The Manchester Journal.

NUMBER 1. MANCHESTER, VT., TUESDAY MORNING, MAY 24, 1870. VOLUME X.

The Journal.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING,

BY C. A. PIERCE & CO.,

OFFICE ON MAIN ST., MANCHESTER, VT.

Terms $1.50 in Advance.

ADVERTISING RATES—For one square (12 lines or less) three insertions, $1 50; for each subsequent insertion, 25 cents. For Notices of Literature, Entertainments, &c., 10 cents a line. If sent by mail the money must accompany the notice. The number of insertions must be marked on advertisements or they will be continued until order is sent.

Newspaper Decisions.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the post-office—whether directed to his name or another's, or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

L. MOSLEY & SON,
PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS,
Arlington, Vt.
MOSLEY, M. D. [42-9] L. S. MOSLEY, M. D.

L. D. COY,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
BOOKS, STATIONERY AND JEWELRY.
Seminary Ave., Manchester.

L. H. HEMENWAY, M. D.,
Manchester,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office at Mr. Shattuck's, Main Street.

A. M. JOHNSON,
DENTIST, TERMS CASH.
Office at residence, Manchester Vermont.

C. F. SWETT,
DEALER IN STOVES, TIN WARE, &c., &c.
Manchester, Vt.

J. S. OGMAN, M. D.,
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office at residence on Main Street,
MANCHESTER, VT.

B. W. SAFFORD,
Manufacturer of
THE CELEBRATED McLAUGHLIN PUMP.
Orders promptly filled.—East Arlington, Vt.,

W. S. PHILLIPS,
Arlington, Vt.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Rooms over A. J. Fleming's Store

C. A. PIERCE & CO'S
CALORIC POWER JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
2 Doors South Court House, Manchester,

S. S. CLEMONS, M. D.,
U. S. EXAMINING SURGEON FOR INVALID Pensions, and Practicing Physician.
Also Agent for Wadsworth's Improved Truss,
Office at the late residence of Dr. Geo. L. Ames, Factory Point, Vt.

L. B. GRAVES,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
East Arlington, Vt.

MRS. H. L. HOLTON & CO.,
MILLINERS AND DRESS MAKERS,
Manchester Vt.

O. H. SWIFT,
MANUFACTURER OF FINE FISHING RODS,
1 Door East Court House, Manchester, Vt.

H. H. WHEELER,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Jamaica, Vt.

BUCK MITTENS AND GLOVES,
MANUFACTURED AND SOLD BY F. W. HOYT,
Manchester, Vt.

H. K. FOWLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, PENSION AND BOUNTY Agent,
Fire and Life Insurance Agent, and Commissioner for New York.
Office on Main Street, Manchester, Vt.

BURTON & MUNSON,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW
Office in the Court House, Manchester.

J. K. BATCHELDER,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
Arlington, Vt.

VANDERLIP'S HOTEL,
Manchester, E. M. VANDERLIP, Proprietor.
This long established Hotel continues open for the accommodation of the travelling public. Particular attention given to boarders from abroad during the summer months. The public patronage hitherto liberally extended is respectfully solicited.

FOR SALE.

One Bott (Fale's Patent) light, one horse travelling sleds, new, will be sold cheap for cash, or exchanged for wood. Enquire at the JOURNAL OFFICE.

Manchester, Feb. 15, 1870.

MINERAL SPRING.

HAVING discovered a Mineral Spring on my premises, last fall, thought to contain medicinal properties, I caused an analysis to be made of some of the water, by the State Assayer of Mass. The following letter contains the result of the analysis:

OFFICE OF S. DANA HAYES,
STATE ASSAYER AND CHEMIST, 20 State St.,
BOSTON, 9th January, 1870.

E. P. LUTHER, Esq., North Dorset, Vt.: DEAR SIR—I have completed the analysis of the mineral water received from you, with the following results: This water as received was not perfectly clear, owing to the separation of a portion of the iron present; it has a slightly sulphureted odor, and metallic taste. One United State standard gallon contains 14 82-100 grains of dry mineral matter, consisting of Potash, Soda, Lime, Magnesia, Iron, and Silica, Sulphuric and Carbonic Acids, with traces of Sulphur Chlorine, and Crenic Acids. This water is unusually rich in iron and lime, and is highly chalybeate in character.

