ORLEANS COUNTY MONITOR.

VOL. 2. BARTON, VERMONT, MONDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1873. NO. 52.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

BARTON.

A. C. ROBINSON,
DEALER IN CHOICE BRANDS OF FLOUR. Depot Store.

D. McDOUGALL,
MERCHANT TAILOR, AND DEALER IN GENTS' Furnishing Goods.

O. D. OWEN,
DEALER IN DRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND General Merchandise.

A. J. CUTLER,
MILLINERY, DRESSMAKING AND PATTERN Rooms. Barton, Barton Landing & Newport.

M. HUBBARD,
HOUSE PAINTER, PAPER HANGER, GLAZIER, and Imitator of Wood and Marble.

A. B. BLAKE,
MANUFACTURER OF FLOUR, MEAL & FEED, Dealer in all kinds of Grain.

JOHN ARKLEY,
MACHINIST AND CUSTOM BLACKSMITH. Special attention given to Horse Shoeing.

J. N. WEBSTER,
LIFE, FIRE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE Agent.

GEORGE S. BOOTH,
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GROUT & BALDWIN,
ATTORNEYS, COUNSELORS & SOLICITORS.

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ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW.

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MANUFACTURER OF CUSTOM MADE BOOTS and Shoes. Repairing promptly attended to at reasonable rates.

J. W. HALL & CO.,
DEALER IN DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, HATS and Caps, W. I. Goods, Groceries and General Merchandise. Will take Produce in exchange.

W. F. ROBINSON,
DEALER IN DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, FLOUR, Salt, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, and Ready Made Clothing.

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DEALER IN STOVES, TIN, JAPAN, WOOD Glass and Hollow Ware and Agricultural Implements. All kinds of Barter taken in exchange.

J. B. CASSIDY,
SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING. SPECIAL attention paid to cutting Ladies' and Children's Hair.

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J. L. WOODMAN,
DEALER IN BOOTS, SHOES, AND FINDINGS of the best kind and quality. Offered cheap for cash. Store opposite the Drug Store.

W. B. CRITCHETT,
PAINTER AND GLAZIER. GRAINING, WHITEwashing and Paper Hanging done in the best style and satisfaction guaranteed. Orders solicited.

J. J. HILL,
SUCCESSOR TO F. P. CHENEY, WILL CONTINUE to sell a Large Variety of Sewing and Knitting Machines. Orders solicited.

E. F. DUTTON,
SUCCESSOR TO WM. JOSLYN & SONS. DEALER in Drugs, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Paints, Oils, Japan, Turpentine, Varnishes, Brushes, Window Glass, Putty, Books, Stationery and Fancy Goods.

L. B. WOOD, JR.,
SIGN WRITER. ALL KINDS OF WOOD, METAL, Glass, Canvas and Paper Signs neatly executed. Also Banner, Heraldry, Scene, Ornamental Painting and Designing.

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C. L. FRENCH, M. D.,
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MRS. L. L. BICKFORD,
MILLINER AND DRESS MAKER. DEALER IN Laces, Ribbons, Plumes, Flowers, and Fancy Goods. Rooms in Dwinell's Block. o3-6

E. E. FOSTER,
PROPRIETOR UNION HOUSE. STAGE LEAVES for Montpelier Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and for Barton twice a day.

D. L. DWINELL,
DEALER IN DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, HATS. Caps and General Merchandise. The celebrated Leon Water on hand and for sale.

N. M. SCOTT,
PROPRIETOR GLOVER FLOURING MILLS. Best Brands Family Flour always on hand. Also Corn and other feed. N. B. Particular attention paid to Custom Grinding. o3 6

J. W. SCOTT,
DEALER IN HARNESSES, RIDING BRIDLES, Collars and Horse Clothing, Blankets, &c. All kinds of trimming.—Rubber and Leather Covered, Slated, Tinned, Japanned and Gold Plate. Repairing promptly attended to.

J. E. DWINELL.
MANUFACTURER and dealer in Furniture of all kinds and descriptions, Carpets, Room Paper Curtains and Fixtures, also Coffins and Caskets, Picture Frames, Spring Beds &c. Glover Vt

IRASBURGH.

R. S. ORNE,
DEALER IN FURNITURE, COFFINS AND CASKETS, Irasburgh, Vt. 2-24

W. D. TYLER,
ATTORNEY, COUNSELLOR AND SOLICITOR. Also Insurance Agent, Irasburgh, Vt. 2-24

L. H. THOMPSON,
ATTORNEY, COUNSELLOR AND SOLICITOR Also Bounty and Pension Agent, Irasburgh, Vt

E. W. POWELL,
PROPRIETOR IRASBURGH HOUSE, Irasburgh, Vt. A good Livery in connection with the house. Stage leaves for Barton Landing Depot twice a day. 2-24ᵒ

W. L. RUSELL,
DEALER IN DRUGS, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Stationery, Blank Books, Candies, Cigars, Tobacco Toilet Soap, Fancy Articles, and all the Popular Patent Medicines, Irasburgh, Vt. 2-24ᵒ

S. STANFORD,
THE SAME OLD CHAP AS EVER, always on Hand at his Post of Trade where Every man gives to Trade for Goods in his line, such as Harness and Tinware, Livery Stable and Groceries, Victualses in House, and Clipper Scythes, with other Eatables. And a good place for travelers horses at his barn.—Irasburgh, Vt. 2-24

MISCELLANEOUS.

