Middlebury Register

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

R. M. BAILEY.
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

TERMS:

$1,50 per annum, if paid in cash, strictly in advance $2.00 per annum for the time it ar ears when not paid in advance.

Advertising Rates:

One inch, one insertion.....$0
" " each insertion after first.....5
Business Cards (¼ inch) per annum.....5
" " (1 inch) " " 8
Local Notices per line, each insertion.....

Mr. J. H. Bates, Newspaper Advertising Agent, 41 Park Row (Times Building), New York, is authorized to contract for advertisements in the Register at our best rates.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

RAILROAD TIME-TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE MIDDLEBURY.

Going South.		Going North.	
Mixed	10.22 A. M.	Night Exp.	4 20 A. M
Mail	12 20 P. M.	Mixed	9 03 A. M.
Passenger	4.37 P. M.	Mail	3.22 P. M.
Express	8.24 P. M.	Passenger	5.38 P. M.

LEAVE VERGENNES

10	A. M.	4 55	A. M
1 55	A. M.	10 05	A. M
56	P. M.	3 50	P. M.
52	P. M.	6 12	P. M.

LEAVE LEICESTER JUNCTION.

11 15	A. M.	3 55	A. M
2 41	P. M.	8 25	A. M.
25	P. M.	2 56	P. M
48	P. M.	5 25	P. M

ADDISON RAILROAD

Mixed train leaves Ti at 6.20 A. M; arriving at Leicester Junction at 8.20 A. M.

Mixed train leaves Leicester Junction at 3.25 P. M. at arriving at Ti 6.50 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.....12:22 P. M
New York, Rutland and Albany.....7:20 A. M.
Way mail from south.....3:42 P. M.

MAILS CLOSE.

Way mail going south.....12:00 M.
Way mail going north.....3:20 P. M.
For Ripton, Granville, Hancock, East Middlebury, Cornwall, West Cornwall and Bridport.....4:00 P. M
Closed mail for Boston and Rutland....4:40 P. M
Closed mail for New York and Albany 7:45 P. M

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

MIDDLEBURY.

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

Methodist—North Pleasant-st. Rev. 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 10:45 A.M. and 7:00 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— ——, pastor. Sunday services at 2.00 P.M

VERGENNES.

Baptist—Rev. David F. Estes, 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. F. S. Fisher, 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.

RIPTON.

Congregational—Rev. J. A. Devine, pastor Sunday services at 11, A. M., and 5, P. M Thursday evening prayer-meeting at 7:00 P. M

Bristol Directory.

CHURCHES.

Baptist—Rev. W. D. Hall, apstor. Sunday services at 10:45 A.M. and 7:00 P.M. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:30. Young people's meeting Tuesday evening at 7:30.

Methodist—Rev. L. A. Dibble, pastor. Sunday services at 10:45 A.M. and 7:00 P.M. Class meeting Tuesday evening at 7:30. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:30.

Adventist—Rev. Mr. Quimby, pastor. Sunday

Evangelical Adventist—Rev D. Bosworth; Prayer meeting every Friday evening at Elder Bosworth's house.

MAILS ARRIVE.

From New Haven, the North, New York, Boston, and the West through Burlington, 1:30. P. M.

From New Haven, the South, New York, Boston, and the West, 5:00 P. M.

From Richmond, Huntington, Huntington Center, and Starksboro, 4:40 P. M. Mondays Wednesays and Fridays, at 4:30 p. m.

From Lincoln, 5 P. M.

From South Starksboro, three times a week irregularly.

From New Haven Mills, three times a week irregularly.

MAILS LEAVE.

For New Haven, Boston, New York, and the South, 10:30 A. M.

For New Haven, the North, Boston, New York, and the West through Burlington, 2:00 P. M.

For Richmond, Starksboro, Huntington and Huntington Center, 7:30 Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, at 7:30 a. m.

For Lincoln, 6:00 P. M.

For South Starksboro, three times a week irregularly.

For New Haven Mills three times a week irregularly.

FREDERICK LANDON, P. M.

BUSINESS CARDS.

GLEN HOUSE.—East Middlebury, Vermont
32md WILL ALLEN Manager.

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

ADDISON HOUSE LIVERY STABLE. D. RIDER, Proprietor. First class turnouts furnished on short notice. Prices reasonable. 51f Middlebury, Vt.

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

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

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

J. S. CHANDLER, Pension Attorney, RIPTON, VT. Prosecutes all pension claims on moderate terms.
ADVICE GRATIS.
Enclose stamp to insure a reply.

