The Middlebury Register.

VOL. XLII. MIDDLEBURY, VT., OCTOBER 5, 1877. NO. 27.

Middlebury Register

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY, BY

KNAPP & BAILEY.

L. E. KNAPP. H. M. BAILEY.

TERMS

SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50 PER YEAR, IF PAID IN CASH, STRICTLY IN ADVANCE. Otherwise $2.00 per year.

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ONE INCH, ONE WEEK,	$ 50
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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.	
Mail	9:50 A. M.	Express	6:18 A. M.
Mixed	4:47 P. M.	Mixed	9:30 A. M.
Express	8:35 P. M.	Mail	3:10 P. M.
		Express	6:00 P. M.

Sunday morning Express 3:07 A. M.

LEAVE VERGENNES.

9:17	A. M.	6:46	A. M.
3:50	P. M.	10:30	A. M.
8:06	P. M.	3:40	P. M.
		6:32	P. M.

Sunday morning Express 3:40 A. M.

LEAVE LEICESTER JUNCTION.

10:16	A. M.	5:58	A. M.
5:37	P. M.	8:33	A. M.
9:00	P. M.	2:55	P. M.
		5:37	P. M.

Sunday morning Express 2:40 A. M.
Arrive from Ticonderoga 9:25 A. M.
Leave for Ticonderoga 3:20 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, 3:18 and 6:00 P. M.
Way mail from south, 3:45 P. M.

MAILS CLOSE.

Way mail going south, 9:30 A. M.
Way mail going north, 3:00 P. M.
For Ripton, Granville, Hancock, East Middlebury, Cornwall, West Cornwall and Bridport, 3:15 P. M.
Closed mail for Boston and Rutland, 5:30 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. Rowson, 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. 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, 41 MIDDLEBURY, VT.

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

E. E. SMITH, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Office with Stewart & Eldredge, Middlebury, Vt.

PENSIONS.—J. S. CHANDLER, PENSION ATTORNEY, Ripton, Vt. No pension, no pay. State case and send stamp for reply.

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

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

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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.

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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

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☞ Each town is entitled to one free scholarship.
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DANIEL F. BEATTY'S

PIANOS AND ORGANS.

From E. Parson, Brookville, Kansas:
"The piano came safely yesterday, we find it all that fancy painted and you promised. The instrument is handsome and its tone is pure and full. I see no reason why, with ordinary care, it may not last a lifetime. Those who, like me, cannot afford to pay five hundred or a thousand dollars for a name, will, I am sure, thank you for saving them the exorbitant profits of dealers in general and making it possible for any industrious man or woman to be the possessor of a first class organ or piano."

From R. Gilbert, Doud's Station, Iowa.
"Organ is received. The accomplished organist who gets it says she would not exchange it for any organ she ever saw or heard from any other factory, whatever the price. In mechanical skill, simplicity of construction, and purity of tone, I have never known its equal. It is, emphatically, the best organ for the least money.
I have sold many other makes of organs, some of which I thought could not be equalled, but, like 'King Saul,' your organs are 'head and shoulders' above theirs: the leading elements that constitute a complete organ." 46y1

AGENTS WANTED, but where I have no one, large discounts made to have them introduced in new localities. Send for Illustrated Advertising Catalogue, containing testimonials from persons in some of whom you may know, sent free. Address a. DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

TEXAS.

It was at the first Vermont State Fair at Middlebury. There was the finest gathering of people that I have ever met—and I have since seen many distinguished crowds. The show of manufactured goods was very meager; but that of animals was fine. There were the native cows, as gentle as the best of treatment by their owners could make them—superb milkers. There were the small-boned, smooth-skinned swine, in which every feed told, in the production of as fine pork as the world could show.

There were the Devon oxen, as intelligent, capable, and as useful teams as could be found anywhere, bright red, smooth, well-made, soft skinned, not fat, but in good flesh, and as fine steppers as a ploughboy could ask, and as intelligent, docile and ready as Newfoundland dogs.