P. R. KENDALL,
ATTORNEY. BARTON LANDING, VERMONT.

MRS. J P. SARTLE
HAS RECENTLY OPENED A FANCY GOODS Store at Barton Landing in Austin & Joslyn's block, where she will do Millinery and Dress Fitting in the latest and most approved styles. For further notice see bills.
o3-13 Barton Landing, Sept. 25, 1873.

W. W. MILES,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
2-29 North Craftsbury, Vt.

ROBERT GILLIS,
DEALER IN HARNESSES, blankets, whips, curry combs, &c., Barton Landing, Vt.

A. D. MASSEY,
PRACTICAL MASON,
30 Coventry, Vermont.

J. F. WRIGHT,
Physician and Surgeon. Office at his residence,
o2-1 Barton Landing, Vt.

DR. O. A. BEMIS,
HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
15 Craftsbury, Vermont.

CUTLER & GOSS,
MANUFACTURERS & Carriages and Sleighs, Greensboro, Vt.

E. G. STEVENS,
SURGEON DENTIST. At Little's Hotel in Barton Village every Wednesday. Barton Landing, Vt.

CATARRH!

A WOMAN HAVING CATARRH 35 YEARS, CURED.

And Droppings in Throat, Chokings, Stranglings, Pains in the Side, Loins, Headache, Dizziness and General Weakness, Cured by less than Three Bottles of the

CONSTITUTIONAL

Catarrh Remedy.

To Messrs. Littlefield & Co., Proprietors of *Constitutional Catarrh Remedy*, Manchester, N. H.:

I reside at Manchester, N. H., and previously resided at Henniker, and am a native of Weare, this State. I have had Catarrh twenty-five years, ever since I was 19 years old: had it bad all the time. It run all that period, and nights it would fill up and drop down in my throat, causing a feeling of choking, so that I would spring up in bed to save myself from strangulation. It affected my head so that I felt confused, and was troubled with a severe headache at intervals, for a week at a time. I also had bad pains in shoulders, back, and kidneys, from which I suffered immensely. So bad were they, that a year ago last summer I was obliged to lie in bed most of the time for three months. I have tried all kinds of snuff and Catarrh remedies with no particular benefit, and consulted physicians. I had a hacking cough. I began to take the *Constitutional Catarrh Remedy* last August. I began to grow better before finishing the first bottle. I am now on the third bottle. My Catarrh is cured; my health is restored. I have no pains, aches, or cough. My whole system is made over new. I know it is this medicine that has rescued me from intense suffering and almost the grave. I am now able to do the hardest work and bear the greatest exposure, and feel that I cannot say too much in favor of the *Constitutional Catarrh Remedy*. MRS. E. J. FLANDERS.

Manchester, N. H., Feb. 1, 1871.

I am 53 years old, have had Catarrh ever since I was eighteen years old, and headache all the time: have suffered beyond description with running at the nose, droppings in the throat, chokings and stranglings.—Have tried any quantity of Catarrh Remedies, but have found no relief till I tried your Constitutional Catarrh Remedy, six months ago, I found immediate relief.

Catarrh and all its attendant evils have left, Headache, Pain in Loins and Back, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, and General Weakness. Less than three bottles of Constitutional Catarrh Remedy have cured me. I have not been so well since I can remember as now. I feel as if I could not say too much for the medicine, or thank God too heartily that through its instrumentality I have been restored to health.

MARY M. ABBOTT.
No. 17 Manchester Corporation.

Manchester, N. H., Jan. 27, 1872.

The above lady is my mother. I am a painter by trade, and am a member of the City Council of Manchester. Every word that my mother states is true.

JACOB J. ABBOTT.

Hundreds of cases of a similar nature cured within the last year. Snuffs and Lotions are only temporary relief. The CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH REMEDY strikes the *root*, builds up the constitution, makes it new, and drives away Catarrh and all diseases of the mucous membranes and their attendant pains and aches, pertaining to head, back, shoulders, kidneys, and throat.

Price $1 per Bottle. Sold by all Druggists. A Pamphlet of 32 pages, giving a Treatise on Catarrh, and containing innumerable cases of cures, sent FREE, by addressing the Proprietors.