L. E. Mellen, D.D.S. Dentist. Office hours, 8 to 12 A. M., 1 to 5 P. M. Office over Frank A. Farnsworth's store. MIDDLEBURY, Vermont. Laughing gas administered.

GUIDE TO SUCCESS.
WITH FOR
FORMS BUSINESS AND SOCIETY
is BY FAR the best Business and Social Guide and Hand-Book ever published. Much the latest. It tells both sexes completely HOW TO DO EVERYTHING in the best way. How to be Your Own Lawyer, How to do Business Correctly and Successfully, How to act in Society and in every part of life, and contains a gold mine of varied information indispensable to all classes for constant reference. AGENTS WANTED for all or spare time. To know why this book of REAL value and attractions sells better than any other, apply for terms to 45—76w
W. H. THOMPSON & CO., Boston, Mass

AGENTS WANTED $50 to $125 a Month. ENCYCLOPEDIA
HOW TO BE YOUR OWN LAWYER
Law and Forms for Business Men, Farmers, Mechanics and Workingmen. Selling fast. Low price. Great success. One agent sold 105 in one town, another 152 in 36 days, another 75 in 15 days. Saves ten times its cost, and everybody wants it. Send for circulars and terms. Also General Agents Wanted. Address
P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., 1,000 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

County Clerk 1 Apr 80

The Middlebury Register.

VOL. XLV. MIDDLEBURY, VT., JULY 16, 1880. NO. 16

CANTERBURY SHAKER'S BLOOD-PURIFYING SARSAPARILLA.

THE Shakers' Sarsaparilla is just what it purports to be.—[Dixi Crosby, M. D. I have long prescribed it, and think it a most valuable medicine.—Jeremiah Blake, M. D., Gilmanton, N. H. Have known it for nearly half a century. Our confidence in it is in no way impaired.—[Carlton & Hovey, Druggists, Lowell. I speak with confidence of it, having prescribed it for eighteen years.—[S. M. Dinsmor, M. D. Francistown, N. H. Give me the Shaker Sarsaparilla in preference to all others.—C. A. Guilmette, M. D., Boston. I have the most unbounded confidence in its healing and renovating properties.—[Wm. R. Preston, Druggist, Portsmouth, N. H. I consider it the best preparation made.—[A. G. Wilbur, Druggist, Boston.

Do not fail to make a trial of this great Blood Purifyer, Appetizer, and Tonic, the first and best of all medicines, called Sarsaparilla, which is prepared from selected Shaker Roots, Herbs and Berries, by the Canterbury Society of Shakers, and is beyond all comparison the purest, safest, and most effective family medicine in the world. Ask for Corbett's Shaker Sarsaparilla. The genuine is signed by Thomas Corbett, its inventor, and is sold by druggists generally.

SHAKER VILLAGE, N. H., Jan. 1, 1880.

☞ Enclose Stamp for Shaker Manual.

MALT UNFERMENTED

THERE is no greater Blood-Purifyer and Life-giving principle in the world of medicine than MALT BITTERS, prepared by the MALT BITTERS COMPANY from unfermented malt and hops. It is a perfect renovator of feeble and exhausted constitutions. It enriches the blood, solidifies the bones, hardens the muscles, quiets the nerves, perfects digestion, cheers the mind, and vitalizes with new life every fluid of the body. It is so, because it strikes at the root of all debility—ENFEEBLED DIGESTION and IMPOVERISHED BLOOD. Sold everywhere.

MALT AND HOPS BITTERS

POND'S EXTRACT.
The Wonder of Healing.
IT STOPS ALL HEMORRHAGES.
It Cures all Inflammatory Diseases.

For Hemorrhages it is the greatest stanch er of bleeding in existence.

For Piles, Blind, bleeding, or Itching, it is the greatest known remedy.

For Burns, Scalds, Wounds, Bruises, and Sprains, it is unequaled — stopping pain, and healing in a marvelous manner.

For Inflamed and Sore Eyes.—Its effect upon these delicate organs is simply marvelous. It can be used without the slightest fear of harm.

For Catarrh. It cures the most obstinate cases in an incredibly brief time.

It is the Ladies' Friend.—All female complaints yield to its wonderous power.

For Ulcers, Old Sores or Open Wounds, Its action upon these is most remarkable. The most obstinate cases are cured.

For Rheumatism.—There are in our possession remarkable testimonials of cures of rheumatism in its various stages.

