Middlebury Register

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

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R. M. BAILEY.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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TERMS:

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RAILROAD TIME-TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE MIDDLEBURY.

Going South.		*Going North.*	
Mail	9.58 P. M.	Night Exp.	3:40 A. M.
Passenger	4:50 P. M.	Mixed	8:10 A. M.
Express	8:25 P. M.	Mail	3:20 P. M.
		Passenger	6:12 P. M.

LEAVE VERGENNES.

9:22 A. M.	4:12 A. M.
3:52 P. M.	9:22 A. M.
7:52 P. M.	3:52 P. M.
	6:45 P. M.

LEAVE LEICESTER JUNCTION.

6:25 P.M.	3:15 A. M
:45 P.M.	9:10 A. M
:50 P. M.	2:35 P. M
5:10 A. M.	5:10 P. M

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ADDISON RAILROAD

Mixed train leaves Ti at 9:00 A. M; arriving at Leicester Junction at 10:00 A. M.

Mixed train leaves Leicester Junction at 4:45 P. M. at arriving at Ti 7:15 P. M.

POST-OFFICE NOTICE.

MAILS ARRIVE.

From Ripton, Granville, Hancock, East Middlebury, Cornwall, West Cornwall and Bridport	15 A. M
Way mail from north	9:51 P. M
New York, Rutland and Albany	4:10 A. M
Way mail from south	3:25 P. M

MAILS CLOSE.

Way mail going south	9:30 M
Way mail going north	2:50 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

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, 7:00 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.

For New Haven, Boston, New York, and the south, 10.50 A. M.

For New Haven, the North, Boston, New York, and the West through Burlington, 2:30 P. M.

For Richmond, Starksboro, Huntington and Huntington Center, 2:00 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

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. S. L. B. Speare, 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. R. 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. Ed. R Malony, 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. J. Kerlidon, pastor. Services, every Sabbath; High Mass at 10:00 A. M.; Vespers and benediction at 5:30 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.

BRISTOL.

Advent—H. B. Quimby, pastor. Sunday Services 10:45 a. m., and 6:30 p. m. Prayer Wednesday evening.

Baptist—W. D. Hall, pastor. Sunday services, 10:45 a. m., and 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Tuesday evening.

Catholic—Rev. J. Kerlidon priest. Services once in three weeks.

Evangelical Advent—Prayer meeting every Friday evening at Elder D. Bosworth's.

Methodist—Sunday services 10:45 a. m. and 6:30 p. m. Thursday evening prayer meeting 6:30.

BUSINESS CARDS.

W. H. KINGSLEY, Dentist.
Up stairs in Styles' new Block,
Middlebury, Vt.
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JAMES M. SLADE, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, and Solicitor and Master in Chancery. Office in Brewster's Block.
Middlebury, Vt., April 2, 1877.

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

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Dentist.
Office hours, 8 to 12 A. M., 1 to 5 P. M. Office over Frank A. Farnsworth's store.
MIDDLEBURY,
Vermont.
Laughing gas administerd.

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Styles Block Middlebury, Vt. Photographs in all the styles, at most reasonable prices. Appointments solicited. Prompt and careful attention will be given. All work guaranteed.
J. E. GAUVIN, Photographer.

THE CENTRAL PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY, over Alden's variety store, Middlebury, Vt. Fine photographic portraits a specialty. Old pictures carefully copied and enlarged to any desired size and finished in colors or India ink. Thanking my friends for their liberal patronage during the past year I shall endeavor to merit a continuance of the same by furnishing them with good work at fair prices.
6 A. V. BROWN, Photographer.

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I would call the attention of Builders, Contractors and others using Brick to my superior quality of Brick, which I will guarantee to suit in quality and in price.

Persons can call of me or send for Price List.
Brick Delivered on Boat free. On cars at cost.
JOHN BANYEA.
Vergennes, Aug. 1, 1881. 19-1y

PENSIONS
ARE PAID every soldier disabled by accident or otherwise. **A WOUND** of any kind, loss of finger, toe or eye, **RUPTURE,** if but slight; disease of **Lungs** or **Varicose Veins** give a pension. Under new law thousands are entitled to an increase of pension. Widows, orphans and dependent fathers or mothers of soldiers get a pension. Send 2 stamps for copy Pension and Bounty Acts. Address,
P. H. Fitzgerald & Co., Claim Agents, Indianapolis, Ind. Refer to Ind. Banking Co. and Fra's Central Bank, both of Indianapolis.

County Clerk 1Apr81

The Middlebury Register.

VOL. XLVI MIDDLEBURY, VT., NOVEMBER 25, 1881. NO 35.

J. E. Negus,

MERCHANT TAILOR

IN HIS NEW STORE, SOUTH END OF BRIDGE, HAVING OPENED

A Large Stock

OF

GOODS,

IS OFFERING

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS

IN THE LINES OF

CUSTOM TAILORING,
READY MADE CLOTHING,
HATS AND CAPS,
GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS.