LITTLEFIELD & CO.,
o3-10 MANCHESTER, N. H.

IN CHANCERY.

H. S. WADE & WIFE vs. SOLOMON CLOUGH & J. H. PRENTISS } State of Vermont, Orleans Co., ss.

Orleans County Court, September Term, 1873.

Horace S Wade and Sarah M Wade, wife of said Horace S, having preferred to said Court their petition in chancery, setting forth, that John N Mead and his wife, Harriet Mead, of Irasburgh in said County of Orleans, on the 4th day of May A. D. 1867, executed to Charles P Allen a mortgage deed of certain land in Irasburgh aforesaid, described as follows:—The whole of lot numbered 142, excepting about two acres thereof reserved in a deed from James Clement and Rosina Clement to said John N Mead, dated April 18, 1860.—Also excepting from said lot about four acres lying between the old and the new Lowell roads, meaning to convey all the farm on which said John and Harriet Mead were living at the time they executed said mortgage deed to said Allen, except said last named four acres meaning also to convey all right of reversion which existed under the deed referred to from James Clement and wife to John N Mead, said premises being subject, at the time said mortgage was executed by said Mead and wife, to an annual rent to the heirs of the estate of Ira H Allen, deceased.

Conditioned for the payment of two promissory notes, one for nine hundred dollars, payable in equal annual payments of one hundred dollars each; also one note for the sum of two hundred and seventy-eight dollars, payable in equal annual payments of one hundred and thirty-nine dollars each, both of said notes being executed jointly and severally by said John N Mead and Egbert H Mead, and payable to said Charles P Allen or order with interest annually on the whole sum unpaid, said notes bearing date of May 4th, A. D. 1867. And further setting forth that there is a large sum both of principal and interest of said notes due and unpaid. And further setting forth, that said two notes were assigned, sold, indorsed and made payable to said petitioner, Sarah M Wade, by Charles P Allen, and that she is now the legal owner of said notes. Also setting forth that in February 1868 said John N Mead and wife gave to John H Prentiss a mortgage deed of their interest in said premises, and that said Prentiss obtained a decree in October 1869 of the Orleans County Court of chancery foreclosing said second named mortgage deed, and that said decree became absolute; that in July 1870 said Prentiss deeded said premises to Solomon Clough; and that in January 1871 said Solomon Clough and his said wife executed a mortgage deed of said premises to said Prentiss. And praying that the equity of redemption of the said Solomon Clough and John H Prentiss in the premises be foreclosed agreeably to the act to diminish the expenses of foreclosing mortgages in equity.

And it appearing that the said John H Prentiss resides without this state, so the usual process of subpœna cannot be served upon him, and that he has not had legal notice of the pendency of said petition.

It is therefore ordered that the substance of said petition, together with this order, be published, three weeks successively, in the *Orleans County Monitor*, a newspaper printed at Barton in said Orleans County, the last publication to be an least twenty days before the next stated session of the Orleans County Court, to be held at Irasburgh aforesaid, on the first Tuesday of February, A. D. 1874, which shall be deemed sufficient notice to the said John H Prentiss to appear and make answer in the premises.

By order of Court.—
I. N. CUSHMAN, Clerk.
L. H. THOMPSON, Solicitor. 50-52

PETITION FOR DIVORCE.

STATE OF VERMONT, } Orleans District, ss

To the Honorable County Court next to be holden at Irasburgh, within and for the County of Orleans, on the 1st Tuesday of February A. D. 1874.

The petition of William Kimball, of Barton, in said county, humbly showeth that on the 18th day of October 1862 he was lawfully married to Diana Kimball, then Thompson, by Silas Wiggins, a minister of the gospel, there resident: that he, the petitioner, and the petitionee, Diana, lived together as husband and wife, at said Barton, till about the last of February 1872; that he, the petitioner, has resided in Barton, in Orleans County ever since his said marriage. That on or about the —— day of February 1872, at Stanstead, in the Province of Quebec, the said petitionee did commit the crime of adultery with some person to your petitioner unknown, and at several other dates and several other places within the states of Vermont and Massachusetts, too numerous to mention. That the petitionee on or about the last day of February A. D. 1872 deserted your petitioner and went to the state of Massachusetts, and has remained from him ever since, and is now, and has been for some time, as your petitioner is informed and believes, in a house of ill-fame in Boston, Massachusetts; although your petitioner has ever been faithful to the marriage covenant.—Wherefore the petitioner prays for a divorce from the bonds of matrimony.

Barton, Nov. 12th, 1873.

WILLIAM KIMBALL.

DALE & ROBINSON, Attorneys for Petitioner.

It having been shown to me that the foregoing Diana Kimball resides without this state, and is not within the reach of process. It is hereby ordered that she be notified of the pendency of this libel by the publication of the same, together with this order, in the *Orleans County Monitor*, printed at Barton, in said county, three weeks successively, the last of which publications shall not be less than 30 days previous to the hearing of the petition aforesaid, which shall be sufficient notice to the said Diana Kimball to appear and object to the granting of the prayer of said petitioner, if she see cause.