For Sprains, Sore Throat, Neuralgia Toothache, Face-ache, Bites of Insects, Sore Feet, Chilblains, and all diseases of an inflammatory character are certainly cured by

Pond's Extract

Dr. A. E. Sumner, of Brooklyn, N.Y., writes in the *Medical Union:* "Out of 120 cases of Egyptian Ophthalmia, 120 cases were cured by POND'S EXTRACT."

Dr. H. G. Preston, of Brooklyn, N. Y.: "I know of no remedy so generally useful in a family."

Dr. Arthur Gilmore, F.R.C.S., of England, says: "I have prescribed POND'S EXTRACT for Hemorrhages of various kinds, for Hemorrhoids, and for affections of the eyes, and also in Rheumatic inflammatory swelling of the joints with great success."

Also supported by the following able physicians: Dr. Okie, Dr. A. Freeman, Dr. Thayer, Dr. Bernard of England, Dr. Maberly, M.R.C.S. of England Dr. Chevverton, F.C.S. of England.

Caution.—POND'S EXTRACT is sold only in bottles with the name blown in the glass.

☞ It is unsafe to use other articles with our diseases. Insist on having POND'S EXTRACT. ☞ Take all imitations and substitutes.

SPECIAL PREPARATIONS OF POND'S EXTRACT COMBINED WITH THE PUREST AND MOST DELICATE PERFUMES FOR LADIES' BOUDOIR.

POND'S EXTRACT, 50c. $1.00 and $1.75

Toilet Cream	1.00	Catarrh Cure	75
Dentifrice	50	Plaster	25
Lip Salve	25	Inhaler (illus 50c.)	1.00
Toilet Soap (3 cakes)	50	Nasal Syringe	25
Ointment	50	Medicated Paper	25

Any of these preparations will be sent carriage free at above prices, in lots of $5 worth, on receipt of money or P. O. order.

☞ OUR NEW PAMPHLET WITH HISTORY OF OUR PREPARATIONS, SENT FREE ON APPLICATION TO

POND'S EXTRACT CO.,
No. 14 W. 14th St., New York.
Sold by all Druggists.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

Serve an Injunction on Disease.

By invigorating a feeble constitution, renovating a debilitated physique, and enriching a thin and nutritious circulation with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the finest, the most highly sanctioned, and the most popular tonic and preventive in existence.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

EVERY SOLDIER

should read the advertisement of W. C. Beringer & Co.; they are one of the oldest and best Claim Agencies in the United States—Read their advertisement. 8-2m

$55.66 Agent's Profits per Week will prove it or forfeit $500. $4 outfit free. E. G. RIDEOUT & CO. 215 Fulton street, New York, N. Y. 47-4m

AFTER TWENTY YEARS.

[Delivered at Commencement, Middlebury College, June 7th.]

In the old days of the past
Bravest heroes lived and died,
And their praises by the poets have been sung;
Some have held their fame alway,
Some have known it but a day;
For years are days, the centuries among!

But the clear star of his fame
Sheds a glory o'er the land,
Shining bright and brighter in the sky of time,
Like the white plume of Navarre
Seen by loyal eyes afar,
Small its need of faltering ornaments of rhyme!

Aye, he did not cease to fight
When he died a hero's death,
For his mighty struggle crushed Rebellion down!
Mingling with the shot and shell
Rose the strong and mighty swell
Of the soldier's song, the song of old John Brown.

Loud roared the guns on Sumter's frowning walls
That day of days, near twenty years ago,
When up from earth a million voices cried,
"Your traitor hands shall reap the fields ye sow!"

Ah, well we know these were no idle words,
No threats to frighten, for the deed was done!
And when on Richmond's walls our colors waved,
The North had finished what John Brown begun.

Then through the land triumphant peals rang out
From brazen bells, high in their airy towers!
A nation rose to greet the war-worn braves,
And deck the Stars and Stripes with spring's fair flowers.

Off to the Southland, where the sun's fierce rays
Beat down upon plantations far and wide,
Up rose a mighty swoop from sea to sea set free,
A shout that sweeped, and echoed far, and died!

Aye, fetters had been broken, chains were rent;
The slave shrank from his master's lash no more;
But, in the night's thick darkness, blows were struck—
A shriek, a stifled moan, and all was o'er!

On cabin walls the sunlight gleamed the same,
The warm winds blew as sweet, as soft and low,
As when the slave's first shout for freedom rang
On that great morning weary days ago!