And Guarantees to all Customers

FIRST CLASS WORK,
THE VERY BEST MATERIALS,
ENTIRE SATISFACTION IN GOODS

No Cheap Mixtures,

DR. WHITE'S

ASIATIC AGUE CURE

INVARIABLY

Gives Immediate Relief and Cure

IN THE FOLLOWING COMPLAINTS:

FEVER AND AGUE,
MALARIA,
BILIOUSNESS,
JAUNDICE,
DYSPEPSIA,
SICK HEADACHE,
LIVER COMPLAINTS,
SCIATIC RHEUMATISM,
DEBILITY,
LOSS OF APPETITE.

IS A

GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER,
IS THE BEST OF TONICS,
Prevents YELLOW FEVER
AND
All CONTAGIOUS DISEASES

Read what Others say:

Wm. Fly, New Bridge, N. J., says: "Asiatic Ague Cure entirely cured me of Chills and Fever which I had had for many years. It also cured my wife of Sciatic Rheumatism. My little daughter, too, was cured of Fever and Ague."

J. B. Brewer, 27 Baldwin Ave., Jersey City, N. J., writes: "I paid $35.00 for Quinine and doctor's bills, but got no relief till I tried your Asiatic Remedy, which cured me of Chills and Fever. I find it excellent for the liver."

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☞ Ask your Druggist for Asiatic Ague Cure.

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THE ONLY PERFECT

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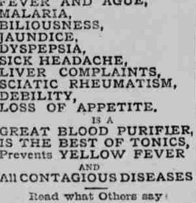
THE LIGHT-RUNNING

NEW HOME



Pronounced by an army of happy purchasers to be the BEST.

The NEW HOME is positively The Simplest, Easiest Running, Most Reliable, Most Durable and Most Popular Sewing Machine ever invented.

It combines the good points of all other machines with none of their defects.

Full information, Descriptive Catalogues, &c., free on application.

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LOST MANHOOD RESTORED.

A victim of youthful imprudence causing Premature Decay, Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple self cure, which he will send FREE to his fellow-sufferers, address **J. H. REEVES, 43 Chatham St., N. Y.**

JOYFUL News for Boys and Girls!! Young and Old!! A NEW INVENTION just patented for them, for Home use! Fret and Scroll Sawing, Turning, Boring, Drilling, Grinding, Polishing, Screw Cutting. Price $5 to $50. Send 6 cents for 100 pages. EPHRAIM BROWN, Lowell, Mass.

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—35 Doses 35 cents. A **Mothers'** remedy for sleepless and irritable **Children.** The Recipe of Old Dr. Pitcher, Free from Morphine, and **not Narcotic.** Formula published with each bottle. For Flatulency, assimilating the food, Sour Stomach, Feverishness, Worms, and Disordered Bowels, **Castoria** has the largest sale of any article dispensed by Druggists.

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WEI DE MEYER'S CATARRH Cure, a Constitutional Antidote for this terrible malady, by Absorption.

SPURTS of disgusting Mucous, Snuffles, Crackling Pains in the Head, Fetid Breath, Deafness, and any Catarrhal Complaint, can be exterminated by Wei De Meyer's Catarrh Cure. The most important Discovery since Vaccination. Other remedies may relieve Catarrh, this cures at any stage before Consumption sets in.

One package generally suffices. Delivered by Druggists, or by D. B. Dewey & Co., 182 Fulton St., N. Y., $1.00 complete. Treatise and remarkable statements by the cured mailed free.

CENTAUR Liniment.

The most **Powerful, Penetrating** and **Pain-relieving** remedy ever devised by man. It soothes Pain, it allays inflammation, it heals Wounds, and it cures

RHEUMATISM,

Sciatica, Lumbago, Scalds, Burns, Stiff Joints, Cuts, Swellings, Frost bites, Quinsey, Salt Rheum, Itch, Sprains, Galls, and **Lameness from any cause.** Sufferers from

PAIN IN THE BACK,

Fever Sores, Eruptions, Broken Breasts, contracted Cords, Neuralgia, Palsy or **dislocated limbs;** and owners of **horses,** planters, mechanics, merchants and professional men everywhere, unite in saying, that

CENTAUR LINIMENT

brings relief when all other Liniments, Oils, Extracts and Embrocations have failed.

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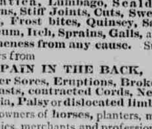

GINGER

Impure water, unhealthy climate, unripe fruit, unwholesome food, cramps, chills, malaria, excessive heat and the thousand and one ills that beset the traveler or family are nothing to those fortified and sustained by the use of SANFORD'S GINGER, "the delicious." As a beverage it quenches thirst, opens the pores, relieves the head, regulates the stomach and bowels, eradicates a craving for intoxicants and imparts new life to the languid, careworn, overworked, nervous and sleepless. *Beware of imitations said to be as good.* Ask for SANFORD'S GINGER and take no other.