Dated at Montpelier, in Washington County, December 10th, 1873.

TIMOTHY P. REDFIELD, Judge of Supreme Court.

CHARLES C. HARDY'S ESTATE.

STATE OF VERMONT, } Orleans District, ss

At a probate court held at Irasburgh, in said district, on the 4th day of December, A. D. 1873.

Sarah C. Hardy and Edward A. Ufford, executors of the last will and testament of Charles C. Hardy, late of Glover, in said district, deceased, make application to said court, with the consent of the heirs of said estate and guardian of minor heir, for license to sell all of said Hardy's real estate in said Glover, excepting the widow's dower and homestead interest but including the reversion of dower, described as follows: The home farm consisting of about 112 acres of land, more or less; also about 20 acres of wood-land in Sheffield, in the County of Caledonia and State aforesaid; also two pews in the South Church in said Glover, representing that said sale would be beneficial to all interested therein.

Whereupon it is ordered by said court that said application be referred to the 31st day of December, A. D. 1873, at the probate office in Irasburgh, for hearing and decision thereon. And it is further ordered that notice be given to all persons interested by publication 3 weeks successively in the Orleans County Monitor, a newspaper published at Barton, in said district, before said time of hearing, that they may appear at said time and place, and show cause, if any they may have, why said license should not be granted.

By the Court.—Attest.
50-52 E. A. STEWART, Judge.

Janet's New-Year.

Janet Arbuthnot put by the little frock she had been striving so hard to finish.

"It is almost dark," she said, glancing toward the window with a shudder. "I suppose I shall have to go, mother."

"I suppose so, dear," replied the invalid, raising herself to a sitting posture; "but they might have spared you to me to-night."

"Yes, mother; but Mrs. Draper thought they would never get on with the dresses for the tableaux without my help."

"And my new frock, Janet," piped a curly-headed little thing from the corner, "who will finish that?"

"Never fear, Alice," replied the sister, pleasantly. "I shall be at home bright and early to-morrow, and you shall have it in good time."

"But what's the use," continued the child, petulantly. "I might as well have no new frock, I've no place to go to; and we shan't have even a doughnut for New-Year—shall we, mother?"

The mother sighed, and fell back upon her pillow, pressing her thin hands to her face to hide the tears she could not keep back.

Janet stood, for a moment, with her hand on the door-knob; then she recrossed the room to her mother's bed.

Don't fret, mother," she said, tenderly, kissing the wan and sunken cheeks. "Keep a brave heart, and the sun will shine again some day, despite all this darkness. I think," she added, adjusting her worn shawl, "that I'll come home to-night, if it isn't too late, after the party; and I'll ask Mrs. Draper for part of my monthly pay. You shall have a New-Year's yet, Alice."

She kissed them both, and left, closing the door softly behind her. But instead of going directly to the street, she went into her bed-room. Taking a key from her pocket, she unlocked a small, rose-wood case that stood upon the table and drew forth a tiny, ebony casket. Her hands trembled nervously as she unclasped it, and lifted a string of emeralds it contained. Rare and brilliant gems they were, most daintily set, and looking strangely out of place in that humble, little chamber. Janet held them tenderly, pressing them caressingly to her lips, and letting them slip through her fingers like a stream of living light. There was a spray of heliotrope in the bottom of the casket, and its sweet, subtle odor filled the little chamber like the breath of incense; and with that strange power which odors alone possess, carried the heart of the sad-faced governess back to the dewy dawn of her girlhood.

Only five years ago, and this self-same Janet had been the daughter of a wealthy and indulgent father, with every comfort and luxury at her command, and crowds of suitors at her feet. But only one of all these met with any favor from the shy, little beauty; and he was in every respect worthy of her. On the eve of a voyage to Calcutta, he made his declaration, and was accepted; and the string of emeralds had been his betrothal gift.

For months after his departure, Janet lived in a dream of bliss, and then the great trouble of her life came. Her father, who held a high position in the mercantile world, failed utterly, and finding himself a beggar, died of a broken heart. Then their beautiful dwelling, and everything went, and his poor wife sank into despairing helplessness; and there was no one left to breast the bitter, bitter storm but pretty, little Janet.

Bravely enough she did it, for the girl was a hero, despite her slender form and lily face. She removed her invalid mother and little sister to a city far distant from the scene of their recent troubles, procured humble lodgings, and then cast about her for employment. With much difficulty, she obtained a situation as governess, a position for which her fine education and natural abilities rendered her eminently qualified. Thus the years wore on, Janet hearing nothing from her lover. He was, probably, dead, she thought; or he might have heard of her father's failure, and resolved to quietly ignore her. She did not know, and she was too proud to inquire.