The years rolled on; the war's red stains were gone;
But Freedom lived in name, and name alone!
The bondsman's eyes look toward the distant North,
Can freedom there for all the past atone?

First in lone cabins were faint whispers heard,
Where brave men gathered, and in secret planned
To rouse their fellow bondmen from their sleep,
And seek for liberty in that far land

Where Western suns lit prairies stretching wide;
The paradise where first their savior won,
Who with his iron hand held back the hounds
That yelped along the path the slave had run!

When days are clear and birds are on the wing,
And meadow, hill and woodland ring with song,
Sometimes a cloud, far on the horizon's rim,
Floats slowly up and sails the skies along.

Black grows the hanging mass, and shrouds the sun;
Low, rumbling thunders echo far and near;
The storm in grandest majesty bursts forth,
While monarchs of the wood bow down in fear!

So rose the exodus. A whisper first,
That in the silence grew from day to day;
Then louder swelled and rang from shore to shore,
While thousands journeyed on their weary way!

The land is reached, the weay march is done!
The dusky traveller lays his burden down,
And in that land where first his blows were struck
Floats grandly up the song of old John Brown!

* * * * * * *

Just across the wind-swept lake,
Where the mountains raise their crests,
Lies the grave of one who fought for love, and died!
No grand sculpture rears its head
O'er the silence of the dead,
Where the forest stretches backward wild and wide.

But the green hills guard his rest,
And the woodbirds sing their songs,
While the whispering pines chant requiems o'er his grave;
Grand the deeds that he has done,
Fresh the glory he has won,
For he lives among the bravest of the brave!

And the clear star of his fame
Sheds a glory o'er the land,
Shining bright and brighter in the sky of time.
Like the white plume of Navarre
Seen by loyal eyes afar,
Small its need of faltering ornaments of rhyme!

HENRY RIPLEY DORR.

Rutland, Vt.

JUST IN TIME.

"Oh, dear, how nice it is to be home again!"

Faith Lindsey tossed her brown straw hat upon a table, and rolling her well-worn kid gloves up into a tiny ball, flung them after it.

"Mother," she went on, cheerily, "this vacation is just a blessing to me! I'm so tired of that dingy old schoolroom, and my almost hopeless task of 'teaching the young ideas,' etc. There are times when I long to drop everything and just fly away. Oh, had I the wings of a dove!" she hummed, while her mother, a worn, tired-looking woman, with a sweet, gentle face, watched her fondly.

"I've longed so for the end of the term," Faith continued, "and now it is really here, I can hardly realize my emancipation. I was so tired of work; and so glad to get back to you, away from the dusty city, here in the dear old home!"

Faith paused for breath. Her mother smiled.

"Well, dear," she said, quietly, go now to your room and dress. Max will be here soon, you know!"

And Faith, blushing prettily, ran off to her own apartment. And when she had closed the door behind her, her smiling face grew grave.

"Poor old Max!" she said, sadly, as she leaned her elbow upon the window sill, and rested her chin in one rosy palm; "how I wish I could help him! he is so true and good; and such a small sum of money would give us everything we desire. Two thousand dollars would buy him Dr. Shipton's practice, and then he would be on a fair road to a competency at least; and that is the most we dare hope for. But what can I do? I, a poor schoolteacher, toiling from day to day for a bare subsistence, and to help mother the little I can. Thank God the old home is ours; there are only mother and me to worry about, and we have health, and—well," as a cheery smile stole over her pretty face, "I don't see but that we have a great deal to be thankful for, after all."

She sprang to her feet, the glad smile still lingering around the dainty mouth; and pulling the pins from her coil of red-brown hair, let it fall in rebellious ripples all over her shoulders, half covering her petite figure. And as her little fingers went busily to work plaiting the thick wavy tresses, and making them into the most bewitching braids and puffs that ever bewildered a man's admiring eyes, her thoughts still flew along.

"If only Aunt Patience had left us her money! She must have been very rich! I was too young when she died to remember her. She had always intended to make mamma her heir. But the old lady was so eccentric—crazy, I should call it! I should not wonder if she had buried her money somewhere. For, although a will was found, bequeathing to mamma all her possessions, all the property ever discovered was this little house and the grounds around it. But that was a great gift for us, coming as it did just at the time of dear papa's death, and I too young to be any assistance, and mamma nearly penniless. God has been very good us."

She paused to note the effect of her coiffure in the small mirror; then placing a snowy rosebud in one side of the wavy tresses, she unlocked her trunk, and began turning her dresses over.

