County Clerk 1Apr78

Middlebury Register

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I. S. KNAPP. R. M. BAILEY.

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" each insertion after first	25
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" " (1 inch) " "	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.....2:59 A. M.
Mixed.....6:10 P. M.	Mixed.....9:00 A. M.
Express.....9:18 P. M.	Mail.....5:20 P. M.

Sunday morning Express.....3:07 A. M.

LEAVE VERGENNES.

9:17.....A. M.	3:31.....A. M.
5:30.....P. M.	10:40.....A. M.
8:47.....P. M.	4:00.....P. M.

Sunday morning Express.....5:40 A. M.

LEAVE LEICESTER JUNCTION.

10:16.....A. M.	9:25.....A. M.
6:48.....P. M.	8:55.....A. M.
9:40.....P. M.	3:05.....P. M.

Sunday morning Express.....2:40 A. M.
Arrive from Ticonderoga.....9:25 A. M.
Leave for Ticonderoga.....5:20 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.....9:00 A. M.
New York, Rutland and Albany.....2:00 A. M.
New York.....5:00 P. M.
Way mail from south.....3:00 P. M.

MAILS CLOSE.

Way mail going south.....9:30 A. M.
Way mail going north.....3:10 P. M.
For Ripton, Granville, Hancock, East Middlebury, Cornwall, West Cornwall and Bridport.....3:30 P. M.
Closed mail for Boston and Rutland....5:45 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. W. H. Rowsom, pastor. Sunday services at 10:45 A.M. and 7:00 P.M. Thursday evening prayer meeting at 7:00. Class meeting on Friday evening at 7:30.

Episcopal—St. Stephen's Church—Main-st. Rev. James T. Franklin, rector. Sunday school at 9:30 A.M., Sunday services at 11:00 A.M. and 7:00 P.M.

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

EAST MIDDLEBURY.

Methodist— ———, pastor. Sunday services at 2:00 P.M.

VERGENNES.

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

Methodist—Rev. H. N. Munger, pastor. Sunday services at 1:00 and 7:00 P.M. Weekly prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7:00.

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

Mission Chapel—Dr. H. A. Ingham, Sunday services at 10:45 A.M. and 7:00 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 7:00 P.M. Weekly prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7:00.

BUSINESS CARDS.

GLEN HOUSE.—East Middlebury, Vermont. 33m3 HENRY E. FARR, Prop'r.

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

W. H. KINGSLEY, Dentist. Up stairs in Styles' new Block, 41 Middlebury, Vt.

McLEOD & SMITH, Claim Agents. 6tf Middlebury, Vt. T. H. M'LEOD. E. E. SMITH.

E. E. SMITH, Attorney and Counsellor at Law. Office with Stewart & Eldredge, Middlebury, Vt.

LYMAN E. KNAPP, Attorney and Counsellor at Law. Office at the office of THE REGISTER, Middlebury, Vt. 33

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

JAMES M. SLADE, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, and Solicitor and Master in Chancery. Office in Brewster's Block. Middlebury, Vt., April 2, 1877.

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VAN NESS HOUSE. Burlington, Vt. D. C. BARBER and O. B. FERGUSON, Proprietors. Free Carriage to Depot.

BARDWELL HOUSE, Rutland, Vt. J. W. CRAMPTON, Proprietor. Good Livery connected with the House.

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

G. W. GOODELL. House, Carriage and Furniture Painter and Grainer. Place of business, James Donahue's shop, opposite the School House, Middlebury, July 27, 1877. 16tf

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

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 Frank A. Farnsworth's store. 49

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

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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, Doon'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 in the leading elements that constitute a complete organ." 46y1

AGENTS WANTED, but where I have none, large discounts made to have them introduced in new localities. Send for Illustrated Advertiser, (catalogue,) containing testimonials from persons, some of whom you may know, sent free. Address, DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington New Jersey.

