County Clerk 1April

The Middlebury Register.

VOL. XLV — MIDDLEBURY, VT., DECEMBER 31, 1880. — NO. 40.

Middlebury Register

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

R. M. BAILEY.
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

TERMS:

$1,50per annum, if paid in cash, strictly in advance $2.00 per annum for the time is arrears when not paid in advance.

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RAILROAD TIME-TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE MIDDLEBURY.

Going South.		Going North.	
Mixed	10:20 A. M.	Night Exp.	5:13 A. M
Mail	12:10 P. M.	Passenger	9:08 A. M
Passenger	4:40 P. M.	Mail	3:24 P. M
Express	8:24 P. M	Passenger	5:52 P. M

LEAVE VERGENNES.

9:71	A. M.	5:43	A. M
11:45	A. M.	9:02	A. M
3:50	P. M.	3:50	P. M
7:52	P. M.	6:20	P. M

LEAVE LEICESTER JUNCTION.

11:10	A. M.	4:52	A. M
1:31	P. M.	8:25	A. M.
5:28	P. M.	3:00	P. M
8:18	P. M.	5:22	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 5:30 P. M. at arriving at Ti 6:35 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..... 5:42 P. M.

MAILS CLOSE.

Way mail going south..... 12:00 M.
Way mail going north..... 8:20 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.

Baptist—Meeting in the Court House, Rev. C. Hibbard, pastor. Sabbath services at 10:45 a. m. and 7 p. m.; sunday school at 12 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7 o'clock.

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. M. B. Mead, 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. Wm. J. Tilley, rector. Sunday school at 12 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. M. A. Wicker, 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. ervices, 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

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, 4:30 P. M. Mondays Wednesdays 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, 6:30 P. M.
For South Starksboro, three times a week irregularly.
For New Haven Mills three times a week irregly.

FREDERICK LANDON, P. M

BUSINESS CARDS.

GLEN HOUSE.—East Middlebury, Vermont 32m3 WILL ALLEN Manager.

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

AMOS H. CARPENTER, Attorney and Counsellor at law, Middlebury, Vt. Office in Allen's Block. 29-1y

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

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

STEVENS HOUSE. Vergennes, Vt. S. S. GAINES, Proprietor. Carriage to and rom 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. 11tf

THE CENTRAL PHOTOGRAPH GALlery is located at the north end of the river bridge over Alden's book store. It is a favorite resort for those in want of fine and accurate photographs. 6 A. V. BROWN, Photographer.

JOHN E. GOODRO, Successor of Byron Fleming, has increased facilities and will furnish teams for work of all kinds, light or heavy, promptly and reasonably. Trucking a specialty. Ice cut and houses filled to order. Ice delivered during the season, as required. House on Washington street, Middlebury, Vt. 29-tf

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.

Merchants, Manufacturers, Nurserymen, Florists, Stationers and Business People everywhere are delighted with, and Make and Save Money by using the world-renowned Model PRINTING PRESS. It is large enough to do all the printing required, strong, rapid, EASY TO WORK, always reliable, and any boy can manage it, and do hundreds of dollars worth of work every year. We make twelve styles, hand and foot power, ranging in price from $10 upwards. Send 4 cent stamp for circulars. Over 7,000 in use. ☞ The MODEL PRESS has made me over $6,000 last year, and good customers about."—S. KIRK, Houston, Tex. "My MODEL PRESS has over paid for itself already in card printing alone."—W. F. WOODARD, Fulsidell, Ills. "The MODEL does all and even more than you claim for it."—J. SNYDER, Newton, N. J. First Prizes at Paris, '78, and Sydney, N. S. W., '79. Address all orders or inquiries to manufacturers, J. W. Daughaday & Co. 721 Chestnut St. Philadelphia

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HYDE & CALVIN

Have opened a

STORE

AND

TIN-SHOP

In Swiney's Block,

Where you will find all kind of house furnishing goods, Pumps, Lead Pipe, Iron Pipe, Fittings. All kinds of

Job work

done promptly, in the best manner by EXPERIENCED WORKMEN.

