

Rev. S. McKee

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PROBATE COURTS.
Bradford District, 1868, 1869.
PROBATE COURTS will be held within
and for the District of Bradford, first
and second Tuesdays of February, July, Sep-
tember and November, 1869.
At the Trotter House in Bradford,
on the second Tuesdays of January, March,
May and August, 1869.
At the Hotel in East Corinth, on
the second Tuesdays of February, July, Sep-
tember and November, 1869.
At the Newbury House, Newbury,
on the second Tuesdays of June and October,
and the last Tuesday in August, 1869.
At the Register's Office, West Fairlee,
on the second Tuesday in December, 1868,
and the second Tuesday in April, and last
Tuesday in September, 1869.

ALVAH BEAN, Register,
West Fairlee Dec. 1, 1868.

A CARD.
I hereby certify that Dr. J. N. Clark has done
his work in our families, and that his work
gives entire satisfaction.

NATIONAL OPINION.

VOLUME 4. BRADFORD, VERMONT, FRIDAY, JULY 23, 1869. NUMBER 7.

The New Black Silk.

'I want you to give me some money for a new dress, James. I must have a new black silk. Mrs. Smith has an elegant one that she wore last Sunday,' said Mrs. Mills to her husband.

'Must, my dear?' answered Mr. Mills. 'You speak as if urged by necessity or strong sense of duty.—Which is it—duty?'

'Always ridiculing my religion,' snapped Mrs. Mills. 'Because I don't see the religion,' was the firm answer. 'Nobody admires true religion more than I do, but you know, Mary, I hate shams. You've joined the church, but I don't see that you are at all different from the gayest people out of it.'

'I am thankful that you are not my judge,' proudly retorted the wife. 'But I am. By their fruits ye shall know them. Men do not gather grapes from thorns, nor figs from thistles. I have a right to judge by the fruits.'

'Well, please don't say any more about it now, but give me the money for the dress. I want it this morning.'

'How much do you want?'

'Eighty dollars.'

'For one dress?'

'Yes, for one dress.'

'It seems to me that you have dresses enough, without buying any more just now. I want all my money in my business. Besides I don't see how you can have the conscience to spend eighty dollars for a single dress, when thick around you are people who can't get clothes to make them comfortable. I ask you if it is Christian like to spend so much money on yourself and so little on others?'

'Now, please don't say any more, James, only let me have the money for my dress.'

'The husband counted it out—eighty dollars. Will that be enough?' he asked in a sarcastic tone, as he handed it to his wife. 'I think so.'

To Let—Inquire Within.

The lady fumed out in a rage. Two young damsels and a spinster aunt followed, and after a lengthy inspection of the premises, came to a state council in the parlor.

'I like this house very much,' said the spinster aunt, solemnly, 'and with a few alterations, I will engage it for my brothers family.'

'Very well, ma'am,' said Nahum, rubbing his hands, and sending a speedy termination to his trials. 'Name 'em.'

'The door handles must be gilded, and I should like the house newly papered in velvet and gold, and the partition between the parlors taken down and replaced by an arch, and an extension dining-room built on behind, and a new style of range in the kitchen, and a dumb-waiter put in, and new bronze chandeliers throughout, and another furnace in the sub-cellar, and—'

'Hold on, ma'am—just hold on one minute,' said Nahum, feebly gasping for breath.

'Wouldn't you like the old house carted away and a new one put in its place? I think it would be rather less trouble than to make the trifling alterations you have suggested.'

'Sir!' said the spinster, loftily. 'I don't think we can agree, ma'am.'

'Very well—very well. Come, girls.'

'With prime dignity the lady marshaled her two charges out, muttering something about the "extortive ideas of landlords now-a-days".'

'While Nahum, wildly rumpling his iron gray hair with both hands, soliloquized:

'Well, if Job had been alive, and had a house to let, there never would have been any book of Job written. There goes that everlasting bell again! I'll haul it out by the roots if this thing goes on much longer. I'll tear down the bill, and put up the place at auction.'