There were Merino sheep, with those fleeces even, fine and strong; fleeces that have since been noted throughout the land. But above all there was the Vermont horse. Vermont was settled by soldiers of the old French war, who had passed through the state on their way to and from Canada, and after the war went there to settle. Many took very little except the horses that had borne them well on the fields of battle. In their hand-to-hand struggle with want they had no superfluous property, and their horses were worked to the utmost capacity and never beyond it. Far-off Vermont was the Texas of those times, whither fugitives from justice fled through stretches of wilderness, to a concealment as complete as if in New Mexico to-day. And fleeing thither they often took the best horses with them. Often, too, soldiers escaping from Canadian garrisons, brought to Vermont the fleetest horses, of Norman or English stock, that they could steal in Canada. Often settlers, going back to their former homes to sell property or collect debts, brought back choice horses from the older states. In this way, just after the Revolution, one Justin Morgan had brought to Montpelier, Vermont, a colt that was afterwards called by his name, Justin Morgan, and became celebrated as the progenitor of the finest race of horses in the world. Magnuom Bonumx, Cock of the Rock, and other sons of Imported Messenger, were brought to Vermont and were thoroughly appreciated and patronized by the intelligent farmers. And this fair had been started as the shrewdest of advertising dodges, to make known to the world the surpassing beauty, grace and capacity of a new family of Morgan horses—the Black Hawks. And it succeeded. It brought together over three hundred Morgan horses, mostly of the Black Hawk family, every one of which was a miracle of symmetry, style, docility, and fleetness. Vermont had not a single race track within her borders, but there probably was never assembled in the world a set of horses that, with proper age and seasoning, would so gallantly have carried an army of princes to the conquest of a nation. Of these horses I was driving, as I thought, the very best, a pair of Black Hawks, five and six years old, full brothers, that even in that superb ring, challenged marked attention. There were the very horses that, within the next five years, at Cleveland, Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, and a multitude of other fairs throughout the land, were greeted with shouts that made the welkin ring, as the most graceful and beautiful animals that had ever been seen in harness. But of these, I thought those I was driving a little more docile, graceful, intelligent, and a trifle more majestic in their movements than any others. I had just taken a first premium on yearling Merinos, and a special premium on well broken steers. And yet, boy as I was, I was almost weeping. Nay, in spite of me, tears had trickled down my face occasionally all the day. The horses belonged to Dr. Harwood, of Brandon, sixteen miles south of Middlebury. I was an orphan boy of fifteen, and had been living with him as a son for seven years. He had been sick for a year, and was out of funds, and the horses were his sole resource for raising money. He had been offered eleven hundred dollars for them, but as many inferior ones were selling at more than that apiece, he had refused it, and had mortgaged them for seven hundred dollars. And now, just before the fair when they were to be sold, one had begun to limp and the other to weep, most unaccountably. The mortgagee, a miserable jockey, had offered to take them for the debt, but had objected to their coming to the fair, and when there, to their being made at all prominent, lest driving should excite them and aggravate their injuries. The doctor had left it with me to try to get a higher price for them, and I was to have half of all I got over twelve hundred.

Here I was with the best and fleetest of horses and yet compelled to drive them at a snail's pace and very little at that, and unable to sell them, and the mortgagee around, telling of his bad luck in having so much risked on them and spoiling every prospect of a sale. The doctor was the most generous and noble of men, and had offered to give me half that they brought over twelve hundred, to go to college on, while the other half was to send his daughter Alice to Holyoke, and the five hundred was to keep the wolf from his own door.

He was always doing the most generous deeds, and why he should lose the means of doing them just now when he needed it so much was to me a grief and a mystery. I was mortified at exhibiting the team at all in their present condition, and was, with a boy's shamefacedness, looking at them rather than those around, when a cheery voice called out:

"Halloo, Ned—Edward—what's the matter? Are you driving a hearse?"

I looked up, and there in the crowd of spectators sat a young man whose features were strange and yet familiar, on a horse the precise counterpart of those I was driving.

The horse manifestly belonged in the Black Hawk line, and next to Black Hawk himself. As he and the old horse stood together afterwards, an English hostler remarked:

"Them 'are two horses look and act the most like humans of anything I ever seed, that wasn't, and I don't know which is the most so."

The rider sat there with a loose rein and an aspect of perfect ease and repose, and yet with an appearance as if the jumps of a bucking broncho would not have disturbed him in the least, and as if he could have used his powers at once as fully as if standing on a rock.