Give us a Call

27

VAN DOORN & TILSON.

We are now ready and invite the attention of the public to what we think is the best RETAIL stock of

Paper Hangings

OR WALL PAPER

IN VERMONT.

We have a fine line of new Gilts of all styles with Borders, Dados, Frieze, Decorations, &c to match, and can furnish anything that can be bought in New York and guarantee to do so for much less money than would buy them there at Retail.

Window Shades and Fixtures.

In Common Papers we have a large stock of every quality made in this country.
We take pleasure in showing these goods to those who contemplate papering their houses.

Picture Moulding and Window Cornices.

Special Inducements to Customers from a distance.

Van Doorn & Tilson,

27

MERCHANTS' ROW, RUTLAND, VT

THE OLD ORIGINAL

Charley Earl

IS BACK IN BUSINESS IN

MIDDLEBURY

IN THE FIRM OF

EARL AND BARNUM.

Hardware Store

THEY HAVE OPENED A COMPLETE HARDWARE STORE AND

TIN-SHOP

IN THE NEW

DYER BLOCK,

Where may be found everything in that line which any man in this vicinity can want.

TIN, SHEET IRON AND HOLLOW WARE, STOVES, CARRIAGE AND BUILDERS' HARDWARE, HORSE SHOES AND NAILS, TABLE AND Pocket Cutlery etc.,

OF EVERY KIND, AND ALL THE BEST OF THEIR KIND.

Sole Agents in Addison County

These stoves combine many new and excellent features, and are acknowledged to be the best stoves made. Besides being the best, they are also the cheapest. No one should fail to call in and see the Silver Sheen, The Paris Range, and the Paris Royal Range.

ALL GOODS SOLD STRICTLY FOR CASH.

Remember the place, Dyer's Block, south end of the bridge.

Earl & Barnum.

CANTERBURY SHAKER'S LIFE-INVIGORATING SARSAPARILLA.

THE GREAT HEALTH RESTORATIVE

FIFTY years of faithful attention to the minutest details in the Growth, Selection and Preparation of its ingredients entitles this great original Family Medicine to the confidence of those desiring a pure, safe, effective and genuine Blood Purifier, Spring Medicine, Appetizer and Tonic. It has been publicly endorsed and prescribed by hundreds of the greatest American physicians, among are Drs. Valentine Mott, Dixi Crosby and Prof. Cleveland. Every druggist familiar with its virtues will bear testimony to its universal excellence, unequalled purity and never-failing success. It is a

GENUINE SHAKER MEDICINE,

invented by Thos. Corbett prepared for fifty year by the Canterbury Society of Shakers, at Shake Village, N. H. Those who have failed to be benefited by other Sarsaparillas are respectfully desired to make a single trial of this pure and wholesome compound of Shaker Sarsaparilla, Dandelion, Yellow Dock, Mandrake, Black Cohosh, Garget, Indian Hemp and the Berries of Juniper and Cubeb united with Iodide of Potassium made by the Society, because it is safe, never failing, and adapted to all ages and both sexes.

It cleanses the blood, regulates the stomach and bowels, purifies the system of humors and inherited diseases, and is of priceless value in maintaining the health of the household. Inquire for Corbett's Shakers' Sarsaparilla. Sold everywhere.

MALT UNFERMENTED

THIS INCOMPARABLE NUTRIENT is richer in Bone and Muscle Producing Materials than all other forms of malt or medicine, while free from the objections urged against malt liquors. For difficult digestion, Sick Headache, Consumption, Emaciation, Mental and Physical Exhaustion, Nervousness, Want of Sleep, Ulcerative Weakness of Females, Exhaustion of Nursing Mothers, of the aged, and of Delicate Children, MALT BITTERS are the purest, best and most economical medicine ever compounded. Sold everywhere.

MALT AND HOPS BITTERS

WHEN YOU GO TO BOSTON,
Visit Oak Hall
For Men's, Youth's and Children's Suits,
the Cheapest place in New England. Write for Samples and Rules for Self-measurement.