Now, standing there in the gathering gloom, with the rush and roar of the great city in her ears, she asked herself. "Why not sell the emeralds?" They would bring a good price, enough to make her poor mother and little Alice comfortable through many a long month. And yet she could hardly bring herself to part from them. They were the one link that bound her to the happy past. The shadows thickened round her, and the dreamy odor of the heliotrope wrapt her, like a trance, in memories of the long-ago. She could see the green, summer garden, hear the plash of the fountain, and catch the twitter of the canaries from their gilded cages. His face was bending over her, his kisses burned upon her brow, his very words seemed sounding in her ear again. "A quaint affair for a betrothal-gift, darling," he said, "but they are very precious, and they were my mother's wedding jewels. I hold them dearer than anything else I possess, hence I give them to you."

Could she part from them? Sell them for a few paltry shillings? Her bosom rose and fell with great throbs of agony. She could not! She was coiling them into the case again, when her mother's hollow cough broke on her ear.

"For her sake," she murmured, her face whitening in the gloom. "Yes, God help me, for her sake I must!"

She closed the casket resolutely, and slipping it in her pocket, hurried out into the darkening streets. Only a block or two from Mrs. Draper's was a fashionable jewelry establishment, every window a blaze of light. With her heart in her mouth Janet entered, and glanced down the long line of gayly-dressed customers. It would be half an hour at least, she saw, before she could be waited on, and that would be too late. And after all, perhaps, Mrs. Draper might let her have part of her monthly pay, and she would not be forced to sell the emeralds just yet. Glad of any pretext or excuse for keeping her precious gems, she hurried from the shop; but thoughts of her mother and poor, disappointed little Alice brought the blinding tears to her eyes. Life was very desolate. Alas! what would the New-Year bring to her? She ran along briskly, with a dreadful aching at her heart, till she reached the stylish residence of her employer.

"Oh, Miss Arbuthnot, here you are," cried Mrs. Draper, as Janet tapped at the door of the dressing-room. "Come in, we're in dreadful need of help. Agnes is in despair; no one can do her hair to suit her; will you have the goodness to try?"

Janet laid aside her wraps, and approaching the superb beauty, who sat in an arm-chair opposite the mirror, magnificently attired in gold-colored silk, began the task of arranging the lustrous, raven hair.

"And now," asked Janet, when her task was done, and every braid was perfect, "what ornaments shall you wear?"

"Emeralds, of course. Green and gold are his favorite colors, you know, mother," replied Agnes, smiling and blushing. "There is the jewel-case, Miss Arbuthnot."

Janet opened it, and clasped the glittering gems on neck and wrists, and hung the gleaming pendants from the beauty's ears.

"And what for your hair?" she asked.

"Who knows?" replied the beauty, discontentedly. "Flowers, I suppose. If only I had emeralds to match my necklace. Pshaw!" she continued, as Janet held a wreath of rose-buds against her jetty braids, "take them away. They spoil everything else. Nothing but emeralds will do."

"Won't your pearls answer?" suggested her mother.

"Pearls mixed with emeralds! You would make a fright of me, mamma. Oh, dear! I shall have to take off the dress, and wear something else."

Janet hesitated a moment, and then drew the little casket from her pocket.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Draper," she said, timidly, flashing open the case; "but if these would suit, I should be so pleased."

"Why, Janet," cried the heiress, lifting the glittering string from the case, "are you another Cinderella? But where, she added, in surprise, "did you get these costly gems?"

"They were the gift of a dear friend," replied Janet, quietly. "I meant to sell them this evening, but my heart failed me."

"Why, I'll buy them, if they are for sale," kindly said the heiress. "Oh, mother, do look here! Was ever anything so magnificent?" she cried, excitedly, twining the gorgeous string round her raven braids. "May I wear them to-night, Janet?"

"In welcome," said Janet.

"Well, well," continued Agnes, with a sigh of satisfaction, "there never was such a god-send; my dress is perfect now. I shall not forget your kindness, Miss Arbuthnot."

And she swept down to the parlors, the emeralds encircling her brow like an aureola of light. Janet looked after her with an odd sensation of mingled pain and pleasure, and half regretted the impulsive generosity, that had prompted her to proffer her precious emeralds, even for so short a time.

The tableaux were over, and the waltzing had begun. Mr. Willoughby, the lion of the season, who had just come from Calcutta, a millionaire, approached to seek Miss Draper for his first partner.

"You have surpassed yourself, to-night, Miss Agnes," he said, his eyes full of admiration, as they rested on her queenly face.

Agnes flushed with pleasure. The music struck up, and he turned to lead her off, but suddenly stopped, staring like one petrified.

"Great heavens!" he exclaimed, at last, "they are the same! Miss Draper, excuse me! But I cannot be mistaken: where did you get those emeralds?"

