County Clerk 1Apr7v

The Middlebury Register.

VOL. XLII. MIDDLEBURY, VT., JULY 27, 1877. NO. 17.

Middlebury Register

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TERMS

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ONE INCH, ONE WEEK,	$ 50
EACH WEEK AFTER,	25
BUSINESS CARDS (1-2 inch, per year),	5 00
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.	
9:50	A. M.	6:14	A. M.
2:50	P. M.	9:55	A. M.
6:05	P. M.	1:22	P. M.
8:55	P. M.	3:19	P. M.
		6:03	P. M.

Sunday morning Express, 9:15 A. M.

LEAVE VERGENNES.

9:17	A. M.	6:45	A. M.
2:18	P. M.	10:50	A. M.
4:33	P. M.	1:52	P. M.
8:00	P. M.	3:49	P. M.
		6:32	P. M.

Sunday morning Express, 3:00 A. M.

LEAVE LEICESTER JUNCTION.

10:18	A. M.	5:49	A. M.
3:12	P. M.	8:33	A. M.
9:50	P. M.	12:55	P. M.
9:00	P. M.	2:55	P. M.
		5:37	P. M.

Sunday morning Express, 1:40 A. M.
Arrive from Ticonderoga, 9:25 A. M.
Leave for Ticonderoga, 5:37 P. M.

POST OFFICE NOTICE.

MAILS ARRIVE.

From Bipton, 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 Bipton, 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 7:30 P.M. Thursday evening prayer meeting at 7:30.

Methodist—North Pleasant st. Rev. W. H. Rowsom, pastor. Sunday services at 10:45 A.M. and 7:30 P.M. Thursday evening prayer meeting at 7:30. Class meeting on Friday evening at 7:30.

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. H. Vandecar, 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 7:30 P.M. Weekly prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30.

Methodist—Rev. H. N. Munger, pastor. Sunday services at 1:30 and 7:30 P.M. Weekly prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30.

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

Mission Chapel—Dr. H. A. Ingham. Sunday services at 10:45 A.M. and 7:30 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—Rev. George E. Hall, pastor. Sunday services at 10:45 A.M. and 7:30 P.M. Weekly prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30.

BUSINESS CARDS.

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

McLEOD & SMITH.—CLAIM AGENTS, Middlebury, Vt. 6tf
T. H. McLEOD. E. E. SMITH.

J. S. CHANDLER, PENSION CLAIM AGENT. Procures pensions or increase cheaply. Address him, with stamp, at Hipton, Vt.

JOHN AVERY, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
STARKSBORO, VT. 19tf OFFICE AT RESIDENCE.

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

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

ADDISON HOUSE LIVERY STABLE. D. Rider, Proprietor. First class turnouts furnished on short notice. Prices reasonable. Middlebury, Vt. 5tf

JAMES M. SLADE, ATTORNEY AND COUSELLOR AT LAW, and solicitor and master in chancery. Office in Brewster's Block, Middlebury, Vt.
Middlebury, Vt., April 2, 1877

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

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

W. JUDD, Manufacturer and dealer in all kinds of American and Foreign Marble, Granite Work, &c. With Old Middlebury Marble Co. 1tf

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Harness making and repair shop. Fine harness, saddles, bridles, whips, blankets, sheets, etc., constantly on hand. Shop on Merchants' Row. 1-6m

G. W. GOODELL & CO.—HOUSE, Carriage and Furniture Painters and Grainers. Place of business James Donahue's shop, opposite the School House, Middlebury, Vt.
Middlebury, July 27, 1877. 16tf

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

STEVENS HOUSE,
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S. S. GAINES, PROPRIETOR.
Carriage to and from depot. Good Livery connected with the House.

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. Battolph's Store. 49

FRANK J. TAYLOR, DENTIST. Office hours, 8 to 12 A.M., 1 to 5 P.M. Office over Farnsworth & Fletcher's store.
MIDDLEBURY, Vermont.

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CASTLETON, VT.
WALTER E. HOWARD, PRINCIPAL.
Fall term commences August 21. Spring term commences February 6, 1877.
☞ *Addison County is entitled to* SEVEN *FREE SCHOLARSHIPS.*
Address the Principal. 17m9

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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.
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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 12, 1876.

PATENTS!
F. A. LEHMANN,
Solicitor of Patents, Washington, D. C. No patent, no pay. Send for circulars. 14-1y

SOMERVILLE AND SON.