Sold everywhere. WEEKS & POTTER, Boston.

NEW RICH BLOOD!

Parsons' Purgative Pills make New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sent by mail for 8 letter stamps.

I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell the best **Family Knitting Machine** ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings, with **HEEL** and **TOE complete,** in 20 minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy-work for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the **Twombly Knitting Machine Co.,** 409 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

Back Ache

POSITIVELY CURED
BY
Benson's Capcine Porous Plasters.

Reasons Why they are Preferred to All Other Porous Plasters or External Remedies:

First.

Because they possess all the merit of the strengthening porous plaster, and contain in addition thereto the newly discovered powerful and active vegetable combination which acts with increased rubefacient, stimulating, sedative and counter irritant effects.

Second.

Because they are a genuine pharmaceutical preparation, and so recognized by the profession.

Third.

Because they are the only plasters that relieve pain at once.

Fourth.

Because they will positively cure diseases which other remedies will not even relieve.

Fifth.

Because over 5000 physicians and druggists have voluntarily testified that they are superior to all other plasters or medicines for external use.

Sixth.

Because the manufacturers have received the only medals ever given for porous plasters.

Benson's Capcine Porous Plaster!

SEABURY & JOHNSON,
Manufacturing Chemists, New York.

A SURE REMEDY AT LAST. Price 15cts. **MEAD'S Medicated CORN and BUNION PLASTER.**

HIS FIRST WIFE'S RELATIONS.

Hubert Stickney's choice of a second wife was not generally approved. If Mr. Stickney had been an ordinary citizen there would undoubtedly have been talk enough in regard to the unsuitableness of the match; but Mr. Stickney was not an ordinary citizen. He was selectman, surveyor, master of the Grange, general administrator and adviser on all legal, moral and domestic subjects. The governor himself could scarcely be more in demand than this well-informed and high-minded Vermont farmer. Now for such a man to choose a companion from fashionable city life was inevitably to cast some doubt on the soundness of his judgment in the past, and so friends and neighbors shook their heads sadly, and told each other that Stickney's influence was a thing of the past.

Now this gentleman, honorable as he had certainly proved himself in every department of life, had not been quite frank with his lady-love. He had told her with some pride the exact amount of his income. He had pictured the fine old homestead with the warmth of one who loves what he is describing. His intended wife had known just how many elms there were in front of the house, as well as their ages and histories. The lawn, the orchards, the mountains, the little lake in the heart of the woods, she was perfectly acquainted with. In fact, there was nothing omitted from the picture but the human figures occupying the foreground. These were the first wife's relations, and no one knew better than Mr. Stickney how prominent were the positions they occupied.

The gentleman's voice did not seem quite natural when he presented his wife to the ladies assembled at the homestead to meet the travelers.

"Florence," he said, "allow me. This is Mrs. Mazonson," presenting the elderly lady, who certainly did not look very gracious, "and Miss Maria and Miss Susan Mazonson," indicating two ladies of uncertain age, equally stiff and uncordial.

Miss Susan Mazonson! The young wife, whose appreciation of the humorous was very keen, had all she could do to keep from laughing in the faces of the unbending trio with the comical names. It was very good of Mr. Stickney to invite friends to meet her, she told herself, as she pleasantly greeted her seeming guests. But why had he selected such a funereal-looking party? At the tea-table Mrs. Stickney, fresh as a rose in her pretty summer silk and dainty laces, sat beside her husband. The elder Mazonson presided at the tea-urn. This was more inexplicable than the rest; but perhaps it was the fashion in Vermont to treat the lady of the house as a guest for a time, and so this insult was good-naturedly accounted for. The table, though unexceptionably appointed, and covered with every imaginable good thing, was waited upon by her guests. This was doubtless another act of courtesy, the new-comer told herself, but the sight of a servant would have been an inexpressible relief. It was very annoying to be served by one's visitors, but this being the fashion, she must make the best of it. After starting numberless topics of conversation, and having them all fall dead—even her husband seemed suddenly struck dumb—Mrs. Stickney was obliged to give up the contest. How different this was from the home coming she had so lovingly anticipated! Such jolly times as they had had all through their six weeks' wedding tour, and now, in "the twinkling of an eye," everything had changed, or seemed to change. Of course it was all seeming, the young wife told herself, but it was surely very disagreeable. After the wretched meal was over Mrs. Stickney, almost ready to cry, invited her husband to take a walk, but here was Mrs. Mazonson at his elbow.

"Hiram had to go away this noon," she said, "so I suppose you'll have to milk, Hubert."