"I will wear my black grenadine!" she said at last, decidedly. "Max likes dark colors!"

It was easy to see that the young lady was very anxious to please Max Peyton—Dr. Peyton, as he had a right to be called, now that he had received his diploma, and was looking about for practice. But, ah! the weary waiting—for Max was poor, and had little influence. And, there was Dr. Shipton, who was growing too old to work longer at his profession, whose comfortable practice no would dispose of for two thousand dollars—so small a sum, when the hopes of two young lives are a stake.

For Max and Faith had been betrothed for more than a year. Poor as they both were, Mrs. Lyndsey loved them too well to object; though her heart grew heavy as she thought of their long days of waiting, which stretched before them like arid desert.

And, while I have been telling all Faith's secrets, she has been getting herself up in the pretty grenadine, and at last floated downstairs to meet her lover, with the brightest face imaginable. Max was a tall, fine-looking young fellow, with a world of determination in his dark eyes. He was brave and earnest. To him life was a battle, in which he meant to come off conqueror.

And the days flew by on golden wings, bringing nearer the hour when Faith must return to the city and the toil of the schoolroom. What was her consternation, one morning, to receive a terse note informing her that the school-board which employed her had determined upon a retrenchment of expenses for the coming season, and had proceeded to discharge a number of the teachers, herself among them. Poor Faith! Though the confinement of the schoolroom was irksome to her, she was, nevertheless, dependent upon her situation for a livelihood, and it was taking away from her her sole support.

For a time she was stunned by the intelligence and knew not which way to turn. Then, more trouble came. A small sum which she and her mother had contrived to save between them was lost by the failure of the bank in which it was placed; and it seemed truly "that troubles never come singly," for (and that was worst of all) Mrs. Lyndsey's health began to suffer, and Faith thought, with a sudden shock of grief and terror, that her mother might be taken away.

These were dark days to Faith; and had it not been for Max—brave, true patient Max—she would have come near despairing.

It was one evening in early autumn A bright wood-fire roared and crackled on the broad hearth; for the old house which had belonged to Aunt Patience was built with great, roomy fireplaces.

Mrs. Lyndsey and Faith and Max, who had dropped in for the evening were gathered around a large table drawn up before the fireplace, and strewn with books and work, for Faith's only dependence now was in needlework.

Times were hard with the young physician; and he had, at last, made up his mind to tear himself from home and all he held dear, and go out into the new western country, and build up a practice. He loved Faith too well to willingly subject her to the hardships and trials of his new life. No! He would go forth alone—and work so hard, and strive so earnestly, that some day he would be ready for his wife, and Faith, he knew, would be true.

"But I shall be old and gray by that time!" smiled Faith, through her tears.

"I shall love you just the same, my darling!" the young man answered; and somehow, Faith could not doubt him to save her life!

So, sitting there before the bright fire, the three discussed the proposed departure; till, at last, Faith dropped her tear-dimmed eyes upon her work, and quiet fell over all.

"Mamma," said the young girl, suddenly, after a long, thoughtful silence, "what do you suppose Aunt Patience did with her money?"

Mrs. Lyndsey smiled.

"I'm sure I have no idea, dear," she answered, "I considered that subject exhausted long ago. It was thought, however, that she converted her ready money into jewels. I remember hearing her say that diamonds were the only safe investments which never depreciate, and that stones of value are never drug in the market."

"Imagine Aunt Patience bedecked with diamonds!" laughed Faith, mischievously. "Max, just imagine, if you can, the antiquated lady whose portrait hangs yonder attired in jewels, and a fashionable ball-dress!"

Faith laughed again, and the others could not resist the contagion. For Faith, with her cheerfulness, bore her crosses with fortitude.

"She's only mamma's aunt, you know," interpolated Faith, apologetically, "and she died seventeen years ago! Mamma, did any one ever search—a real, good, old-fashioned search, I mean—for Aunt Patience's money?"

Her mother smiled sadly.

"Yes, indeed. For years we could not give up the hope of finding it. Every nook and corner about the old place has been carefully examined. No, no, my child, Aunt Patience laid her money away too safely for any hope of recovery after all these years. Don't let such a foolish thought enter your head, my dear; it is but a waste of time!"

Faith reached across the table, and laid one finger on an ancient looking box.

"See, Max," she cried, "here's the old lady's workbox—I don't believe mamma has ever disturbed its contents. Who knows," she cried, with a sudden fire in her brown eyes, "but Aunt Patience may have hidden her money away in it."

