

Religious Department.

Rev. J. W. MALCOLM, Editor.

OUR AIM.

Readers of the Monitor.—Friends:—I allow my name to stand as it does in this paper, not because I am burdened with a sense of my capabilities nor because I feel there is not a wiser pen nearer the office of our paper and many such within its circulation, but because when kindly solicited (and let me offer sincere thanks to those who even suspected that I might be acceptable) I felt that anything I could do to benefit the place would be a pleasure. And now, if natural modesty and good breeding should fail, may the spirit of the Master give us a purely non-sectarian paper.—Brethren in the ministry and all of our readers who are in sympathy with good, the responsibility rests upon you, I am simply to fill up when you fail to supply matter for our columns. Then brethren let us hear from the churches; send in as soon as you can such matter as your good judgment may select. We have but a few columns, therefore let us be pleased to give the real essence, heart and life of religious movements and truth. Let us grasp these columns weekly allotted to us with the hand of faith and love, and wield as a sword for our Captain and God. With many thanks for all the charity you may have for all future failures, I am very respectfully your humble servant.

J. W. MALCOLM.

MISSIONARY.

Prospects for the improvement of the women of Turkey are brightening. Men who bring their sons to the missionaries to be educated begin urgently to ask: "Where is the institution of learning for our daughters?" Dr. Hamlin is of opinion that a college for the young women of Turkey, to meet the rising demand, would soon need to have accommodations for not less than one thousand. The Witness (Lacknow) says: "We have received a unique missionary report entitled, 'A Brief Report of Christian Missions at Jhansie and in the vicinity of Bundelkhand, by Isai Das, an Independent Missionary.' The report consists of two pages, one of which is filled with names of contributors to the mission, and the other contains the story of a year's work. The missionary says he spends his time preaching among the villages, that he is kindly received, attentively listened to, and that he has baptized nineteen persons, all of whom earn their own livelihood. The report has the merit of brevity, conciseness, and relevancy. We wish more missionary reports could be made to tell as good a story in as few words."

Until recently the missionary could get access only to the lower classes of native women in India. But now, according to the London Missionary Chronicle, European ladies are invited to the houses of native gentlemen for the instruction of their wives and daughters. Moreover, they offer to pay for such instruction.

O, you great big-hearted men,—God bless you—who preach morality as your religion, and believe in it so much that you are not any more moral than other people, and talk so much about infinite love, abhorring punishment and passing it over. Ye ones whose hearts (judging from your profession) must be so loving and tender that you would weep were you to crush a worm and wonder how a spider could be so vicious, cruel and barbarous to murder a harmless fly, so much that you would behold the wretch for so doing. And ye men of reason, who have reasoned on a newspaper, magazine and may other great works and yet can see that conversion is a reasonable thing as represented in the bible. Let us, since we are to live to do each other good in our feeble way, ask you questions that may make you thoughtful.—What is it that is moving men to sacrifice for the elevation of the women of Turkey?—What is it that moves the missionary to the dreary solitudes of heathendom on the continent and the isle of the sea?—What is it that takes men and women from the luxury and ease and comfort of their own quiet homes, to toil in the perilous climate of India, that man as well as woman there might be lifted into light, that the infant's death-cries might cease to disturb the Ganges. Is it that great cold God morality that is moving men thus, or is it that goddess who says love can never punish, or is it that great God of Rationalism who rejects all he cannot understand? No, no; 'tis the spirit of Jesus; the spirit that corrects men, that leads them to love even the fallen, the vile and the heathen. We tell you such a man professes so and so. Ah, you say, you don't judge men by what they profess but by what they do. So we say to you of your religions—morality, rationalism, &c., &c.—what are they doing.

SECRETARIAN APPROPRIATIONS IN ENGLAND.—The new system of education in England, with all its valuable features, is by no means working smoothly. The power which it gave localities to establish denominational schools, under rigid restrictions as to religious instruction, has been taken advantage of by the Established Church, owing to its enormous wealth, to set up a great number—so great, indeed, that through a great portion of the country the new schools are virtually in the hands of its clergy. This has infuriated the Dissenters, who are everywhere up in arms against it, and have been holding a great conference at Manchester with the view of forcing the government into some sort of a compromise; and their hostility is so great that it is believed a general election would now be a dangerous experiment for Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Lowe has made a pacificatory speech, in which he says he sympathizes with the Dissenters, but that the government did all it was possible for them to do without running the risk of leaving another whole generation uneducated.

