County Clerk 1 Apr78

The Middlebury Register.

VOL. XLI. MIDDLEBURY, VT., FEBRUARY 3, 1877. NO. 45.

Middlebury Register

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L. E. KNAPP. R. N. BAILEY.

TERMS

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BUSINESS CARDS (1 inch, per year),	8 00
LOCAL NOTICES per line, each insertion,	10

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE MIDDLEBURY.

Going South.	Going North.
9:42 A. M.	6:15 A. M.
4:50 P. M.	9:42 A. M.
8:42 P. M.	3:37 P. M.
	5:55 P. M.
Sunday morning Express, 3:47 A. M.	

LEAVE VERGENNES.

:10 A. M.	6:42 A. M.
4:05 P. M.	11:10 A. M.
8:23 P. M.	4:05 P. M.
	6:28 P. M.
Sunday morning Express, 4:20 A. M.	

LEAVE LEICESTER JUNCTION.

10:08 A. M.	5:44 A. M.
5:40 P. M.	8:28 A. M.
9:05 P. M.	3:05 P. M.
5:35 (for Tit) P. M.	5:20 P. M.
Sunday morning Express, 3:22 A. M.	

Arrive from Ticonderoga, 9:25 P. M.

POST OFFICE NOTICE.

MAILS ARRIVE.

From Ripton, Granville, Hancock, East Middlebury, Cornwall, West Cornwall and Bridport,	9:00 A. M.
Way mail from north,	9:50 A. M.
New York, Rutland and Albany,	7:30 A. M.
New York,	3:45 P. M.
Way mail from south,	3:45 P. M.

MAILS CLOSE.

Way mail going south,	9:20 A. M.
Way mail going north,	3:10 P. M.
For Ripton, Granville, Hancock, East Middlebury, Cornwall, West Cornwall and Bridport,	3:45 P. M.
Closed mail for Boston and Rutland,	3:40 P. M.
Closed mail for New York and Albany,	7:45 P. M.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

MIDDLEBURY.

Congregational—Corner Pleasant and Main sts. Rev. E. P. Hooker, pastor. Sunday services at 10:45 A.M. and 7:00 P.M. Thursday evening prayer meeting at 7:00.

Methodist—North Pleasant-st. Rev. S. Washburn, pastor. Sunday services at 10:45 A.M. and 6:30 P.M. Thursday evening prayer meeting at 7:00. Class meeting on Friday evening at 7:00.

Episcopal—St. Stephen's Church—Main-st. ——, rector. Sunday services at 10:30 A.M. and 3:00 P.M.

Roman Catholic—Weybridge-st. Rev. P. Cunningham, pastor. Sunday services, alternate Sabbaths, High Mass at 10:00 A.M., Vespers and benediction at 6:30 P.M.

EAST MIDDLEBURY.

Methodist—Rev. D. F. Brooks, pastor. Sunday services at 2:00 P.M.

VERGENNES.

Baptist—Rev. Charles Hibbard, pastor. Services in town hall. Sunday services at 10:45 A.M. and 7:P.M. Weekly prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7:00.

Methodist—Rev. J. M. Edgerton, pastor. Sunday services at 1:30 and 7:00 P.M. Weekly prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7:00.

Episcopal—St. Paul's Church—Rev. C. I. Chapin, rector. Sunday services at 10:45 A.M. and 7:00 P.M. Friday evening at 7:30.

Mission Chapel—Dr. H. A. Ingham. Sunday services at 10:45 A.M. and 7:P.M. Weekly prayer meeting on Thursday evening.

Roman Catholic—Rev. P. Cunningham, pastor, services, alternate Sabbaths, High Mass at 10:00 A.M., Vespers and benediction at 6:00 P.M.

Congregational———, pastor. Sunday services at 10:45 A.M. and 7:00 P.M. Weekly prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7:00.

BUSINESS CARDS.

W. H. KINGSLEY, - DENTIST. Up stairs in Styles' new Block, MIDDLEBURY, VT.

JOHN AVERY, M. D. *PHYSICIAN & SURGEON*, STARKSBORO, VT. 1917 OFFICE AT RESIDENCE.

HAMMOND & CASSIDY. *LIVERY STABLE.* ADDISON HOUSE. tf MIDDLEBURY, VT.

E. A. STURTEVANT, Attorney at law. Office over Clay's store in the new block.

E. E. SMITH, Attorney and Counsellor at Law. Office No. 1, Tupper's Block. 1 Middlebury, Vt.

VAN NESS HOUSE. *BURLINGTON, VT.* D. C. BARBER and O. B. FERGUSON, Props. 14 FREE CARRIAGE TO DEPOT.