Mrs. Mazonson was very tall, very thin, very dark, and her voice was so unutterably deep and hollow that Mrs. Stickney could not rid herself of the notion that it belonged to somebody else. The city-bred young lady knew that cows had to be milked, but she had never associated her husband with the one that performed the operation, and now turned an astonished face to that gentleman and the assembled Mazonsons.

"It must be fun to milk," she remarked, determined to put the best possible face on affairs. "I'll go and see you."

"Not in that dress I hope," said Mrs. Mazonson, as Mr. Stickney left the room. "I was going to say, a little while ago," she went on, "that seeing as you was dressed up, you needn't mind about the dishes."

The dishes? What in the world did this dreadful woman mean? Before she had time to inquire, her tormentor had left the room; and now, more perplexed than ever, Mrs. Stickney went in search of her husband. She found him at last in the barnyard, and in the excitement of a new sensation almost forgot the disagreeable things that had preceded it. In a dilapidated straw hat, patched coat, and blue overalls, she did not at first recognize her husband; but when she did, she clapped her hands like a child, and laughed as merry a laugh as was ever heard on the Stickney farm.

"Is that the way the people always dress when they milk?" she inquired, touching the old coat caressingly with her little white hands.

"One must dress according to one's work on a farm, Florence," Mr. Stickney remarked, sententiously.

Something in her husband's words or manner must have recalled her late annoyances, for the smile faded away from her lips, and her eyes grew sad and troubled. "Hubert," she said, softly, "who are those—those ladies at the house?"

"Why, they are the Mazonsons, Florence—Mrs. Mazonson and her two daughters," the master of the grange replied.

"It was very kind of you to ask Mrs. Mazonson and her daughters to meet me," the young wife resumed, with a touch of something in her tone that her companion was not familiar with, "but I can't understand why they should seem so very much at home, Hubert."

Mr. Stickney moved the three-legged stool to the side of another cow and commenced milking again, before he replied.

"Didn't I mention to you, Florence, that these ladies lived with me?" he inquired. "I know I didn't dwell on the subject," he went on, "but I must have spoken of it."

"Mention to me that these ladies lived with you!" Mrs. Stickney repeated, oblivious to the rest of her husband's remark, a hard look settling round the pretty mouth. "May I ask, Mr. Stickney, who these ladies are? I know they are the Mazonsons," she added, in the same singular tone, "but what are they to you?"

"They are relatives of my first wife," the gentleman replied, in a voice that had the calmness of desperation in it. "I must have taken for granted that you knew, Florence. Mrs. Mazonson was Mrs. Stickney's mother, and Maria and Susan her sisters."

"And they have always lived here?"

"For some time before and ever since Mrs. Stickney died Mrs. Mazonson has been my housekeeper, and the girls have been her assistants."

"Why was there no servant, Mr. Stickney, to wait on the table this evening?" was the lady's next question.

"We have no servants, Florence."

"And all the work of your house is performed by the Mazonsons?"

"Yes."

"Who did it before the Mazonsons came?"

"Mrs. Stickney, my dear."

For a moment there was silence in the barn-yard. Then there was a rustle of retreating silk, a light step going swiftly toward the house, and thus the singular interview ended. This was a very unpleasant commencement, Mr. Stickney told himself, and for a while this gentleman's milking was purely mechanical. From the bottom of his heart he wished he and his wife could be alone. On the other hand there was a great deal to do in the house, much more than Florence could ever manage if she worked night and day. At this point Mr. Stickney really did have serious doubts as to the wisdom of this second marriage of his. For the first time he asked himself whether it would be right to impose the drudgery of farm work on this young and delicately-nurtured woman. He had thought very little about the domestic part of the programme. He was accustomed to seeing the women about him constantly occupied, and Florence knew she was accepting a farmer when she agreed to marry him. Then, too, Mrs. Mazonson was exceedingly competent; indeed, no housekeeper could be more so; and Mr. Stickney summed it all up by assuring himself that Florence could get along with the Mazonsons easily enough if she had only a mind to think so.

In the meantime Mrs. Stickney had locked herself into her room, and with clinched hands and flashing eyes was recalling every moment of the time since she first met the man she had married. She had been grossly deceived and imposed upon, and worst of all, the deception and imposition had come from the one who had promised to love, honor and cherish her to the day of her death. The drawn lips grew tender and pitiful as she thought how utterly she had loved and trusted him, and how entirely she had believed in his affection for herself. "To live with these solemn and automatic Mazonsons would be worse than keeping house in a tomb, with skeletons for company," she sobbed. She could not and would not endure it. No man had a right to ask such a sacrifice from his wife. But she hadn't been asked. She had been cheated into her present position. She would leave the house where she had been and would continue to be unutterably wretched, and go straight back to her father. Little did he think that the rich and honorable Hubert Stickney would heap such indignities upon his daughter. She would go. No, she would stay, and show the Mazonsons, and her husband too, what kind of stuff she was made of.