"Going to that dreadful factory again!" said Mrs. Somerville, looking up as her daughter entered the sitting room, dressed for walking. "I declare, Nellie, you might as well be a boy as a girl, for any pleasure I have in your society. Every day you are at the factory, leaving me alone."

"I will come back soon, if you want me, mother; but I promised father to come down and give him my opinion of some patterns for moulding that are to be sent in to-day."

"As if the opinion of a girl of your age was of any value. You need not hurry back on my account. I do not want to force you to remain at home. I can bear the sorrow of having a masculine tomboy of a girl, instead of a gentle, refined companion. Go."

Nellie Somerville pressed a kiss upon the fretful face pettishly turned away to avoid the caress, and then went out very gravely. Her step, strong and elastic, was unusually slow, as she walked toward the factory where her father waited for her, and for the hundredth time her face was clouded as she debated in her own mind the vexed question of her duty. Not her inclination,—that pointed steadily one way,—but her duty.

From the time when, grasping her father's strong finger, the little girl toddled by his side, Nellie Somerville had been that father's pride, and the cross of her mother. Child after child had been taken from the home of John Somerville to fill a little grave in the church yard—the victims of an over-anxiety to guard them from every breath of air; to fortify their constitutions by incessant dosing; to force health by combating imaginary weakness.

When Nellie was born, the father asserted his authority, and the babe was brought up almost in the open air, and found perfect health and strength in constant exercise, good food, and a total deprivation of all cordials and narcotics. If she cried, she was not dosed on supposition of pain, but comforted by a ride on papa's shoulder, or a race in the garden.

When childhood was passed, school days passed, the girl came home from a seminary in a distant city, and shocked her mother anew. A good scholar, a fine pianist and promising linguist, she was averse to embroidery or worsted work, fond of riding and walking, and, while essentially refined in thought and action, had no affectations or fine ladyisms, such as Mrs. Somerville considered the charming crown of womanhood. She entered into the details of housekeeping with a hearty zest, though her mother declared she beat eggs like a ploughboy, and stirred cake like a milk maid.

"You see, papa," Nellie said, confidentially, to her sympathizing parent, "I can't half do anything, and mamma thinks I am awfully unfemiline. If eggs are to be beaten, I beat them, not dab at them like I was in a decline. I do try to please mamma, and I sat all day and yesterday morning working upon a horrible combination of zephyr and canvas for a foot stool. But mamma says I stab the work; and between you and me, papa, I did wish the foot stool was in a sufficiently advanced state to warrant me in kicking it. I wish I was a boy; then I could be at the factory all the time."

John Somerville could scarcely look at the handsome, healthy face raised to his own, and wish it different in any way; yet the hidden grief of his life was that there was no son to inherit the name upon the factory sign for three generations. "Somerville & Son" were known for miles around the village where the great factory was located, and their names were good in many of the leading cities of the country. John had inherited the business from his father and grandfather, but his own sons, three dark-eyed boys, lay in the churchyard, and Nellie alone remained of six children.

More than once the thought had crossed his mind, "If she were only a boy," as Nellie followed him over the great building with the keenest interest in every department there.

The business was the manufacture of frames of every desciption, and Nellie became familiar with every detail, from the purchase of the lumber to the criticism of the finished work. She had a nicety of touch that detected the slightest inequalities of surface, even in polished wood, and her eye was at once quick and correct. Little by little, almost unconsciously, John Somerville trusted Nellie with much of the decision in purchases, and the book keeping was often in her care for weeks together, when there was a pressure of work. Mrs. Somerville whined and fretted over the strangely masculine tastes of her child, but her father became more and more averse to parting with her in business hours.

Two years after Nellie returned from school, and just after her twenty-first birthday, she started, one morning, as seen in the opening of my story, to look at some patterns to be sent for decision. Such matters were often entrusted entirely to her judgment, so she was not surprised to find that her father had gone out, leaving the decision to her. But after she had given the order, had answered a lot of letters lying upon the desk, had wandered all over the building and returned again to the office, she was surprised at her father's long absence.

One of the foremen in the finishing department coming to the office for some last orders about the shipment of some goods, said Mr. Somerville had appointed to meet him there at noon, and the proprietor of Somerville & Son's frame factory was a man of rigid punctuality.

Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes, Stephen Holton waited in the office, watching Nellie's busy hands, as she folded, sealed and directed a lot of circulars, and thinking that never had he seen a face so fair, or heard a voice so clear and musical, as Nellie Somerville's. But as the clock struck the half hour, Nellie looked up with a startled face.

"Something has happened, Stephen," she said; "my father is never half an hour behind time. Send some one to look for him."

"The men are all at dinner, Miss Nellie. I will go myself."

But even as he spoke, a messenger hurriedly entered the office, saying:

"Mr. Somerville was thrown from his horse while on his way here from the village, and is badly injured."

"Where?" broke from Nellie's white lips.

"We took him home, and he asked me to come for you."

Even in her horror and grief, Nellie retained some presence of mind. Looking into Stephen Holton's grave, sympathizing face, she said:

"You will take charge here until you hear from my father. I will be responsible."

"Thank you," he said, deeply moved by her confidence in him at such a time, "I will try and do my duty."

"I am sure of that," she answered, and extended her hand.

Two minutes later she was hurrying homeward. None too soon was her clear head and quiet resolution brought to bear upon the excited household. Her mother was in hysterics, the servants bustling here and there, purposeless and terrified, and her father lying upon the bed in the hands of a surgeon and two gentlemen who had assisted in bringing him home.

There was plenty to do. In less time than would seem possible, the servants were in their proper places, Mrs. Somerville quieted, and Nellie, white as a sheet, but perfectly tranquil, actively engaged in waiting upon the surgeon.

The weary hours that followed taxed every nerve of the girl's frame, but she bore the strain bravely; and when the surgeon led her to the drawing-room, he felt a deep respect for the girl who had so nobly crushed back all selfish sorrow to aid her father in his agony.

Giving her a glass of water, and making her rest quietly for a few minutes, he watched her face till the drawn rigidity of every feature relaxed, and the strained eyes looked piteously into his own.

"That is better," he said kindly; "you may cry now."

Nellie's lips quivered.

"You have something to tell me?"

"Yes. Are you strong enough to hear it?"

"That he will die? Oh, say he will not die!"

"The injuries are not fatal. Your father may live for years—"

Nellie's tears fell fast now.

"But," the doctor continued, "he will never be able to walk again. The injury to the spine will keep him a cripple for life."

Never walk again! While Nellie sobbed out her anguish in the drawing-room, John Somerville, unconscious of the dread fiat that had gone forth, slept under the influence of a powerful opiate.

For many days the two women who loved him had no thought for anything but the strong man stricken down in the prime of his life, needing care like a little child. Under the influence of a real sorrow, the crust of selfishness melted from the wife's heart, and she became a devoted nurse, forgetting the fancied ailments she had nursed for years in ministering to her husband, as he lay helpless and suffering.

But there came a day when John Somerville was told, kindly and cautiously, of the doom before him. It took all the Christian strength of the man's nature to endure the shock. Better death, he thought, than life at such a price. The first agony over, he thought of the factory, the bread winner for wife and child—the business of his life. Must the old firm die at last, and the flourishing business be sold for want of a master's care? Involuntarily he turned to Nellie, and talked long and earnestly.

It was a surprise to him, in spite of what he had seen, when she replied:

"I knew the factory would be your first anxiety, father, and Stephen has been here every evening to report to me, bringing me all the mail matter. To-day, I went down myself. Everything is going on well. The orders for this month are all filled, and the new ones under way. I have put in some new material. Do you feel able to look over what I have done?"

Clearly she explained every detail of the business in the four weeks that had passed since the accident, and modestly showed him the memorandum she had kept of every business transaction.

"Nellie," he said, when she finished, "if Heaven denied me a son, it has given me a good daughter. With you to assist me, I can still carry on my factory, though I lie crippled here."

There was a buzz of comment in the village when Miss Nellie Somerville assumed the charge of the frame factory her father had owned so long. Some of the workmen refused to be "ordered about" by a girl, and were promptly discharged; but the majority worked better under the stimulus of Nellie's judicious praise. People who sneered at "masculine women" were forced to confess that Nellie was as womanly, if not as helpless, as the finest lady of them all. Patrons of the factory, who prophesied its utter ruin, were forced to confess that their orders were filled as promptly and as well as ever before. And yet, in the counting-house only a woman controlled the entire business, kept the books, answered the letters, and guided every detail of the vast establishment.