SLADE & HARRIS, *ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS* at Law. POST OFFICE BLOCK, Middlebury, Vt. JAMES M. SLADE. HENRY H. HARRIS. 6m6

BARDWELL HOUSE. *RUTLAND, VT.* J. W. CRAMPTON, PROPRIETOR. Good Livery connected with the House 14

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STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, RANDOLPH, VT. ABEL E. LEAVENWORTH, A. M., Principal. Eighty-one Scholarships. Fall Term opens fourth Tuesday in August. Spring Term opens second Tuesday in February. Send for catalogue. 44y1

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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

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

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, *CASTLETON, VT.* WALTER E. HOWARD, PRINCIPAL. Fall term commences August 31. Spring term commences February 8, 1877. *Addison County is entitled to SEVEN FREE SCHOLARSHIPS.* Address the Principal. 17m9

GIDEON E. CLARK, ATTORNEY AT LAW, 132 LaSalle St. Room 29, [Residence South Chicago] CHICAGO, ILL. MONEY LOANED for eastern parties on first mortgage security on improved real estate in and near Chicago and South Chicago at rates netting ten per cent. per annum to the lenders. Reference by permission to Messrs. Stewart & Eldredge, Middlebury, Vt.

M. PHINNEY, Once more announces that notwithstanding his loss by the great fire—having had everything burned—he has been encouraged to open another shop, where he intends to keep a good assortment of *HARNESSES, HORSE NETS, WHIPS & SUMMER LAP ROBES, VACCUUM & NEAT'S FOOT OIL.* REPAIRING done at short notice and on *reasonable terms.* SHOP, No. 2, SHELDON'S BLOCK, Middlebury, June 19, 1876.

SEND 25c to GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., New York, for Pamphlet of 100 pages, containing lists of 3000 newspapers, and estimates showing cost of advertising. 37 3m

For the Register,

On the Sly.

The first time that I saw her was one Sabbath afternoon,
She was looking just as lovely as a full blown rose in June,
And I thought her such a charming little captivating elf,
I then formed the resolution that I'd win her for myself.

So I sat myself about it, in the good old-fashioned way,
Which so often had succeeded with my seniors in their day;
While I held my head up boldly, and with sundry well feigned airs,
I would openly salute her, when I met her manwares.

But it soon became apparent that whenever I would call,
If by chance a friend or two was near, it didn't suit at all;
Till a trusty friend informed me, one on whom I could rely,
That if e'er I hoped to win her, I must do it on the sly.

All at once I changed my tactics, and to those who saw me then
I undoubtedly appeared the most indifferent of men;
I would scarce appear to notice her, or any woman kind,
Though she understood as well as I, 'twas only for a blind.

But whenever we alone could meet t' enjoy a friendly chat,
We were like all other lovers, you may bet your life on that;
She didn't seem at all abashed or deem it much amiss
If when I rose to go away I left her with a kiss.

And so we played our little game, and thus the matter stood,
While we would meet for private talk whenever best we could;
And so quietly we managed things, that no one ever dreamed
That we were to each other, more than simply what we seemed.

At length, what looked a little strange, it came about one day
That business matters of some kind had called us both away;
And no one could conjecture as to where we both had gone,
Till our return revealed the fact that we had been made one!

So the gossipers got cheated out of publishing the news,
And appeared somewhat disheartened by our clever little ruse;
For they seemed to be agreed that there was precious little fun,
In making much ado o'er what was now already done.

Now we've settled down together in our pleasant home for life,
I, a fond and doting husband; she, a loving little wife;
And 'twould do you good to see the merry twinkle in her eye,
When she speaks about our courtship, how 'twas managed on the sly.

A. H. MILES.

A SMALL BOY.

"Oh! I say, she's out," said small Ned, as he opened the door. "She's gone to the dressmaker's but she'll be back soon, 'cause she's goin' to friz her hair for dinner. Come in and wait."

I accepted the invitation, and installed myself in the easiest chair in the parlor, after rolling it to the bay window, so as to command a view of the street, while Ned "histed" himself, as he called it, on a marble top table beside me, and sat there, with the crispy cheekiness of early boyhood, whistling and swinging his feet.

Ned was a chap of ten years, with a remarkable memory—as I was fated to discover—the youngest brother of Miss Victoria Conrad; and Miss Victoria Conrad was a handome, dashing, clever girl whom I had met at a picnic the preceeding summer, and with whom I had immediately fallen desperately in love.

I use the word "desperately" advisedly, for it was my first really serious entanglement, and my charmer, being a thorough mistress of the arts by which young and susceptible male hearts are subjugated, had inthralled me most completely.