"EVERY DAY" SUITS for children—Winter Suits for gentlemen—English Dressing Gowns—Blanket Bath Wraps—Driving and Walking Gloves—Rugby Foot Balls—Leather Jackets—Bicycle Uniforms. Everything worn by men or boys—can be bought at OAK HALL.
C. W. SIMMONS & SON, OAK HALL,
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1826-1880.
The old *Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam.* "BEST COUGH MEDICINE IN THE WORLD." Small old style, 25c. CUTLER BROS. & CO., BOSTON.

The Purest and Best Medicine ever Made. A combination of Hops, Buchu, Mandrake and Dandelion, with all the best and most curative properties of all other Bitters, makes the greatest Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator, and Life and Health Restoring Agent on earth. No disease can possibly long exist where Hop Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations. They give new life and vigor to the aged and infirm. To all whose employments cause irregularity of the bowels or urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic and mild Stimulant, Hop Bitters are invaluable, without intoxicating. No matter what your feelings or symptoms are what the disease or ailment is use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick but if you only feel bad or miserable use them at once. It may save your life. It has saved hundreds. $500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help. Do not suffer or let your friends suffer, but use and urge them to use Hop Bitters. Remember, Hop Bitters is no vile, drugged drunken nostrum, but the Purest and Best Medicine ever made; the "ENEMY TO DRUNKENNESS FRIEND AND HOPE" and no person or family should be without them. D. I. O. U. is an absolute and irresistible cure for drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics. All sold by druggists. Send for Circular. Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N.Y. and Toronto, Ont.

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Complete Farm Library. Sure Guide to Successful Farming. TELLS HOW TO Make Money Cultivate all Farm Crops. Breed and Care For Live Stock. Grow Fruit, Manage Business, And Secure Happiness. *But Book for Farmers and Farmers' Boys. Endorsed by Leading Papers and Ablest Writers as a Thoroughly Practical Manual of Farm Affairs. Sales many times its cost every season.* 840 Pages. 140 Illustrations. Handsomest and Best Farm Book ever published. *Every Farmer should have a Copy.* For Descriptive Circular and Terms to Agents, Address, J. C. McCURDY & CO., 652 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. Chestnut, O. Chicago, Ill. or St. Louis, Mo.

OPIUM Morphine habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEVENS Lebanon, Ohio. 2-1y

In the Long Run.

In the long run fame finds deserving man.
The lucky wight may prosper for a day,
But in good time true merit leads the van,
And vain pretense, unnoticed, goes its way.
There is no chance, no destiny, no fate,
Bot fortune smiles on those who work and wait,
In the long run.

In the long run all goodly sorrow pays,
There is no better thing than righteous pain,
The sleepless nights, the awful thorn-crowned days,
Bring sure reward to tortured soul and brain.
Unmeaning joys enervate in the end,
But sorrow yields a glorious dividend
In the long run.

In the long run all hidden things are known,
The eye of truth will penetrate the night,
And good or ill, thy secret shall be known,
However well 'tis guarded from the light.
All the unspoken motives of the breast
Are fathomed by the years and stand confest
In the long run.

In the long run all love is paid by love,
Tho' undervalued by the hearts of earth;
The great eternal government above
Keeps strict account and will redeem its work.
Give thy love freely; do not count the cost;
So beautiful a thing was never lost
In the long run.

I WON'T AND I WILL.

"Aunt Bel, I shall never marry him!" The speaker was a young girl scarcely eighteen, and she was addressing a middle-aged lady, who wore a look of annoyance that showed that the remark did not please her.

"He is far superior to Sylvester St. John," the lady said in reply.

"He is conceited; and I don't like him," was the answer. And the young girl walked away.

Laura Moore was the only child of Mrs. Monroe's brother, who died a few years before, and left his daughter in her care.

The headstrong waywardness of her charge had caused Mrs. Monroe no little trouble in many ways. Lately she had shown a decided preference for a music-teacher in the neighborhood, Sylvester St. John, a young man whose simpering, affected manners had fully disclosed to Mrs. Monroe the utter shallowness of his character.