TO THE WORKING CLASS.—We are now prepared to furnish all classes with constant employment at home, the whole of the time, or for their spare moments. Business new, light and profitable. Persons of either sex easily earn from 50 cents to $5 per evening, and a proportional sum by devoting their whole time to the business. Boys and girls earn nearly as much as men. That all who see this notice may send their address, and test the business we make this unparalleled offer: To such as are not well satisfied we will send one dollar to pay for the trouble of writing. Full particulars, samples worth several dollars to commence work on, and a copy of Home and Fireside, one of the largest and best illustrated publications, all sent free by mail. Reader, if you want permanent, profitable work, address, GEORGE STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. 43

All kinds of Job Printing done at the REGISTER Office. Prices ten per cent. lower than at any other place in the county.

The Middlebury Register.

VOL. XLII. MIDDLEBURY, VT., FEBRUARY 8, 1878. NO. 45.

VEGETINE.

Her Own Words.

BALTIMORE, MD., Feb. 13, 1877.

Mr. H. R. STEVENS:
Dear Sir,—Since several years I have got a sore and very painful foot. I had some physicians, but they couldn't cure me. Now I have heard of your VEGETINE from a lady who was sick for a long time, and became all well from your VEGETINE, and I went and bought me one bottle of VEGETINE; and after I had used one bottle the pain left me and it began to heal, and then I bought one other bottle, and so I take it yet. I thank God for this remedy and yourself; and wishing every sufferer may pay attention to it. It is a blessing for health.
Mrs. C. KRABE, 638 West Baltimore Street.

VEGETINE
Safe and Sure.

Mr. H. R. STEVENS:
In 1872 your VEGETINE was recommended to me, and, yielding to the persuasions of a friend, I consent to try it. At the time I was suffering from general debility and nervous prostration, superinduced by overwork and irregular habits. Its wonderful strengthening and curative properties seemed to affect my debilitated system from the first dose; and under its persistent use I rapidly recovered, gaining more than usual health and good feeling. Since then I have not hesitated to give VEGETINE my most unqualified indorsement, as being a safe, sure, and powerful agent in promoting health and restoring the wasted system to new life and energy. VEGETINE is the only medicine I use; and as long as I live I never expect to find a better. Yours truly, W. H. CLARK.
120 Monterey Street, Alleghany, Penn.

VEGETINE
The Best Spring Medicine.

CHARLESTOWN.

H. R. STEVENS:
Dear Sir,—This is to certify that I have used your "Blood Preparation" in my family for several years, and think that for scrofula or cankerous humors or rheumatic affections it cannot be excelled; and as a blood purifier and spring medicine it is the best article I have ever used, and I have used almost everything. I can cheerfully recommend it to any one in need of such a medicine.
Yours respectfully,
MRS. A. A. DINSMORE, 19 Russell Street.

VEGETINE.
What is Needed.

BOSTON, Feb. 13, 1871.

H. R. STEVENS, Esq.:
Dear Sir,—About one year since I found myself in a feeble condition from general debility. VEGETINE was strongly recommended to me by a friend who had been much benefited by its use. I procured the article, and, after using several bottles, was restored to health, and discontinued its use. I feel quite confident that there is no medicine superior to it for those complaints for which it is especially prepared, and would cheerfully recommend it to those who feel that they need something to restore them to perfect health.
Respectfully yours, U. L. PETTENGILL,
Firm of S. M. Pettengill & Co.,
No. 10 State St., Boston.

VEGETINE.
All Have Obtained Relief.

SOUTH BERWICK, Me., Jan. 17, 1872.

H. R. STEVENS, Esq.:
Dear Sir,—I have had dyspepsia in its worst form for the last ten years, and have taken hundreds of dollars' worth of medicine without obtaining any relief. In September last I commenced taking the VEGETINE, since which time my health has steadily improved. My food digests well, and I have gained fifteen pounds of flesh. There are several others in this place taking VEGETINE, and all have obtained relief. Yours truly,
THOMAS E. MOORE,
Overseer of Card Room, Portsmouth Co.'s Mills.

VEGETINE.
Prepared by
H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

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Home Institutions!

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OF BURLINGTON, VERMONT.

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$250,000 Premium Notes.

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The undersigned, having procured room of B. B. Hope, at the old

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Cabinet and Carpenter Work

In the Best Style.