A CUP OF COLD WATER.—Every good act we perform will some time come back to us as a blessing.

It was during the reign of Charles IX. of France, while he was still a boy, and his cruel Catholic mother Catharine had control of the government, that a little Protestant girl was at school in France.

Walking out one day with some of her companions in one of the large public gardens of the city, they came upon a poor soldier who was there on duty. Being unable to leave his post, he asked the young ladies if they would be so kind as to bring him a little water, for he was very thirsty.

The friends of this little girl turned away in contempt, remarking that it was very impertinent for a common soldier to speak to them. But her kind heart could not refuse to do good to any one in want, so she ran and obtained some water for him.

When she brought it, the poor man was so grateful that he could not half utter his thanks; but he asked her name and where she lived, which she willingly told, and went on her way.

Not many days after the horrible massacre of St. Bartholomew occurred, during which more than thirty thousand Protestants were cruelly murdered, and among them the companions of this little girl, who were all Protestants. But this child and her family somehow were saved.

When they inquired into their singular escape, they learned that they owed their lives to the soldier whom the little girl had befriended.

Her kind action had sunk deep into his heart; and amid the dreadful scenes of that awful slaughter, the good deed was returned in life and blessing.

"As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men."

POWER IN THE HEART.

The zeal that God excites within us is often the means of effecting the purpose which we desire. After all, God does not give conversions to eloquence, but to heart. The power in the hand of God's Spirit for conversions is heart coming into contact with heart. Truth from the heart goes to the heart. This is God's battle-axe and weapon of war in his crusade. He is pleased to use the yearnings, longings, and sympathies of Christian men as the means of compelling the careless to think, constraining the hardened to feel, and driving the unbelieving to consider. I have little confidence in elaborate speech and polished sentences as the means of reaching men's hearts, but I have great faith in that simple-minded Christian woman who must have souls converted, or she will weep her eyes out over them, and in that humble Christian who prays day and night in secret, and then avails himself of every opportunity to address a loving word to sinners. The emotion we feel and the affection we bear are the most powerful implements of soul-winning. — God the Holy Ghost usually breaks hard hearts by tender.—*Sprague.*

MEMNONITES.—The Memnonites have had an existence as a church in this country 150 years. During the coming year they anticipate a large emigration from Prussia and Russia. In the latter empire they number about 40,000. This rapid emigration to this country is principally owing to the stringent military regulations which prevail in Prussia and Russia. "Defencelessness," according to a contributor in the *Friedenbote*, is one of the main points of doctrine among the Memnonites, and they are not at liberty to carry out this doctrine in Russia and Prussia with the same facility that they can here.

A LONG SERMON.—A lady took her son, of some five years, to church. After the minister had been preaching about half an hour, the little fellow grew sleepy and began to nod. The mother roused him into attention several times by pinching, but as it seemed a hopeless case, she concluded to let him sleep undisturbed. After the little fellow had his nap out, he awoke, and saw the minister still holding forth. He looked up in his mother's face, and innocently asked: "Mother, is it this Sunday night or is it next Sunday night?"

The Unitarian Herald gives an account of a soiree of Manchester (England) ministers of all denominations, in one of the reception-rooms of the Rev. A. M'Laren's chapel, on the invitation of a leading member of that church. There were Baptists, Independents, Swedenborgians, ten Unitarians, Presbyterians, Free Methodists, and Bible Christians. A friendly talk was held after tea, and a proposal to hold a United Communion once a year seemed to be generally approved.

If man or woman wishes to realize the full power of personal beauty, it must be by cherishing noble hopes and purposes; by having something to do and something to live for, which is worthy of humanity, and which, by expanding the capacities of the soul, gives expansion and symmetry to the body which contains it.