She had talked with Laura, but without effect, and, anxious to prevent the friendship from growing into more intimate relations, she had decided upon a plan that she thought might avert such a calamity.

Gerald Brown was the son of an intimate friend of Laura's father, and a young man with whom Mrs. Monroe was well acquainted, and for whose moral worth she had the highest respect.

Thinking that Laura might be diverted if she had the society of another, she had sent a pressing invitation to Gerald to come and spend his summer vacation there; and it was accepted. Gerald arrived at the house a few days before the conversation just recorded took place, and, as chance would have it, overheard it all.

A few moments later he stepped out on the balcony, where Laura was standing among her flowers, and said.

"Miss Laura, will you take a walk with me down to the elms?"

The young lady assented, and when they reached the rustic seat, he continued:

"I asked you to come here with me because I wished to have a little private conversation with you. I overheard all that passed between you and your Aunt Bel this morning, and I wanted to tell you that you are not in the least possible danger, as at present I have no intention of marrying any one."

Here he stopped, for Laura's painful embarrassment made it impossible for him to proceed.

"I did not think you were going to hear me," she half sobbed.

"I do not blame you for one word you said," he continued. "A young lady should never allow herself to be coerced into a marriage with any one. And you did perfectly right; and, as there is no possibility that we can ever be lovers, I wanted to know if you were not willing that we should be friends. I cannot stay here unless you consent to this, and I do not wish to go away. Are you willing?"

"Oh, certainly," she answered, too mortified to look up.

"Well, don't annoy yourself thinking about it," he said, kindly. "If you will excuse me now, I will go, as I promised to take Mrs. Monroe to the village this morning."

The minute he was gone Laura burst into tears, and sobbed out of pure vexation.

"Oh, I wouldn't have had it happen for all the world!" she moaned. "How he must despise me! And I don't dislike him at all. It was only because I wanted to tease Aunt Bel that I said it."

It was some time before she recovered her usual manner when in Gerald's presence, although he took every means in his power to make her forget what had happened.

During the two following weeks the young couple received many invitations to parties and picnics, and Laura did not fail to see how much superior Gerald was to most of the young men of her acquaintance.

And when at home he engaged in spirited arguments with Mrs. Monroe, who was a fine talker and a very intelligent lady, he often carried his point by force of sound logic, that showed a mind well-balanced and stored with information.

"Luxurious ease never calls out the best qualities of any one," he said, one evening, while talking with Mrs. Monroe. "Women as well as men are improved by the discipline of worldly contact. A few hard knocks don't hurt any one—in fact, they are rather beneficial than otherwise.

Laura sat and listened attentively. But she noticed that Gerald never tried to engage her in any such conversation, much as he seemed to enjoy talking to Mrs. Monroe on these topics.

"He treats me as if he thought I was only a butterfly," she said to herself, with some bitterness; and the added, "and I don't know as he has any reason to think me anything else."

The weeks passed quickly by, and one morning Gerald stood waiting for the stage, valise in hand. He bid Mrs. Monroe an affectionate farewell, and then extending his hand to Laura, said "Good-bye" pleasantly, and, bowing, walked away.

Laura flew to her own room when he was gone, and, while she tried to force the tears back, thought:

"He don't even respect me and there is no person whose esteem I would so like to have. He thinks I am one of those light, frivolous persons that I have heard him so often describe, and that I know he despises. And, oh! what can I do? Here I am, the heiress of father's large property, and when Aunt Bel dies I'll have all her wealth! There seems to be nothing but fashionable folly for me to engage in. I wish I hadn't a dollar in the world!"

The days passed drearily to Laura after Gerald left. Aspirations for a higher and better life had taken possession of her, and made her restless and unhappy.

Sylvester St. John had been so frequently repulsed that he was at last obliged to withdraw, and he began to pay attention to the next wealthiest girl in the neighborhood.