REPAIRING done neatly. All kinds of saws filed and warranted to give satisfaction.
NORTON & ELDREDGE.
JAMES NORTON, MYRON ELDREDGE.
Middlebury, September 27. 26tf

PIANOS 7 1-2 octaves, fine rosewood cases, (not used over six months,) only $130.00; cost owner $600. Other great bargains.
ORGANS nearly new, four sets reeds, 12 stops, sub-bass, octave coupler, beautiful solo stop, etc., cost owner $550, only $55. Five octave organ only $30. Rare opportunities. MELODEONS $10 and upward, used only a short time. THE ABOVE SECOND-HAND INSTRUMENTS ARE IN PERFECT ORDER AND FULLY WARRANTED, (but not our own make,) have recently been taken in exchange for our new celebrated BEATTY PIANOS and ORGANS, and having no space for storage in our warerooms, our immense trade being daily on the increase, hence the lower liberal offers. Best offer ever given by any manufacturer, now ready, on our new instruments. Agents discounts given away in new localities, in order to have them introduced where I have no agents. Fully warranted for six years as strictly first-class, and sent on five to fifteen days' test trial. Money refunded and freight charges paid both ways if unsatisfactory. AGENTS WANTED. New Organs to the trade $45 and upwards. Illustrated catalogue (with list of testimonials, some of whom you may know), sent free. Very liberal discounts to teachers, ministers and churches introduce them at once. Address, DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey. 47y1

Changes in Language.

BY RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

That words change their meaning, every intelligent person who observes language and thinks about it well knows. The change is almost always by a gradation, the steps of which are traceable, although they cannot be clearly defined. Nevertheless, some philologists maintain that a word has, and can have, at least at any one time, but one meaning. Now, if this were the case, it is difficult to see how any change could take place. For if a word has but one meaning, even at one time, it must be used with that meaning by all the three generations that are living in the world at the same time, and each of which is advancing gradually to fill the place of the other. If the third generation receives a word with a clearly defined meaning, it would seem that when this third generation becomes the second, it must hand that word with the same meaning to the new third, and so on forever. But this is not the case. It is true, in a certain sense, that, with but few exceptions, words have but one meaning; that is, the radical and essential meaning of the word exists so as to be perceivable, and so as to be a constant guide in the manner of its use. At the same time most words, if not indeed all, are used with such a degree of vagueness, small though it be, such a lack of perfect consent and and identical apprehension among all the users, that possibly no word has exactly the same meaning to any two persons. Just so it is true that no word has exactly the same sound to any two persons, or is pronounced by any two in exactly the same way. Indeed, it may be said without so much of paradox as might be generally supposed, that a word exists only for one moment of time—that at which it is spoken, and that if it is then immediately repeated by the person to whom it is addressed, it is in some respect, either of sound or of meaning, not quite the same word which had just before been spoken.