Respectfully,
S. DANA HAYES,
State Assayer of Massachusetts.

All who wish to test the medicinal virtues of this water, can have it free of cost at the Spring, during the present winter. Persons living at a distance can be supplied with it on reasonable terms.

E. P. LUTHER.

North Dorset, Jan. 17, 1870.—3m5

Carriage and Sleigh

MANUFACTORY.

Factory Point, Vt.,

REPAIRING, PAINTING

TRIMMING,

BLACKSMITHING, &c.

NICELY EXECUTED AT SHORT NOTICE.

All work warranted as represented.

We solicit your patronage. All orders will receive our careful attention, and our work we warrant as represented.

BEACH & LEE,
Proprietors.

Factory Point, June 1, 1869

LOAN
of the
Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad Co.

THE CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RAILROAD

Is completed and running from RICHMOND, Va., to the celebrated WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, in West Virginia, 297 miles. It is being rapidly extended to the Ohio River, 206 miles further, making in all 497 miles.

In the progress Warrant, it penetrates and opens up to market the Wonderful Coal Deposits of the Kanawha Region in West Virginia. Another brings the upper lot and abundant Coal of that region into communication with the Iron Ores of Virginia and Ohio, and the Western, South Western and Eastern markets.

When completed it will connect the superior harbor facilities of the Chesapeake Bay with reliable navigation on the Ohio River, and thus with the entire system of Railroad and Water transportation of the great West and South-West.

It will make a short, easy, cheap and favorable route from the West to the Sea, and will command a large share of the commerce (weight seeking transportation) to the coast.

It will thus become one of the most important, and profitable East and West Trunk Lines of Railroad in the country, and command a trade of immense value.

The completed portion of the Road is doing a profitable and increasing Business, and is fully equal in value to the whole amount of the mortgage upon the entire Line—($15,000,000.)

The loan of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad Company, being a First Mortgage upon the entire Line, property and equipments, worth when completed at least $20,000,000, is therefore one of the most substantial, conservative, and reliable Railroad Loans ever offered in the market, and is peculiarly adapted to the wants of

INVESTORS and CAPITALISTS,

Who desire to make their investments with the most satisfactory assurance of Positive and Unlimited Security.

The Bonds are in denominations of

$1000, $500 and $100.

and may be had COUPON or REGISTERED.

Interest Six per cent. per annum, payable MAY 1st and NOVEMBER 1st.

Principal and Interest payable in GOLD in the City of New York.

Price 90 and accrued interest in Currency, at which price they pay nearly Seven per cent. in Gold on their cost.

All Government Bonds and other Securities dealt in at the Stock Exchange, received in exchange, at their full market value, and Bonds sent to all parts of the country, free of Express charges.

They can be obtained by ordering direct from us or through any responsible Bank or Banker in any part of the country.

FISK & HATCH,
BANKERS,

Maps, Pamphlets and full information furnished upon application in person or by mail.

6w50

INVENTED AT LAST!

A PERFECT

Washing Machine.

The NATIONAL CLOTHES WASHER AND BOILER washes the clothes perfectly clean without rubbing. No wearing or tearing of clothes. It will soon save its cost in the preservation of clothes, besides the great saving of labor and soap. One trial will satisfy any housekeeper that it is just the labor saving machine they want.

The subscriber is now prepared to fill all orders for the above machine and guarantees perfect satisfaction. Send for a trial machine.

L. E. WHITE.

Arlington, Vt., Jan. 24, 1870.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE EQUINOX HOUSE,

[At the foot of Mt. Equinox.]

MANCHESTER, VT., MAY 2, 1870.

OPEN FROM YEAR TO YEAR.

Terms for two, four, or six weeks, from June 1st or the entire season of four months, $11.50 per week.
Transient board for June, $3.00 per day.
Address by mail or telegraph,

F. H. ORVIS.

For regular rates for July and August, see Circ of April 9, 1870.

Music Hall, for concerts, private theatricals, tableaux, etc.

Bowling alleys, billiard tables. Every stable and boarding stables.

Telegraph office on the premises.

New coachrooms built, with good rooms for coachmen.

Board for coachmen and 2 horses, $11 per week.