"Vain hope!" said Mrs. Lyndsey; "the box has been overhauled and examined over and over again."

Faith sighed.

"Ah, well," she said, resignedly, "I suppose I must submit to fate's decrees. But if only we had a little of that money—think how much it would accomplish!"

She had taken from the box a ball of wax—such as commonly forms part of the paraphernalia of a workbox, and toyed idly with it as she talked.

But as she finished the last sentence her eyes met her lover's gaze, and she blushed rosily at the thought of what her speech implied.

In her confusion she dropped the ball of wax. It rolled across the rug at her feet, and right into the blazing wood fire.

Faith sprang to her feet with a little cry of dismay.

"Oh, what a pity!" she cried, brandishing the poker, "and it's over seventeen years old!"

She thrust the implement she held into the flames and rolled the melting wax toward the rug. But it was too late to save it.

The wax had entirely melted and lay upon the hearth in a great soft pool, and there, before their astonished eyes, as though a magician's wand had called it forth, glowed and sparkled something—shining, scintillating. With a low cry of rapture Mrs. Lyndsey stooped and raised it.

"Max—Faith," she said, brokenly, "Aunt Patience's fortune is found at last."

And so it proved. The eccentric old lady had converted all her ready money into one immense diamond.

How she had obtained it no one could conjecture, but she had hidden it away in this odd receptacle, only to be ressurrected after seventeen long years.

And Mrs. Lyndsey—heir at law—as well as by the old lady's will—had no trouble in exchanging the jewel of greenbacks—a handsome fortune.

Mrs. Lyndsey insisted on purchasing the practice of Dr. Shipton for her future son-in-law, and Max accepted the money as a loan.

He and Faith were married soon, and with Mrs. Lyndsey went to live in a pretty Gothic cottage just within the city of Rochester.

Max is a popular physician now; gossip says he is getting rich fast; and the hearts of the happy trio are ever grateful for the unhoped-for discovery of the fortune which came just in time.

Street Acquaintances.

You know a great many people you are not acquainted with.

Your accustomed walks on the street bring you face to face with men, women and children every day, who grow familiar to you, but you know them not.

Just about so far from the same corner every morning you meet the care-worn man, weighted with life's burdens, his face wrinkled with the history of struggles. You always feel like taking off your hat to him and offering a sympathetic word.

The spruce young clerk, with one hundred and twenty steps to the minute, glances at you sharply and whizzes by as if the world wouldn't move till he got there.

The dignified old gentleman who "toes out" after the style of a drum major, slowly wends his way along, noticing nobody, but always noticed.

The distressed-looking woman, with pale face, shabby-genteel dress and a bit of resolution expressed by her closed mouth, tiresomely comes down the walk. Her face has moved you to pity every morning for a year.

What is this little breeze coming? With metallic heel-plate clicking on the sidewalk like the ring of a clog dancer's steps, jaunty hat to one side of her head, neat costume, and a saucy, piquant air? Meet her every day, but don't dare to speak to her.

This little toddling girl with bangs protected by an older brother playing on the sidewalk, with hoop and dolly. A gleam of childhood's sunshine that greets you cheerily.

Those two jolly fellows coming, telling stories and laughing all the way to their work. Light-hearted, because they were born so. You feel like turning about and having a laugh with them, but they are only street acquaintances.

The "grubbing" sort of men whom you meet every day carrying a pipe between their teeth, round shouldered, and having a hang-dog sort of gait perfectly indifferent to everything. It makes a man feel blue to see them.

The gray-haired and much-bowed veteran, whose life is near adjournment. You meet him on sunny mornings only, leaning on his staff, his white locks streaming in the breeze, a picture which we all look upon with reverence.

These are but a few types of the people we meet every day in the street and know, but are not acquainted with; that are as much a part of our every-day life as are our duties, that add as much to our pleasure and opportunity for study, and more than books or newspapers.—*New Haven Register.*

A Specimen Gambling Trick.

A singular method of "fighting the tiger" is thus related by a writer in the London *Truth:* I happened, in response to a pressing invitation, to find myself in a law court, when a curious mode of cheating at faro was shown. The game is played thus: Thirteen cards are spread out on the table, that is to say, an entire suit. A pack of cards is shuffled by the banker, then cut by a player, when the banker proceeds to draw the cards, one after another, from the pack, first removing one. If a player has put a stake upon any one of the cards which has been laid out upon the table, he wins, provided his equivalent is an odd card in the pack, and he loses if it is an even one. Now, it would seem impossible that a player could cheat the banker. This is, however, how it is done: In shuffling the banker generally shows the bottom card. When he hands the pack to be cut the player cuts an even number of cards, so that when the cut is put back by the banker the player knows that what was the bottom card will be an odd one, and knowing also what that card will be, can stake upon it with a certainty that he will win. But how does he cut the number of cards that he chooses? By a very simple process. One side of the nail of his thumb is allowed to grow straight, and a little notch is made in it. Provided the length of the nail from the notch to the end be always kept the same, and that he presses the nail against the cards in cutting, he must always take up exactly the same number of cards.