Eighteen copies of the first edition of the Bible ever printed are in existence. They were printed in Metz between the years of 1440 and 1445. Mr. James Lennox, of New York, owns one of the copies, having purchased it at a cost of \$3,200.

A grasp of the hand, a smile, a word even, is often enough in God's hand to change the entire course of life, to save a soul from death.—*W. H. H. Morrey.*

Affliction is very commonly the means of making us aware of the mercies we enjoy.

Farm & Household.

ARRANGING FLOWERS FOR BOUQUETS.

It is an art requiring no small degree of taste and skill to arrange out flowers so as to form an attractive bouquet for the vase or basket. It is something, too, which comes to one intuitively, and it can hardly be described in words. However, it may be said in general that the more loosely and unconfused flowers are arranged, the better. Crowding is especially to be avoided, and to accomplish this a good base of green of different varieties is needed to keep the flowers apart. This filling up is a very important part in all bouquet-making, and the neglect of it is the greatest stumbling-block to the uninitiated. Spiked and drooping flowers, with branches and sprays of delicate green, are of absolute necessity in giving grace and beauty to a vase bouquet. Flowers of a similar size, form and color ought never to be placed together. Small flowers should never be massed together. Large flowers, with green leaves or branches, may be used to advantage alone, but a judicious contrast of forms is most effective. Avoid anything like formality or stiffness. A bright tendril or spray of vine can be used with good effect, if allowed to wander over and around the vase as it will. Certain flowers assort well only in families, and are injured by mixing. Of these are balsams, hollyhocks, sweet peas, etc. The former produce a very pretty effect if placed upon a shallow oval dish upon the center table. No ornament is so appropriate for the dinner table or mantel as a vase of flowers; and if you expect visitors, by all means cut the finest bouquet your garden will produce, and place it in the room they are to occupy. It will tell of your regard and affectionate thoughtfulness in a more forcible and appropriate manner than you could find words to express. If a small quantity of spirits of camphor is placed in the water contained in the vase, the color and freshness of the flowers will remain for a much longer period. Thus prepared, we have had flowers to keep a week, and at the end look quite fresh and bright.—*The Maine Farmer.*

LIVE WEIGHT OF ANIMALS.—The amount of meat obtained from a domestic animal sold by its live weight is quite variable. From the statistics derived from the public slaughter houses of Paris and Brussels, it appears that certain animals yield as much as seventy per cent of meat, while others give only fifty per cent. The mean weight of meat produced is calculated at fifty-eight per cent of the live weight in beef cattle. In the case of sheep the proportion is from forty to fifty per cent. It appears that the different products from oxen and sheep are as follows: An ox of the live weight of 1,332 pounds, yields—meat, 771.4 pounds; skin, 110.2; grease, 87.11; liver and spleen, 20.05; intestines, 66.15; loss and evaporation, 154.352, making the total of 1,332 pounds. The product from a sheep weighing 110.2 pounds is as follows: Meat, 55.1 pounds; skin, 7.714; grease, 5.51; head, 4.408; feet and hoofs, 2.204; blood, 4.408; tongue, lungs, heart, liver and spleen, 4.408; intestines, 7.612; loss and evaporation, 19.736—making the total of 110.2 lbs.

SALT FOR SWINE.—While all other domestic animals are regularly supplied with salt, the hog is generally neglected. He requires, however, to be as constantly supplied as the ox, the horse, or the sheep, and suffers as much from privation as either of the above named animals do. His food is almost invariably given to him in a fresh and unseasoned state, and to this fact we may doubtless attribute many of the violent and fatal diseases to which he is subject, and which stagger all remedies, however promptly, and skillfully administered. If the food be not regularly seasoned, there should be a trough or box in every sty, in which salt may be deposited regularly for the use of the animals. Seasoning the food judiciously would be much the best way. As seasoning the food of the hog is mentioned above, let it be understood that salt only is here alluded to, for if any person should try seasoning with pepper they will make a great mistake; for as much pepper as will suffice for a man's dinner will kill a hog.