Manchester is at the foot of Mount Equinox, 290 miles north of New York and 59 miles south of Rutland, on the Harlem Extension Railroad,—56 miles north of Troy, via Troy & Boston Railroad.

Harlem trains run from New York to Manchester without change or care or baggage.

The Summit House on Mt. Equinox, four thousand feet above the ocean level, is being rebuilt, and the carriage road will be in good order for the coming summer.

Trout pond well stocked for the free use of guests of the house.

Natural Express (35 Broadway and Harlem Depot, New York) runs to Manchester.—3t17

ABBOTT & WHITMAN,

Manufacturers and Dealers in

CARRIAGES AND SLEIGHS.

New Brown and Schenectady Style constantly on hand. Also the celebrated

"IVES" OPEN BUGGIES.

Repository, Centre Street, opposite the Stevens House, Rutland, Vt. 6m49

C. W. ABBOTT. C. L. WHITMAN.

LAW BLANKS.

C. A. PIERCE & CO., keep constantly on hand a good assortment of Law Blanks.

Manchester, Vt

BURR & BURTON SEMINARY,
Manchester, Vermont.

THE NEXT TERM begins WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 24, and continues 12 weeks.

Thorough instruction given in the Classical, Academic and Preparatory Departments—in all the Branches generally taught in similar institutions.

Young men preparing for the ministry and needing aid, receive $60 per year from the Burr Fund, if they board in the Seminary. If they board elsewhere, they have Tuition, &c., free.

For further particulars, apply to the Principal,

Rev. L. A. AUSTIN

BOARD WANTED IN THE VICINITY OF MANCHESTER, Vt., from 1 June to 1 October, for 5 adults, in Hotel or large Boarding House. Address KIRKLAND, Box 5590 New York City.

PROFESSOR HALSTEAD'S GIRL.

A crotchety and contrary old chap was Joel Schellenbarger, a rich old farmer, as mulish as the donkey in his barn. He had made his way in the dogeatest obstinacy—seizing hold of whatever came in his way, and retaining that hold as if life depended upon it—Joel's mulishness had literally been the making of him, though you mightn't have considered the little pot-bellied, thick-skulled old man as much of a make after all.

Joel had one son—a handsome, clear-headed young man—straight as a young larch, tall, and as set in his way, when he chose to have one, as old Joel himself. This son, as he grew up, had proved a great assistance to his father in working the farm, and his services had been made the most of. The old man managed to keep him at home with him sometime after he ought to have been doing for himself. Not an acre of his father's possessions was called his son's; he owned nothing in the world save a horse, which some neighbor had given him, when it was a sickly colt, and some sheep obtained in the same manner; and the old man grudged him the keeping of these.

Joel Schenellbarger and his son differed often, but there were two points in which the difference amounted to something serious. The first point concerned education, for which the old man had the most profound contempt and the son had not. There was a college some dozen miles from the Schellenbarger farm, and thither—having thoroughly prepared himself in spite of fatherly thwarting and opposition—Anson belook himself, in spite of the same continued opposition, and by one contrivance and another, and helped by his mother's small marketing, kept himself there till he graduated. Joel Schellenbarger contested the ground inch by inch, but was afraid to do anything more than to be obstinate, lest his son should leave him. That was the first point of difference, and that was how Anson settled it. The second was not likely to be of so easy an arrangement. At college Anson had found something besides graduating honors. He had chanced upon a very charming combination of curls and azure eyes—a red-liped, dimpled cheeked fairy, daughter of one of the professors, who, instead of curling her dainty lip at the home-spun suit which his poverty and his father's niggardness compelled him to wear, never seemed to be conscious of anything or anybody else when he was by.

In short, Anson had found some one to love, some one that he wanted to marry, as he gravely informed his father. You should have seen the old man's eyes; it was a mercy they were fast in their sockets. Here was gratitude!—This Anson having defrauded his old father of so much of his time, was now going to set the seal upon his absurdity and disobedience by marrying a town girl! Bad enough to marry any one, seeing his father wasn't through with him yet—but a town girl! He never should consent, and every Schellenbarger acre should go to strangers before Anson should have one, if he persisted in an idea so ridiculous!

'And pray what harm is there in being a town girl?' questioned Barbie Halstead, when Anson told her, half laughing, half vexed, and altogether rueful; for, without assistance from his father, he could not marry Barbie for a long time yet.