Three years had passed since Nellie became the head of the business, when Stephen Holton wooed her for his wife. He had saved from his salary sufficient to make a pleasant home, and Nellie knew he loved her faithfully, as she had long loved him. So with her happy consent he sought her father to ask for his child.

"From all the world," John Somerville said, "I could not have chosen a man to whom I would so gladly give my Nellie. It will comfort me, in the years that may be left of my life, to know that my brave girl will have a protector when I am gone. But, Stephen, there is one wish very near my heart that you can gratify."

"Name it, sir."

"I shall, on your marriage day, deed to you the factory and business, subject only to a moderate life income for myself and wife. But I would like to keep the old name there. An act of the legislature will give you the right to be Stephen Somerville, and Somerville & Son may still live in the old firm's place."

So when Nellie married, some months later, she became the wife of Stephen Holton Somerville. Gradually she found her duties in her new home drawing her little by little from an active place in the factory; and, proud of her husband, she gladly resigned her authority to him, finding scope for her energies in the duties around her, till one sunny morning, walking over to her father's, she put into his arms a tiny, crowing babe, and said, with glad tears:—

"My business cares are over, papa. Henceforth I resign in favor of "Somerville & Son."

Remedy for Insect Bites.

When a mosquito, flea, gnat, or other noxious insect punctures the human skin, it deposits or injects an atom of an acidulous fluid of a poisonous nature. The results are irritation, a sensation of tickling, itching, or of pain. The tickling we are comparatively indifferent about; but the itch produced by a flea, or gnat, or other noisome insect, disturbs serenity, and, like the pain of a wasp or a bee sting, excites us to a remedy. The best remedies for the stings of insects are those which instantly neutralize this acidulous poison deposited in the skin. These are either ammonia or borax. The alkaline reaction of borax is scarcely yet sufficiently appreciated. However, a time will come when its good qualities will be known and more universally valued than ammonia, or, as it is commonly termed, "hartshorn." The solution of borax for insect bites is made thus: Dissolve one ounce of borax in one pint of water that has been boiled and allowed to cool. Instead of plain water, distilled rose water, elder or orange flower water, is more pleasant. The bites are to be dabbed with the solution so long as there is any irritation.

The Terrors of a Forrest Fire.

GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF A RECENT SCENE IN MICHIGAN.

People wonder how a wilderness of trees, each clothed in its spring dress, can become a sea of flame, but everything is food for a forest fire. If the first sheet of flame does not smite the green pine or devour the leaves of the beech and maple, it parches and dries them for the flames to follow, and the stout pine, shooting a hundred feet high becomes a beacon light for a moment, then sways, totters, and goes down with an awful crash, to burn until a heap of ashes alone marks the earth.

Your correspondent was in Osceola county when the fires first began. In the midst of a wilderness of pine and thicket, miles away from village or hamlet, was a pioneer's cabin. The clearing around it comprised about ten acres. Some of the ground was ready for corn, and some of it had been sowed and planted, while the forest around was so damp and green that one would have smiled at the idea of great sheets of flame climbing those tall trees and waving fifty feet above them. One night some hunters built a grand fire against a heap of dry logs. The next day they were miles away, and the fire had begun to creep. Little tongues of flames reached out after dry sticks and limbs, larger tongues followed them, and before night the fire had control of an acre of forest. That was start enough. At midnight the wind came up fresh, and the heat of the fire drove through the forest, scorching and baking a trail for the red flames.

"I'm afraid there is a fire in the woods to the west of us," said the pioneer one morning as we stood at his cabin door.

We could scent the odor of burning trees and leaves, and there was a smoky look to the forest. At noon the odor was stronger, the smoke denser, and the live stock around the clearing began to exhibit signs of alarm. When the oxen were unyoked to be fed they turned their heads to the west, scented the air for a moment, and then charged across the clearing to the east at full speed, being out of sight in two minutes.

"That means danger," said the pioneer, in a low voice, and he turned pale. He believed the fire to be in a large swamp ten miles away, but hardly thought it possible for the green forest trees to ignite. We sat down to dinner, meaning to hunt for the oxen afterward; but before the meal was over there was a fresh cause for alarm. A buck and two does dashed into the clearing, closely followed by a fox, a score of rabbits, and a dozen coons and woodchucks. The deer ran to the far edge of the clearing as we went out, but the other animals scarcely noticed us.