WATERING HORSES.—We think both man and beast are generally watered too much. Men and horses at hard work in warm weather, perspire just in proportion to the quantity of fluids taken into the stomach. Frequently drinking in hot weather, according to our experience, emaculates instead of refreshing. Some years ago, being at Cape Island, in driving out in one of the stand coaches of the place on a very hot day, we asked the driver how it was that his horse perspired so little, while the horses on the private carriages, going at a slower speed, were covered with foam. He replied that he watered his horses three times a day only, though he sponged their mouths frequently, while the private drivers watered their horses whenever they stopped. He said, and it seemed to us very sensible, that the frequent watering of horses effected no good purposes, while it made them very uncomfortable and lethargic. Horses no matter what their work was, did not want watering often than three times a day. Our own experience with horses all our life is to the same effect.—*Exchange.*

CARE OF HORSES' LEGS.—Few men who handle horses give proper attention to the feet and legs. Especially is this the case on farms. Much time is spent of a morning in rubbing, brushing and smoothing the hair on the sides and hips,

but at no time are the feet examined and properly cared for. Now, be it known, that in this six-thousand year old world of ours, the feet of a horse need more care than the body. They need ten times as much—for in one respect they are almost the entire horse. All the grooming that can be done won't avail anything, if the horse is forced to stand where his feet will be filthy. In this case the feet will become disordered, and then the legs will get badly out of fix, and with bad feet and bad legs, there is not much else of the horse fit for anything. Stable prisons, generally, are terribly severe on the feet and legs of horses, and unless these buildings can afford a dry room, where a horse can walk around, lie down or roll over, they are not so healthy and comfortable to the horse as the pasture, and should be avoided by all good hostlers in the country.

UTILIZATION OF SURPLUS POTATOES.—In cases where the potato crop is so large as not to be ready marketable, and more or less in danger of decaying through the winter, the surplus can be so treated as to furnish a valuable article of food, capable of preservation for a long time. For this purpose the potatoes are to be washed clean, steamed, peeled while still hot, and finally pressed through a fine sieve. The potatoes thus compressed are then to be laid, while still hot, upon gratings and dried as quickly as possible, say in ten or fifteen hours, in order to avoid any souring or putrefaction; this being generally the result of drying to slow, or with an insufficient heat. The potatoes dried in this way are of an excellent flavor, and can be packed and kept for years in a dry place, and are serviceable for provisioning ships, armies in the field, &c. About 1000 pounds of fresh potatoes will make 100 of the dry article, which, when properly prepared, will have precisely the flavor and appearance of freshly boiled potatoes.—*Ag. Report.*

BONES AND ASHES.—Bones and ashes pass through the housekeeper's hands every day. Wood is still the chief fuel in the farm-house, and the value of the ashes is pretty well understood. They are prized for the lye they yield, and if there is a surplus from the soap-making, they help the kitchen garden at the back door. The bones are generally thrown to the dog and lost. Now, if the careful housewife would save the bones as regularly as the ashes, she would practice a wiser economy, and help her kitchen garden twice as fast. Bones are worth twice as much as ashes for manure, if dissolved, and the ashes will reduce them. Put both into a barrel in a cellar, if you please, and after mixing them half and half, keep them constantly moist with soap-suds, the hotter the better. The suds should not be poured on in such quantities as to leak the ashes. In a few months the bones will be disintegrated, and the whole mass may then be mixed, and will make an excellent fertilizer for the flower border or the kitchen garden.

TUMORS IN PIGS.—In fall and winter the pigs in this country are very apt to be troubled with a cough. It only seems to attack the younger stock, and they will wheeze and pant for weeks, and frequently die, and much loss is occasioned by this asthma among the swine; yet it is easily cured: If a post mortem examination be made of a pig dead from this cause, in the air tubes of the lungs will be found a great number of worms, about an inch long, looking like bits of white thread, except for a sluggish wriggling capacity, leaving no room for doubt as to the cause of death. For a remedy, flavor the feed with spirits of turpentine; that I believe to be an infallible cure. A choice Berkshire, which was so far gone that it could not eat before the nature of the trouble was discovered, was saved by pouring a teaspoonful down his throat. This was upwards of a year ago; since that we lost nearly all our stock; before then none. The turpentine proves to be a specific.—*Exchange.*