True, before I cast myself at her feet, I had felt a great tenderness for a sweet little third or fourth cousin of mine, a slight pale young girl, with hair of the faintest gold and eyes of the softest blue and an innocent, trusting, childlike look in her pretty face.

But beside Miss Conrad, with her magnificent form, glorious auburn tresses, and wonderful big black eyes, May Newton faded into insignificance. It was as though one placed a delicate, cream colored lily in the same vase with a gorgeous, flame-dashed-with-crimson-leaved, brown throated gladiole.

And so I found, on becoming acquainted with Miss Conrad, that my feeling for May, which had existed since our earliest childhood, was only a tenderness, while my feeling for Victoria, although but three months old, already amounted to a passion.

But, in spite of my infatuation for the latter, I was not blind to the fact that she was a finished coquette, and I didn't half like the way, after the very decided encouragement she had given me, she flirted with my intimate friend Charley Thornton. Sometimes, indeed, it flashed upon me that there had been a love affair between them which had not entirely ended even now, and it was after one of these flashes I had sought her house, determined to discover what her real feelings toward me were, and resolved that when I left her it should be either as an accepted or rejected suitor.

To speak frankly, I had every reason to believe, in spite of the flashes, it would be as an accepted one. For as much as Thornton was distinguished by Miss Conrad above her other admirers, just so much had I been of late distinguished above Thornton. And we two were equal in age, looks, family, education and (our lady-love thought) fortune. I say our lady-love thought, for the truth was, compared to me, Charley was poor. How rich I was I had taken care should not be known; for though only three-and-twenty, I had already grown tired of a single life, with its attendant boarding houses, and was looking for a wife, with a view to a comfortable home of my own. And like Lord Burleigh and other romantic, poetical fellows, I wanted to be loved for myself alone.

Only Charley Thornton knew of my recently inherited wealth, and him I had bound by all that is sacred in friendship not to disclose it.

"So in singling me out for favor," I argued, Victoria leads me to suppose she loves me. And if she consents to become my wife, that supposition will turn into a happy certainty, for she certainly, with her beauty and talents, might make a much finer match than the one I offer her. And what delight it will be when the words are said that seal my happiness and make her all my own, to see her resplendent eyes grow larger and brighter as she learns that in accepting a few thousands, she has become the mistress of half a million!"

But to go back to the small boy, swinging his feet and evidently anxious to enter into conversation.

"I say," he blurts out at last, "do you like to look at photographs? Charley Thornton does. He and Vic looked at this book"—taking one from the table on which he sat—"for more'n an hour the other day. I like him. He give me two white mice and a guinea pig; the cat ate the white mice, and the guinea pig's dead. But they wasn't looking at it all the time either. They was talking. Your picture's there, you know. His used to be on the other page, but he coaxed Vic to put it somewhere else."

"Why?" I asked, ceasing to watch for the coming of my divinity, and turning toward the small boy with awakened curiosity.

"Cause," said Ned, evidently trying to repeat the very words— "cause he couldn't bear even his picture to have always before the face of his rival, his successful—yes, that's it—his successful rival."

My heart gave a bound. She did love me, then. Poor Charley!

"And what reply did your sister make to that?" I asked.

"Oh! she said 'nonsense;' but she took the picture out—Charley's you know—and he kissed her hand, and she carried it up to her room, and it's there now, hanging between the 'Hugnenot Lovers' and 'His Only Friend.' He's a poor barefooted boy lying fast asleep in the road, and his only friend's a dog—one of them big fellows, you know"—

"Yes, yes," I interrupted, rather impatiently; "I know all about it."

Ned, evidently somewhat offended, was silent for about three minutes, and then began again: "Oh, my, didn't they talk that day! Vic sent word to everybody else that came that she was out. Wasn't that a whopper? I was smuggled up on the sofa over in that dark corner there, and they didn't see me, and I heard every word they said. Wouldn't Vic have boxed my ears if she'd caught me!"

"I wonder what they talked of," I said to myself, with a jealous qualm—to tell the truth, I'd been a little staggered by the picture episode; and then, though it wasn't exactly the right thing to do, although certainly excusable in a case like this, where a man's whole happiness was at stake, I made up my mind to find out.

"Ned," said I, "I saw a splendid knife the other day—six blades."

"Six blades!" repeated Ned, his eyes sparkling.

"Yes, or five blades and a file, I don't remember which. It was a beauty, though, and if I wasn't afraid you'd cut yourself with it, I'd buy it and give it to you."

"Cut myself!" said the small boy, with infinite scorn; "I ain't a baby."

"Well," said I, "the knife shall be yours." And then I continued in a *nonchalant* manner: "What was it you said your sister and Mr. Thornton were talking about?"