A thrill of admiration and partial recognition shot through me. Boys worship physical manliness, and there it was.

"Why, don't you know me, Texas?" said he,

In an instant I had turned my team out of the line, and, mounting the fence, grasped him by the hand. Arthur Watson, of Ryde, England, a graduate of Cambridge, England, at twenty, at twenty-one in deacon's orders, and appointed to a good living, and then hurrying off to Texas to save his life threatened by consumption. After two years, with health restored, an officer in the English army in Canada, and, in 1837, buying horses for his regiment in Vermont and getting injured by a fall, and stopping two months at the doctor's, where I had waited on and worshipped him. He was the only accomplished boxer, fencer, and horseman I had ever met, and he had taught me how to shoot, to throw the lariat, to jump on or over a fleet horse in motion, and many other feats, and had given me an impetus towards better things that I had not lost.

"What is the matter?" he said, "your horses are rough-haired and sickly, and one is limping and the other crying, and you look as if you were going blind, lame and crazy. What does it all mean?"

"Why, it means that the doctor has been speculating, lost his money, and has been over-worked by an epidemic and deep snow and lost his health, and his team was all he had to sell, and they are mortgaged to old Chambers, the meanest man in Vermont, for seven hundred dollars, and they won't bring any more; and now the doctor has five hundred to pay which he has hard work to raise."

"Things do look rather blue, but I guess we can straighten them a little. I have left a bid of a hundred dollars for your yearling buck, and twenty-five for the two-year-old, and I hear you have some more at home, and a Michigan buyer has gone after them, and I have written to the doctor not to sell them until I get there."

"Will you take a leaf from this tree to that man who is exhibiting honey and get a tenth of a teaspoonful?"

I returned with it and he put it on the eyelid of the weeping eye.

He said:

"If I had a safe person with whom to leave my horse, I would ride with you."

Just then James Conant, a student in college from our place, came forward and said:

"Colonel Watson, I believe; five years ago you bought a horse of my father, a very dark bay with a peculiar mark in the face. We called him Selim. I would like to know what became of him."

"I am not colonel, but the owner of that horse is, and he thinks him the finest of animals. I should like to have my horse in the same bands that handled Selim so well when I bought him."

"To ride such a horse would be a luxury that a college student would walk all day to earn and would rejoice in for a year. I think him the finest horse I ever saw. Why don't you enter him for a premium?"

"I arrived too late, the lists were closed."

Conant mounted, Watson got in the buggy and took the reins, and the horses moved on, joining the line which had walked around the ring since we stopped.

As we parted from Conant, Watson told him to sit firm, and, giving a signal, in an instant his horse was transformed into a hurricane. He challenged in the shrillest blast; our team responded. Weeping and limping were forgotten, and under the touch of a master they were more like themselves than they had been before for weeks.

Chambers, who was riding a beautiful bay a few paces ahead, and had been watching us with ill concealed uneasiness, now left the line and came back and sternly demanded what I meant by lending his horses to a stranger, and struck at me with his riding whip, but without reaching me. I replied:

"They are not your horses until a week from to-day, if ever. Now, you have no more to do with them than any other coward."

We were in front of the stand. Watson turned out of the line, stopped and said:

"What makes that horse limp?" As he said this he got out as if to examine it.

"It is none of your business," said Chambers, and spurring his horse closer, he aimed a vicious blow at him, also, with a loaded whip.

Watson dodged it and he came lumbering to the ground, and as he sprang up Watson knocked him down again, and then, seizing his riding whip, switched him while he reared like a calf.

He then passed his knife down to the hoof of the horse and holding up the foot showed the protruding ends of a brass wire which had been the cause of the lameness.

"I never saw that wire before. I know nothing about it," said Chambers.

"Well, somebody put it there, and you were the only man who had any motive for doing it," said Watson, as he threw the wire on the stage.

Judge Button, the president, said, "I let that fellow Chambers and Jim Hawkins have a span of my horses each to keep for their work when I went to Florida, and they agreed together not to work them but to make me pay all the horses were worth for their keeping them. James' team I never saw again, and Chamber's I might better have let alone, as they had been shut up until they were delicate, useless, unbroken and vicious. The worst thing a young horse can do is to do nothing. That fellow is mean enough to do anything."

