

ORLEANS COUNTY MONITOR.

VOL. 5. BARTON, VERMONT, MONDAY, JANUARY 31, 1876. NO. 5.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

BARTON.
W. L. ROBINSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
C. A. ROBINSON & CO.,
DEALERS IN CHOICE BRANDS OF FLOUR,
Daples Store.
A. J. CUTLER,
MILLINERY, DRESSMAKING AND PATTERNS.
M. HERRARD,
HOUSE PAINTER, PAPER HANGER, GLAZIER
and Installer of Wood and Marble.
A. B. BLAKE,
MANUFACTURER OF FLOUR, MEAL & FEED.
JOHN ABLEY,
MACHINIST AND CUSTOM BLACKSMITH.
Special attention given to Horse Shoeing.
J. N. WESTER,
LIFE, FIRE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE.
F. J. FERRIS,
FURNITURE, COFFINS & CASES.
J. N. WESTER,
PHOTOGRAPHER, DEALER IN STEREOCOPIES,
Views, Gals, Squares, and Rustic Frames.
C. J. ROBINSON,
LAND SURVEYOR AND PRACTICAL MILL-
wright. Will Engineer and do Mill Work. Agents
for the Great Water Wheel, and all Mill Machinery.
F. W. BALDWIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHAN-
cery, and Agent for the Champlain Mutual Fire
Insurance Co., Burlington, Vt. Insurance of all kinds
placed in the best Stock and Mutual Companies.
J. B. CASBIDY,
SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING. SPECIAL
attention paid to cutting Ladies' and Children's
hair.
M. J. SMITH,
PROPRIETOR OF THE ORLEANS COUNTY
Hotel, Water Front and American Bar,
Burlington, Massachusetts.
J. J. HILL,
SUCCESSOR TO F. P. GREENE, WILL CONTINUE
to sell a Large Variety of Sewing and Knitting
Machines. Orders solicited.
E. F. DUTTON,
SUCCESSOR TO WM. HOLLY & SON, DEALER
in Drugs, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Paris, Oil, Jap-
anese, Turpentine, Vermilion, Stralene, Window Glass,
Paints, Sticks, Stationery and Fancy Goods.

MISCELLANEOUS.

C. J. BOWELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
441 Barton Landing, Vermont.
J. E. DWINELL,
CAN BE FOUND AT J. E. DWINELL'S SHOP
a good stock of Furnishings of all kinds, also a
good and well selected stock of Carpets, Room Pa-
pers, Frames, Prints and Oil-Rope Curains, and Pic-
tures to match. A nice lot of Baby Crib, with Canopy
Top of you like. Good stock of Coffins and Cases,
all will be sold low for cash or approved credit. He
will take the best on prices. Glover, Vt. 4-25f
W. B. DODGE,
L. OWELL, Vt. AGENT FOR THE CHAMPLAIN
Mutual Fire Insurance Company, Burlington,
Vt. Insures Dwellings, Farm Property, Household
Furniture, etc., and Maritime Risks, for the term of
Three or Five Years. All business transacted
promptly and on reasonable terms. 4-4-25
E. H. THOMPSON,
ATTORNEY, COUNSELLOR AND SOLICITOR,
Also Notary and Pension Agent, Iraclough, Vt.
W. W. MILLES,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, North Craftsbury, Vt.
ROBERT GILLIS,
DEALER IN HARDWARE, blankets, whips, curry
combs, etc., Barton Landing, Vt.
J. F. WRIGHT,
Physician and Surgeon. Office at his residence,
99-1 Barton Landing, Vt.
DR. O. A. BROWN,
HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Craftsbury, Vermont.

Nov. 1st, 1875.

We are receiving this week
NEW DRESS GOODS
IN
**PLAIDS,
EMPRESS,
POPLINS, AND
BLACK CASHERES**
Bought 10 per cent less than could have been done
anywhere in the State. All new styles, COLORED, FLANNELS,
UNDERWEAR, &c.

OVERCOATS.
Austin, Joslyn & Co.
BARTON LANDING, VT.

All Kinds of Grain
We have in exchange for Flour or other Grain at the
Grain Mill in Village.

NEW GOODS
AND
NEW FIRM

West Glover.