General Kaufman has presented to the zoological garden of Moscow a hairless horse of Central Asia. The animal belongs to the hybrid species, and is considered a great rarity; it is well formed, but its skin is red and without the slightest trace of hair, and in cold Moscow it has to be covered with blankets.

Footprints in the Desert.

On the prospecting trip to the northeast of San Bernardino, about one hundred miles, from which Barney Carter and J. C. Reed have just returned, they discovered the spot where George J. Lee, well known in San Bernardino as a veteran prospector, met a sudden and violent death at the hands of a party of Chimehueva Indians. Mr. Lee left San Bernardino last summer to explore this unknown country, and months elapsing without his return, his friends apprehended that some calamity had befallen him, and search was made for him. A peculiarity of the soil there retains any imprint on its surface for ages (the wagon-wheel tracks of a government surveying expedition in 1854 can be seen there to-day) and the old man's tracks were discovered and traced for days, but nothing definite was found. On their last trip, McIntosh and Carter followed his footprints, and came to the spot where he was killed. Some bloody clothing lay on the ground, and an examination showed that Mr. Lee had been walking leisurely along when a party of Indians in ambush behind some bushes fired upon him; he reeled and sank, digging his elbows into the soft earth (and may that impression remain till the judgment day as an evidence against his cowardly murderers). The Indians then revealed themselves, and placing his body on a horse carried it off into the mountains. Single prospectors are in peril of their lives in traversing this region, both from the roving bands of Indians and the danger of being lost and dying from starvation and thirst.—*San Bernardino (Cal.) Times.*

A Mexican Hacienda.

A long train of Mexican carts, such as do much of the general freight business of Mexico, wended its way into the city yesterday and stopped on Commercial street. The carts were drawn by fine-conditioned mules and were laden with beans. The beans were produced on the Hiacenda del Rosario, at Parras, Mexico, distant from San Antonio four hundred and fifty miles. The freight was consigned to the wholesale grocery house of Hugo & Smeltzer, and consisted of one hundred and fifteen sacks of beans, in weight aggregating thirty thousand pounds. They were raised on the hacienda above named by Madero & Co., whose enterprise is unexcelled in all Northern Mexico. The land under cultivation in the hacienda embraces eighteen square miles, all of which is subject to irrigation. Madero & Co. sow annually three thousand bushels of wheat and plant four hundred and fifty bushels of corn. The past year they produced six hundred thousand pounds of grapes, and manufactured two thousand barrels of wine, besides a large quantity of brandy. The population of the hacienda, which includes workmen and their families, is nearly twenty-five hundred. Three hundred men are constantly employed on the farming section of the hacienda, while four hundred persons are kept busy in a large cotton goods manufactory. Most of the cotton used at the mill is produced in a lake country seventy-five miles to the northeast of the hacienda. In this section the plant grows, producing each year, for from three to seven years. It attains an immense size. The past season, however, the cotton crop was a failure, and the enterprising manufacturers have been forced to look to Texas for their supply of the staple.—*San Antonio (Texas) Sun.*

A Singular Monstrosity.

Doctor Philip Leidy, of this city, has presented to the Wistar and Horner museum of the University of Pennsylvania a rare and valuable contribution to medical science. It is a monstrosity in the shape of two perfectly developed children, joined together from the shoulders to the hips, and known in medical literature as *omphalopagus gastro thoraco didymus*, meaning a combination of the anatomical parts connected, in the light of which the Siamese twins are cast far into the shade. The twins, if they may be called such, are females, weighing fourteen pounds, and were still-born, having been removed by the Cæsarian operation, the mother surviving twenty-two hours. Doctor Leidy says there is no record in American medical literature of such another case, and it is claimed that there is but one case of the kind ever reported, that mentioned by Doctor Voorman, a German physician, in an exhaustive treatise on monstrosities. There are five different species of this form of monstrosity, of which the above is regarded as the crowning specimen, the one of most rare occurrence. The Siamese twins belonged to one of the series. First, according to medical men, two bodies may be joined at the thorax; next at the sternum; next at the xiphoid cartilage; fourth, at the abomen, and fifth, at all four places combined, and of this kind is the specimen in the possession of Dr. Leidy.—*Philadelphia Times.*

An Easy Death.