Of course, this is not what might be called a practical view of language. In practice we must assume, and we do assume, that a word used at a given time—the present—is in all respects absolutely the same to all its users. That it is not so, is certainly true; but it is merely a fact interesting and instructive in the history of language. A striking illustration is a word which I used a few lines above—"person." To all who read this paper "person" means an individual of the human species; but it has also another meaning connected with the former, and springing from it; it means the body of one of the human species. Thus, we say that a man has a very fine person, meaning that his body is, in its form and in its expression, satisfying to the general eye. We say that a well-bred and delicate woman is nice and dainty about her person; meaning that she is careful and fastidious to preserve her body in perfect cleanliness and freshness, and not to have it brought into contact with anything at which her nice sense revolts. Now "person" had originally no such meaning. It meant a mask, and not a mask as representative of the human face. The word is of Latin origin, but it is in existence in all of the European languages, with the same meaning; and its use can be traced in an unbroken line to all of them, from the earliest period at which it is known. "Person," in its radical and elementary sense, means a speaking trumpet. The Roman and Greek theatres were enormous unroofed structures, entirely opened to the air. The observation of any play of feature in the actors of these theatres would have been quite impossible, and never was attempted. Some distinction between the personages of the drama was, however, necessary, and this led to the use of comic and tragic masks. These two kinds of masks were at last greatly subdivided, and there were masks which belonged to each well-known character of the drama, just as with us there is a received costume for Sir Peter Teazle, for example, or for King Lear, Malvolio or Touchstone. These masks performed, however, another very important function. The remoteness of the stage from the audience and the openness of the theatre not only prevented the audience from seeing anything except the general appearance, attitudes, and movements of the actors, but also interfered much with their hearing of what was said; for when Sophocles wrote, and Aristophanes and Terence, as also when Shakespeare and even Sheridan had possession of the stage, people actually went to the theater to listen, to hear something higher, nobler, grander, than a repetition of their own foolish gabble by other people in fine clothes. This difficulty of hearing was overcome in a measure by a form given to the mouth of the mask, which was greatly widened, and protruded so as to increase the resonance of the voice and carry it forward. Now in Latin, *sonare* means to sound, and *per* means through; and thus the dramatic mask, through which the voice of the actor sounded to the audience, came to be called *persona*. Then, as these masks were subdivided into classes, corresponding to the heavy fathers, the first young men, the leading ladies, the chamber-maids, and so forth, of the modern stage—as the division was carried even further into the individual distinction of character—these *personæ* came to be distinctive of the characters of the dramas in which they were used; so that to enumerate the masks, or *personæ*, of a drama was to enumerate the characters that figured in it. This usage, pure and simple, still survives, (though with some difference of meaning to the modern mind,) in the phrase *dramatis personæ* which is generally used as a heading of the list of characters in a play in all Indo-European languages which have a dramatic literature. *Personæ* having thus come to mean a fictitious man, came at last to mean a real one, reference being at first made, however, to the character of the individual and to his face as expressive of that character. At last, however, it came to mean a man, that is a "human," (*homo*, not *vir*,) as for example we say, "If a person were to do thus and so," meaning if a man or a woman were to do thus and so, (and by the way, "person" is here just as much a pronoun, because it stands for a man or a woman, as "him" is in the sentence, "to him that hath shall be given," because "him" there stands for "any man.") "Person" having thus come to mean the individual man or woman, it was at last applied to the body of a man or woman; and thus the word, the identical word, (with the mere dropping of a final letter,) which at first meant something through which an actor spoke, came at last to mean the fleshly body of a human—person.

This is an example of what might be called a legitimate or normal change in the meaning of a word, that is, the change has been, so to speak, logical. Each shade of meaning that the word has had has grown naturally and reasonably out of a preceding meaning. When language changes in this way there can be no reasonable objection, so long as it is so gradual as not to be confusing. It is useless, indeed, to protest against any change, normal, which is an accomplished fact. In languages even more than in anything else, that which is, must be accepted; logic may subvert, good taste may revolt, but if a word has come to be generally used with a certain meaning, that is its meaning; and though the usage may be abnormal, absurd, and even disgusting, there is no help for it. The only time for protest with any hope of success is when the tendency to a vicious change first manifests itself. Now it is to be remarked that a great number of the changes in language which has just been illustrated in the word "person," and all of those which are really objectionable on the ground of reason or of good taste, are the consequences of the use of the words in question by persons who do not understand their meaning. And how many persons there are who daily use words in a strikingly elegant and somewhat overpowing manner, without understanding them! shall not here undertake to say. Some words, indeed, are of such a character that most persons, even the intelligent and the educated, do not apprehend their real meaning. A word which I have used above, and necessarily used, in the discussion of the word "person"—*i. e.* "individual," is such a word. "Individual" is used generally and constantly to mean simply "person." There are few words in the language so nearly synonymous as "individual" and "person"; and yet there are no two whose origin and real significance are more unlike. An individual is merely a thing, an enity, which cannot be divided, a unit; and a man is called an individual, merely because he is a single, indivisible, self-existent creature. The truth is that we are hard-pressed in language for a general synonym of "man," meaning one man; and there seems to be with many people a reluctance to use the simple word "man," just as with many more there is a reluctance to use as simple and as good a word, "woman." Hence we have the general adjective "female," which belongs to all she creatures, made into a noun as an elegant synonym of "woman." I have even heard of a man who wished to be gallant, and to give a reason for the gallantry that was in him, assign as that reason that "his mother was a female." So doubtless she was; and so was the dam of his mastiff dog. Or we have that common and really unmeaning use of the word "lady," which is well fitted to excite in some a feeling of nausea. To avoid the use of "man," meaning a human person of either sex, we have "individual," which, however, is most largely used by persons whose speech is more elaborately elegant than sensible. The word, however, is a perfectly legitimate word, and if sparingly used is open to no objection. But how many of those who do thus use it know or think of its real meaning? They accept it without question in the sense in which they hear it used; and thus, indeed, most words are accepted. Thus it is that speech is the surest test of education, of breeding, of association. Peter's speech did not more surely betray that he was a Galilean than the speech of every other man shows what was the speech of those among whom he received his breeding; and, as Alexander Ellis says, this speech once thoroughly acquired is, to all intents and purposes, ineradicable. After maturity, the prospect of any material change in this respect is very slight indeed.