—{ }—
The London Lancet, which is high
medical authority, warns the medical
profession and others not familiar with
the insidious approaches of brain disease
of the importance of regarding "sleep-
lessness" as a warning symptom of men-
tal derangement. It says: "A 'curious'
patient, curious because he cannot sleep,
should at once, for his own sake and for
that of others, be carefully watched.
Delirium tremens, traumatic delirium,
and the most dangerous forms of mania,
are all prone to give this warning token
of their presence, and scarcely any other.
One of the wise sayings which Cer-
vantes put into the mouth of Sancho
Panza was, 'Blessed is the man who in-
vented sleep,' for of all the simple but
powerful remedies in the incipient sta-
ges of disease, there is hardly anything so
comparable with that which has been so
aptly described as 'Tired Nature's sweet
restorer, balmy sleep.'"

MOTTO:
Small Profits and Ready Pay.
G. S. WHITNEY & CO.
Rapid and Excellent Grinding.

with an unobscured letter. Grinding wheel
specialty, at the Grindmill, in Barton Village.

Why.

I did not love him. Long ago,
Instead of Yes, I gave him No.
I did not love him; but to-day
I read his marriage notice. Pray,
Why was I sad, when never yet
Has my heart known the least regret
Over that whispered No? and why,
Reading the notice, did I sigh?
No analyst can guess the cause:
A woman's reason laughs at laws.
Sure, I am glad to know the wound
I gave is healed, that he has found
Love's blessedness and peace; and yet
A woman never can forget
The man who once has loved her; and
To-day I seem to see his stand,
With every glance a mute curse,
Still pleading for the longed-for Yes.
His early love for me is dead—
Another lives in that love's stead;
And if he loves her well, as men
Should love their chosen ones, why, then
He must be glad that long ago,
Instead of Yes, I gave him No.
Perhaps that is the reason why
I read the notice with a sigh.
—Harper's Bazar.

COME ON, TEMPERANCE MEN.

It will not do for moral suasionists
to fight with prohibition men, nor for
the Sons of Temperance to contend with
anti-sec reformers. If Rum, the in-
fernal foe of individuals, families, and
churches, is to be beaten back, it will
be by a united phalanx. Let us try all
these means, every one doing what he
can in his own way. It is high time
that non-committal Christians get down
off the fence. Either go over to the
rummies "horse, foot, and dragon," or
else come on our side. When a man
has to stop and explain and elaborately
argue that he is a temperance man, his
influence is on the wrong side. If you
are in open war with the drinking usages
of society, everybody will know it. If
General Grant had been obliged to prove
by argument that he was on the side of
the North, and Gen. Lee to prove that
he was on the side of the South, both of
them would have been dropped by the
contending armies. What to do with
the advocates of the liquor traffic we
know. We shall fight them to the bit-
ter end. But what to do with those
men who sit astride the fence on this
subject we know not. Let this year be
one of universal rally for the cause of
sobriety. To arms! Eternal smash to
decanters and demijohns.—Tulmag.

OYSTERS WITH BONES.

A few days ago, a Granger-looking fellow put in
an appearance at the Leland hotel just at
dinner time. Seating himself at the
table, he gathered up the bill of fare, and
running over it a few minutes, said to
the waiter who stood beside him wait-
ing for his order, "You kin bring me
all there is on the bill, for I'm dog-
goned hungry." A good dinner was
brought to him, and soon the Granger
was manipulating his knife and fork at
a lively rate, making the dishes which
surrounded him fairly clatter. A gen-
tleman who sat beside him said to the
waiter, "Bring me a Kaw River oyster
dressed in crumbs." This order did not
pass the Granger. No sooner did he
hear it than he said, "Here, my boy,
you kin bring me one of them, too."
The waiter hustled out of the room and
soon returned with a pig's foot in bas-
ket. As soon as it had been placed up-
on the table, the gray soused his fork
into it and started on his work of de-
molishing it. After tearing it partially
to pieces, he remarked, "Isn't this oys-
ter a little over size?" The gentleman
to whom the interrogatory was address-
ed, replied in the negative. "Where,"
said the Granger, "is this Kaw River?"
The desired information was given, and
the Granger appeared satisfied. He
minced away awhile at the pig's foot,
then, turning to the gentleman at his
side, said, "Salt water, eh?" "No," re-
plied the gentleman, "fresh water." Af-
ter he had finished the foot, he said,
"Well, I'll be dog-goned if I haven't
seen a heap of oysters in my time, but
this is the first one I ever seed that had
bones in it." It was an audible smile
that went around the table, when the
Granger, picking his teeth with his fork,
innocently asked, "What in thunder are
you laughing at?"—Kansas City Jour-
nal.