Anson laughed again, but with some embarrassment, saying, 'My father is afraid that a daughter of Professor Halstead would not make a very good farmer's wife.'

'Does he think——?' Barbie hesitated looking with smiling perplexity at her little white hands.

'That these pretty hands don't know much about brewing, baking, etc.?—Exactly; I believe he thinks just that.'

'Then he thinks wrong,' said Barbie, reddening and looking up at her lover with a comical little pout. 'Didn't I hear you say you needed a servant at home? I've a mind to go down and offer for the place.'

Anson laughed enjoyingly.

'We need one bad enough, but my father will not suffer one inside the house.'

'Why, how do you live then? Who cooks for you, now that your mother is ill?'

'We do our cooking,' Anson said with a return of the half smiling, half-embarrassed expression. 'We cook for ourselves or do without.'

The very day succeeding the one which witnessed this conversation, Anson was at home, busying himself over some culinary operations, when the outside door, which stood ajar, was noiselessly pushed wide open, and a singularly attired form presented itself on the threshold. It wore a red and green plaid dress, the checks very large, a yellow shawl, and a very frowzy and tumbled white bonnet. A red feather, nearly as long as Anson's arm, streamed from one side, and within the brim flopped the immense frill of a cap which clung close around the face of the stranger. The face, what could be seen of it, was a very curious one to be inside of such a bonnet and cap.—Just now, as she surveyed the kitchen and Anson, herself unseen, the muscles about her mouth twitched nervously, and her eyes twinkled with roguish brightness.

Presently Anson looked that way.—Instantly the face took lugubrious length, and coming into the room, the girl said hesitatingly, but without looking at him—

'An' would ye be after hirin' a servant to-day?' and stood fidgeting with the fringe of her shawl.

'I believe not,' said Anson, coloring with some annoyance, perhaps at the nature of his employment.

'Shure, sir, an' the lady that sint me, God bless her swate eyes! said you'd be shure to take me on her recommendation, which I kas in me pocket, and here 'tis now.'

She gave him a note which proved to be from Barbie Halstead. Anson read it with very lover like carefulness, but shook his head.

'I am very sorry my good girl, but we do not wish to hire a servant.'

'Belike yure father mayn't object when he sees me,' she persisted.

Anson looked at the spoiled white bonnet and the red feather, and repressed a smile, wondering what his father would say. But his was too kindly a nature to be willing to expose even this servant to his father's rough manner. He repeated what he had said before, assuring her that it would be of no use to see his father.

The girl stood a moment. 'If ye please, sir, I'll just see him a moment. Belike he may take a likin' to the look o' me.'

And before he could reply she had crossed the room, and stood upon the threshold of the next. Anson followed presently, curious to see what kind of a reception she would get.

'Shure, an' I'll do plenty more'n I'm worth fo yees,' she was saying with innocent emphasis, as Anson entered.—She talked rapidly pouring out such a torrent of words that the old man could not, by any possibility slip one in among them, and sat regarding her with an expression of the most ludicrous astonishment.

This remarkable volubility completely baffled the old man's slowness. He could not say a word if he wished to, and when she concluded at last with, 'I can make flapjacks and corn bread that would bring the very eyes out' iv yer head and make ye swally yer tongue with delig'tsomeness, (if he had a weakness it was for flapjacks and corn bread,) he could only twirl his thumbs in a sort of ridiculous awe, and asked her with a sudden smile how much she expected to get 'for doing all those things.'

'Seventy-five cents a week,' was the reply.

With a still more cunning laugh, Joel offered her half the money. Greatly to his amazement, she agreed at once; and he found himself, to use his own expression, 'in for it.' To add to his chagrin, Anson stood by, laughing with intense enjoyment.

But the girl, without further ado, proceeded to disencumber herself of a bonnet and shawl and vanish in the direction of the kitchen before anything could be said. As she shut the door she stole a glance at Anson that made him start and bite his lip, and presently he stole kitchenward also. She was already at work handling the broom like an adept, and grumbling in her rich brogue at the dust that had accumulated in the corners; for the extent of Anson's and his father's sweeping had been to brush the centre of the room, somewhat to the disadvantage of the rest.

