry for you; I wanted to see you go in."

"And I should have been elected straight as a string if my name on the ticket hadn't been spelled wrong. That, and that alone, floored me."

One block more and Smith rushes at him and shouts:

"Hang it! but I thought you would have waxed that fellow by three thousand votes?"

"I'd have done it like a shot," replies Unsuccessful, "but the inspectors received hundreds of illegal votes and I was laid out. This thing isn't through with, however; I propose to carry it to the supreme court."

As he reaches the city hall the fourth man holds out his hand and says:

"Well, you couldn't both be elected; but you did just run like a quarter horse."

"I can tell you somethin'," whispers Unsuccessful.

"Eh! What?"

"I believe the ballot boxes were stuffed against me."

"No!"

"'S true as you live! I think I can put my hand on a man who will swear to it, and I tell you I'll make it red-hot for those inspectors!"

And the unsuccessful candidate is certain in his own mind that he is a great martyr.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for January is an unusually rich number. Opening with a long and brilliant installment of Mr. Howell's new novel, it includes articles of travel, history, literary criticism and matters of public interest. Of the last named sort is Charles Francis Adams, Jr.'s, third railroad paper, entitled "The Revere Catastrophe." Elizabeth Stuart Phelps contributes an entertaining account of "Going South," which is followed by a charming essay from Miss Harriet Preston on "Jacques Jasmin," the Provençal poet, including graceful translations from his poems. Few magazine papers can offer the fresh touch and ripe literary skill here combined. Mr. Allan B. Magruder tells about "Lincoln's Plans of Reconstruction;" "W. H. Bishop, a new writer, gives a very original and startling short story, "One of the Thirty Pieces;" and Mr. Whittier contributes a poem of singular loveliness, called "Sunset on the Bearcamp." "The Mafiusi of Sicily" is a curious account of brigandage in that island. It is followed by a chapter of Mrs. Kemble's "Old Woman's Gossip," the autobiographical interest of which is heightened by the insertion of some letters written by her in youth. Oliver Wendell Holmes adds to the list some witty verses, "A Familiar Letter" to aspiring poets, and Mr. Howells reviews in a short paper "Four New Books of Poetry." Besides all this we have poems from Aldrich, Maurice Thompson, Mrs. Piatt and Mrs. Moulton, and the editorial departments, which contain reviews of Stedman's "Victorian Poets," General Boynton's book on Sherman, an interesting account of "Education in the Western States," and much other matter. This number of the *Atlantic* begins the thirty-seventh volume of the magazine, and a more abundant and promising opening it would be difficult to devise.

Going into Business.

A bright German gentleman, retired from business, relates the following little anecdote:

"Going down to New York the other night on the boat," said he, "I got chatting with a German acquaintance, and asked him what he was doing."

"Vell," he replied, "shoost now I am doing nodings, but I have made arrangements to go into pizness."

"Glad to hear it. What are you going into?"

"Vell, I goes into partnership mit a man."

"Do you put in much capital?"

"No; I doesn't put in any gapital."

"Don't want to risk it, eh?"

"No; but I puts in de experience."

"And he puts in the capital?"

"Yes, dot is it. We goes into pizness for dree years; *he* puts in de gapital, and *I* puts in de experience. At de *end* of de dree years *I* will have de gapital, and *he* will have de experience."

An old Scotch woman once said to her pastor:

"Dear me, ministers mak' muckle adoo aboot their hard work; but what's twa bits o' sermons in the week tae mak' up? I could do't mysel'."

"Weel, Janet," said the minister, good humoredly, "let's hear you try."

"Come, awa wi' a text, then," said she.

He repeated with emphasis:

"It is better to dwell in the corner of the housetop than with a brawling woman and in a wide house."

Janet fired up instantly:

"What's that ye say, sir? Dae ye intend onything personal?"

"Stop! stop!" broke in her pastor. "You would never do for a minister."

"And what for no?" said she.

"Because, Janet, you come ower soon to the application."

The people of Keokuk, Iowa, were badly sold the other day by the report that General Grant was coming up the river. The whole town rushed to the levee. The crowd was immense. General Grant came, but he was on canvass and in a frame. Only a picture.

Singular—to see a garden walk.

WOMANS' TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

Woman's National Christian Temperance Union.

The second annual convention of the Woman's National Christian Temperance Union was held in the St. Paul M. E. church, Rev. C. H. Payne, pastor; Cincinnati, Ohio, commencing Nov. 17, and continuing three days. The representation was one delegate from each Congressional district, and nineteen States were represented by one hundred and two delegates and a large number of visitors.

The Convention was composed of some of the ablest and most devoted of the Christian women of the land. The meetings were filled with an enthusiasm subdued from last year, but more intensified, and capable of earnest, deliberate, thorough, and systematic work. The proceedings were characterized throughout with a deep devotional spirit, the absence of the so-called "strong-minded" women, and the presence of a "sanctified common-sense."

The following is a list of the officers: President, Mrs. Anna Wittenmeyer, Philadelphia; recording secretary, Mrs. Mary C. Johnson, Brooklyn; assistant secretary, Mrs. Mary T. Burt, Auburn; corresponding secretary, Miss F. E. Willard, Chicago; treasurer *pro tem.* Mrs. S. K. Leavitt, Cincinnati.

The first hour of the session was spent in devotional exercises, led by Mrs. Mary C. Johnson, Brooklyn. The convention was called to order at ten o'clock by Mrs. Wittenmeyer, the president. Mrs. E. J. Thompson, of Hillsboro, Ohio, "first crusader," read the 24th chapter of Luke, where "the women found the stone rolled away" when they went to seek the Lord, also the 146th Psalm, which first impressed her to enter the crusade work. Mrs. S. A. Gifford, of Worcester, Mass., led in prayer.

Mrs. S. K. Leavitt, of Cincinnati, extended warm and cordial greetings to the convention, in behalf of the women of that city, in a thrilling and eloquent address. She welcomed them to the city of industry, art, science, schools, reformatory institutions, churches, &c., but said the "trail of the serpent was over them all." There were fifty saloons to every evangelical church. Millions of money and thousands of men were engaged in the traffic. Let the whiskey influence raise its rod, and saloon-keepers go into office, women are insulted and dragged to prison, and some of our ministers are dumb before its power.

Mrs. J. F. Willing, of Illinois, in behalf of the convention, responded in a beautiful and impressive address. She said it was fitting to meet in the city where the noble band of Christian women went to prison through an insulting mob. This will be the Mecca where pilgrimages will be made in future years in honor of these devoted women. We are here to plan for organization, and to perpetuate the work so well commenced one year