Chambers had come up to make complaint and had already tried to enlist the sympathies of the crowd. But he now saw that he was too odious and he slunk back, and, listening to the threats of lynching he shrank away, and when a little ways off he put spurs to his horse and was soon out of sight.

Conant came cantering into the ring, having succeeded in entering "Texas," the horse on which he was mounted. But Watson, who had bathed the one horse's foot and then examined the other's eye, called me to come and see, and there, in the lower corner of the eye, was a bit of pine chip covered by a fester that had manifestly been the cause of trouble with the eye. The chip had been placed in the upturned eyelid and had produced a trouble that could be cured at any moment and Chambers had manifestly done it with the hope of getting the horses for a song.

The horses were now cured. Frequent bathing removed the inflammation. Watson's groom with an assistant gave them a scientific grooming, working at them twelve hours of the next twenty-four.

The story of the rascally tricks and sudden cure went through the crowd. The horses became great favorites. Dr. Harwood was a great favorite, and two of his classmates in medical study who were practicing in Middlebury, came up and rode behind his team. They brought up at the Register office and got Phil. Stewart, who afterwards wrote the book on Morgan horses, to write up the horses for the next morning's paper under the title of "The Beautiful Brothers."

There had been an effort made to start an auction, but no man dared to risk his horses without a better bid than he could get. But the notice of the Brothers closed with the statement that seven bids of $400 or more had been made and that the highest was for $1,100 each for "The Beautiful Brothers," and that twelve or more choice horses would be sold at auction.

The Brothers, dusted, washed, rubbed and oiled, were another looking team the next day. They had been used for two years in the doctor's extensive mountain practice, and, since his illness, on the farm. They were driven with lines and without, were shown in the halter and under the saddle.

And although there wore a hundred other colts of Black Hawk there that a stranger would have taken for these if shown them on different days, yet by night they were the favorites.

At Watson's suggestion they were only bits buckled to the lower jaws for headstalls and orange nets and car nets, and the cov nets were kept on all the time, so that they were easily recognized, and always created an excitement.

When the auction came on, one after another of the seven bids proved to be Watson's, and four of the best horses at the best bargains were struck off to him at from $700 to $1,300. When the excitement was well up the younger of "The Brothers" was brought in and, after some spirited bidding, was struck off to him at $1,450, and the other was sold to a Long Island man for $1,625.

"I will give you," said the buyer, addressing Mr. Watson, "this horse for the North horse and $400."

The offer was promptly accepted, and "The Brothers" remained together.

"I will deliver your buggy at home, to-morrow," said Watson, "and I will pay you in certified checks on the Middlebury bank."

Home! home! What joy I could carry thither! How eager I was to be going. I determined to go home as quick as I could take care of my sheep, and lift the awful load of debt from the household.

Just then Conant came up with a pair of Canadian ponies, saddled, and said:

"Well, shall I carry the news, or will you go, too?"

"I will go just as soon as I can see to things at the pens."

"You have nothing to see to. When it was known that Maj. Watson, who was so sharp in buying horses five years ago, had bought two of your sheep and was going down to Brandon to buy more, all the rest went off at once, at just your prices. I put all the money, $275, into the bank; and Maj. Watson has given me certified checks for $700, $500 and $1,875."

It seemed incredible. For weeks I had been as miserable as possible, and should have been still but for the coming of the man I idolized. But for him Chambers would have made a fortune of them. But here it was ours, $3,350, and that, too, in poor Vermont, where little money went so far.—[Sedalia (Mo) Times.

Letter from Kansas.