"I didn't say nothing," said Ned. "When'll you bring the knife?"

"You shall have it to-morrow," I replied. "Did they say anything about me, for instance?"

"Oh, lots!" said Ned, starting off rapidly. "Charley said: 'Oh, Vic, you'd never have given me up if I hadn't told you how rich he was. What a fool I have been! I might have known that that would have been too much of a'—let me see: 'Lead us not into temptation'—'temptation for such a girl as you are. Good heavens!' and he grabbed hold of his hair just as though he was going to pull it all out;" and the small boy suited the action to the word, and tugged at his own curly locks with such an assumption of desperation as brought the tears in his eyes. "Good heavens!" he says, 'how cruel and selfish you are! I am sure I don't know how I can love you. Are you going to marry him?' And Vic says: 'I am.'"

"Oh! you are," thinks the attentive listener.

"'It would be awful silly,' she says," the small boy rattles on, "'for us to get married. I might think I was happy, for a little while, 'cause I b'lieve I love you as well as I could love anybody, and then I'd be jolly miserable, for I must have a sealskin jacket and a new switch, and hair like mine costs like—' Oh no; that's what she said to ma this morning. I mean she says: 'For I never be could be happy without a fine house, and a carriage, and all sorts of nobby things,' and ever so much more I can't remember. 'And so be a good boy,' she says, 'and console yourself with May Newton. She likes you, I'm sure, and she is a sweet little thing, and would make you an excellent wife.'"

"I don't believe she ever will, then," I muttered between my teeth. "Go on Ned."

"'No, she wouldn't' says Charley; 'and as for her liking me, you never were more mistaken in your life; or if she does like me, it is because I am the friend of the man she loves—Arthur Bell'" (I'm Arthur Bell)—"'yes she loves him as dearly as I do you, and has loved him for years. It was for his sake she refused handsome Phil Akers, to say nothing of that rich old bachelor Quimby that all the other girls are pulling caps for. Poor little wretch! I know how to pity her.' 'You'll both recover,' says Vic, 'and ten chances to one, fall in love with each other. There's nothing like catching a ball on the bounce.'"

"'A heart on the rebound,' I think you mean Ned," I say, with astonishing calmness.

"Well, perhaps I do," assents the small boy, whistling a couple of bars of "Yankee Doodle," thoughtfully. "Anyhow," ending with a false note that makes me shudder, "Vic stuck to it she'd marry you, 'cause you was so slap-bang-set-'em-up-again rich; and Charley smashed his hat on his head and walked out of the room like this," and slipping from the table, the small boy seized my hat from my hand, literally "smashed" it upon his curly head, and strode out into the hall in such a melodramatic manner that I smiled in spite of myself.

When he returned I left the easy chair—not quite as much at ease as when I sat down in it—took possession of my hat, restored it as nearly as possible to its original shape, and said: "Ned, you've been remarkably entertaining—in fact, I never met such an entertaining small boy before; but I won't wait any longer. Give my respects to your sister"—

"Don't you mean your love?" asks Ned, with wide open eyes, and adds, confidentially: "Oh! come now, you needn't be bashful. I know all about it you know."

"I don't mean my love," I say, most emphatically.

"And when'll you come again?"

"Impossible to tell."

"But the knife—the one with six blades, or five blades and a file?"

"I'll send it to-morrow morning early."

"You're a trump!" exclaims the small boy, cutting a caper. "And I say, when you marry Vic and ask me out to your country house to spend my vacation, will you give me a boat and a Shetland pony—one of them real jolly ones with hair hanging all over their eyes?"

"When I marry Vic I will," I promise, solemnly. "Good-bye."

But I never marry Vic.

Mr. Quimby, the rich old bachelor, does though; and a precious time, they say, she has with the cranky, hot tempered, asthmatic old fellow.

My wife has soft blue eyes and faint golden hair; and I have come to the conclusion that a delicate, cream colored lily is much to be preferred to a gorgeous flame-dashed-with-crimson-leaved, brown-throated gladiole.

Only a few years ago, a man used to put the seal of affection on her lips. Now he has to put it on her back, and if it isn't trimmed with otter, she makes trouble. The new style costs more, but it can't compete with the other kind for real comfort.

Wonders of Modern Science.