'Another lady, but quite different from the other—a slender, little, cast-down lady, with a head that drooped like a lily of the valley, and a dress of brown silk, that had been mended and turned and turned and returned, and even Nahum Briggs, man and bachelor though he was, could see how shabby it was. Yet she was pretty, with big blue eyes, and shining brown hair, and cheeks tinged with a fair, fleecing color, where the velvet roses of youth had once bloomed in vivid carmine. And a golden-haired little lassie clung to her dress, as like to her as the tiny lily buds to a blooming chime of flower bells.'

The Sprague Case.

The Sprague branch of promise case which has filled the Chicago papers for a week past is ended in the Court below, and a judgment rendered against the defendant for the full amount of damages claimed—\$100,000.

The sum is a large one; apparently disproportionate to the damages actually sustained in health, comfort or reputation; and in the opinion of thinking persons will be considered unduly exemplary, and enormous.

The defendant, Sprague, was old, illiterate, unattractive in mind and person, but the single recommendation of wealth. The plaintiff was young, intelligent, well educated, and pleasing in person and manners, but lacked the adventitious charms of a fortune. In a business partnership for life his cash would have been a fair equivalent for her accomplishments, but the world will be slow to believe that love would have had much to do in cementing the union. Observation and experience both establish the fact that in matches such as this, the aged suit or brings the entire capital of affection invested in the concern. The damage to any complainant in such a case is merely nominal, and the plea of 'blighted affection' is not the ground upon which 'swinging' damages are usually awarded by juries.

In this case we have not far to look for the facts which controlled the jury. The contract of marriage was not denied by defendant, but he undertook to release himself from its legal obligations by defaming the woman he once professed to love. As an excuse for the non-fulfillment of his marriage engagement he impeached the chastity of the plaintiff, and failed to sustain his allegations. There is no instance on record in which such an attempt and failure has not reacted with tenfold force, and led to larger awards than could otherwise ever have been obtained. By common consent the traducer of female virtue is placed, by this act, outside the protection of law. The Sprague case affords an instance of traduction; a weak attempt at justification; and the severest possible punishment under the circumstances.—[Milwaukee News.]

A Cool Customer.

There are some cool people in the world, as the reader is aware. One of our restaurant keepers encountered one a few nights since. It happened in this wise:

A lathy fellow entered one of our restaurants and ordered a double stew of oysters. The man who kept the establishment was a small, red-headed individual, evidently very high tempered. He prepared the stew in quick time, and the lathy fellow sat down to his repast, and ate with a most enviable relish; after which he selected a first class cigar, and regaled himself with a mug of foaming ale, sitting with his feet tilted upon the top of the stove. He was very deliberate and perfect in his self-possession. After the cigar had mostly disappeared in smoke, he called for his bill.

'Sixty-five cents,' said the proprietor.

'How is that?' asked the customer.

'Fifty cents for the double stew, and fifteen cents for the cigars.'

'You forgot the ale,' remarked the lathy fellow, looking quite serious.

'Ah, yes, that is ten cents more—seventy-five cents.'

Novel Way of Stopping a Railway Train.

The Albany Argus of Thursday morning relates the following story of the last resort to stop a railway train—

A friend informs us of the novel mode adopted to stop a railroad train in Vermont the other day. He was at Centre Rutland, a way station, where the train did not stop except upon the signal of a red flag. It was early in the morning, and the station man had not arrived. A woman with two small children came to take the cars, and was anxiously waiting their arrival. The time was nearly up, and yet no appearance of the station master. The woman grew more anxious. She said there was no signal, and she must take that train at all hazards. 'Why,' said she, 'I can now hear the cars coming—what shall I do? I must go on this train.' This appeal was addressed to our friend, who, by the way, is over six feet tall and "well proportioned." After thinking a moment he asked the woman if she did not have something red about her, a shawl or something. She replied that she had not. In a moment a thought struck her, and she said—'yes, I have on me a red petticoat; will that do?' 'Certainly,' said our friend; 'I will elevate it on my walking-stick, and if that don't stop the train then there is no virtue in woman's expedients.' The experiment was tried, and the emblem of woman's rights brought the rushing train to a stand on time.—The woman was delighted with her success, and laughed as heartily over the repetition of the story as any of the passengers on the train.