RUSSELL, KANSAS, Sept. 22.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I have been for a fortnight in this country for a sort of a vacation, and finding here some of your old constituents, I have considered it worth while to submit to your readers some account of the most prosperous sheep ranche in Kansas, the more so that it is owned and carried on by three men from Addison County. The location of the range, or ranche (the terms are used nearly indiscriminately here, though the former really means the pasture ground and the latter the whole equipment, including houses and cultivated lands), is on Cedar Creek, about five miles from the town of Russell and three from Bunker Hill, both being stations on the Kansas Pacific Railroad. The distance is a trifle over two hundred and fifty miles from Kansas City, and seven hundred and fifty from Chicago. Let me put in here a word about the curious habit I have noticed of not calling things by their right names in this country. For instance I came over a railroad called the Hannibal & St. Joseph, though it runs from Quincy to Kansas City. The last named place is called Kansas City because it is in Missouri. Then I came here on the Kansas Pacific Road, so called because it don't go within a thousand miles of the Pacific. Getting off at Russell I hunted up Cedar Creek, which is not a creek, but a trifling brook, and is named Cedar because it never had so much as one cedar on any part of it that I could hear of. At the ranche I found the firm of Eaton & Gifford, which is composed of Allen S. Eaton, formerly of New Haven "Gore;" Henry O. Gifford, who used to live in that part of New Haven called "The River;" and Oliver W. Eaton, who spent some years in dodging about among the stones in the extreme south part of Monkton, between "Barnumtown" and the New Haven line. I believe they were all pretty good farmers in Addison county, Vermont, and used to know as much as most men about sheep—a knowledge which has stood them in good stead in Russell county, Kansas, in an entirely different set of circumstances. But I suppose a sheep is a sheep whether one cuts the wool in Vermont or the Great West.

I was about this Cedar Creek ranche for some days, and by dint of questioning the partners at odd times I made myself familiar with their doings since they have been in the west. Two of them had been engaged in selling Vermont rams in the west before they settled down. In October, 1875, they bought about 2,100 Mexican sheep in Colorado and wintered them thirty miles east of Colorado Springs, at the head of Big Sandy. In August, 1874, they started for this country, driving the herd before them at the rate of eight or nine miles a day. In thirty-eight days they struck Wolf Creek in Osborn County, Kansas, having made the three hundred and twenty-five miles with the loss of not more than two or three sheep. During all this journey the sheep picked up their living as they went, and ended the trip in better condition than they began it. On Wolf Creek the firm bought eleven hundred and twenty acres of land, eight hundred acres of which they still own. Most of this they procured from the railroad company at about four dollars per acre. On an eligible site they erected a comfortable dwelling, perhaps the best ranche house in two counties. At once upon arriving, the firm bought as many wethers as they could comfortably handle—about 1,250 Mexican and merinos crossed—and fed them for market. Each wether received about two bushels of corn during the winter, and picked his own grass. No hay was fed. The corn cost thirty cents per bushel, and the sheep showed its effects by weighing one hundred and five pounds on an average in the Chicago market. The result to the product is thus stated: The wether cost two dollars; his corn sixty cents; his fare to Chicago sixty-seven cents; total, three dollars and twenty-seven cents. He brought an average of five dollars ten cents per hundred pounds, or five dollars and thirty-five per sheep, making the whole profit about two thousand six hundred dollars on the transaction. In the meantime the ewes in the flock brought from Colorado had each produced a lamb, which, being half merino, was worth not less than two dollars. The following winter the firm fed two thousand wethers, paying twenty-three cents per bushel for corn, but getting less weight of product, the market average being ninety-five pounds. The net profit on this lot was about two thousand five hundred dollars. Last spring the firm become somewhat dissatisfied with their place on Wolfe Creek, mainly because it was twenty miles from Russell and the railroad. They therefore projected a move, and finding their present location an eligible one, they persuaded the occupants to move by payments of small sums of money. At the same time they traded, partly with the government and partly with the railroad, and became possessed at comparatively small cost of eleven "eighties," or eighths of sections, making eight hundred and eighty acres in all, and covering the creek for three miles in a line. Part of this is held under the Homestead law, part under the Pre-emption act, and part was bought outright. I doubt if the whole ranche will cost $2,500 for land.