It was some weeks after this that, one day a gentleman, whom Laura had never seen, called and wished to see Mrs. Monroe. The interview lasted for some time, and when Laura again saw her aunt, there were traces of tears on her face.

"Laura," she said, "the gentleman who called is a lawyer from New York. He came to inform me that every dollar of your money, and all of mine that your father invested so securely, as he thought, is lost; nothing can be reclaimed."

Mrs. Monroe had dreaded not a little to make this announcement to her neice. But when she finished Laura only smiled and said: "Well, Aunt Bel, I can take care of myself, and you still have the little place at Springville; you can go there and live."

"What will you do, my dear?"

"I can teach music. I have a very thorough knowledge of it. I don't doubt but that I will succeed. I will try, at least."

Preparations were immediately made for leaving the grand home. The little place at Springville was fitted up and made as comfortable as possible. Laura had never been so helpful before. Aunt Bel was daily surprised by the quiet determination she displayed, and the willingness she showed to accept the situation as it was, and to make the best of things.

A letter had been sent to a friend in the city, asking her assistance in securing music-scholars for Laura, and a week after they had taken possession of their home an answer was received, saying that she had obtained three pupils, who were ready to begin as soon as Laura could take charge of them.

A few days after, one bright September morning, Laura stood on the platform at the depot, waiting for the train, and by her side was Mrs. Monroe.

"Now, Aunt Bel!" she said, just before starting. "I am going out into the world to make my way if I can. I shall try my best to succeed; but if I fail, I will come back to you. Good-bye." And Aunt Bel held her to her heart for a moment, too affected to speak, and then, with a faint, "God bless you!" she turned away.

Laura soon obtained more pupils, but she found that working for one's living is not an easy task, at best. Some of her scholars were dull, and others were irritable and peevish.

And in some cases parents were exacting; but she was rapidly learning to preserve her soul in patience, even under the most trying circumstances.

But yet she was wearied at times by the daily care and fret, and it was with unspeakable delight that she looked forward to two weeks of unbroken rest at Aunt Bel's at Christmas-time. And, oh! how delightful it was.

"I never enjoyed my old home as I do this!" she said one day, when she and Mrs. Monroe were together in the little sitting-room.

"Because you never needed the rest," replied Aunt Bel. "A busy life carries its own recompense to some extent. Appetite gives food a relish, and weariness gives to rest an exquisite flavor that nothing else can."

At the end of the vacation Laura returned, refreshed in body and mind, and prepared to go steadily along till the summer months would come and bring another delightful change.

It was one day about the end of January that Gerald Brown was hurrying on through the light snow that was falling, and saw a young girl just before him also hurrying. Something in the slight, girlish figure attracted his attention, when just as she turned to mount the steps of a house, he saw enough of her profile to recognize his old acquaintance, Laura Moore.

Not a little surprised, he watched and saw her take a key from her pocket and enter.

"She boards there," he thought. "What can have happened?"

That evening the servant announced to Laura that "a gentleman—an old friend—was in the parlor, and would like to see her." Laura went down, wondering who it could be, and was a little abashed when she met Gerald.

"You are no doubt surprised to see me," he said, as he greeted her cordially and asked her to be seated.

And then he told of seeing her that afternoon, and how anxious he was to meet her. "Are you staying with friends here?" he inquired.

And Laura explained all the changes that had taken place, and told him that now she was teaching music.

"It was the only thing that I could do; and I would not burden Aunt Bel with the care of me, although she wished me to remain with her."

Gerald listened with surprise to the recital, and could scarcely make himself believe that the quiet, lady-like girl before him was the same young miss, full of petulant willfulness, that he knew a few months before

"I take it that you are very fond of music?" he said, after she had finished telling her story.

"I love it dearly."

"Will you allow me to accompany you to the opera of 'Les Huguenots' next Thursday evening?" he asked.

Laura assented gladly, and on that night was treated to the greatest pleasure of her life. Gerald enjoyed the music, but he enjoyed her delight more.

"Oh, it is grander than anything that I ever conceived of," she said, when, between the acts, she could bring herself to speak.