"You go forward as far as you can and see what the danger is, and wife and I will get ready for a run," said the pioneer as the smoke grew thicker.

At that moment a fresh alarm and a new warning reached us. There came a roar like the sea gives out when rushing in upon a broken beach. We had not heard it before. It was a steady, terrible roar, rising above all other sounds. A coming whirlwind might have created the same sound. The rush of a vast herd of buffaloes might have created such a roar. It was awful! The ground trembled, the smoke became blacker and the heat was like the rush of air from a hot oven.

"It isn't a mile away—we must run for our lives!" shouted the settler.

He had three children. I picked up a boy of seven. The pioneer seized his girl, two years younger, and the wife took the sleeping babe from the cradle. There wasn't time to take down a spare garment from the wall—to pick up a cherished gift or a treasured relic.

"This way—hurry!" I heard the pioneer call out, and, gasping for breath and blinded by the smoke, I pushed on after him.

The roar was louder and grander and more terrible. Falling upon us and around us were little brands of fire, and to the west, half a mile away, was a wall of flame a hundred feet high—a wall which was coming down upon the clearing at the rate of six miles an hour. The wall of fire was twelve miles long, and the waters of Lake Erie would have scarcely drenched it out.

A deer ran against me as I staggered after the pioneer. More than once I stumbled against the small wild animals rushing here and there through the clearing. My hair and whiskers were scorching, and my clothing was on fire in a dozen places, when we reached the out-door cellar, a place dug into a hillside about four hundred feet from the house. It was part cave, part structure, but well covered with earth and almost free from smoke. The two children had passed through all right, but the babe was so nearly suffocated that we had hard work to save its life.

Just before the flames reached the clearing the ground trembled as it did around Gettysburg when five hundred pieces of artillery thundered away for hours. The smoke drove ahead, leaving me a pretty fair view of cabin and clearing for five or six minutes. Birds dropped down and died. The deer rushed around in circles, sometimes running full against stumps. The smaller animals roared, and barked, and fought each other, and several rabbits found our retreat and rushed in among us.

When the flames reached the edge of the clearing, five hundred feet from our cave, the ground in front of us fairly baked. The wild animals fell down and died, steam rose from the green stumps in clouds for a moment, and then fire broke out. We wondered if the flames would leap the clearing, but the question was speedily decided. The wall of fire roared and quivered, rose and fell, and the next moment was driving ahead on the other side. The flames seemed to have reached right over the ten acres and grasped the forest beyond.

Our cave was like an oven. The earth on the roof was soon baked as dry as powder. The green logs began to stew and barn, and in ten minutes we were almost as wet as if we had fallen into the river, and were hard pressed for breath. Buried in the side of that hill, we were in the center of an ocean of flame, of acres of the hottest kind of fire. For miles to the west the fire was eating away at trees and logs, and into the very ground. The wall of fire which had reached its red arms over the clearing was now miles to the east. North six miles, south six miles; and the pioneer and his wife knelt and prayed. That was an awful night. The heat did not abate until after midnight, and almost every minute we could hear the dull thud of the mighty trees as they yielded to the fire and fell among the great heaps of coals. From ten o'clock to midnight we existed only by lying flat on the ground to secure breath. The babe seemed constantly at the point of death, but the other children suffered less than the grown people. Next morning the worst had passed. Before us was a cleared space, with every stump burning, and the ground covered with ashes, coals and burning branches. Beyond the clearing the forest was a strange, lonesome sight. Some trees had burned, some were burning, and others had been robbed of leaves and smaller limbs, leaving the blackened trunk a landmark to appall the hearts of future settlers. We could not leave the cave that day, nor that night, and the next morning everybody was nearly dead with thirst and exhausted with hunger. The pioneer and myself carried wife and little ones nearly half a mile over the baked and smoking ground to a creek, and were fortunate enough to find the half-roasted body of a deer in the blood-warm water. The animal had lain down in the water to avoid the heat, and had been literally roasted alive, as the water was not over six inches deep, and the heavy fringe of bushes on either side of the creek had blazed fiercely.