Agnes grew scarlet to her very finger-tips, and drew back haughtily.

"A strange question, Mr. Willoughby," she said.

"I know, Miss Draper; and I beg pardon for my rudeness; but those gems were my gift to the dearest friend I ever had. You can understand my solicitude to know how they came into your possession."

"They are not mine, Mr. Willoughby," was the surprised answer; "they belong to my mother's governess."

"And her name?" he said excitedly.

"Janet Arbuthnot."

Mr. Willoughby's travel-bronzed face grew absolutely radiant.

"One other favor, Miss Agnes," he said "Can I see your mother's governess?"

For an instant Agnes struggled with wounded vanity and self-love, and then said her better nature triumphing,

"I see, Mr. Willougby, that there is a grand denouement at hand, the finale for our tableaux. Come with me."

He followed her from the parlors, and into a little ante-room, where the young governess sat. One glance at the quiet figure in its robe of brown; at the pallid, sorrow-worn face; and Eustace Willoughby rushed forward with outstretched arms.

"Janet! Janet!" he cried, "have I found you at last?"

Agnes disengaged the emeralds from her hair, and dropping them softly into Janet's lap, left the room, blinded by really genuine tears.

"It is quite as well as if I had won him myself," she said.

"Why did you leave our dear old city?" said Eustace Willoughby, when he and Janet were alone together. "I can understand something of your reasons, of course: you shrank from old associations; but it has led to this apparent desertion on my part. I had to go up the country from Calcutta, on important business, fell sick, and was detained for months. When I returned to America, all trace of you was lost. I have been in search of you for months. But now we will never part again."

So, after all, gladness and rejoicing came to Janet, and to the friends she loved, with the dawning of that happy New-Year.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY THE TIMES.

A hard winter is upon us, not on account of the vigorous weather alone, but on account of a general stagnation of business and the suffering and want that will be felt in many families. The past season has been more than ordinarily fruitful and productive; our granaries and our store-houses are well filled, but the wheels of business are stopped, and the laboring man finds it difficult, if not impossible to find the wherewithal to buy his food, and other necessaries of life. What is the cause of this? Can it not be traced to extravagance and a reckless desire to become rich, even at the sacrifice of honor? Men have aped the examples of a few, who have been reported successful in that class of business made respectable in New York, and have been willing to stake everything in wild cat speculations and stock gambling, and the majority of them have gone down in the late crash. While the vampires of the day have preyed on the public by circulars, advertisements and letters addressed to almost everybody, the American, in his willingness to be duped, has taken the bait, and has paid out his money for stock, bonds and other "securities" which were expected to be very profitable, but which have generally proved worthless, and he has gone down from affluence to penury. As an example, I cite the instance of a lady in this town who a short time since invested $3000 by the advice of a friend in a certain stock, expecting to reap great rewards. In a few days she was informed that an assesment had been made and she must send more money to make the investment a success. She sent the money, but in a short time she became suspicious that she had been cheated, and found out by sending her stock into the city to be sold that it was worthless. Not by bad investments in different kinds of stock, alone, is money being lost, but by the desire of many business men to do more than their capital will warrant. They have run into debt to find at a time like the present, when it has been impossible to borrow, that they could not meet their bills, and their financial credit, if not their means, has suffered greatly.—Manufacturing establishments all over the country have been doing too much business, and are now obliged to suspend work for the whole, or a part of the time. In our own village a manufacturing company that has employed six hundred hands is now obliged to run on short hours and only a portion of the time, and many of the laborers are looking with much fear to the prospect of the winter. But while we can now see that the greed for gain on the part of a large class of our people has led them into bad investments, and has stimulated many to do too much, we must all see that extravagance has been one of the great causes of the present difficulty, and is now the reason why many that have labored for years, receiving great pay, are to-day poor, and liable to suffer during the months to come. If they had invested their surplus earnings in homes, or in saving banks, the most of them would have ample to carry them through any such a crisis as this. If the rich and the poor learn the lesson that the present is teaching, it may not have been their misfortune that it has now come, for when a new trial for competence and fortune is undertaken, it may be with more wisdom and a better result.

W. H. WHEELER.

St. Johnsbury Dec. 24.

THE LAND OF MIDNIGHT SUN.

Mons. Paul Du Chaillu's Adventures in the Arctic Regions—A Model People and Their Democratic King.