She did not look up as Anson entered: but he sat down and deliberated, and furtively watched her. For some time she seemed unconscious of his scrutiny but presently she turned, and clasping both her little hands upon the top of the broom handle, said, with a mixture of bravado and archness too natural to be mistaken—

'Well, Anson, what do you think?'

The young man laughed and looked annoyed in the same breath.

'Then it is you, Barbie?' he said;—'I was suspecting something of the sort.'

'Not till I looked at you,' said the girl, roguishly, retreating as he approached.

'Do you think it is quite the thing, Barbie?'

'Shure, an' why ain't it the thing for a poor girl to be gettin' her livin' decently and honestly?'

And that was all he could get out of her. Having acknowledged her identity with Barbie for an instant, she was the most unapproachable Biddy the next, and would have nothing to say save in that character.

'Does your father know of this, Barbie? What would he say?' persevered Anson.

'Shure, an' it's not me own fader would be interferin' wid me, would he?' said Biddy.

In vain were all remonstrances with the roguish and wilful girl. She persisted in being Biddy, even to him, and maintained a distance between them very different from that between him and Barbie in her own proper self.—Annoyed, provoked, chagrined, almost angry, the advent of his father forced him to retire from the kitchen for fear of betraying Barbie's secret, which he would not have done for a great deal.

It was several hours before he could return to the house, his father having, upon one pretext or another, detained him.

When at last they entered together, kitchen and sitting-room, both of which had been in a most untidy state when they left there, had undergone such a remarkable renovating process, that Joel drew back at first, thinking he had set foot in somebody's else house instead of his own. Supper was smoking on the table; such a supper as old Joel, at least, had not seen in months. To crown all, Mrs. Schellenbarger was sitting, propped up with pillows, in a great easy chair, and looking wondrously contented, and with reason,—the poor old lady had not had a woman's hand about her before since her illness. They lived in such an isolated, inhospitable manner, that very few of their neighbors even, knew that Mrs. Schellenbarger was not as well as usual.—Biddy, who called herself, had tidied the poor lady up in wonderful manner.

Joel Schellenbarger sat down to the daintily spread table, and made a most hearty and keenly relished meal, glancing askance at Biddy meanwhile. Anson, strange to say, ate very little, and he watched Biddy askance, too.

This was only the beginning of reforms the daring girl instituted. First, however, as much for her own peace of mind as Anson's—knowing that mother and son were fast friends and always of one opinion—she told her secret to Mrs. Schellenbarger, and fairly wheedled the old lady into approval. It is true that she shook her head at first, and looked wondrously shocked. It was so charming to have those little soft hands fluttering about her, and to see such brightness and comfort spring up around, that she could not, for her own sake, help countenancing, as much as silence could, Biddy's mysterious presence.

I haven't time to give particulars, but having made a good beginning, with true Irish facility, Biddy established herself in a very short time completely in the good graces of the old man. He had a lurking likeness for neatness and good order, and Mrs. Schellenbarger, poor woman, was not a very tidy housekeeper. Under the new reign order grew out of chaos; the house seemed in holiday garb all the time, and an atmosphere of social cheerfulness pervaded everywhere.

One morning, Biddy had said something about leaving. The day before, the old man ended a grumbling complaint of Anson with, 'I never see no good come of eddication yet. If it hadn't been for that college business you might have taken a liking to a sensible girl, and she to you.'

He glanced at Biddy as he spoke.—She turned scarlet and came near dropping the dish she was holding. It was not the first time Anson had heard such insinuations, and he rather enjoyed Biddy's trepidation.

'See here, father,' he said, roguishly, 'just pick me out a wife, and see what will come of it.'

'The only girl I know of, worth having, wouldn't have you, I dare say—would you Biddy?' Joel said, grumblingly, but suddenly turning to the girl.

Anson was smiling maliciously.—Bridget O'Flynn had kept Barbie's lover at a tantalizing and unrelenting distance all this time. He was taking his revenge now. Making a desperate effort, Biddy rallied her confused senses enough to say, with considerable self-possession:

'Shure, sir, an' it isn't meself that'll be afther having any man till I'm asked'

'Biddy, will you marry me?' said Anson, gravely extending his hand.