DON'T BE DISCOURAGED.—Many think they never saw such discouraging times. The young people probably never did; but we old ones have seen much worse.—In 1816 I commenced farming on my own hook. I had just got married, and was full of courage. The spring was dry, and we got in our crops in good season. On the 6th and 8th of June it snowed each day, and a sleigh passed my house in Lancaster, N. H. for the village, on the 8th. Not a bushel of sound corn was raised in the north of New Hampshire or Vermont, nor a bushel of ripe potatoes except Early Blues, and most of the wheat was frost bitten, and hay crops light; yet nobody starved, all were healthy and received the bountiful crops of 1817 with thankful hearts and good appetites. The year of 1835 was another hard time—harder than this, for people were poorer, and means of transport less. I repeat, don't be discouraged. Trust in Providence, keep trying, and all will come out right.

HOOF OINTMENT.—Take of lard, half a pound, resin, four ounces, heat them over a slow fire until melted, then pulverize one ounce verdigris, and take the pot off the fire, add the verdigris, stir it well or it will boil over; when partly cool, add two ounces of turpentine, then strain through a linen cloth, and it is then fit for use. Apply it from the hair down one inch, merely greasing it. You may work the horse all the time.

An ice-hauler laborer being killed by a piece of ice falling on his head, the verdict was, "died of hard drink."

HISTORY OF A WAIF.

During the great flood of 1847, when the Ohio River so overleaped the bounds of propriety as to come up to Pearl street without any invitation, a great many dwellings located on the river banks were swept away and came floating down on the pitiless tide. Loss of life not unfrequently attended these disasters, as when a family, unconscious of their danger, were asleep in their beds when the water rose about their house and lifting from its foundation bore it away amid the darkness and turbulent flood.

On the west bank of the Ohio at that time, between Marietta and Pomeroy, stood a humble dwelling occupied by a small farmer and his wife, together with five children, the youngest an infant girl a little over a year old. The river rose in the night while the family were in bed. The rocking of the house as the surging waters claimed it, awoke the inmates, and through great haste and exertions the farmer was enabled to get all his family, as he supposed to a place of safety, though he lost every thing else. Standing on a little eminence near by he saw through the gloom of that terrible night, his house and all its contents yield itself to the grasping and voracious flood and float down the river, where it was soon lost in darkness. He supposed that they were saved, but alas, it was soon discovered that their infant girl was missing.

In the confusion and excitement of the moment the baby was left asleep on its bed, and had been swept away to destruction with the house. Great was the grief of the parents at the loss of their youngest born, and although due efforts were made to learn whether or not she had been rescued, nothing was heard of her, and it was very naturally supposed that she was drowned in the river.

Such, however, was not her fate. A hundred miles below where his dwelling was swept away, some people on the river bank saw something peculiar floating down on the current. They thought that it was the form of an infant. A boat was procured and the object was indeed found to be an infant girl, sleeping calmly and profoundly upon a bed.

She was taken in charge by a family in the vicinity, who took such means as they knew how to ascertain to whom the child belonged, but there was no clue to guide them, and soon the little waif that had floated down to them came to be considered as her own child. They adopted her more readily, perhaps on account of being themselves childless and because of their sympathies being so greatly excited by the peculiar circumstances of the case—an infant floating all that terrible night of storm, amid wrecks of bridges and dwellings protected from danger by an unseen power, that seemed to direct her to their love and care. It may seem strange to the reader that the parents were not found for the child, or her whereabouts made known to them, but it must be remembered that newspapers were not so numerous or accessible twenty years or so ago as now, and that people didn't advertise the lost as they do now. Besides, all the parties were in humble life, and their circle of acquaintance, as well as their means, were very limited.