The perfect accuracy with which scientists are enabled to deduce the most minute particulars in their several departments, appears almost miraculous if we view it in the light of the early ages. Take for example the electro-magnetic telegraph—the greatest invention of the age. Is it not a marvelous degree of accuracy which enables an operator to exactly locate a fracture in a submarine cable nearly three thousand miles long? Our venerable "clerk of the weather" has become so thoroughly familiar with these most wayward elements of nature that he can accurately predict their movements. He can sit in Washington and fortell what the weather will be to-morrow in Florida or New York, as well as if several hundred miles did not intervere between him and the places named. And so in all departments of modern science, what is required is the knowledge of certain signs. From these the scientists deduce accurate conclusions regardless of distance. A few fossils sent to the expert geologist enable him to accurately determine the rock-formation from which they were taken. He can describe it to you as perfectly as if a cleft of it were lying on his table. So also the chemist can determine the constitution of the sun as accurately as if that luminary were not ninety-five million miles from his laboratory. The sun sends certain signs over the "infinitude of space" and the chemist classifies them by passing them through the spectroscope. Only the presence of certain substances could produce these solar signs. So also, in medical science, diseases have certain unmistakable signs, or symptoms, and by reason of this fact, Dr. Pierce, of the World's Dispensary, has been enabled to originate and perfect a system of determining, with the greatest accuracy, the nature of chronic diseases without seeing and personally examining his patients. He has spared neither pains nor expense to associate with himself, as the faculty of the World's Dispensary, a large number of medical gentlemen of rare attainments and skill—graduates from some of the most famous medical colleges and universities of both Europe and America. By aid of Dr. Pierce's system of diagnosis, these physicians and surgeons annually treat, with the most gratifying success, many thousands of invalids without ever seeing them in person. In recognizing diseases without a personal examination of the patient they claim to possess no miraculous powers. They attain their knowledge of the patient's disease by the practical application of well established principles of modern science to the practice of medicine. And it is to the accuracy with which this system has endowed them that they owe their almost world-wide reputation for the skillful treatment of all lingering or chronic affections. This system of practice and the marvelous success which has been attained through it, demonstrate the fact that diseases display certain phenomena, which being subjected to scientific analysis or synthesis, furnish abundant and unmistakable data to guide the judgment of the skilful practitioner aright in determining the nature of diseased conditions. The amplest resources for treating lingering or chronic diseases, and the greatest skill, are thus placed within the easy reach of every invalid, however distant he or she may reside from the physicians making the treatment of such affections a specialty. The peculiarities of this scientific system of practice are fully explained in the appendix of "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," a book of over nine hundred large pages, which is so popular as to have reached a sale of almost one hundred thousand copies within a few months of its first publication. It is sent (postpaid) by the author to any address, on receipt of one dollar and fifty cents. Address, R. V. Pierce, M. D., World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Sting-Ray.

A Florida letter says: Big fish, when struck, make a beeline through the nearest channel for the inlet, their instinct telling them to get to sea as quickly as possible. Two New Yorkers who did not know this fact met with a funny adventure. They were fishing in a small boat at the mouth of the creek, opposite the inlet. They had been very successful, and had made their last cast a little before sundown, previous to starting for home. One of them got a tremendous strike, and after ten minutes' struggle he drew to the top of the water an enormous sting-ray. The ray begun moving his wings, churning the water about propeller fashion. The tide was running out and a long pull was before the pair. A bright idea struck them. "Tie the beast to the bow," the leader shouted, "and he'll propel us home." No sooner said than done. The anchor was lifted in a jiffy, and away she went, but in the wrong direction; and before a knife could be found to cut the cord, the two smart Yorkers were almost over the bar, with an extra mile against the current added to the labor in store for them. Sting-rays are more plentiful than pleasant in these waters, and grow to an enormous size. My companion captured one that turned the scales when landed at 151 pounds. He had hardly lain five minutes on the beach when a three-year-old hog tore out his entrails, and hid himself within the cavity. Another nearly sunk a good sized sailing boat. A resident of the place drove a pair of grains attached to a stout chain into one of them that he saw lying in a shallow place while poling past. With the assistance of his comrade he succeeded in hauling the ray up and laying it across the bow of the boat. Its weight sunk the boat down so that the men had to run to the other end of the boat to keep it from going down. The fish began to flop, and every flop sent the bow down and the water poured in. Had it not been pushed off the boat would have gone down. In seining numbers of sting-rays are taken. The fisherman cut their tails off and turn them loose, and they are often afterward captured with hook and line in this condition, the wound having healed. There is a gentleman in New York who uses as a whip the tail of a ray captured here that was originally nine feet long and three inches in diameter at the butt. The whip-ray, another variety of ray, is also taken here of great size. These fellows are somewhat of a nuisance. They take your bait and walk right away with it at a steady gait, no hurry and no halt. It is difficult to turn them, and if the hook be well fastened something must break. An old Narragansett Pier Quaker here, whom they bother very much, appropriately terms them "animated barn doors."