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ges of disease, there is hardly anything so
comparable with that which has been so
aptly described as 'Tired Nature's sweet
restorer, balmy sleep.'"

AN ANGEL ON BOARD.

Two hours to wait at a junction depot
on a midsummer day! That irresposi-
ble boy came around. This time he had
tempting fruit, and I begged of him to
find my husband. A lady at my side
said:
"Excuse me; but do you not carry a
purse when you travel?"
"Never, when with my husband."
"Let me tell you a story."
"Thanks."
And this is what she told me, and I
do not doubt its truth:
My husband was thirty five, and I a
country girl of seventeen when we were
married. Our bridal tour was to end in
Christmas at his father's in Boston. We
took a boat from New York. The steam-
er was elegant, and, having shown me
my state-room, he stepped out. I went
back to the cabin, read a little, watched
my traveling companions a great deal,
wondered what friend he had found on
the boat, until supper-time came, and he
did not. The cabin maid asked if I
were going to supper. I said, "When
my husband comes for me." She went
to the office. Inquiry was made; there
was no such man on the boat. Then
came the captain's request that I would
"show my ticket." I had none. "Would
I please pay my fare?" I had not one
cent! Further inquiry; there was cer-
tainly no such man on the boat. I be-
gan to cry.
"That won't do, my little girl." (She
was very small.) "We have seen too
much of that. Pay your fare, or I'll
put you off."
I had a bright thought. "My trunk
is here."
"Show it to me, if you please." And
he went with me to the baggage. I
pointed it out to him triumphantly.
"Your key, if you please."
"My husband locked it and has the
key!—but you may break the lock."
"The owner of the trunk may object."
"It is mine!"
"Look here, little girl, you are not
married. I shall put you ashore at the
first landing. Go home and behave your-
self in future."
Every drop of blood in my veins
boiled, and yet I must bear it because I
had not a five dollar bill by me! I never
before dreamed of the "degradation of
poverty." He turned away, and I sat
down on my trunk. It was my own. It
would tell of my innocence and truth, if
he would but let it. So, too, would all
the presents we had so carefully select-
ed for the dear ones at home. I could
have put my arms around it and kissed
it. I only asked to be allowed to sit
upon it all night. Wouldn't he "just
let me do that?"
It was the worst question I could
have asked. "I presume you'd like to
be left here! Go straight to the ladies'
cabin, and don't you leave it until I put
you off the boat."
I rose proudly and walked to the cab-
in, without a glance at him. I would
not cry until I could get to my state-
room. But when I came to the door it
flashed upon me, I have no state room.
I had no spot of my own, no baggage,
no friend, no character—even the black
cabin maid was whispering about me—
no husband—where was he? where could
he be? He must have fallen overboard!
I never should see him again! I
should be put off in the night, in a
strange place, without a cent of money
to buy a lodging—or even a sheet of
paper and a three cent stamp! And
Christmas morning, when all would be
watching for the happy bridal party,
where should we be? Where was he?
I grew frantic. I believe, now, I was
on the verge of insanity. I remember
feeling sure he had fallen overboard and
was drowned, and that, if left on a
wharf, I would go and spend Christmas
with him. I often shudder, even now,
when I think what I might have been
driven to. I only knew the dark fright
and horror of that hour.

CHASING AN EXPRESS TRAIN.

A TARDY PASSENGER PAYS \$250 FOR AN
ENGINE.

The uncertainties of life and railroad
travel, says the San Francisco Chronicle,
were well illustrated at Oakland, recent-
ly, the principal actor being a well-
known merchant of New York city, who
was about to return to his home. He had
purchased through tickets the day be-
fore, and, moreover, had assumed the
protection on the journey of the wife
and two children of a friend in this ci-
ty, who were to start from this side of
the bay and meet him at the Market
street station, Oakland. He was prompt-
ly on hand at the hour of the train's ar-
rival, but, supposing it would stop for
some little time and being engaged in an
animated discussion with a friend,
he paid little attention to its movements.
Suddenly his friend, more observant,
cried out, "Your train is going!" and
looking hastily around, there it was,
sure enough, moving out of the station
at considerable speed, and he some ten-
ty rods away. Though it was evidently
hopeless to pursue, he broke for the re-
ceding cars without exchanging the or-
dinary civilities of parting with his com-
panion, but, though the "time" he made
is confidently supposed to have elapsed
any former record, he fell behind rapid-
ly, and had to abandon the chase. In
frantic haste he tore around and found
the station-master, and demanded the
price at which engines were customarily
detached to assist persons in "making
their connections." "Two hundred and
fifty dollars," blandly remarked the of-
ficial. "Done!" said the New Yorker.
An engine was fired and run out, the
belated one tumbled up the side, and
away they went like the wind. A stern
chase is proverbially a long one, and
this was no exception to the rule; but a
dispatch sent back to Oakland during
the day announced that the train had
been caught, the lady and children—
who had wondered where their protector
was, and feared for his safety—comforted,
and the unfortunate occasion of all the
trouble relieved from his anxiety
and the fear that he should be forever
disgraced by his apparent cold-blooded
reputation of a sacred trust.