But as to our words and their changes. "Individual" is from its character not only recondite in its real meaning, but happily, that meaning is almost incapable of misapprehension or perversion. Pretentious writers and speakers may choke us—and themselves—with it, but it would seem that they cannot use it in any other than its proper sense. But there are countless numbers of words which are constantly used with more or less perversion, and this perversion leads to deplorable confusion, and sometimes to misunderstanding which has serious consequences.

In the every-day speech of America, two words constantly illustrate what has been said before as to the ignorant use of language. These are "predicate" and "transpire." I have remarked upon their misuse before, and so have others; but the misuse is so flagrant and so common; it is so ridiculous and really so monstrous, that I cannot do better than to mark it again by using it as an illustration of abnormal change in the use of words—a change of a kind quite unlike that which has taken place in "person," a change which, although it is increasing, should be resisted, and may yet be resisted with some hope of preventing its final accomplishment. It was only the other day that I heard a judge of one of our highest courts—and that he was an upright judge, an able judge, and one learned in the law, I know—say on the bench that a certain action "was predicated upon" a certain statute. He might as well have said that at his breakfast he had predicated his butter upon his bread. So we constantly hear one man, generally a man of some intelligence and education, asking another if he means to predicate any action upon such or such a state of things. What he means to ask is whether his friend means to found any action upon such circumstances, or to take any action in consequence of them. What he really says is nonsense, utter, absolute. To any one who knows what "predicate" means, it is difficult to apprehend the condition of mind of a man who talks about predicating an action upon anything. To "predicate" means, in simple words, merely to say; or, to use larger words, to utter, to declare. A verb and the words which accompany and modify it are the predicate of a sentence, because they say something, declare something, of the subject and about the object. It will thus be seen that there is not the remotest connection, metaphorical or otherwise, between the real meaning of "predicate" and that which is so commonly given to it in this country, even by judges upon the bench.

And so it is as to a common use of "transpire." Every day we hear it said, and see it printed, that such and such an occurrence transpired yesterday. The speaker's or the writer's meaning in simple English being that it happened, that it took place, that the thing was done. Now, "transpire" means to breath through, to pass through, and, in its metaphorical use, which is the only one in which it is received, it means to pass from secrecy to knowledge, from privacy to publicity. For example: "The decision in the cabinet upon the New York appointments has not yet transpired," or, "the decision did transpire yesterday"—that is, it came to public knowledge yesterday. This the proper use of the word, and the only one. But some person having heard it said correctly, that such or such a thing transpired yesterday, with the meaning that the knowledge of it became public, supposed that it was a big, elegant word, for the simple English happened or took place, and thereafter used it with a pretentious ignorance which has infected many others innocent of his intellectual snobbishness. A like ignorant misapprehension and misuse has given us the deplorably ridiculous usage of "predicate" which has been above set forth. It is such perversion of language as this—perversion in some one respect or more—that is really worth the serious attention of those who would speak and write good English. This is of more real importance than all the errors in "grammar" or in spelling as to which so many persons seem solicitous. For perversions like this really affect the meaning of what is said, which the few grammatical errors possible in the English language—for example, "us" for "we," "them" for "those," "done" for "do," in no way touch.

The Telephone.

The worthy and elderly divine from the rural regions, who has zealously labored for a number of years in his divine calling in the true spirit of innocent simplicity, came to the city a few days ago. His visits to the city are not very frequent, and they occur at great intervals. He has not quite so much followed the world's progress in scientific advancements and discoveries as he is interested in the wayward trials and vicissitudes of his own little band of sinners in the rural fold.