Nothing can be fairer than Mr. Daniel F. Beatty's mode of doing business, and which evinces his confidence in the superiority of his instruments over all others. He warrants his pianos and organs for six years, gives a five days' test trial, and refunds money if purchaser is not satisfied. By this means his instruments are brought into competion with others, and invariably come out victorous. Address all communications to Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, Warren County, N. J., U. S. A. See his advertisement.

The Pedigree of Words.

A study of the pedigree of many words which are in daily use would prove more facinating than almost any other kind of mental recreation. Trench in his little work on the "Study of Words," has done much to cultivate the taste for this kind of investigation; but he made only a beginning. The field is inexhaustable. In this article we propose to give a short list, to which we shall add from time to time:

"Jet" derives its name from Gagates, a river of Lycia, where was found the black stone which the French call gagate, or jaet, which we abbreviate into jet.

Pamphylia, a Greek lady, who compiled the history of the world in thirty-five little books, has given her name to the "pamphlet."

Punch and Judy are the relics of an ancient mystery play, in which the actors were Pontius Pilate and Judas Iscariot."

Dollar is from the German thaler; which is derived from Thal, the valley of Joachim, in Bohemia, where the silver works are situated that made this coin.

Bigot is from Visigoth, in which the fierce and intolerant Arianism of the Visigothic conqueror of Spain had been handed down to infamy.

Humbug is from Hamburg; "a piece of Hamburg news" was in Germany, a proverbial expression for false political rumors.

"Exhort" and "yeast" are from the same root, which signifies something boiling or overflowing.

"Gas" and "gust" have the same parentage.

"Blue Jeans Williams" probably does not know that the fabric from which he gets his name was originally made by the Moors at Jean in Spain.

"Gauze" derives its name from Gaza, where it was first made.

Damask silk was first made at Damascus.

The word "panic" has a curious origin. According to Herodotus the god Pan was supposed to have assisted the Greeks at the battle of Marathon, 490 B. C., striking such terror into the Persian hosts that they fled to their ships in perfect dismay. From that time the Greek term panikon was used to describe unreasonable or sudden overpowering fear.

"Tabby-cat" is all unconsious that her name is derived from Atab, a famous street in Bagdad, inhabited by the manufacturers of silken stuffs called Atabi, or taffety; the wavy markings of the watered silk resembling pussy's coat.

"Old Scratch" is the demon Skratti, who still survives in the superstitions of Northern Europe.

"Old Nick" is none other than Nikr, the dangerous water demon of Scandinavirn legend

In the phrase "Deuce take it" the deity Tiw still continues to be invoked. In his book De Civitate Dei, Augustine speaks of "*quosdam deamones dusios gelli nuncupant.*"

The lemon takes its name from the city of Lima.

Loadstone is a corrupted translation of *Lydius lapis*, the stone of Lydia.

The money reminds us that the coinage of the Romans was struck at the temple of Juno Moneta, the goddess of counsel. —[Transylvania Presbyterian.

The Mexican Tiger.

Mr. Hunter, of Brooklyn, some seven months ago procured from the captain of a sailing vessel a beast which he termed a Mexican tiger. It was young at that time, but was extremely vicious, and Mr. Hunter took the precaution to have its teeth extracted and its claws clipped as fast as they grew and then confined it to a strong wire cage. Recently an owl was added to Mr. Hunter's collection and was brought into the same room with the tiger. The result was disastrous. The tiger caught one glimpse of the owl, and his cage, which had theretofore been large enough to afford him a genteel promenade, suddenly became too small to contain him. For half a minute or so there was not a part of the interior of that cage in which the tiger was not distinctly visible all the time, and the noise of his snarling overflowed the room and delaged the sidewalk, attracting at once a number of by-standers. Presently, after shaking the wires of his cage till they seemed about to give away, he sprang at the door of it, which flew open and gave him egress.

At that moment, according to the testimony of a number of eye-witnesses, the air seemed full of that one tiger. The room was luminous with his presence, but he quickly focussed on the owl's cage, which he battered wildly in his attempt to get at the frightened inmate. The danger of meddling with the beast was not immediately apparent, as he is not much larger than the largest size of ordinary house cats, and an attempt was made by several to tear him away from the cage and restore him to his own quarters. It was only a momentary attempt, however, for as soon as he realized it he mastered the situation by selecting the largest of his assailants, a Mr. Baird, and springing on his back, he made his way through the substantial clothing and went into the flesh beneath. It would probably be difficult now to convince Mr. Baird that that tiger's claws were ever pared.

Mr. Baird is very stout and does not look like one given to rapid running, but his time from the stove in the sample-room to the shuffle board room below has never been equaled. Re-enforcements arrived immediately, and by throwing a large bag over the tiger he was captured and put back into his cage, where he spent the remainder of the day in sullen exultation. Mr. Baird was not seriously injured.