THE MONITOR-MERRIMAC FIGHT.

Col. LeGrand B. Cannon of Burling-
ton, the aide-de-camp of Gen. Wool when
that officer was in command at Fortress
Monroe at the time of the Monitor-Mer-
rimac fight, has published his "recollections"
of that affair in a thin pamphlet,
having been requested to prepare them
by G. V. Fox, the assistant naval secretary
at the time. Col. Cannon's most
original contribution, perhaps, to the
literature of the battle concerns the first
acquaintance of our government with the
Merrimac. As early as December,
1861, a mechanic in the Norfolk navy-
yard communicated the character of the
work of the Merrimac to Gen. Wool, and
about February 15, full plans of the
rebel campaign and details of the pro-
gress of the work were obtained through
to Washington with the news. He found
Secretary Stanton sick, and was taken
into a cabinet meeting by Mr. Lincoln.
The government was therefore not taken
by surprise when the Merrimac came
out, and had really nothing with which
to oppose her, but the wooden vessels,
which up to that moment in the naval
history of the world had been the high-
est form of naval strength. Col. Cannon
further says that the first suspicion that
the Merrimac was on her way down from
Norfolk was derived from the fact that
the French corvettes, whose officers had
been up to Norfolk under a flag of truce,
all got up steam on Saturday morning,
without having given any formal notice
of their departure at the fortress. Gen.
Wool telegraphed this fact to Gen.
Manfield at Newport News, and the
morning was spent in preparations,
which prevented a simultaneous land at-
tack by Gen. Magruder. The Merrimac
appeared about noon. Col. Cannon mis-
takes the date on one occasion; the
sinking of the Cumberland and the cap-
ture and destruction of the Congress
were on the 8th, the fight between the
iron-clads on the 9th of March, Sunday.
For so famous a fight it is rather sin-
gular that there should be such a diver-
sity of statement as to which first re-
tired from the field. Mr. Greeley in his
history says that, at the close of the
combat, "the Monitor stood down to-
ward Fortress Monroe, but the Merrimac
and her tenders did not see fit to pur-
sue her." There is considerable evi-
dence that this is an error. The Balti-
more American account, from which
Greeley elsewhere quotes, says that the
"Monitor followed the Merrimac until
she got well under Selwell's point, and
then returned." The count of Paris,
who, singularly, does not mention the

THE NEW BOY.

A GRAPHIC PEN PICTURE.