That evening Mr. Stickney was detained below by callers. It was 10 o'clock before he was at liberty, and, then, to his great delight, Florence was fast asleep. The poor child had forgotten her troubles, and the morning would show things in a more promising light. He would do everything he could to make up for the Mazonsons, the head of the table waited to see if Mrs. Mazonson would occupy it, and finding that she did, went calmly round and sat by her husband.

"Yes, breakfast is ready," said Mrs. Mazonson, in a voice between a growl and a groan. "It's been ready some time."

"I hope you slept well last night, Mrs. Stickney?" This from Maria Mazonson, whose voice Florence heard now for the first time.

"Very well, thank you," Mrs. Stickney cordially replied.

"You slept late enough, if that's any sign," said Mrs. Mazonson in her most sepulchral tone.

"I always sleep late, Mrs. Mazonson," Florence replied, as she slowly poured the cream into her coffee.

"You can't sleep late on this farm spite of his ten years' experience as a husband, utterly ignorant of the delicacy and sensitiveness of a true woman's nature, Mr. Stickney went calmly and comfortably to sleep.

The next morning, after waiting to be called to breakfast, Mrs. Stickney, in the daintiest of muslin wrappers, presented herself in the dining-room. Her husband had just finished his early morning's work, and now greeted her with a smile and a kiss. The elder Mazonson looked exceedingly flushed and flurried, and Maria and Susan Mazonson flew briskly round at the bidding of their superior officer.

"I beg your pardon," said Mrs. Stickney, in her calmest and coolest manner, "I thought breakfast was ready. I hope I am not intruding."

A smile played round the lips of Miss Susan, who, in spite of her dreadful name, was not altogether so hideous as Florence had thought at first sight. The rightful occupant of the chair at and after a little everything would go smoothly enough. Mr. Stickney would not have been so certain of this if he had seen the tear-stained face and quivering lids. Ignorant of all this, and in very well," the elder lady began again, her face ablaze. "I've been up since half-past four," she went on, "and now it's half-past seven. I've skimmed eighteen pans of milk, washed all the pans, and made twenty-five pounds of butter this morning."

"You must be very tired," Mrs. Stickney remarked, looking the irate dame innocently in the face.

"Well, I guess I'm tired," the housekeeper replied. "The girls helped me all they could, and—"

"Oh, ma," Susan interrupted, flushing painfully as she spoke, "why shouldn't we help you, I should like to know?"

At this point Mrs. Stickney made up her mind that she was going to like one of the Mazonsons after all.

"—they got this breakfast, I want you to understand." Mrs. Mazonson finished what she had to say in spite of interruptions.

"It is a very nice breakfast," Florence remarked. "I don't know when I have enjoyed anything so much."

Mr. Stickney glanced at his wife. There was something in the tone which reminded him of the barnyard tete-a-tete. There must certainly be an understanding between himself and his wife right away, he thought. It would never do to let things go on in this style. Mrs. Mazonson must be rebuked also. Her attitude was certainly very objectionable, and should be corrected immediately. Meantime Mrs. Stickney ate her breakfast with relish, and passed her cup for some more coffee. "Which of you ladies," indicating the Misses Mazonson, "made this coffee?" she asked, pleasantly. "It certainly is delicious."

"Neither of 'em made it," Mrs. Mazonson answered, promptly. "Do you think I'd trust anybody to make coffee but myself?"

Mrs. Stickney had decided that her platform should be plainly understood both by her husband and the Mazonsons before she left the dining-room. It promised to be a hard battle to fight; but the young wife had courage enough now for a host of husbands and a regiment of first wife's relations.

"Are you going to be very busy to-day, Hubert?" Mrs. Stickney asked her husband, as the meal drew to a close.

"I have been away so long that my days will be occupied for some time to come," the gentleman replied.

"Perhaps, then, Miss Susan or Miss Maria would go to ride with me this morning!" and Florence threw a glance full of sweetness at the Misses Mazonson. "It is such a lovely morning!" she continued; "and after a little it will be too warm, I fear."

Mrs. Stickney waited a moment for some kind of a response, and receiving none, said: "You would like to accompany me, would you not, Miss Susan?"

This young lady was on the point of replying, but her mother came in ahead. "Hubert," she began "I should think it was high time you gave your wife to understand what kind of a place she has come to live in. I don't suppose this wife can gad off and leave the work"—and now Mrs. Mazonson's voice shook with grief or anger, Florence didn't know which—"any more than your first wife, my daughter, Mr. Stickney. She never left the work until it was done."

"Perhaps if she had left it occasionally she might be living now," the second Mrs. Stickney coolly suggested. At this crisis Mrs. Mazonson sniffled, and Miss Susan left the table.

"Florence will become accustomed to our ways after a while,' Mr. Stickney responded, with so much consideration in his tone for the tyrant at the head of the table that his wife felt ashamed of him. "She'll work into it after a while," he added, endeavoring to appear at his ease.