A PARTY COMES TO GRIEF.—The Albany Times gives the following interesting account of the untimely ending of a party in that city: A family living in Lancaster street went to New York, leaving the servants in charge of the house. Supposing that the visit was to be prolonged till after New Years, the "Belles of the Kitchen" determined to improve their opportunity and give a select party. Invitations were issued and as jolly a crowd collected as was to be found in the whole city. The "spread" was ample, the luxurious belongings were well enjoyed, and all went merry as a marriage bell. Suddenly a sharp ring at the door startled those who heard it. A telegram was handed in announcing that "the family would arrive within an hour!" All was consternation; the "guests" were made aware of the situation and leaving the table but partly cleared of its good things, donned their outer garments and departed. The "hostesses" begun the almost impossible task of putting things to rights in the short time allowed them; but did their best, and at the expiration of the hour something like order reigned once more. But the family came not, and haven't come yet. The telegram was a heartless forgery committed by some envious creature who didn't get an invitation.

The Wear and Tear of Iron.

It is now evident that the bridge of the Lake Shore road, while strong enough for the test of weight at the time of its construction, has since that time lost its strength. Ten years ago the art of building that class of iron bridges was, compared with the present, in its infancy. The fatal defect may have been in construction or in material or in both. There is a popular belief that iron or steel at low temperatures become brittle. Before the introduction of steel for rails, it will be remembered that they were constantly breaking during the cold season, sometimes with lamentable results. Not many years ago the iron roof of a railway station at Troy gave way, involving a considerable loss of life. It appears certain that cast iron can never to any extent be used in the construction of railway bridges, and that any iron with constant use and under daily pressure will lose something of its strength. On the other hand, many and very thorough experiments by careful experts give no such result. Iron and steel have been subjected to the low temperatures which chemical mixtures afford, far below anything possible in an American winter, and while in that condition have been tested by every variety of strain. It is the firm conviction of those who have made these experiments, says the New York Tribune, that the metal is not in the least weakened by extreme cold, or even by frequent and great changes of temperature. There is also a theory current that frequent vibrations, such as are caused by passing trains, change in time the molecular constitution of the iron, rendering it more crystalline and brittle. This theory seems to be supported by the practice of condemning and discarding cannon that have been fired a certain number of times, though there is then no external evidence of their growing weakness. But it is replied to this that cannon are subjected to a strain which is far beyond the elasticity of metal, and it thus becomes permanently stretched. When the metal has been subjected to millions of blows and strains, each one of which was within its capacity for separate endurance, the closest tests reveal no change in its structure or strength. But here is the terrible fact before us; the bridge at Ashtabula gave way under a weight that was far below its nominal and tested breaking strain. That change has taken place during the ten or eleven years it has been in use. Whatever the laboratory experiments on the effects of cold or vibration may teach to the contrary, this disaster ought to and will confirm the popular belief, unless some different and more complete explanation can be afforded. The bridge, as now appears, could hardly have been safe for very heavy trains under any circumstances. In the weather of that bitter night it was no better than a trap.

An Immense Aerolite.

The large number of meteors lately observed in the sky has attracted considerable attention, especially among scientific men, who are of the opinion that the earth is passing through a belt of aerolites. There is some diversity of opinion regarding the nature and origin of these stones, of which it is calculated at least 5,000 fall upon the earth's surface yearly. The theory most widely accepted is that they are bodies of our planetary system that have come near enough to be acted upon by its orbits. A great many aerolites have been found, and nearly every scientific institution in the world is possessed of one or more. The largest of which there is any authentic record was found by a Swedish arctic expedition in 1870 on the west coast of Greenland. It weighs twenty-five tons, and is now in the Royal Academy of Stockholm.

An aerolite of probably much greater size was seen on the night of the 22nd ult., by a reporter, who was belated on the Ocean House road. At about 12:45 he noticed a peculiar light on the sand and sea around him, and upon looking upward discovered what appeared to be an immense ball of fire descending toward the earth. Its course was so rapid that before he had recovered from his astonishment the mass fell into the sea, apparently about half a mile from the shore. A loud hissing noise, followed by an explosion, accompanied the fall, and so frightened the horse which the reporter was driving, that his whole exertion for the next five minutes was directed to the unruly animal, but he noticed that the tail of the meteor, as it is called, or more properly, the combustion occasioned by the immense velocity with which the stone traveled through our atmosphere, remained visible for about two minutes. From the brilliancy and area of fire surrounding the falling stone, occasioned by its sudden immersion, it is certain that the aerolite must have beeen of immense size, although, of course, no estimate could be made with any accuracy during the few seconds the aerolite was visible.—[San Francisco Chronicle.