He made his appearance at one of the
Union schools, the other morning, and,
arriving ahead of time, he prevented
any feeling of loneliness from seizing
him by licking three boys and riding
the gate off of his hinges. He went in with
the crowd when the bell rang, and find-
ing no empty seat, he perched himself
on the wood box. When the children re-
peated the Lord's Prayer in concert, the
new boy 'kept time' with his heel, and
when they came to sing he argued that
variety was the spice of song, and at-
tempted to sing one of his own—one
about a gentleman named Daniel Tuck-
er, who dreamed that he was dead, and
so forth. The teacher wanted him to
stop still, and he replied that he would
not come to that school if his musical
qualifications were to be overlooked.
When school finally opened the teacher
secured his name and began asking him
questions in order to find out how he
should be graded.
Can you spell? she asked.
What kind of spelling? he cautiously
replied.
Spell house, if you please.
Frame or brick house? he asked.
Any kind of a house.
With a mortgage on it?
You may spell man if you will, she
said, giving him a severe look.
Man?
I don't care much about spelling man
this morning, but I will this afternoon.
I've spelled it with my eyes shut.
Do you know your alphabet? she asked,
changing the subject.
Never had any! was the prompt reply.
Do you know anything about reading?
I read like lightning! he answered.
She handed him a reader, and said:
Let me hear you read.
Read right out loud?
Yes.
I'm afraid it would disturb the chil-
dren, he whispered.
Go on and let me hear you read.
He looked carefully at the page,
scowled his brow and read:
If I was a lame boy and didn't get
any peanuts in my stocking Christmas,
may my eyes! but I'd make things jump
around that house next morning.
He handed the book back and the
teacher asked:
Richard, how many are three and
three?
Anything.
It's a good deal according to what it
is, he replied, as he settled back. I know
that three and three cats don't make a
dog!
Did you ever study geography, Rich-
ard?
Yes, mam.
What is geography?
It's a book.
Is this world round or flat?
Hills and hollows! he replied.
Richard, can you write?
Write what?
Can you write your name?
I could, I suppose; but I've got my
name without writing it.
Can you write a letter?
Who to?
To any one.
Yes, I could, if I had money to pay
the postage.
Well, Richard, she said, in despair,
you'll have to go into the lower room if
you want to come to school here.
I'd rather stay here.
But you can't.
I'll bet you this knife against ten
cents I can.
She took him by the arm to remove
him, but he laid his arm on her shoulder
and said in a warning voice:
Don't get me mad, now, or I'll let
myself loose.
She called the principal down, and as
he approached the boy he commanded:
Boy, what are you doing here?
Getting eddication! replied Richard.
You go right down stairs now! con-
tinued the principal.
Well, don't sass me, for I was never
here before! replied Richard, slowly
moving his legs as if he meant to get
down.
The principal took him by the collar
and jerked him around, got kicked on
the shins, and bitten in the wrist, and
finally landed the young student on the
walk.
Now, try go home! he shouted, as
he tried to recover his breath.
Am I educated? inquired Richard.
You seem to be.
Gimme a diploma, then.
You clear out or I'll have you arrest-
ed.
Hain't I a scholar in this school no
more?
No, sir.
Who owns this school-house? de-
manded the boy.
No matter—you clear out.
Will you come out in the yard here,
where you can't hang to anything? ask
ed the boy.
Begone, I say!
Don't draw no darringer on me! warn-
ed the boy, as he backed off, nor don't
think you can scare me with any of your

WRECKS OF 1875.

Gallant ships that proudly sailed from
port, bearing joyful throngs, are naught
but sunken toms to-day. And the
dead which the sea gave up, lie buried
on some foreign shore.
At sunset a populous city crowned
the mountain-top. It was the home of
beauty and of age, the abode of in-
nocent childhood, the store-house of wealth.
But it perished in the twinkling of an
eye. The light of dawn disclosed little
else upon its site, save those marks of
run and of death which indicate the
power of an earthquake's shock.
A waterspout swept down a fer-
tile valley, teeming with human life.
In its track was left a devastation worse
than any which had ever hung on the
skirts of an invading army. A cyclone
smote a village by the sea and few of
its inhabitants were left to tell the story.
The business house was "cold and
reliable." It grew strong as the cen-
tury advanced. Multitudes trusted it,
leaped upon it, rested securely beneath
its shadow, as does the traveler under
some mighty tree. But it has gone
down this year, and carried them with
it.
There are wrecks of many newly bro-
ken homes scattered over the earth.—
Death has wrecked some, and in others
crime has left more cruel traces than
death alone could ever leave. Some
darling of the house, whose presence was
essential last New Year's day to com-
plete the joyful circle, is shut up in
prison walls.
Who can tell how many family altars
have been wrecked this year? They
were discontinued because the family
moved into a new country, or the hus-
band changed his business, so that it is
"not convenient to have prayers," now,
except perhaps on Sunday, or simply
because the flickering light of household
piety has grown still dimmer than it
was. If it were possible for us to in-
spect for a few months the books that
have been kept this year by the Record-
ing Angel, how could the losses record-
ed on our balance-sheets sink into insignif-
icance when compared with wrecks
like these! There are very few wrecks
of any kind which do not lie at the door
of a single man. The captain slept in
his cabin below too long, the business
manager was reckless, the friend of an
hour presented the fatal temptation. The
ship sinks, the bank fails, the soul is
hurried onward toward perdition. And
the wreck is charged to his account,
there to remain till the last great day
when God shall judge the world.
Are you responsible for any of these?
Do you remember any failures of the
year which might have been successes
if you had only done your very best?
If yours had been the outstretched hand,
the kind word, yours the home whose
doors were often opened to welcome the
wounded and the tempted, only opened
in time, there might have been no wreck.
Is your church indulging in spiritual
sleep, are your prayer meetings languish-
ing, is your pastor's heart discouraged?
If you had done your duty it might all
be otherwise. Has your spiritual life,
your love for Christ, been stranded on
some lee-shore of doubt or business
trouble? The wrecks may not yet be
so complete that a prompt effort by
your part will not mend them. Pray-
ful labor in the vineyard will bring
the longed-for peace of your own soul.
There are many apparent wrecks
which are proved to be glorious victo-
ries. The world would be much sadder
than it is if we could not throw the man-
tle of charity over many wrecks that we
see, knowing that time changes many
verdicts, and that eternity will change
many more.
At one time the mission of Christ
seemed a failure. It was while the sol-
diers were driving the nail into the
cross, while He was tasting the vinegar
and hyssop, while the Roman cohort was
guarding his sealed tomb.
But the religion of Christ is the only
thing which the centuries had left un-
wrecked. Men and measures, forms
and theories, courts and temples, na-
tions and orders all are gone. But the
Cross of Jesus Christ is the light, the
life, the resting-place of more souls to-
day than it was yesterday or had ever
been. And thus it will be every day
till time shall end. The heart that
rests beneath the cross is comforted.—
The soul that sees to it for refuge can
ever say:
"In the Cross of Christ I live."
—N. Y. Observer.