It was a walk of eleven miles to a hamlet, a place which had escaped only by a change of wind and the continued efforts of desperate men and heroic women. Thousands of acres of valuable timber had been ruined. A green wilderness, through which the deer bounded and the fox and rabbit softly made their way, had given place to such a picture of desolation as the human eye seldom rests upon. Dozens of pioneers had lost everything. Dozens of capitalists had suffered severe losses. The lowly thorn-apple, the towering pine, the cabin, mill, and village—all had melted away before that awful wall of fire, and it had circled away to create further desolation.—[Howard City (Mich) Letter to Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Newest Western City.

Few places of 22,000 population, writes a Colorado correspondent, are more active or more attractive than Denver. Hardly eighteen years old, it is filled with neat and tasteful and often expensive houses. There is not a city that would not rejoice in the possession of so many moderate-sized and tastefully-constructed two story bricks, with large yards, the grass of which is kept green and fresh by constant use of the hose. Trees have been planted in almost every street, and appear to be flourishing, while the gutters run with pure water. From every street the foot-hills, only low in comparison with the snow-capped mountains behind them, are seen rising apparently four or five miles off, but realy at three times that distance. The summits of these "hills" are often 10,000 feet above the sea level, while the highest of the snowy peaks—Gray's—is 14,450 feet. The altitude of Denver itself is 5,317 feet. The extreme lightness and clearness of the atmosphere is very deceptive, and a man may walk miles before he reaches an appearently near object. The atmospheric dryness is as great as its rarity. One's hair becomes dry, and manifests an obstinate determination to strike out in all directions. If wet, it dries in five minutes. One can hardly get into a perspiration if he tries never so hard. Some strangers feel light-headed; others are made sleepy, while some cannot lose consciousness after tossing about for half a night. A headache over the eyes is not an uncommon symptom on first arising. The benefit of the climate for consumptives is too well known to need detailed facts. Its drawbacks are occasional sudden and remarkable changes of temperature—a fall of 57 degrees in an hour having been noted—a tendency to aggravate neuralgic rheumatism, and a development of catarrhal symptoms. Everything is costly here. Fruits are brought from California and the East; potatoes are sold by the pound; flour is $5 and upward for the sack of ninety-eight pounds, and goods of most descriptions rate at about 30 per cent, over Eastern prices. Splendid teams are numerous. Some of the churches are handsome and elegantly fitted up, and nowhere will one see a larger proportion of well-dressed and well-bred people. Many of these are the consumptive invalids who are either temporary or permanent residents. When the lungs are only slightly affected or the tubercles have not given place to cavities, a perfect cure, or at least an important check in the disease, is generally effected. Advansed cases, however, usually reach a termination here more speedily than at the East.

Why Old people Remember Things.

The extraordinary persistence of early impressions, when the mind seems almost to have ceased to register new ones, is in remarkable accordance with the law of nutrition. It is a physiological fact that decline essentially consists in the diminution of the formative activity of the organism. Now it is when the brain is growing that a definite direction can be most strongly and persistently given to its structure. Thus the habits of thought come to be formed, and those nerve tricks laid down which (as the physiologist believes) constitute the mechanism of association, by the time the brain has reached its maturity; and the nutrition of the organ continues to keep up the same mechanism in accordance with the demands of its activity so long as it is being called into use. Further, during the entire period of vigorous manhood, the brain, like muscles, may be taking on some additional growth, either as a whole or in special parts, new tissue being developed and kept up by the nutritive process, in accordance with the modes of action to which the organ is trained. And in this manner a store of "impressions" or traces is accumulated which may be brought within the sphere of consciousness whenever the right suggesting strings are touched. But as the nutritive activity diminishes, the "waste" become more active than the renovation; and it would seem that while (to use a commercial analogy) the "old-established houses" keep their ground, these later firms whose basis is less secured are the first to crumble away—the nutritive activity, which yet suffices to maintain the orginal structure, not being capable of keeping the subsequent additions to it in working order. This earlier degeneration of later formed structures is a general fact perfectly familiar to the physiologist.—[London Mirror.

Judge J., of Central Ohio, was a man of superior ability and unusually dignified manner, but one who relished a practical joke as thoroughly and heartily as any man I ever knew. He was at one time judge of the circuit court of several counties in Central Ohio; and while holding court at Mt. V., occurred an incident which I will narrate as illustrative of his eagerness to avail himself of every opportunity to indulge his taste for joking. One of the lawyers, practicing at the Mt. V. bar, was Maj. S., very severe upon a witness in cross-examination. At the time in question, Maj. S. had in hand a very tart and irascible character, and in his endeavor to confuse, so angered the witness, that when the major turned to witness with a new question, he was told to go to h—l. This was contempt, and left the major in an awkward position. Turning his (one) eye upon the judge, he said: "Judge, what shall I do?" With all the gravity of a tombstone, he replied: "If I were in your place, major, I would not go." This threw court and spectators into a perfect roar of laughter. X

Cesnola's Discovery of the Site of an Ancient Temple.