He dropped in at the office of a companion of his youth, the chief of a large and extended manufacturing establishment. They had a quiet, pleasant chat in the elegant, easily furnished apartment. One of the novelties in the room is a telephone connecting it with a factory some dozen miles off. Our friend the chief is suddenly called out. The reverend gentleman remains alone in the room. He pulls out the latest tract, adjusts his specs, nestles down in the fauteuil and begins to read.

"Ellow!" in sepulchral tones. Looks up. Thinks it is outside.

"El-low! Wake up, old boy."

Our divine starts up and gazes around.

"Why the devil don't you answer?"

"I—I—beg—your—."

"What in——are you doing?" continues the telephone.

"Really—my dear—dear sir," gasps our kind sir, swaying unsteadily through the room.

"Order down two car-loads of coke and a barrel of brimstone."

"Lord have mercy on their souls," mumbles the preacher, in panic stricken terror.

"Send down a new pack, a box of cigars and a half-dozen bottles of Joe March's best."

This was too much. The elderly divine bolts through the door, flies down the street, his umbrella swinging like a weather vane at his back, and his long, baggy coat-tails flapping up and down on his heels. The crowd on the street gazed after him in amazement. He boarded the fast train home, and never got over his terrible excitement until he had landed safely in the parsonage in the rural domain.

Ancient and Modern Time.

It is not generally known that a little more than a century ago New Year's was celebrated on the 25th of March throughout the British dominions, including America.

The following enactments, adopted by Parliament, entitled "An Act regulating the commencement of the year, and for correcting the calendar in use," were passed in the twenty-fourth year of the reign of George II.:

"PREAMBLE—Whereas, The legal supputation of the year of our Lord, according to which the year beginneth on the 25th day of March, hath been found by experience to be attended with divers inconveniences," etc.

"Enactments. That throughout his Majesty's dominions in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, the said supputation, according to which the year of our Lord beginneth on the 25th day of March, shall be made use of from and after the last day of December, 1751; and that the first day of January next following the said day of December, shall be reckoned, taken, deemed, and accounted to be the first day of the year of our Lord, 1752, and so on from time to time, the first day of January in every year which shall happen in time to come, shall be deemed and reckoned the first day of the year," etc.

The Act further corrects the calendar thus:

"And that the natural day next immediately following the second day of September, shall be called and accounted to be the fourteenth day of September, omitting for that time only the eleven intermediate nominal days of the common calendar."

It is said that in the state of Rhode Island to this day all farm and other leases date from the date of the ancient New Year, namely, the 25th of March.

The ancient divisions of the day differed widely from the customs of our own time.

Thought He Had 'Em Again.

Sniffles brought his two weeks spree to a close on Saturday night. He lay on a lounge in the parlor, feeling as mean as sour lager, when something in the corner of the room attracted his attention. Rising on his elbow he gazed steadily at it. Rubbing his eyes, he stared again, and as he stared his terror grew. Calling his wife he asked hoarsely;

"Mirandy, what is that?

"What is what, Likey?"

Sniffles's name was Lycurgus, and his wife calls him Likey for short and sweet.

"Why, that—that—thing in the corner," said the frightened man, pointing at it with a hand shaking like a politician's.

"Likey, dear, I see nothing," replied the woman.

"What! you don't see it?" he shrieked.

"No."

"Then I've got 'em. Oh heavens! bring me the Bible, Miranda—bring it quick! Here—here, on this sacred book I swear never to drink a drop of whisky. If I break my vow, may my right hand cleave to the roof of my mouth, and—"

Here, catching another glimpse of the terrible object, he clutched his wife and begged in piteous tones,

"Don't leave me; don't leave your Likey!" And burying his face in the folds of her dress, he sobbed and moaned himself into a troubled sleep.

Then his wife stole gently to the corner, picked up the toy snake, and threw it into the stove.

Tommy Walsh, a boy about fourteen years old, went for the silver bill the other day in Terre Haute in a way that was substantial. His father gave him a silver half dollar to made a purchase of some sort, and he put it in his mouth for safe keeping, when, as he says, sudden as a spark from "smitten steel" down it went lodging in the lower portion of his throat. The little fellow of course became mighty uneasy, took a big dose of salts, and watched the silver movement closely. He had gripes as the movement went on, and at times he had great doubts of the remonetization of that half dollar. He swallowed it on Monday, and on Wednesday following he resumed specie payment with great joy and gladness. He thinks, though, he will keep that half dollar to buy the last nail in his coffin.