'I will that now,' said Biddy, promptly putting her hand in his, while old Joel came near choking himself with amazement. It was too late to recede, however, whether he had wished such a thing or not, as they soon made him understand. He went out of doors presently, privately pinching himself to ascertain if he were in his senses or not. Seeing the two standing by the window in close conversation soon after, he crept with the same laudable intention toward them, under cover of the bushes that grew by the house.

'Now, Barbie,' Anson was saying, laughingly, 'what is to be done next? I must say you've managed wonderfully so far; but what do you suppose he'll say when he knows you're not Biddy at all?'

'Not Biddy at all?' screamed Joel, struck with a sudden suspicion of he knew not what, as he started out of his covert.

There stood Biddy, the white frill of her close cap as immense as ever; she laughed, though, when she saw him, and deliberately taking off her cap, shook her bright curls all over her face, and reaching toward him her little hand, said—

'Shure, sir, an' ye won't be afther hating a poor girl because her name's Barbie Halstead instead of Biddy O'Flynn?'

'You—you Professor Halstead's girl?'

'Professor Halstead is my father,' said Barbie, in her natural tone.

'What's that?

Barbie repeated it.

'And are you not Irish?'

'Niver a bit!'

The old man stood a moment, clouds gathering in his face.

'Well, Anson,' he said, rather saucily, 'you've out-witted me again: much good may it do you. You'd better get out the horses now and take Halstead's girl home. He must want to see her by this time.'

'Yes, sir.' And Anson colored with mingled anger and amazement.

Barbie did not change countenance, however. Extending that pretty hand of hers again, she said, sweetly, 'You'll shake hands with me, sir?'

Joel Schellenbarger turned back and gave his hand awkwardly. The girl took it in both hers, bending her bright arched face toward him, and saying, 'I shall come back sometime, sir. Will you be glad to see me?'

Joel hummed and hawed, and stammered out at last, 'yee-yes; come back, Biddy—I mean Miss O'Flynn—I mean Miss ——'

'Barbie,' suggested the girl, quietly.

'Yes, come back; and the sooner the better. There, Anson, make the most on't!'

Barbie did come back in a very few weeks, too, and no one was gladder to see her than old Joel, though he was a little shy at first of Professor Halstead's girl. She soon made him forget everything save that she was Anson's wife; and the way he humored the sly puss to sundry grants of money, refurnishing and repairing, etc., I couldn't begin to tell.

AMONG THE STARS.

Not many days ago, a friend, who is a great lover of "star gazing," asked us to go with him to the Chicago University, in the southern part of our city, and take a peep at those glistening beauties of the sky through the great telescope there.

Of course we went, and, in company with several other young people, had a happy time. It was a clear, cold night, such as we like to see in the winter time. Reaching the University a short time after dark, we climbed the tall staircase, which led us to the top of the tower where the telescope is. It stands on the top of a great pillar of stone, the base of which is many feet below the surface of the earth. We were told it was built so deep and so solid, that passing railroad trains and other jarring things might not shake the instrument. Looking out at the little windows in the sides of the great round room, we found we were higher in the air than the roof of a very tall barn.—It is built so high in order that no part of the sky may be hidden from view by the trees and buildings (there are no hills) around. The telescope looked to us as we went into the room, like a great, smoothly polished saw log, balanced upon the top of a large block of stone, twice as high as our head. Taking hold of it, we found we could turn it about on a pivot as easily as you would move a chair with your hand, so nicely is it balanced. In the upper end is a large, round, clear glass, somewhat like that in a spectacle, only as large around as a very broad brimmed hat, and thick in proportion. In the end to which we put our eye there is another glass about as large as a silver ten cent piece.

To know all about a telescope, how it is made and how it works, find a Philosophy and read. The room was lit with gas when we first entered, but soon we found ourselves in darkness.—The light was turned off, because, in some way, it affected the instrument.—We first looked at Jupiter, which seemed to our eyes like a great bright moon. Three little, bright, round balls (so they seemed to us) were near it; they are Jupiter's moons, so we are told.—He has two moons more than we have, you see—or you would see, if you looked through the telescope; they are not visible to the unaided eye. One thing which surprised us was, that when looking through the instrument, the stars seemed to be chasing each other thro' the sky. Our Astronomer explained to us that it was the earth moving, and not the stars. You have, perhaps, when riding in a wagon, looked steadily thro' the bottom boards, and it seemed the ground was running under you. Of course it was you moving, not the ground. We saw other wonderful things, too, but powerful as was the telescope, there seemed so much beyond its reach that it could not reveal.