Mons. Paul B. Du Chaillu lectured in the Rev. Dr. Duryea's church, Brooklyn, New York on Thursday. He said that he grew tired of the Equator and went to 71 degrees 50 minutes north latitude, where for three months the sun does not set. He continued; "The Swedes and Norwegians are fine people; the country the grandest I have ever traveled in. There are evidences that it was once covered with ice. The mountain rocks are smooth from this cause, and the valleys show the effects of ice floes. In May, June, and July the sun shines all the time. It is a slander to call the Scandinavians barbarous. They are civilized—all read and write. They are compelled by law to attend school. Their religious faith is Protestant. They esteem their churches highly, and revere their graveyards. When a man dies his body is interred in a grave yard, if it has to be carried 100 miles. The people are honest and moral. I was never robbed of a cent, though with them three years; why, the women put their jewelry in my room to show they were

NOT AFRAID OF ME.

When in Stockholm I had a desire to see the King, so I wrote to the Secretary of State. I was politely informed that his Majesty had gone visiting, but would return in two days. When he arrived, I was invited to call on him. I went to the place expecting to see soldiers, infantry, cavalrymen and artillerymen; but there was only one soldier, and he did not even ask me where I was going, or what I wanted. I went up stairs unchallenged, and at length intercepted a servant by whom I was directed where to find the King.

"Good morning," said he.

"Good morning," I responded.

And this was our introduction. In less than three minutes he asked me to have a cigar, and then showed my books which had been translated. I felt proud; it was an honor to have them in his language. He asked me to come and spend the next day with him. I went and roamed through the palace in search of its owner. Finally I hallooed, "is there any one about?" and succeeded in arousing some one who pointed me to a room. I entered it, and found the King just putting on his coat. He had been at work painting. I was hospitably entertained. When about leaving I requested some of his portraits to give to the girls in Brooklyn. He pleasantly complied, writing on them, at my solicitation, his autograph. "Now," said he, laughing "you must send me some portraits of Brooklyn girls." I thought he was

A SPLENDID MAN.

Reaching the seventy-third degree, you meet immense forests of fir and pine. These forests are the wealth of the land. The people are farmers of democratic ideas. Land owners worth half a million have their servants eat at the table with them. In the cities this custom is not allowed, and you find chignons and crinoline, as you do in America. Travelers are always welcome. The citizens generally speak French, English, and German.

I find that the horses won't carry you up hill. When they reach the foot of one they look around to see you quit the carriage; if you don't they stop. The people are never in a hurry. I went into a church and saw a club lying on the pulpit. I inquired its use. "When my congregation get asleep I pound on the pulpit with that to wake them up," was the answer. There was also a pole eight to ten feet long which I was told the sexton kept to poke into the ribs of sleepers for the second offence. I can't understand how they get asleep. The seats are uncomfortable, about six inches wide, straight in the back, with narrow ridges to keep your head straight, and they never have fire in the churches, although the thermometer does stand 45 degrees below freezing point. Their Sunday lasts twenty-four hour, beginning at six on Saturday evening. Sunday afternoons are devoted to dancing. The Scandinavians drink and get drunk, but they don't have the tremons, nor quarrel, nor fight. The worst they do, when intoxicated, is to

KISS ALL THE GIRLS THEY MEET

on the street. There are churchyards six hundred years old that have no tombstones. The people are exceedingly religious. Every house has a Bible or book of Psalms. I saw numbers of men and horseback loads of good things going into a house one day, and concluded it must mean a wedding. "Where is the bride?" I asked. "Tisn't that," was answered: "the man has lost his wife, and they are holding the "funeral jollification." These jollifications are continued for days.

At last I got to the Land of the Midnight Sun. I watched it throughout the first night and remained there nearly seven weeks. It bothered me to know when to go to bed. I discovered the birds retired at 11 P. M., and got up at 2 A. M., Some of the farms have as many as forty-five houses. There are houses for cheese, and for butter, and this thing and that thing—I don't know what all. Each farm has two dwelling houses, one for winter and another for summer. Houses can be rented for $5 a year. Carpenter's wages are 45 cents a day, and yet they strike. Everybody works. There are no markets; nothing is sold. Whoever has more than he wants for himself he gives it to whoever needs it. The people are healthy. They do not have consumption, and you never see an emaciated form. You never see a beggar either. If too poor to live they are too proud to beg, and

NOT MEAN ENOUGH TO STEAL.

The subsistence is sour milk, coarse bread, meat twice a week, and fish.

At length I reached 71 degrees 50 minutes, the cape, the northern end of Europe. The coast of Norway is magnificent, its harbors lined with steamboats; its mountains, high and grand, are covered with glaciers; its waters so clear that the bottom of the sea is discernable. Sweden bears no comparison to it. Grog shops are one hundred miles apart. They buy whiskey by the quantity, and keep drunk while it lasts. Courtship and marriage are peculiar institutions. I saw one match made. He met her at the gate and poked his fingers in her ribs, and said:

"I want to get married, don't you?" "Oh, I don't know. Go away." "Yes you do: let's get married." "Well, ask papa." "No, never mind him, we'll get married anyhow." And he went around telling everybody he saw, "I'm going to marry that girl."