"That furbelowed white gown looks like working into it!" said Mrs. Mazonson, defiantly.

"I am not afraid to trust my wife to do the proper thing, Mrs. Mazonson," Mr. Stickney remarked, with a tardy decency.

"If I may be allowed," the young wife began, with the deliberation of one making a mighty effort for self-control. "I should like to say a word.' As the brave little woman surveyed the assembled group, there crept into her face a look that one of the party never forgot. This one was her husband, who started to lay a determined hand on her arm, but for some inexplicable reason gave it up. "When I take my rightful place as mistress of my husband's house," Mrs. Stickney went on, "then it will be time enough to talk of my duties. You may consider me a summer boarder, if you please," she added, smilingly, "but in whatever light you may regard me"—and now the sweet mouth grew firm, and the fine eyes struck fire—"please remember that I am the wife of the proprietor of this establishment and the owner of these acres, and expect to be treated, if not with kindness, at least with civility."

"I should like to see you make twenty-five pounds of butter before breakfast!" said Mrs. Mazonson, when she could recover herself. Mr. Stickney played with his spoon, and looked steadily into his coffee cup, but said not a word.

"You will never see me make twenty-five pounds of butter before breakfast," Mrs. Stickney responded, "and I think it very doubtful if I ever make any butter after breakfast either. I don't intend to give up my music, my painting, my reading, my writing or anything else that I have been educated to enjoy, and I want this understood also.'

"I wonder what you will do if I go away?" Mrs. Mazonson inquired, dubiously but respectfully.

"Mr. Stickney is abundantly able to pay for all necessary service," Florence replied. "If he doesn't choose to do this, then there is a last resort: I can go home to my father any time."

"I ain't got anywhere to go," said Mrs. Mazonson, now thoroughly subdued; "but I suppose I can find a place in a few days, if I may stay here till then. Maria is going to her uncle's to-morrow." The basso-profundo was all broken up, and tears rained down the old lady's face.

Mrs. Stickney rose from her seat, and walked round the table to the housekeeper's side. "As far as I am concerned, you are more than welcome to stay," she said, kindly, laying her hand on one tyrannical shoulder. "You know better than any one else how things are done, and have my husband's interest more at heart. I am sure that Miss Susan and I will be good friends," she added, sweetly, "and I see no reason why we may not be a very comfortable family. You understand, I hope, that I do not intend to do any hard work. If it were necessary I would, but it is not. I shall never interfere with your butter or coffee, my dear Mrs. Mazonson, and I am sure you will not with my affairs."

An hour later, Mrs. Stickney and Miss Susan were driving toward Lake Dunmore, as jolly a pair as one would wish to see.

"I am glad you settled it, Florence," Mr. Stickney whispered, as they stood on the piazza previous to setting out.

"No doubt," she replied with a touch of the old tone he had learned to suspect. "Yesterday, Hubert," she added, "I made a discovery."

"What is it?" he asked.

"That you are a very great coward," she replied.—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Wedding in Wyoming.

Camping near the town, we secured our stock and then went in. Entering the leading store, I introduced myself to Mr. Stiles, one of the proprietors and the postmaster.

"It is now half-past 2, and at 3 there's to be a wedding down the street at Jonas Barton's. Old Jonas is a rough old coon that we elected justice of the peace about a month ago, and, as this will be his first attempt at marriage, I think we will see some fun. Come and go down with me."

We went to the old 'squire's cabin. We found him poring over a large volume of the statutes of Wyoming, sweating like a horse and looking terribly anxious. After greeting us he said:

"Stiles, the galoots that got up these 'yer laws hadn't gumption enough to last 'em over night. I've run through the blamed book a half a dozen times, an' can't find a dod blasted word about metermony, or how the hitchin' process is proceeded with. I've just got ter put the clamps on this couple, hit or miss, an' ef I don't yoke 'em up legal I can't help it."

"Oh," said Stiles, "just do the best you can. Any kind of a ceremony will do in this country, for people 'll never question the legality of the thing. I'll post you as well as I can."

Stiles then explained to him about how he should proceed, and the old man finally thought he could worry through in tolerable shape. Ere long the couple appeared, followed by a crowd of the citizens of the camp. The candidates stood up before the squire, who began:

"Feller citizens, this 'yar man an' this 'yar woman have appeared before the court to be hitched in the legal bands of wedlock. If any galoot in the mob knows of anything that mout block the game ef tuk to a higher court let him now toot his bazoo or else keep his jaw to himself now and forevermore. All in favor o' me perceedin' as orthorized by the law, say 'I.'"

Everybody said "I."

"Contary, 'no.'"

Nobody said "no."

"The motion's carried unan'mously, an' the court rules that thar hain't nothin' to pervent the tryin' of the case. Grip yer fins."