We thought, "by and by we shall see more than it can show us, know more than it can tell us; for when our good Father, who made all these things, takes us home to where He lives, He will give us the power and the wisdom, and, perhaps, we shall go out with some of the shining angels, and visit those orbs of light which now seem so far from us—and who knows what scenes of joy and beauty, what treasures, now unknown, we may find in the shining worlds of the sky, which we call stars."—[Bright Side.

MCFADDEN'S MASTERSTROKE.

Samuel McFadden was a watchman in a bank. He was poor, but honest, and his life was without reproach.—The trouble with him was, he felt that he was not appreciated. His salary was only four dollars a week, and when he asked to have it raised the President, the cashier, and the directors glared at him through their spectacles and frowned on him, and told him to go out and stop his insolence, when he knew business was dull and the bank could not meet its expenses now, letting alone recklessly lavishing one dollar a week more upon such a miserable worm as Samuel McFadden. And then Samuel McFadden felt depressed and sad, and the haughter scorn of the President and cashier cut him to the soul. He would often go out in the side yard and bow his venerable head and weep gallons and gallons of tears over his insignificance, and pray that he might be made worthy of the President's and cashier's polite attention.

One night a happy thought struck him, a gleam of light burst upon his soul, and gazing down the dim vista of years, with his eyes all blinded with the mist of joyful tears, he saw himself rich, honored, and respected. So Samel McFadden fooled around, and got a jimmy, and a Monkey-wrench, and a cross-cut saw, and a cold chisel and a drill, and about half a ton of gunpowder, and nitro-glycerine, and all those things. Then in the dead of night he went to the fire-proof safe, and after working at it for a while, burst the door and brick work into immortal smash with such perfect success that there was not enough of that safe left to make a carpet tack. Mr. McFadden then proceeded to load with coupons, and greenbacks, and currency, and specie, and to all the odd change that was lying around anywhere, so that he pranced out of the bank with one million of dollars upon him. He then returned to an unassuming residence out of town, and sent word to the detectives where he was.

It was all serene and beautiful for Samuel McFadden now. He felt that it was all right at last, and that the dark night of sorrow had passed, and the bright rays of the sun of prosperity at last illumined his path. A detective called on him the next day with a soothing note from the cashier. McFadden treated it with lofty scorn.—Detectives called on him every day with humble notes from the President, cashier, and directors, and clerks and stockholders. At last the bank officers got up a magnificent private supper, to which Mr. McFadden was invited. He came, and as the bank officers bowed in the dust before him, he pondered over the bitter past, and his soul was filled with exultation. (It seems to me that the last sentence is symmetrical and poetic! It strikes me so, anyhow.) Before he drove away in his carriage that night, it was all settled that Mr. McFadden was to keep half a million of that money, and to be unmolested if he returned the other half. He fulfilled his contract like an honest man; but refused with disdain the offer of the cashier to marry his daughter.

Mac is now honored and respected. He moves in the best society; browses around in purple and fine linen and other good clothes, and enjoys himself first-rate.

TWENTY YEARS WITHOUT SEEING A MINISTER.—A Methodist minister was on his travels through the west of Illinois, twenty years ago. Illinois was a wild place then. He traveled twenty miles one day before coming to a farm house. But there he was received with hospitality. Chicken pot-pie and corn dodgers composed his supper, but to a hungry man these are as good as truffled turkey. A fine old grandmother of the house was most profuse in her hospitality. She pressed the pot-pie on the holy man's plate till he could eat no more. And then, when the family were gathered around the great log chimney and its blazing fire, the venerable dame opened her mouth and thus spake: "Ah, well-a-day! it's a grand comfort to have a minister of the gospel in these parts. It's twenty years agone now since I have seen one of 'em. I've been a readin' o' my Bible all that time, and waitin' to see a minister and ax him a question about suthin' I don't rightly understand." "Madam," answered the cautious minister, "I'm so tired with my long ride that I could not enter into a serious question till I have slept; but if you will ask me to-morrow morning, before I set out, I will answer it to the best of my ability." The old lady expressed herself satisfied, and the cunning minister secured a soft couch for the night. The next morning grandma was up early, and hard at work frying slapjacks for the minister's breakfast. This being dispatched, the old lady was in a nervous fidget about her question, while the holy man's horse was saddled and brought to the door. After adjusting his saddle-bags, and shaking hands with the family, he mounted his horse, and turning to her, asked: "And now, Madam, what is your question?"—"Waal, mimster," said she, "yer know how it is in the Bible that arter Elisha was made a prophet, the heavens opened and Elijah was taken up to heaven in a chariot and horses of fire. It's better nor twenty year sin' I seed that ere in the Bible, and have puzzled over it ever since; an' thare ain't a soul 'round these diggins knows any more nor I. But you're a minister o' the gospel, an' ought to know all them things. Now, what I want to know is this: Did the Lord take up Elijah right slick to heaven, or didn't he go kinder slantendicular?" History has not recorded the minister's reply.