Many people are busy in this world gathering together a handful of thorns to sit upon.—[Jeremy Taylor.

Changes in European Climate.

In the Bay of Komenok, near Koma, in Greenland, fossil and very characteristic remains of palm and other trees have been discovered lately, which tend to show that in these parts formerly a rich vegetation must have existed. But the ice period of geologists arrived, and, as a consequence of the decreasing temperature, this fine vegetation was covered with ice and snow. This sinking in the temperature, which moved in a southerly direction, as can be proved by geological data, *i. e.*, the discovery of fossil plants of certain species, seems to be going on in our day, also. During the last few years the ice has increased far toward the south; thus between Greenland and the Arctic sea colossal masses of ice have accumulated. On European coasts navigators now frequently find ice in latitudes where it never existed before during the summer months, and the cold reigning upon the Scandinavian peninsula, this summer, results from the masses of ice which are floating in the regions where the Gulf stream bends toward our coasts. This is a repetition of the observation made in the cold summer of 1865. The unaccustomed vicinity of these masses of ice has rendered the climate of Iceland so cold that corn no longer ripens there, and the Icelanders, in fear of a coming famine and icy climate, begin to found a new home in North America.

That all are not equally sensitive to music is a well ascertained fact, but there are none who can not distinguish between music produced on a superior and inferior instrument. Mr. Daniel F. Beatty, of Washington, New Jersey, has succeeded in giving the public the finest toned instruments, both Pianos and Organs—hence hisunparalelled success. None should buy without consulting Mr. Beatty's advertisement. 45-4

Woman's Temperance Column.

"The Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge."

THE RECTOR OF RIVINGTON.

BY ESSIE R. CHEESBORO.

The rector of Rivington sat in his study. He was a venerable-looking man, on whose pale face some deep sorrow had left its trace. As he sat leaning thoughtfully back in his chair, his dark eyes fixed on the glowing coals in the grate, his countenance wore a troubled, anxious expression.

He was not alone; his daughter, a girl of eighteen, was with him, and her face, too, was clouded by sadness. As she tossed back her bright curls, and raised her eyes lovingly and trustingly to her father, who had so tenderly supplied her mother's place, proving that men, too, have a deep font of tenderness in their natures, which, at times, can even be maternal; the parent's heart smote him for the pain he was inflicting.

But the rector of Rivington never paused when he had a duty to perform; however painful that duty was, he walked up unflinchingly to it, even as the brave soldier walks up unflinchingly to the cannon's mouth. Turning his sad eyes on his daughter, he said:

"My child, you know that your happiness is as dear, even dearer to me than my life, and I cannot willingly consent to your throwing it away."

"Yes, father," she said, while the tears gathered in her eyes, and fell slowly down in great drops on her lap, "I know how tenderly you love me, how you have been father, mother, nurse and friend to me, throwing only sunshine around my way, and shielding me from every sorrow, and—"

"Yes, yes, my child," interrupted the rector, with emotion, "and will continue to do so, if you will only permit me. My child, my child, I cannot stand quietly by and see you throw the jewel of happiness away and not put forth my hands to stay you, my voice to implore you."

His tones were full of emotion, while his frame trembled with the intensity of his feelings.

"My child," he continued, "if ever a parent's heart is stirred to its deepest depths, it is when he sees the daughter he has tenderly nurtured link her fate with that of a drunkard. I cannot stand by and see this sacrifice without crying out, 'My God, my God, give me the strength to bar out from my home this terrible evil; give me the power to shield and to save my child from this gigantic misery—a misery so deep that no plummet can sound its depths."

Alice Carington's face grew deadly pale as her father spoke, and she cried out in tones of agony:

"O, father, spare me all this; I have not the strength to send from me the only man I love save my father. It is a dreary thing, dear father, for a woman to tear out from her heart the love of her girlhood and her womanhood, and to walk forever alone. How can my lips ever say to the man I love, 'Go, I cannot marry you.'"