Long before the traditional period of the Trojan war, Cyprus had cities and commerce. The Phœnician colony became Egyptian for a while after the fifteenth century B. C. Kurium had probably been founded before the Egyptian conquest in 1442 B. C.; hence the accumulation of the art of many centuries in the treasuries of her temples.

Gen. Cesnola found at Kurium only vast heaps of ruins. The city was built on a bluff, three hundred feet in perpendicular hight on three sides. The rock of the bluff was soft calcareous stone, and around the city, in the sides of the bluff, he found a terrace, a hundred feet wide, cut and hollowed deep in the rock, in the sides of which were tombs. Among the ruins on the hill, he identified the site of a temple, and here saw that explorers before him had made excavations, and abandoned them. He was induced to go deeper than they had, under the mosaic floor of the temple. At the depth of twenty feet he struck a dark passageway, which he penetrated till stopped by a low stone door. Bursting this, he found himself at the entrance of a series of vaulted rooms in the rock. The rooms were full of fine earth which had sifted through the rock walls.

The explorer did not know where he was, but he was standing at the doorway which leads the student of art into the hitherto unknown fields of investigation among the early Greeks and their Phœnician and Egyptian predecessors. The general soon perceived that the room which he was to enter was not a tomb. Commencing to remove the earth in the slow and careful manner which the experienced excavator always practices, he began to find beautiful objects in gold lying in heaps on the floor of the vault. Then came the evidence that he had opened the treasure chambers of the temple. Twenty-five hundred years ago the priests in the temple were suddenly alarmed by the rush of a besieging army over or through the lofty walls of Kurium. In the wild haste of the unexpected attack, they swept from altars and shrines, where they were exposed, the votive offerings of generations of worshipers, hastened down the dark passage, and threw them, heaps on heaps, into the treasury vault, closed the stone door, and doubtless also closed the secret entrance to the passageway. The enemy came in, and hewed down the priests before the altars, or carried them away captive to Asia. None was left who knew the secret of the vault. The temple was desecrated, robbed, destroyed, its walls and columns hurled down in hideous ruin, and for twenty-five centuries the gold of the old Phœnician and Egyptian and Greek worshipers lay dark and unknown in the vaulted chamber. From the gold chamber a low doorway, two feet seven inches high, opened into the next vault, which was the silver room. Black, corroded, unsightly as it is, this treasure was not less important than the gold. For ancient silver objects are very rare, especially cups and vases. There were piles of these corroded into masses. But a considerable number were perfect, and are of the greatest archæological importance. From this room opened another low door into a third vault, in which were found objects in alabaster, terra cotta, etc.; and beyond this vault, and at right angles with it, was a fourth room, which contained objects in bronze, many of which were in very fair preservation. From this room a narrow passageway descended in the rock, which the General explored for one hundred and thirty feet, and then abandoned, because of the foul air and the difficulty of proceeding.—[Harper's Magazine.

Varieties in Food.

The hunter on the Pampas subsists on buffalo beef, with scarcely a particle of vegetable food to vary his diet. The Hindoo is content with rice and rancid butter, and cannot be induced to eat flesh. The Greenlander gorges himself with whale oil and animal fats of any kind he can secure; the moderate Arab has his bag of dates, his lotos bread, and dhourra. On the coast of Malabar we find men regarding with religous horror every species of animal food, while the native of New Holland has not a single edible fruit larger than a cherry on the whole surface of that vast island. The Englishman considers himself ignominiously treated by fortune if he cannot get his beef or bacon; the peasant of the Appenines is cheerful with his meal of chestnuts. Beside varieties in the staple articles of food, there are the infinite varieties of fancy. The Chinese make delicacies of rats and of birds' nests; the French, of frogs. The ancients, who carried epicureanism to lengths never dreamed of by Guildhall, thought the hedgehog a tidbit, and had a word to say in favor of the donkey, which they placed on an equality with the ox; dogs they considered equal to chickens, and even cats were not to be despised. The pork, which we eat with great confidence, they considered, and not untruly, the least digestible of animal meats, fit only for artisans and athletes. They ate snails with the gusto we acknowledge in eating oysters.