THE PLAINS OF MANASSAS.—Although agriculture is gradually removing the scars of war, there are many of its monuments still to be seen over the broad and level plains of Manassas. Wherever we turn the eye rests on some dismantled fort or rifle pit, now overgrown with wild shrubbery and with now and then a small tree.

The fields trampled by the horses of Gen. Beauregard's aid-de-camps carrying his orders from his headquarters on the memorable 21st of July, 1861, are now covered with fields of waving grain. The building he occupied as his headquarters is a large two story brick building owned then by the late Wm. J. Weir, now by his son Walter Weir, Esq. Fort "Beauregard," thrown up by the 11th and 17th Virginia regiments, (and the first one made) and forts "Evans," "Starrit," and many others, still stand, but instead of the frowning guns, and the tramp, tramp of the sentinel with his glistening bayonet as it reflected the sun's rays, they are now the favorite resort of the goats and sheep that browse upon the parapets and rest in their embrasures. The ditches that were once the shelter of the sharpshooter are now held by the frogs, whose croakings are more pleasant to the ear than the crack of the rifle as it sent the leaden messenger on its errand of death.

A large proportion of the farms around Manassas have been sold by the original owners, and in a few years these broad acres will be occupied by strangers, and once large plantations containing from 500 to 3000 acres will be divided into farms from 50 to 200 acres, and the plains of Manassas, heretofore containing but few residents, will be as densely populated as any farming country in the United States.—[Manassas Gazette.

WHY DO CHILDREN DIE?—In answer to this question, the Medical Recorder holds the following language:

"The reason why children die is because they are not taken care of. From the day of their birth they are stuffed with food, choked with physic, splashed with water, suffocated in hot rooms and steamed in bed clothes. So much for indoor. When permitted to breathe a breath of pure air once a week in summer, and once or twice during the colder months, only the nose is permitted to peer into daylight. A little later they are sent out with no clothes at all on the parts of the body which most need protection. Bare legs, bare arms, bare necks, girted middles, with an inverted umbrella to collect the air and chill the other parts of the body. A stout, strong man goes out in a cold day with gloves and overcoat, woolen stockings and thick doubled soled boots, with cork between and rubbers over. The same day, a child of three years old, an infant of flesh and blood, and bone and constitution, goes out with hose as thin as paper, cotton socks, legs uncovered to the knees, neck bare, an exposure which would disable the nurse, kill the mother outright, and make the father an invalid for weeks.—And why? To harden them to a mode of dress which they are never expected to practice. To accustom them to exposure which a dozen years later would be considered downright foolery. To rear children thus for the slaughter pen, and then lay it to the Lord, is too bad. We don't think the Almighty had any hand in it."

A brother editor wants an almanac that will tell him when "next month" expires. The cause of this "want," the editor says, is because he has a number of accounts the payment of which was promised next month, and as the promises were made in February last, he wants the almanac to ascertain when he may expect the fulfillment of said promise, you know. We would like one of these almanacs.

A client remarked to his solicitor:—"You are writing my bill on very rough paper, sir." "Never mind," was the reply of the latter; "it has to be filed before it comes into court."

A Tennessee orator, eulogizing Washington, exclaimed: "His mind had a powerful grasp of the future; if ever a man was *non compos mentis*, Washington was that man."