Meanwhile the waif grew into a beautiful girl, and became as dear to her adopted parents as though she was their own. She had mourned for "mamma" a little time, but ere long all recollection of her early surroundings were but dim and shadowy, and her new parents and her new home became all-in-all to her. A few years and the family moved into Illinois, settling on a farm near Chicago. The man prospered there, and was enabled to give his beautiful Ohio river founding an education, fitting her graces of person, her amiability and her virtues. A short time ago her hand was sought in marriage by a worthy young farmer in the vicinity of where she lived, consent obtained and the happy day appointed. One day the family were in Chicago purchasing her wedding outfit. At a dry goods store a clerk who was waiting on them observed our heroine intensely, and seemed singularly affected—so much so as to attract attention.

"Excuse me," he said in some confusion addressing the young lady, "don't be offended at my staring at you, but the truth is you are a perfect picture of a sister of mine at home, and I couldn't help thinking you looked just as another sister of mine would have looked, who was swept down the Ohio in a great freshet and lost."

The words attracted the attention of the young lady's adopted parents. The resemblance spoken of and the incident of the freshet taken in conjunction could have hardly failed to do that. Explanations followed, and it was pretty satisfactorily concluded that the clerk and the young lady were brother and sister, as indeed, was afterward proved to be the case.

Her parents, too, had emigrated to Illinois, and lived not far from her own home. The families were brought together, and what was before believed to be true, was established beyond question when the bed on which the child was produced, and the garments she wore; for what frugal-housewife wouldn't recognize one of her own beds, and what mother would not

recognize the garments worn by her favorite baby.

There is little more to tell. Our heroine was married to the husband of her choice last week, and had the satisfaction of having her own as well as her adopted parents at the wedding. We don't consider it necessary to give the names of parties, but the story is a true one, and we had the facts from one that is thoroughly conversant with them.—*Cincinnati Times.*

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

A heathen Chinese asked a California lady at Sunday school: "Why does Christian only talk-ee about Jesus on Sundays and not-ee one time-ee on other days?"

Teetotalism need not be ashamed to hold up its head in good society. Four of the crowned heads of Europe practice abstinence. So do Bismark and Von Moltke.

A learned doctor, referring to tight lacing, avers that it is a public benefit, inasmuch as it kills all the foolish girls and leaves all the wise ones to grow up to be women.

Scene in the cars—Candy boy, passing through, meets cross old gentleman and says, "Pop-corn! pop-corn!" "Hain't got no teeth," angrily replied the man. "Gum-drops! gum-drops!" calls the smart boy.

No character can be lastingly injured by a fearless discharge of duty. Calumny or prejudice may obscure it for a time, but in the end it will shine all the brighter for the clouds which obscured it.

Josh Billings sent the following note to a friend on Christmas day:

"Dear One: Enclosed please find Ten Dollars—if you can. Yours affectionately,

JOSH BILLINGS."

A little boy recently became greatly enamored of a little toy trumpet which had been given him. One night as he was being put in his little bed he handed the trumpet to his grandmother, saying: "Here, gran'ma, you blow while I pray!"

EFFECTIVE SERMON.—A woman once went home from church praising the sermon, and some one said to her: "Where was the text?" She had forgotten. "Well, what do you remember?" "O!" said she "I remembered to burn up my half bushel." She kept store and had used a bad measure.

Mrs. Partington entered the office of the Probate Judge (called "Civilian") and inquired in her blandest tone: "Are you the civil villain?" "Do you wish to insult me, madam?" said the Judge. "Yes," replied the amiable old lady; "my brother died detested, and left three infidel children, and I'm to be their executor; so I want to insult the civil villain about it."

A HORNED MONSTER.—About four miles from Missouri Valley, Iowa, a Mr. Loveland has a Texas steer fitting in a cornfield, which is to be shipped to Chicago. The horns of this steer measure across the head four feet and six inches. An eastern market man the past season offered \$50, for the head and horns of this animal to use for a sign.

STOKES THE MURDERER.—Stokes the assassin of Fisk, is a diamond dandy fellow of thirty years. Calls himself a broker, and has fitted up his cell in prison with finery according to his taste, is very cool about the murder and anticipates his acquittal, as he is going to show that slyling round and watching for and shooting dead his victim is no assassination or murder.