The sheep now on hand number about five thousand, divided into three herds, each in charge of a herder, whose duty it is to let the sheep go pretty much where they please, and to bring them back at sundown without losing any. No other occupation that I ever heard of takes so little work, in fact, the best herder is the one who disturbs his flock the least. The sheep naturally keep together and graze as they walk. If the herder will turn them around when noon comes he will have done enough. Many herds have at their head a goat with a bell, bearing great wisdom in his face, and having the entire respect of his following. To understand the principle of "herding" on which the whole sheep business of this state is based a few words of explanation are necessary: So small a portion of the land is owned by individuals that no one makes a pretence of confining his flocks to his own range, but they are suffered to go at will over government and railroad land, with no one to molest or make afraid. The limit is practically about three miles from the corral or pen in which they are enclosed nights. One other matter pertains: The water supply is not large, and the streams are not frequent; to control the land through which a stream runs is really to possess the use of the land back of it, so that the model sheep ranche is one where the owner controls the water by owning or holding the land through which the creek (more properly brook) passes, and has wide expanses of land for the herds to browse over. Such an one is Cedar Creek ranche, for, as I have noted, Messrs. Eaton & Gifford own the land on both sides of the water for three miles, while unnumbered thousands of acres of beautiful pasturage lie on both sides of them, and the rich grass asks to be eaten.

The firm has now about five thousand sheep and one hundred fine merino rams. Double this number is about what they propose to grow and to keep. They have a few Mexican sheep on hand, but are selling them off and filling up with crosses on the merino from their own lambs. Of course the natural increase in lambs will make it easy for the firm to accumulate sheep to reach the expected figure of ten thousand. It is not difficult to sell at fair prices here to new men coming in any overplus.

I intended on beginning this letter to speak only of the ranch on which I have been, but I find on looking it over that I have spread out a little into the generalities of sheep raising, and it may not be out of the way to answer a few supposable questions, such as a Vermont farmer might ask if he wanted to find out about the country:

How do they have to feed in winter?

I doubt if there is any real winter in Kansas. Gifford & Eaton have never fed more than ten days in any winter. Last winter fifty tons of hay sufficed for five thousand sheep, and the loss was not more than one-half of one per cent.

How about farming?

If you want to farm, don't come here. You can get large crops, but they are comparatively worthless to sell when you do get them. Corn at fifteen cents or less, rye at twenty cents, wheat at fifty to sixty cents, potatoes at twenty cents, and other things in proportion, are not encouraging to the farmer, though they are to the sheep farmer, who can buy them cheaper than he can raise them.

What about dairy products?

It costs about nothing to keep cattle, and butter and cheese are too cheap to pay for making. Butter at ten to twenty cents a pound, and cheese at seven to ten cents don't indicate that you can make much off a dairy in Kansas.

What can I get for my wool?

For good fleeces from half bred merino (unwashed), thirty cents is a fair rate. Gifford & Eaton sold twenty-four thousand pounds this season at that rate, for a large portion, but less for Mexican and heavy rams' fleeces. A half-bred ewe which will shear one dollar and thirty cents' worth of wool and drop a lamb worth not less than two dollars, is the standard of Messrs. Eaton & Gifford; five hundred of them make a good source of income.

What about the things that you have to go to the store for?

The stores are robbers' nests, and to buy of them is to be cheated furiously. All tea, coffee, sugar, etc., must be bought by the quantity in Kansas City or Chicago. In that way they will come as cheaply as now to you.

Is there plenty of wood and lumber?

Enough wood grows on the banks of the creek for firewood. All lumber must be brought from Chicago, and will cost twenty-two or twenty-three dollars per one thousand feet delivered here. As much stone as may be needed can be dug out almost anywhere, and it is of such curious character that it can be, and is, cut with a saw in preference to any other way. Stone costs nothing but the digging.

What kind of water is there?

Good wells are easily dug, and yield a pleasant but very hard water. Soft water must be gathered as in Vermont.

Is a good garden possible?

The best garden ever seen by any man in Addison county is easy enough, and, besides all the things they have there, sweet potatoes and other warm climate vegetables can be raised.

The idea which should be borne in mind is that the emigrant can have here in one branch of business more prosperity than he can ever hope for in Vermont; but he must understand sheep or he will do no good. I would advise a man with two thousand five hundred dollars cash (or better three thousand dollars) to come here to make $20,000 in a few years. I would not advise the laboring man to come here, because wages are low. The railroad companies will tell a different story, but they have land to sell; I have not.

SIXTY-SEVEN.

At a social gathering at Meriden, Conn., a young man proposed the formation of a Shakspeare club. But his ardor was somewhat dampened by the discovery that there was only one person in the room who had ever heard of Shakspeare, and that was a young woman who thought it was something like parlor croquet.