"My child, you must."

"I love him, father."

"Tear your love out of your heart, before it rends your heart," he said, bitterly.

"O, father," she moaned.

"Better that, my child, than hug an affection which can bring you only sorrow,—a grief whose talon claws will rend apart your very body and soul. Alice, Alice, you know not what it is to be a drunkard's wife."

"I will reform him after we are married," she said, eagerly.

"Reform him first, and marry him afterwards, my daughter; but a woman sadly overrates her strength when she marries a drunkard to reform him."

"George Granville loves me, father; and you know where there is love on the husband's part, there is influence on that of the wife."

The rector shook his head sadly, and replied:

"My child, where the vices of men are confirmed, women can possess very little influence over them. I know that your sensitive heart shrinks back affrighted at the idea of being a drunkard's wife; with your ignorance of men, you think that love can accomplish miracles with them, and that the drunken lover will prove a sober husband. Ah! my child, many a poor, foolish woman has wrecked her hopes of happiness on just such a fallacy as this."

The tears that had been slowly falling from the girl's eyes, now came down in torrents. She laid her head on the table beside her, and sobbed passionately. Her father was prepared to see her grieve, but he did not anticipate so wild a storm of grief as this. He knew that his child loved, with all the ardor of her affectionate nature, the man who had sought her in marriage. He was handsome, intelligent and amiable; but one terrible failing overshadowed these qualities; he was a drunkard. He could plunge a woman into misery, but he could add nothing to her happiness.

And while the girl wept, the rector of Rivington sat with his sad eyes fixed upon her. He knew that he could give her no comfort; he might even seem, in her eyes, like the cruel destroyer of her peace; but with the bitter remembrance of the past still gnawing at his heart, he felt that he had a stern duty to perform, and, with the help of his heavenly Father, perform it he would. He waited until her passionate grief had spent itself; then he approached her, and parting aside her curls, kissed her lovingly on her wet cheek. He drew her to a chair near him, and said, with emotion thrilling in his tones:

"My child, let me tell you the history of a man's life and a woman's death, and then answer me, if I do any wrong in crying out from the very depth of my heart, 'My Father in heaven, save my child, my precious child, from the doom of the drunkard's wife."

Alice Carington looked with wondering eyes at her father; she had never seen him so deeply moved, and there was a tone of agonized pathos in his voice that told of some hidden woe.

The rector of Rivington leaned back in his arm-chair and closed his eyes for a moment, as if looking inwardly. His face was pale, and it evidently cost him a painful effort to unearth the sad story that had been buried so long. At length, opening his eyes and fixing them on the fire with that peculiar gaze which we sometimes see in the eyes of those who are exploring the dim recesses of the past, the rector commenced, in low, earnest tones, his story, while his daughter fixed her mournful eyes on her father as he thus spake:

"Clarence Medway was the son of an English gentleman, a man of wealth, culture and refinement. He gave his children every advantage which money could bestow, and his daughters and his sons, with one exception, grew up all that the most loving parents could wish. But this one, this boy Clarence, was a wild, dissipated fellow, plunging into shameful excesses, and wasting the precious hours of youth in the haunts of folly and the homes of crime. He gave his parents many an anxious hour, as such boys always do; fortunate, most fortunate was it for them that they slept the quiet sleep of the grave before this boy, dishonored and degraded, brought untold misery to the hearts that loved him."

The rector's voice trembled with emotion, but recovering himself, he continued:

"This boy, tenderly beloved by his parents, and who had been so carefully reared, grew worse and worse; and when he reached man's estate, he was a confirmed drunkard.

"There lived on the next place to Medway Manor a lovely girl, named Alice Richmond, whom Clarence Medway loved. She was young, younger by a year than you, my daughter, for she was only seventeen. She was a sweet, dove-like girl, gentle and loving, the idol of her parents and friends, and rich in every blessing that made life desirable. There never had been a sorrow on her heart; and no minor note wailed through the songs she sung. Oh, that so fair a life should have been so cruelly blasted,—blasted, too, by the man to whom she had given the priceless gift of her young affections.

"Clarence Medway sought her in marriage. He bid from her his body and soul-destroying