The candidates joined hands. "Amos Peabody, do you solemnly swa'ar that ye'll freeze to 'Mandy furever an' ever? That ye'll love 'er an' pervide fur 'er an' treat 'er squar an' white, accordin' to the rules an' regulations set down to govern sich cases in the laws of the United States, so help yer God?"

"Yaas, sir; I do, sir."

"That fixes your end o' the bargain. 'Mandy Thomas, do you solemnly swa'ar that ye'll hang on to Amos for all comin' time, that you'll nuss him in sickness an' be squar' to him in wellness, that ye'll always be to him a good, true, honest, up-an'-up wife under the penalties prescribed by the laws for the punishment for such offenses; do you swa'ar this, so help yer God?"

"I swa'ar I will."

"Then by the power in me vested as justice o' the peace, in an' fur this precinct, I pronounce you, Amos Peabody, husband, an' you, 'Mandy Thomas, wife, and legalize ye to remain as sich now an' furevermore, an' ye'll stand committed till the fees an' costs in the case be paid in full, an' may God have mercy on your soul an' bless this union with his heftiest blessin's."

The fees and costs were adjusted, and, after receiving the congratulations of the assembly, the newly made husband and wife departed for their cabin up the creek.—*Oil City Derrick.*

Topnoody.

Mr. Topnoody went to the minstrels last night, and the funny conundrums and jokes he heard set him to thinking. So at breakfast he began on Mrs. Topnoody. She was warm and not very much in the humor for pleasantry, but Topnoody slashed away.

"I say, Mrs. Topnoody, can you spell hard water with three letters?"

"No, I can't; I might, though, if you had taken me to the minstrels last night." This staggered him a little, but not seriously.

"And you can't spell it? Well, i-c-e, ain't that hard water?"

Mrs. Topnoddy never smiled, and Mr. T. went on:

"Now spell 'money' with four letters."

"I don't know how," she said.

"Ha, ha, that's too good. A woman never can get at this sort of thing in the same clear-headed way a man can. Well, the way to spell it is, c-a-s-h, ain't that money?'

Again did Mrs. T. fail to smile, and Topnoody started out with another.

"Hold on a minute," she interrupted, looking ugly; "I've got one; let's see if you can get it. Spell 'Topnoody' with four letters." Topnoody scratched his head and gave it up.

"Ha, ha," laughed Mrs T., "that's too good. A man never can get at this sort of thing in the same clear-headed way a woman can. Well, the way to spell it is, f-o-o-l, ain't that Topnoody?'

But Topnoody never smiled, and the breakfast was finished in silence except an occasional chuckle from Mrs. Topnoody's end of the table.—*Steubenville Herald.*

The Time Consuming Match.

Mr. Edward Prince, splint manufacturer of Horseshoe Bay, Buckingham township, is authority for the statement that there are about twenty-two match factories in the United States and Canada and that the daily production—and consequent daily consumption—is about 25,000 gross. It may seem a queer statement to make that 100,000 hours of each successive day are spent by the people of the two countries in striking a light, but such is undoubtedly the case. In each gross of matches manufactured there are 144 boxes, so that the 25,000 gross produces 3,600,000 boxes. Each box—at least those made in the States where a duty of one cent upon every box of matches is levied—contains 100 matches, so that the number of matches produced and used daily amounts to 360,000,000. Counting that it takes a second to light each match—and it is questionable whether it can be done in less time than that, while some men occupy several minutes sometimes in trying to strike a light, particularly when boozy—to light the 360,000,000 would take just that number of seconds. This gives 6,000,000 minutes, or 100,000 hours. In days of twenty-four hours each it figures up to 4,166 2-3, and gives eleven years and five months, with a couple of days extra, as the time occupied during every twenty-four hours, by the people of North America—not figuring on the Mexicans—in striking matches. Figuring a little further it gives 4,159 years time in each year. The fact may seem amazing, but it is undoubtedly correct.—*Ottawa Free Press.*

A Live Volcano.

The Honolulu (Sandwich Islands) *Advertiser* has the following graphic description of the appearance of the great lakes of lava recently formed by the volcano of Kilauea:

Tourists to the volcano for many years past all remember certain active pools of lava, the North and South lakes, which ordinarily bubbled and tossed a fiery flood at a depth of about 120 feet below the floor of the great crater. Now these lakes have all been filled up, and there have arisen peaks and cones of hard lava that rise over 100 feet above the south bank of the great crater, which is about 1,000 feet high. But there has burst forth a new opening in the great crater floor not far distant from the old lakes, and a new lake, almost round in form, about 600 feet across and some seventy feet in depth, in ordinary stages, below the surrounding brink.