A DOCTOR'S STORY.

It is not so far back but that I can remember very well how and when I commenced the practice of medicine. By way of necessary introduction to my story, I must say a few words of that time.

When M. D. was tacked to my name, I bowed at two shrines, my profession and my Angelina. Her name was not Angelina, but my wife being a modest little lady desires she shall not be dragged before an inquisitive public. Let then, the abstract, Angelina, represent the real woman. I conceal my own name for similar reasons.

Of course I had a rival. Name, Richard Somers; age, twenty-six; general appearance, striking and handsome; character, very bad.

Neither my affection for this gentleman nor his affection for me would have caused a conflagration on any river of which I know. We dislike each other heartily from the first. Being a much handsomer man than myself, he might have been a dangerous rival. However, he saved me all trouble. He committed a forgery which was discovered sooner than he expected. He was arrested for the offense, tried and convicted. I was one of the principal witnesses against him. When the sentence was passed upon him, he requested a moment's conversation with me. I shall never forget the look of hatred upon his face as he hissed out:

"You have ruined my love and my life. Remember that and fear me."

I am not a timid man, and attached but little importance to his implied threat. I thought it simply the bluster of a self-defeated and disgraced rival.

Shortly after, Angelina and I were married, and, as the story-book says, "lived happy ever afterward."

So much by way of introduction, now to my story:

We had been married a little over two years. During that time I had heard nothing of Somers. His sentence had been a comparatively light one—a year and six months. After his discharge from prison, however, I neither saw nor heard of him.

For so young a man, I had been very successful as a physician. Perhaps my success was principally due to my strict attention to practice. No matter how late, or dark and stormy, might be the night, I promptly attended to all summons to the bedside of suffering.

One night, a little before the hour of retiring, the door-bell rang, and shortly afterward a man entered the room where we were sitting. He was not prepossessing. His hair was short and thick, and the general cast of his features villainous.

He evidently belonged to that variety of fowl known as the jail-bird. Nevertheless, without hesitation I put on my coat and hat and prepared to go with him.

"A gentleman," he said, "has broken his leg."

I thought it a pity that, if he were anything like his messenger, he hadn't broke his neck. I did not tell my wife where I was going, for it was in a distant part of the town, and in anything but a respectable neighborhood. I did not wish to make the little woman nervous.

On our way, my friend the jail-bird was very uncommunicative. He answered my inquiries about the injured man in surly monosyllables. He was apparently in no haste, for he walked very slowly—more slowly, I thought, than was consistent with the welfare of my patient.

At last we arrived at our destination. It was a very dark-looking house, in a very dark little street.

My guide led me up two flights of very rickety stairs, that creaked objections to our weight upon them. In the third story we stopped before a door which, to my surprise, my companion opened with a key which he took from his pocket. Was he afraid a man with a broken leg would escape? I was still more surprised when on entering the room I found it empty! He motioned me a chair, and, remarking he would return soon, left the room.

For the first time I was somewhat nervous and suspicious. The empty room—the last action of my guide—his carelessness, on our way, as to the health of the supposed injured man—the lonely house and neighborhood—all combined to make me suspect foul play.

I stepped to the door only to find it locked from the outside—to the window only to find escape impossible there. It was many feet from the ground.

My suspicions were now certainties. I was trapped. None of my friends, not even my wife, knew where I was. I might be murdered in this den, and my death remain a mystery.

I supposed I waited about an hour before I heard the key turn in the door. Then, to my dismay, half a dozen men entered.

When nature made the jail-bird, who had led me into this trap, she did not break the mold. These gentlemen were of the same pattern. All wore the same hang-dog, murderous look. One of them raised the light in the room, which had been burning low. With hardly a glance at me they took seats upon the floor and began to play cards.

Soon the door again opened, and another man entered. I hardly had a hope as I looked at him, for I saw the exulting face of my enemy—Dick Somers!

At a glance he saw that I recognized him. With a malicious leer, he stepped forward, and quoting his own words of two years before, said:

"You have ruined my love and my life. Remember that and fear me!"

I saw in his face at once, showing his revenge and desperation, that nothing could turn him aside from his purpose.