During the remainder of the winter, Gerald was frequently in her company; and the admiration that he felt for her the first evening that he saw her in the city constantly increased.

The last quarter was just begun, when, one evening, he sat again with her in the parlor. She had been speaking of the great pleasure she anticipated from the coming vacation, when Gerald said, in a half-laughing way:

"Laura, do you remember a remark you made the last time I visited your Aunt Bel?"

Instantly the hot blood crimsoned her face, and tears filled her eyes, as she said:

"Oh, Gerald, how could you! I did not think you would ever speak of it again."

"Laura, forgive me. I wouldn't, if I thought you cared so much;" and then, taking both her hands within his own, and, with all the laughing light gone from his face, he said: "Laura, then I did not care; I smiled when I heard your remark that morning. But I do care now more than I could ever tell. Would you say the same thing again?"

It was a very happy face, but one on which there were still traces of tears, that looked into his a few moments later. But there was mischief in her tones, as she said:

"I thought you did not think of marrying any one just yet?"

"Laura, the first night that I met you here, I could not help thinking how the wheel of fortune moves around. About the same time that you lost your property, a rich relative of mind died, and left me all his money, which was considerable. And I am now junior partner in the firm where for years I had been bookkeeper."

Laura taught to the end of the quarter, and then went home. But when she returned in the fall, it was to take possession of a pleasant house all her own, as Mrs Gerald Brown, and Aunt Bel came with her. The little house at Springville was improved and beautified, and there every summer they spend some months.

How a Rooster Was Conquered.

To illustrate what he meant by the phrase "garlicking a stock" a New York broker told the following story: It was during the flush times in 1850. I was a pretty sick man in San Francisco, and the doctor ordered me up the country for a change of air. Tom Jenkins was then running a ranch among the hills, and as he and I were old friends, I resolved to pay him a visit. Tom had a fine barnyard of fowls, and among them was a great game cock. He was as big as an ostrich, but game to the backbone. Well, there wasn't a rooster in the whole countryside that he hadn't tackled and got away with. Tom had tried all he knew to keep him quiet. He had locked him up in houses, and tethered him by the leg, and half starved him, but it was of no use; as soon as he heard another rooster crow, that moment he was off at full speed, and never stopped until he had licked him. Well, when I arrived at Tom's ranch he had built a big cage, and inside sat the rooster, looking very melancholy, while Tom told me the whole story. He said that he would gladly give $1,000 to any one who would find a cock that could lick his chicken, but at the same time he did not believe that there was a bird in all California that could do it.

Now, I had heard from an old chicken fighter that if a little garlic was rubbed on the head and under the wings of a game cock, no other rooster would attack him; so I asked Tom what odds he would lay me that I did not get a rooster next day which would defeat his famous bird. Tom at once offered to lay ten to one, and we put up a considerable sum on the event. I took Tom's buggy and drove down to the town, where there was a poultry market. There were lots of roosters of all kinds and breeds, but nothing very gamy looking. At last I struck a sporting-looking poulterer, who said that he had an aged game rooster, whose father and mother he had known, and who he was sure would show fight. He was old and dilapidated-looking, but he was best I could find, so I closed the bargain for one dollar. Then I bought a clove of garlic, and drove back with my purchase to the ranch.

Next day Tom had asked all his friends to see the fight, and Mrs. Jenkins had filled the windows of the house with the ladies of the neighborhood, all anxious to see Tom's rooster get away with the stranger. I fixed my bird up as well as I could, and I rubbed the garlic under his wings and all around his head. When I appeared in the yard where the fight was to take place there stood the great game cock, looking more like a Cochin China, and strutting round looking for something to lick. I kept my bird in a bag ...til the last moment, and as soon as time was called I took him out blinking in the strong sunlight. He looked round for a moment, rubbed his bill once or twice on the ground as if sharpening it, raised his wings to see if the joints were stiff, and made at once for his gigantic opponent. Tom's rooster took two or three jumps in the air, poised his head so as to take good aim, and flew right at the stranger; but the instant he smelled the garlic that rooster turned and fled like a yellow dog with his tail between his legs.