The Value of a Wife.

"How do you get along?" said a wife to her husband, in the midst of the panic. "Oh, I shall weather the storm, but I wish I had a few hundred dollars more." "Don't you wish you had married a rich wife?" said she in a teasing way; then going to her room, she returned with rather more than the amount required in United States bonds. "Why, where in the world did you get this?" said the husband. "Well, my dear, you went to a champagne supper seven years ago, and on your return, finding navigation around the room rather difficult, deposited hat, shoes, gloves, and a large roll of bank-bills on the carpet. I put the money away and waited three weeks for you to inquire if I had seen it, when, finding you were ashamed to do so, I invested, and here you have it." The moral is—well, we don't know what it is, unless that if you will get drunk and lose your money, do it at home under the eye of your wife.

This is a progressive age. New features are constantly being introduced, old theories are revolutionized. Music, which but a few years since was unthought of in that connection, has been introduced in our public schools in many sections of our country and it has become almost a necessity for every family to possess either a piano or organ, or both, and it is important that all should know where the best instruments can be bought for the least money. Daniel F. Beatty, Esq., of Washington, New Jersey, has a world wide reputation for making the best, and we believe his prices compare favorably with other first-class makers. We would earnestly recommend all to write to him for information before buying. 17

A California newspaper says that the new and elegant jail at Redwood City is now "open to the public."

The Delights of Base Ball.

SELECTED BY ONE OF THE STAR NINE.

The only son of a widowed mother in the vicinity of Douglas Park is a member of an amateur base ball club. On Saturday he had his hair cut and oiled, and accoutred himself for a fray, and his fond mother tied one of her best lace trimmed handkerchiefs round his throat, and put a clean handkerchief, with some cologne on it, in his belt, and kissed him, and he went. About a quarter past seven he returned—that is, the most of him—and the following conversation ensued:

"My son, where is the lace hankerchief you had round your neck?"

"Here, ma, tied round this finger. I picked up a daisy cutter. I think the finger is only out of joint, not broken."

"My son, why do you not speak plainer. Surely, surely you have not been drinking?"

"No, ma, but in the latter half of the seventh inning our catcher's hands gave out, and I went behind, and I stopped a foul tip with my teeth, that is all."

"My son, your nice new uniform is all blooded in front. What ever can you have been doing?"

"Nothing, ma, only I was trying to scoop in a high one at third, and the sun got in my eyes, and I muffed it, and the ball came on my nose, but I put it over to first and got him out."

"My son, your white flannel pants are all green behind."

"That ma, was in the third inning when I tried to steal to second, and had to throw myself down and slide in. I got the base anyhow, and came in on a two-baser to left field."

"Alas, my son, I fear that you have had an unpleasant day. Let me send for a surgeon and a dentist, and get some arnica, ice water, lint, raw beefsteak, splints, sticking-plaster, vinegar and brown paper, Radway's Ready Relief, Perry Davis' Pain Killer, compresses, slings, leeches, clean cloths, opodeldoc, horse liniment, and in a few days you will not know yourself."

"Oh, ma, it was the bulliest game I ever was in—ten innings, and the score seven to six. If I die I give my bat to Billy Humphreys, and my spiked shoes to Charley Gross." (Exit, led out by his ma. Curtain falls.) —[Chicago Times.

What a Traveler!

Shakspeare, though never off his native soil, appears to have been as familiar with widely-separated nations as he was with the human passions. His reading had also been of a very extended character, for he handles history with a great mastership. For a man of his day, his attainments certainly were wonderful, especially when we remember that he died on his fifty-third birthday, being just fifty-two. As a matter of curious interest, I will notice the broad geographical reach of his genius by enumerating his foreign plays and their locality:

The Tempest—an island near Naples.
The Two Gentlemen of Verona—Italy.
Twelfth Night—Illyria.
Measure for Measure—Vienna.
Much Ado About Nothing—Messina.
Midsummer Night's Dream—Athens.
Love's Labor Lost—Navarre.
Merchant of Venice—Italy.
King Henry Sixth—France and England.
All's Well That Ends Well—Italy and France.
Taming the Shrew—Athens.
Winter's Tale—Sicily.