Business Before Congress.

A very large number of bills are before the United States Congress which were left over from last session, but it is not probable that one-fourth of them will be acted upon. The calendar of the Senate shows that 242 bills are pending before that body, besides a number of resolutions. Seventy-four of the bills now before the Senate have been passed by the House, and 138 are Senate bills, many of them being of minor importance. The calendar of the House of Representatives shows that there were forty-two bills of a public nature, and 331 of a private character pending before that body.

Among the bills of importance before this Senate are the three bills amendatory of the Pacific railroad acts.

The bill to equalize the bounties of soldiers who served in the late war, which passed the House last session, also stands upon the Senate calendar, having been reported favorably from the committee on military affairs. This bill passed two years ago, on the last day of the session, but did not become a law. The vote upon its passage in Senate resulted in a tie, and the late Vice-President Wilson gave the deciding vote in the affirmative.

The bill reducing the salary of the president of the United States from $50,000 to $25,000 per annum passed last session, and was vetoed by the president.

The House last session passed a bill to repeal the bankrupt law, and the senate committee on the judiciary reported it back without amendment, but also reported a bill providing for the appointment of a commission to investigate the operation of the several statutes in relation to bankruptcy, and to recommend legislation thereon. This bill has never been considered by the Senate, but still occupies a place on the calendar.

Let Turks delight to howl and fight, for 'tis their nature to; let bear and lion growl and bite, for madness made them so. But Yankees, you should never let your angry passions rise; don't quarrel; trade, work hard, lie low, and forward the supplies.

The Victim of a Joke.

College boys are so full of their mischief that they ought to be spoken to. It has just come to our knowledge that the learned and distinguished president of one of our colleges has been made the victim of a practical joke which we are induced to record with the expression of our regret that the boys will do such things. It seems that the worthy president went down to Virginia, where he was personally a stranger, to attend an ecclesiastical meeting at which many eminent ministers were to be present. On arriving, he was surprised to find that after making himself known no attention whatever was shown him, and from certain ominous whispers, he inferred that he was an object of suspicion. His position was embarrassing, and the conduct of his brethren inexpliicable. In vain he sought to make himself agreeable or useful, and when at last he was constrained to make a formal demand, he was informed that a few days before his arrival a letter had been received from the president of the college which he professed to represent, stating that he should be unable to attend, and that a man who was unfortunately out of his mind was traveling around the country pretending to be the president of the college, and would very likely present himself at the meeting.

The truth dashed on the reverend doctor's mind in a moment. He had been "sold" by his students for a crazy man; some of the rogues having got up the letter and dispatched it in advance of his visit. After much difficulty, with the aid of letters in his possession, he succeeded in dispossessing the minds of the brethren of their first impressions, and he took his seat as a member. But they kept a bright look out on him all the while, lest the "crazy" should get the better of him.

THE FEBRUARY ATLANTIC.—Mr. Whittier begins the February issue of the Atlantic Monthly with a six-page ballad, called the "The Witch of Wenham," a charming poem in his best vein. The same number has a short poem, "A Dutch Picture," by Mr. Longfellow, and one by Edmund C. Stedman. A timely and characteristic poem, by Dr. Holmes, on the Presidential question—"How Not to Settle It"—appears at the end of the magazine, and full of good sense and humor. In "Studies of Animal Nature" Bayard Taylor contrives to assemble many fresh and amusing anecdotes of animal sagacity, and argues for a better understanding between men and brutes. "The Political Condition of South Carolina," by a South Carolinian, is an article of great and immediate interest, and is the most comprehensive and impartial statement of a southern situation which has yet appeared. The source from which it comes, and the remarkable candor and freedom from party bias of the writer, will insure it a wide reading and the most thoughtful consideration. Mrs. Kemble's chapter of "Old Woman's Gossip" is unusually good this month, and Henry James, Jr.'s novel, "The American" draws near to its climax. Mr. Howells enlivens the magazine still further with the first act of a new comedy romance entitled "Out of the Question," two be finished in to more parts. Besides these contributions, we find a readable account of "Christmas Eve in a Sicilian Abbey," by Luigi Monti, lately American Consul at Palermo. Edgar Fawcett and Mrs. Piatt contribute poems, and there is a striking anonymous poem, entitled "The Old Grave." The new department, "The Contributors' Club," is full of clever things. After that, there is a "Sunset Song," by Celia Thaxter, set to music by Julius Eichberg. There is an unusual number of book reviews, and the editorial comments on "Art" and "Music are also well worth reading.

ST. NICHOLAS FOR FEBRUARY.