"Somers," I said—for my life I couldn't have called him Mr. Somers—"I know that you have trapped me here for the purpose of revenging yourself upon me, but remember, sir, I have friends! Remember law and justice!"

"I fear nothing," he answered. "I defy man and God! Revenge on you is dearer to me than life; and though for me the bottomless pit were yawning, I would have it."

I saw it was useless to appeal to this man, and I sullenly waited for what seemed fate. At his order the ruffians searched me. One of them, who appeared to be a kind of treasurer for the gang, secured my watch and pocket-book. Then they tied me with stout ropes to a chair.

Somers did not address me again, but sat upon the floor and gambled with the rest. Presently he rose, and saying he would return by daybreak, left the room. He evidently felt I was in his power, and seemed in no hurry to complete his revenge.

When he had gone, the card-playing was kept up for a couple of hours. Then they all stretched themselves upon the floor and slept. The door opened inward, and across it was the burly form of the treasurer. In spite of the apparent hopelessness of the trial, I set about devising some plan of escape.

The first thing to do was to free myself. I have large wrists and small hands. In tying me they had not taken this into consideration. Without much difficulty I liberated my hands; then, of course, it was the work of but a few seconds to entirely free myself from my bonds.

Taking the precaution to place the ropes in such a position that, should any of the gang waken, I would still appear to be bound, I thought upon my chances of escape. They certainly appeared very few and small. The fact of the men on the floor being asleep, seemed little in my favor. I could not move the ruffian who was sleeping at the door without waking him. As I have before stated, escape by the window was impossible. Every plan that suggested itself had insurmountable objections to it. I had almost given up scheming in despair, and concluded to adopt some hopelessly desperate measure, when I thought of the contents of a bottle I had in my pocket.

In searching me, the ruffians had not disturbed it, thinking it of no importance. It contained chloroform. I also had a sponge in my pocket. In a moment I had resolved what to do. Drawing the bottle from my pocket, I soaked the sponge thoroughly with its contents.

Slowly, painfully (I could hear my heart beat), with all the caution that a man uses when his life may depend on the slightest noise, I stepped to the side of the nearest ruffian.

I placed the saturated sponge to his nose. I saw him quickly yield to the influence of the vapor. From man to man I stepped. One by one they were made senseless, helpless.

The man at the door was the last. I drew him away, first securing my watch and pocket-book. I also found in his possession a blackjack, which I took the liberty of appropriating. Then, opening the door, I stepped out into the hall.

I still moved cautiously, feeling that all danger was not passed. I thought there might be a watcher there, but to my relief, I saw no one. I descended the first flight of stairs, and reached the second story in safety.

I had gone about half way down the second flight. My heart stood still, for I heard some one enter below; then, in the muttered oath, I recognised Somers' voice. I crouched down upon the stair next the wall, hoping he might pass me. But as he came up, his hand brushed my face.

In a moment he had me by the throat. I knew him to be the most powerful and it was not a time for scruples. Quickly, it being so dark he could not see the action, I raised the blackjack—I had held it since I left the room—and brought it down heavily upon his skull.

His hand left my throat, and a lifeless mass, he rolled down the stairs. I found him at the foot, quite still. I made good my escape, not stopping to see if I had killed him. I do not know to this day whether he is living or dead. I never saw or heard of him again.

When I arrived home I found a very frightened little woman, but I did not tell her till long afterward the history of that night. I have never since been in such a fix, and if discretion and a reasonable supply of cowardice can prevent it, never will be in the future.

A Sad Romance.

A private wedding, a few weeks' honeymoon, the sudden death of the fair and blooming bride, and the tragic death, by his own hand, two weeks later, of the husband, are the elements of a romantic sensation in social circles here and in Washington. The union of Frank A. Thornton, a bachelor of forty-five, and Miss Annie Edith Ford, eldest daughter of John T. Ford, the well-known theatrical manager, took place in June. They met at a Virginia spring, and during a slight attack of illness with which she was afflicted, he was unremitting in his attentions, and, although a man who had hitherto held aloof from society, in the highest circles of which his social standing and wealth readily admitted him, he fell desperately in love. Miss Ford was the possessor of youth, beauty, and literary accomplishments, the author of several plays, which, with others she adapted from the French, had been successfully produced. She was also a ministering angel to the poor