Dr. Sam Johnson was a dear lover of tea, and drank it freely. On a certain occasion he chanced to be taking tea in company where was present a woman who not only held the fragant herb in holy horror, but who believed it to be poison. She sat near the doctor, and beheld him receive his sixth cup. She had borne it thus far in silence, but when she saw the good man about to empty another cup, after having drank five of them, she felt it her duty to speak, which she did, feelingly and emphatically:

"My dear Dr. Johnson, do you know what you are doing? Do you know that you are drinking poison? If you are given to that habit, you may be sure it is killing you."

The burly doctor looked at her, first in amaze and then quizzically, with the waiting cup suspended. With a reverent nod he replied:

"Madam, I thank you for your concern in my welfare, but on my account you need not be alarmed. I have been many, many years at this work, and if, as you say, it is killing me, it must be an easy death to die. Let me hope that your exit may be as vigorously healthful and as calmly placid!"

And he raised his cup to his lips.

A physician who had been called to attend Fontenelle found the great author sipping coffee.

"My dear sir, do you expect medicine can cure you wh le you persist in drinking the infusion of that pernicious berry? Coffee, s'r, is a slow poison!"

"I should say slow," replied Fontenelle, sipping away at his beverage. "I have, within my own remembrance, been drinking it, daily and freely, for over sixty years."

He lived to be 100 years old.

A young man boasted that he had a well-stored mind, whereupon a young lady murmured: "What a pity we can't find out where he stored it!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Rats.

Rats are a great pest in every city and town, and, indeed, everywhere in this country. It seems nearly impossible to get rid of them, and any method that promises to secure this most desirable end is worth trying. Somebody recommends covering stones, rafters and every part of a cellar with ordinary white-wash, made yellow with copperas, putting copperas in every crevice or cranny where a rat may get, and scattering it in corners on the floor. He has tried it repeatedly, and the result has been a general retreat of both mice and rats, not one of which had at last accounts returned. It is said that a coat of this yellow wash, given each spring to a cellar, will not only banish those vermin, but will prevent fever, dysentery or typhoid. Everything eatable should be carefully secured against the ravages of rats, which are so intelligent that they will soon abandon premises where they get next to nothing to eat. The rat we are most troubled with is the brown rat, much larger, stronger, fiercer and more ravenous than the black rat, which has almost entirely disappeared, having been driven off or exterminated by the more formidable species. The brown rat is frequently called the Norway rat, from the erroneous impression that it came from Norway, which country it did not reach until it had become abundant in Britain and America. It appeared first at Astrakhan in the beginning of the eighteenth century, and gradually spread over Western Europe, whence we have derived it. It was once known as the Hanoverian rat, because the British Jacobites were pleased to believe that it came in with the house of Hanover.

A Mine of Palm Oil.

According to the *Colonies and India* that portion of the west coast of Africa which lies south of the river Volta furnishes the principal supplies of palm oil. Nearly 1,000,000 cwt. of this oil are annually exported to Great Britain, of the value of $7,500,000, its principal use being in the manufacture of soaps, perfumery, candles and similar articles. Among the natives it is highly valued, both for food (taking the place of butter), for lighting and cooking purposes and for anointing the head and body. The so-called oil, which is rather a fatty substance resembling butter in appearance, is obtained from the several species of palm, but especially from the one known botanically as "Elais guineensis," which grows in abundance on the western coast of Africa, and from which it takes its pecific name.

So thickly do these trees grow, and so regular and rapid are their supplies of fruit, that in some localities where the regular collection of the produce is not practiced, the ground becomes covered with a thick deposit of the oily, fatty matter produced by the ripe berries. Deposits of palm oil which may also be called "mines" of vegetable fat, exists in some parts of the gold coast, and which, if not in themselves worth working, at least practically illustrate the natural wealth of the country in such productions, and indicate its undeveloped resources. These "mines" would probably not repay the cost of exploration, as the palm oil is apt to become rancid and valueless for its general uses after long exposure, though for such purposes as candle-making these deposits might still be valuable.

Dog Travel in British America.

For winter travel dogs have hitherto been largely used, as with light loads they are swifter than horses. To drive a team of