THE CHARM OF RESERVE.

Do not be too anxious to give away
yourself, to wear your heart upon your
sleeve. It is not only unwise, it is wrong
to make your secret soul common prop-
erty. For you bring the delicate things
of the heart into contempt by exposing
them to those who cannot understand
them. If you throw pearls before swine,
they will turn again and rend you. Nor,
again, should you claim too much open-
ness, as a duty to you, from your child,
your friend, your wife, or your husband.
Much of the charm of life is ruined by
exacting demands of confidence. Respect
the natural modesty of the soul, its more
delicate flowers of feeling close their
petals if touched too rudely. Wait with
curious love—with eager interest—for
the time when, all being harmonious,
the revelation will come of its own
accord, undemanded. The expectation has
its charm, for as long as life has some-
thing to learn, life is interesting; as
long as a friend has something to give,
friendship is delightful. Those who wish
to destroy all mystery in those they
love, to have everything revealed, are
unconsciously killing their own happi-
ness. It is much to be with those who
have many things to say to us which we
cannot bear now. It is much to live
with those who sometimes speak to us
in parables—if we love them. Love
needs some indefiniteness in order to
keep its charm. Respect, which saves
love from the familiarity which degrades
it, is kept vivid when we feel that there
is a mystery in those we love which
comes of depth of character. Remember,
that in violating your own reserve, or
that of another, you destroy that sensi-
tiveness of character which makes so
much of the beauty of character; and
beauty of character is not so common as
not to make it a cruel thing to spoil it.
—Stepford A. Brooks.

AN ENORMOUS EAGLE.

The Santa
Rosa (Cal.) Democrat says that two men
recently killed an immense eagle on the
Washoe House road. Its claws stretched
nervously as it watched, from the cover
of an oak tree, some lambs which, un-
conscious of danger, were frisking about
near by. When the boys got within 30
feet of the tree, it flew. Runyon gave
it a load of duckshot, shaking its
course; Perkinson gave it another. It
took four shots and some severe blows
to kill it. When stretched with extended
wings it was three good paces from tip
to tip, or, by exact measurement, eight
and a half feet. The span of its extend-
ed claws was seven inches. A well-
grown lamb would have been an easy
victim for this royal bird of prey. Its
weight was 16 pounds.
Reports from the Black Hills country
give additional proofs of the pushing and
adventurous nature of the American
mind. The gold hunters seem to be go-
ing ahead on their own hook, without
regard to Government action, and they
have organized at Stand-off Bar, on
Spring Creek, a settlement to be called
Allenston, in honor of the President of
the Stand-off Bar Company, John W.
Allen, who is also the duly elected City
nearly by, has also been organized with
a population of 200 miners, and the pros-
pects of finding gold in paying quanti-
ties are reported very flattering. Bear,
Sand, and Iron Creeks, which the Allen
party have prospected, do not yield so
well, and the men not caring to work
for \$2 to \$1 worth of gold a day, have
given up operations there.

WHAT IS TRUTH?

Plato's final
question is a sad yet suggestive echo of
the ordinary answer of the natural
worldly human breast to the pleading of
the Redeemer. It includes the sub-
stance of the skepticism of our own and
all other times. What is truth? Is
any real truth known as to man's desti-