There is more trouble in Louisiana. The two factions of the Republican party have got into a fierce quarrel, the cause of which cannot be definitely understood at this distance from the scene. As far as known, one faction in the State Senate refuses to acknowledge the recently elected Lieutenant Governor, while the other party seeks to remove the Speaker of the House. The State House and its immediate purities is the scene of action. Both sides have brought out their military, and several persons have been shot.

A gentleman traveling in Tennessee just after the close of the war, overheard the following conversation between two women of that country, who had been to town and were returning home on the cars: No. 1.—"What has you in that paper?" No. 2.—"Soda." No. 1.—"Soda? what's soda?" No. 2.—"Why, don't you know what soda is? that ere stuff what you put in biscuits that makes 'em git up and hump themselves."

Washington Irving related that he was once riding with Tom Moore in the streets of Paris, when the hackney-coach went suddenly into a deep rut, out of which it came with such a jolt as to send their pates bump against the roof. "By Jove, I've got it!" cried Moore, clapping his hands with great glee. "Got what?" said Irving. "Why," said the poet, "that word I've been hunting for six weeks, to complete my last song. That rascally driver has jolted it out of me."

So it GOES.—A cynical individual on reading a pathetic story in one of the papers lately, noted in his memorandum book as follows: "Somebody whistled. Teacher call up big boy on suspicion. Big boy comes up and holds out his hand, sullen and savage. Noble little boy comes manfully forward and says: 'I'm the boy that whistled, sir,' at the same time extending his hand. Teacher simmers down and lets them both off. Mem.—Noble little boy thought teacher wouldn't lick him if he told the truth, and he knew the big boy would if he didn't."

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At a menagerie in Indianapolis a small lioness escaped from her cage, and the chief of police went to the top of the centre pole in five minutes. He is reported now as saying that he went up there just for fun, to decide a bet. Besides that, he says he didn't know the lioness was out of her cage, and he didn't go up the pole anyway.

An editor at Illinois having engaged a new reporter, received the following as his first effort: We are informed that the gentleman who stood on his head under a pile driver, for the purpose of having a tight grip of butes driv on shortly afterwards found himself in China, perfectly naked and without a cent in his pocket."

RAILROAD SIGNALS.—One whistle of the locomotive means "down brakes;" two whistles, "off brakes;" three whistles "back up;" continued whistles, "danger." A continued succession of short whistles is the cattle alarm. The conductor's signal, given by a sweeping parting of the hands on a level with the eyes, means "go ahead." A downward motion of the hand, "stop." A beckoning motion, "to back." A lantern raised and lowered vertically signals starting; swung at right angles or across the track, to stop; swung in a circle, to back. A red flag waved on the track is a signal of danger; hoisted at a station, is a signal for stopping; stuck up by the roadside is a signal of danger on the track ahead; carried unfurled on an engine is a signal that another engine or train is on its way.

A CHINESE DUEL.—The inquiry Virgil propounded, as to whether it is possible that great anger should exist in "celestial minds," was answered strongly in the affirmative the other day in San Francisco. Two Celestials, butchers by occupation, have for a long time taken pains to run against each other, tread on each other's toes, and in other like ways manifest their mutual dislike. It all finally culminated in an exchange of blows when the stronger of the two, taking his adversary by the throat, bent him backward till his long braid of hair fell over the chopping-block, when, seizing a meat hatchet, with one dexterous stroke he cut off the coil close to his rival's head and let him go. With a yell of agony and grief the Celestial bounded out of the shop and down the street, amid the jeers of a crowd of fellow Chinamen.

SPECIAL ARITHMETIC.—The story is told of a prominent Bostonian, who occasionally gets "half seas over," that on last Thanksgiving night he won a turkey at a raffle, and before he succeeded in doing so, managed to surround a very considerable quantity of portables. The road to his house was exceedingly rough that night. He several times stumbled and fell over all sorts of obstructions in his path. Each time he fell he dropped his turkey, but contrived to pick it up again. On entering his house he steadied himself as well as he was able, and said to his wife:

"Here, wife—I've got seven turkeys for you!" "Eleven turkeys! Charley. What do you mean? There's only one." "There must be seven turkeys, every—for I fell down seven times, and every time found a turkey. There must be seven turkeys!"

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