Mrs. Jenkins almost fainted, and there was a good deal of profanity among the male spectators, who had all backed the home bird. The last thing I saw of that rooster was his tail, as he crossed a bluff near by, with Tom in full chase with a double-barrelled shotgun, swearing that he would never allow anything to be beaten on his ranch and escape alive.

Eggs as Food.

Eggs are an article of cheap and nutritious food which we do not find on farmers' tables in the quantity economy demands. They are very convenient to take to market, and this is the disposition which too many farmers make of them. They probably do not comprehend how valuable eggs are as food; that, like milk, an egg is a complete food in itself, containing everything necessary for the development of a perfect animal, as is manifest from the fact that a chick is formed from it. It seems a mystery how muscles, bones, feathers and everything that a chick requires for its perfect development are made from the yolk and white of an egg; but such is the fact, and it shows how complete a food an egg is. It is also easily digested, if not damaged in cooking. A raw or soft boiled egg is always as easily assimilated as is milk, and can be eaten with impunity by children and invalids. The average egg weighs a thousand grains, and is worth more as food than so much beefsteak. Indeed, there is no more concentrated and nourishing food than eggs. The albumen, oil and saline matter are, as in milk, in the right proportion for sustaining animal life. When eggs bring no more than twenty cents per dozen, it is much better economy to find a market for them in the family than at the store. Two or three boiled eggs, with the addition of a slice or two of toast, will make a breakfast sufficient for a man, and good enough for a king.

An ordinary hen's egg weighs from one and a half to two ounces, a duck's egg from two to three ounces, the egg of the sea-gull and the turkey from three to four ounces, and the egg of a goose from four to six ounces. The solid matter and the oil in the duck's egg exceed those in a hen's egg by about one-fourth. According to Dr. Edward Smith, in his treatise on "Foods," an egg weighing an ounce and three-quarters consists of 120 grains of carbon, and eighteen and three-quarter grains of nitrogen, or 15.25 per cent. of carbon, and two per cent. of nitrogen. A writer in the *Scientific Farmer* estimates that the value of one pound of eggs, as food for sustaining the active forces of the body, is to the value of one pound of lean beef as 1584 to 990. As a flesh-producer, one pound of eggs is about equal to one pound of beef.

A hen may be calculated to consume one bushel of corn yearly, and to lay ten dozen or fifteen pounds of eggs. This is equivalent to saying that three and one-tenth pounds of corn will produce, when fed to a hen, five-sixths of a pound of eggs. But five-sixths of a pound of pork requires about five pounds of corn for its production. When eggs are one shilling per dozen, and pork five pence per pound, we have a bushel of corn fed, producing ten shillings worth of eggs and four shillings of pork. Judging from these facts, eggs must be economical in their production and in their eating, and especially fit for the laboring man in replacing meat.—*Provisioner.*

On the Saw Tooth mountains, sixty or sixty-five miles from Bonanza and at an altitude of nearly 12,000 feet, is Ice lake, discovered and named last summer by a party of prospectors. The lake is a sheet of perpetual ice, the surface of which, it is said, never becomes soft, except around the edges.

A FIGHT WITH A BOAR.

Yarn of an Old Hunter About a Savage Tussle in the Woods—A Hide that was very Hard.

A letter from Rockland, N. Y., says that Peter Stewart, a hunter, at the age of eighty-six is as vigorous as a man of eighty. He never tires in relating his adventures with wounded bear and deer and panther, one of each of which he had killed before he was twelve years old. His favorite story, however, is the one recounting his fearful fight with a wild hog in the "Rockland Beech," in 1825. The writer heard him tell it in his quaint way on a recent visit to the Beaverville wilderness. Said Peter:

"The season of 1820, I'm a-thinkin', laid a leetle over any one they ever was in producin' beech-nuts. They was so many nuts on the trees that they wasn't hardly no room for leaves. When they fell off on the ground in the fall I'm a-drawin' it mild when I tell you that they laid two inches deep on the level. That year a crazy sort of a chap that had made a clearin' in the beech got it in his head that they was money in fattenin' pork that year on the nuts. He cale'lated that every hog that was turned in the woods was wuth five dollars more when it come out than when it went in them. So he made up his mind that if he put a thousan' hogs in the beech they'd come out with a little fortune o' five thousan' dollars a-stickin' to their ribs. Well sir, he goes to work and gethers up every pig he could buy in the hull country. I guess he got nigh on to the number he wanted. He marked 'em and let 'em loose into the woods. Jest afore the time come around for gathern' his pork crop together an awful cold snap dropped in on the country, and they was a two days' snow come along with it. When the weather ceased up the pork speculator went into the beech to look after his stock. He found it layin' all around the woods in heaps. Out o' the lot he turned in he didn't find morne'n seventy or eighty alive. A few of 'em ran wild, and if they hadn't I never would a had the best rassle I ever had in the woods, and I've had some good lively matches with b'ars, wild cats and painters, at that.

"I used to hunt a good deal with Sam Darbee, whose father come into the wilderness soon after mine did. Sam was one o' the best woodsmen I ever see and wa'n't afeerd o' nothin'. Along early in the winter o' 1825 me and him was out in the beech on a b'ar hunt. We'd settled three or four b'ar and hung up a number o' deer, and war thinkin' about gittin' back to the cabin, when Sam yelled at me from a holler off to the left o' where I was standin' to come there an' see what kind o' tracks them was he'd found in the snow. I went over to see the tracks, but I couldn't make out what they had been made by. They wa'n't deer tracks, certain, an' they couldn't be sheep tracks, 'cause they wa'n't a sheep within forty mile. All to once it struck me what they was, an' I says to Sam that I'd bet them tracks was made by some o' the progeeny o' them hogs that the speculator o' 1820 had left over. We put the dogs on the track, an' I'm blowed if we didn't foller it for two days without seein' anything o' the animal as made it. We could find now an' then a place where the hog had rooted up a place, an' where he had wallered once in a while. An' the third day I was jest on the point o' givin' up the race when all of a suddint one o' the biggest boars I ever see jumped out of a bunch o' laurel. His brussels stood up on his back more'n six inches perpendic'lar, and his tushes stuck up on both sides o' his snout like spare ribs sharpened on one end. The minute he see me an' the dog he begun to chomp an' froth at the mouth as if he was eatin' soap. I guess he must a been more'n three foot high. An uglier-lookin' beast never stood before anybody. The dog were good grit, an' he didn't lose no time, but buckled right on to the boar. Nor the boar didn't lose no time neither, for he jest met the dog half way, gave one lunge at him and ripped him open like a buzz-saw goin' through a hemlock log. He tossed the dog more'n ten feet off into the laurels and then waited for me.

"Think, says I, I guess I don't want to keep no comp'ny with the dog jest now, so I'll try the virtue of a leetle cold lead on the old cuss's hide. I give him the slugs, but I guess they glanced off'n his shoulder like water slips off'n a duck's back, for they didn't faze him a bit. The noise o' the gun kind of skeert him, though, an' he turned an' made off into the swamp. Darbee came up when he heered the gun, an' we started on after the boar. We come onto it afore we know'd it. He didn't wait for us to git in on him, but made for us right away, a gittin' rid o' the all-firedest snorts anybody ever listened to. Darbee was in front o' me. The boar dashed plumb atwixt his legs and tumbled him into the laurels 'fore Sam scarcely know'd what was up. He'd a ripped Sam as clean-out as he did the dog in another second, but I jumped ahead and fetched the hog a fearful kick behind. Sam was in such a position that I didn't dare to shoot for fear o' hittin' him. The boar turned on me when I kicked him and I sprung on one side. He tore past me an' before he could turn and get at me I give him a ball. It hit him in the fore-shoulder an' he dropped. He was up agin and come for me in less th'n no time. He come on three legs, though. The ball had broke the other one. The blood was runnin' from the wound like sap out'