Here the great Hawaiian volcano presents the most varied fantastic play of liquid lava. Here are some of the phases of the play of a fire lake, as recently observed in the great crater of Kilauea. Sometimes it almost seems to sleep, and the disappointed visitor looks down into a black valley and observes a smoking pit giving no more evidence of combustion than a tar kiln. But the observer stands on the brink of the pit, or great pool or lake, as now appears, about 600 feet across, and whose surface is about seventy feet below him. And what is this surface? It presents a dark silver-gray hue, with a satiny shine. This is a crust of quiescent lava, and the observer who has expected to have his sense of wonder strained to speechlessness, says: "Is this all?" No! look! the frozen, glassy lake is alive.

What a heave in the center—some mighty beast lifting up that floor! Now a wave of undulation runs round the incrusted marge. And there is an outburst, a blood-red fount, gushing and bubbling from one of earth's arteries. The broad disk of the lake heaves and trembles. Fitful gaseous flashes flit across, and now the moving floor cracks and a serrated fissure like the suture of a skull runs from marge to marge, and quick, darting streaks, sudden cracks of the crust, shoot across in all directions. These serrated streaks are at first rosy lines on the gray surface, then they widen like crimson ribbons, broadening to the view. They undulate with the billowy motion of the whole upheaving surface. Another crimson fount springs up along the now fretting and roaring rim of the lake; and another and another of now wildly upleaping fountains of fire toss high their gory crests, even casting gouts and clots of the red spray that fall and harden near the observer's feet. By this time the spirit of our inferno is aroused. The whole fierce red lake is all boil and leap and roar. It is more than the roar of loud sea surfs beating bold bluffs. The surging tide of the molten earth sounds a deeper, bellowing bass than any note of the sounding sea. And now the heaved-up crust, broken into fragments, is churned up and dissolved in the boiling flood. The roaring gulf is now, indeed, a vortex of indescribable glories and terrors. Caves open on the sides of the surrounding wall, and a man sees more of a hell than he ever imagined. A thousand demons are now holding high carnival in this bottomless pit—and the leap and play of a fiery flood—the dance and swell of a red, surging tide, and the roar and shriek of the dread forces issuing from the red-hot pulsating heart of the planet, make a thoughtful observer hold his hand to his own heart and say, "This is enough; the Almighty is here."

The Empress of Germany at Church.

A letter from Baden Baden to the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* says: Three weeks ago the empress of Germany with a retinue of servants came to Baden, and a week later the emperor with his suite and the whole German court arrived from Berlin. The royal household, the court included, occupy the Hotel Mesmer, which the proprietor retains exclusively for his royal guests during their stay. This hotel is only separated from the Conversation-haus and the beautiful grounds where the visitors promenade every afternoon and evening by a very narrow street. Persons promenading back and forth, listening to the delightful music from the fine band in the kiosk, or sitting by the restaurant sipping their coffee or drinking their beer, can at almost any hour, if so disposed, get a glimpse of royalty—in fact, a good square look—as it goes and returns from its rides and walks. The empress, whose seventieth birthday was celebrated this week, carries the weight of so many years gracefully, and without giving evidence of such an advanced age. To see her out every morning taking her "constitutional," and walking so briskly that her maid and footman in livery have to walk sharp to keep pace with her, it is hard to realize that she has seen threescore and ten years.

Her majesty is a devoted church woman. During her stay at Baden she attends regularly every Sunday the little English church, and joins in the service like any other stray visitor that might enter the house of worship. She times her arrival so as to be present just as services are to commence. She rides to church in a close, handsome, not over-expensive carriage, drawn by two elegant, coal-black horses with silver-mounted harness. The coachman and footman are in livery, and the stout, plain-looking German woman, plainly dressed, who rides with her majesty inside, is, I suppose, one of the ladies in waiting, or "maids of honor." At the church door one of the wardens, Mr. Oakes, of New York, stands ready to receive her, and escorts her to her seat, which is directly in front of the chancel. Last Sunday I happened to have a seat directly behind her majesty, and, of course, but could observe all her movements, what she wore, etc. If I had the peculiar talent of some female writers I would undertake to describe her dress, but I forbear.

It was so very plain and inexpensive, and at the same time so sensible and appropriate for church-going, that I know the fashionable world, which would expect an empress' dress to be sparkling with diamonds and covered with the richest of laces, would be disappointed. All of her dress that was visible—her straw hat with a single ostrich plume, her silk and mantle with modest and inexpensive trimmings—cost altogether not more than some of the very fashionable and expensive hats worn by some of the very fashionable ladies in some of the very fashionable American churches. The moment her majesty got fairly seated she searched in the depths of her pocket and drew out her purse, from which she extracted a ten-mark gold piece ($2.50), and carefully placed it on the railing in front of her. This was to be ready for the contribution box, and she evidently adhered to the old motto, "Pay as you go." She then found her place in the prayer book, responded throughout the service in good English, and joined in singing the hymns, etc. And she wore no spectacles, either.

A housepainter recently wanted to join the fire department, but as it took him over fifteen minutes to climb a ladder, and then he had to go down again for something he had forgotten, they didn't employ him.—*Boston Post.*