The preparations continued during the three weeks required by law to have the bans published in the churches. Fishes were caught, stores for the feast laid in, beer brewed, and whiskey purchased. Wedding jollifications are indulged in for a week. This couple were married. They went from the church to the house, and the bridesmaids locked the bride in her room. The groom

KNOCKED AT THE DOOR.

"How much will you give to come in?" "Two cows and $5." "That's not enough." "Three cows and $10." Oh, you are rich; you must give more than that." Five cows and $25 was the final offer, which was accepted. In writing to a lady you do not use the name but address it to her father like this; "John Jone's daughter," and add the name of the farm.

Many have the impression Lapland is dark in the winter, but that is an error. The country is illuminated by northern lights every night. I wanted to see the Laps, and drive a reindeer. They can go fifty miles an hour for two hours daily. The sledges are narrow, have an oscillating motion, and one unaccustomed to them will tumble out in all directions. You drive with one line only; that reaches from the animals horns, and is tied around your arm. After you get pitched out, the reindeer stops when he is tired of dragging you through the snow. Sometimes they

BOUT FACE AND BUCK YOU OUT,

and not unfrequently performed that task by kicking. I was keeled out by a kick and snatched along 200 yards at the rate of nearly a mile a minute. We drove to an acquaintance who owned 4,000 reindeer. I went into his tent, and found men, women, dogs, and other animals sleeping together, and I found so many fleas there that I took my bag and went out to sleep in a snow bank. All the Christians read and write. They wear snow shoes ten feet long and four feet wide, and go sliding about in a comical manner.

The journey from New York to Christiana can be made in twelve days. I wonder more tourists do not go there. The summers are warm, the winters are cold, but charmingly healthy. The hotels cannot be surpassed, and their charges are very moderate.

Stephens, who was Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy, boasted that he was always in favor of a salary grab. The last speech he made in Congress, in 1859, before he left to join the rebellion, was in favor of a salary grab, and the first speech he now makes on his return to Congress is in favor of the salary grab. But we can't see that this makes the salary grab any more respectable. Even if Jeff. Davis could reenter Congress and endorse it, we don't think the people would like it any better. In fact, Stephens may be considered as an awful warning of what a salary-grabber naturally becomes when he has a chance. *Cin. Gazette.*

Cohoes has an elopement case of a girl of thirteen and a youth of fifteen. The first that the parents of the progressive miss knew of the affair was in receiving a note from her saying she would be at home on Christmas day and bring her husband with her.

CASH INSTEAD OF CREDIT.

If the lesson could be permanently learned that the cash system is better than the credit system, all the suffering entailed by this monetary crisis would not be a dear price to pay for it.

People who buy for cash always buy cheaper than those who buy on credit. They buy, too, more closely, and select more carefully.

Purchases which are paid for when they are made are limited more exactly to the purchaser's wants. There is nothing like having to count the money right out when the article is bought to make people economical. The amount of indebtedness incurred is not much considered when the pay-day is afar off.

Persons who do all their business on a cash basis know just where they stand and what they can afford. Consequently they never find after-occasion for regretting, in a turn of times, that they have indulged in this luxury or that, which they would have foregone had they seen what was coming.

Real wants are few and can be gratified for cash. At all events, they should always be limited to what can be paid for in cash.

How much of anxiety, how many sleepless hours, how many heart-burnings, disappointments, and regrets would be avoided if this rule were always strictly adhered to.

INFLUENCE OF NEWSPAPERS.

A school teacher who has been engaged for a long time in his profession, and witnessed the influence of newspapers on the mind of a family of children, writes as follows:

I have found it to be the universal fact, without exception, that these scholars of both sexes, and all ages, who have access to the newspapers at home, when compared with those who have not, are

1. Better readers, excellent in pronunciation, and consequently read more understandingly.

2. They are better spellers, and define words with ease and accuracy.

3. They obtain practical knowledge of geography and in about half the time it requires others, as the newspapers have made them acquainted with the location of the important places of nations, their government and doings on the globe.

4. They are better grammarians; for having become so familiar with every variety of style in the newspapers, from the commonplace advertisement to the finished and classical oration of the statesman, they more readily comprehend the meaning of the text, and consequently analyze its construction with accuracy.

5. They write better compositions, using better language, containing more thoughts, more clearly and more connectedly expressed.

6. Those young men who have for years been readers of the newspapers are always taking the lead in debating societies, exhibiting a more extensive knowledge upon a greater variety of subjects, and expressing their views with greater fluency, clearness and correctness.—*Exchange.*

AN OHIO GIANT.—A Cleveland paper relates a number of anecdotes illustrative of the strength and size of Abner McIlrath, whom it dubs a giant. It appears that McIlrath is "sixty-one years of age, and is six feet seven and a half inches standing in his boots, fairly proportioned in form, without a pound of waste flesh. He was and is a giant in musc