MYSTERY OF RAYMOND'S DEATH.—There is a floating suspicion that the truth has not yet been told concerning the death of Henry J. Raymond. The Evening Press of N. Y., expresses the suspicion as follows: 'From nine o'clock until half past two the next morning, there is a space of five hours and a half in relation to which little or nothing is known. Mr. R. was well when he left home; when found in his hall-way he was dying. Now death does not cut down healthy men without a cause, and if Mr. Raymond's movements during these five hours and a half could be known, the public might be able to find some reason for his death. If he went to walk with friends, who were they, and where did he go? Why have we had no detailed account of the post-mortem examination? Something has been kept back which the public has a right to know. If any ordinary individual had died in the same manner, a coroner would have given all the facts to the public.' The press intimates pretty plainly that 'wine and women' were the cause of this mysterious death, and says significantly: 'If a man writes his leading editorial with a basket of champagne by his side (as some of our leading editors have done); if he keeps a mistress and separates from his wife (which we learn is not an uncommon occurrence), he must expect a sudden stroke of apoplexy, or as a clergyman last Sunday called it, 'a visitation from God.'

For some time there have been lurking in the neighborhood of Harrisburg two wild or insane men. They cut the throats of horses, cut off the ears of animals, and would allow no human being to approach them. The other day one of the men was surrounded in the woods, and though he defended himself with a fence rail he was after a struggle, captured. He was bare-headed, barefoot, and without coat. He refused to speak, would not tell his name, nor answer any question that was asked. He refused to eat, and showed such violence in manner that he was transferred to 'custody of the sheriff, and lodged in the County jail. He gave the building a close examination, seemed familiar with locks and cells, and tried the strength of the bars. His inspection concluded, he proceeded to trounce one of the prisoners in the hall with a broom. This was a two-handed game, in which the unknown, much to his astonishment, came out second best. He was finally locked in a cell, much against his will, refusing before this however, to touch meat or drink. Once in the cell, he commenced operations on the bed, threw off the bed clothes, and finally the mattress, stretching himself on the iron bedstead.

In Owen County, Kentucky, a Grand Jury, last week, presented an aged woman of that place, on the charge of being a witch. It is alleged that she mysteriously cast an evil eye upon her neighbor's cattle, so that they sickened and died by the score, and further, that she so affected the waters of the wells upon which she looked that all who partook of them languished and eventually followed their fathers to dream land. Such an unmitigated set of fools as these jurors were born out of time. They should have flourished a century or two ago. As it is they have lived too long to have learned so little.

The worst of all frauds is to defraud self.

A PACIFIC RAILROAD RUNAWAY.

At Echo the other evening, three freight trains stood upon the main track when word came flashing over the telegraph from the superintendent, 'A locomotive and tender, with steam up and with nobody on board, have broken from a freight train and started down the grade.'

Al! then and there was hurrying to and fro! In a few minutes came a second message 'She had just passed Castle Rock station.' Never were three trains got upon a sliding with less delay. Then the workmen piled sleepers high upon the track. Last that would not stop 'her,' and she should do murder further down the road they tore up the rails below. Just as this was accomplished she came in sight. She shot through the sleepers like a bullet flying in all directions, and darkening the air with the splinters. But at the broken track she jumped up and down with vexation, and finally plunged angrily into a hillside. She ran twenty-six miles in twenty minutes—the best time ever yet made upon the road.

Babies—coupons of matrimony.

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