

NEW GOODS RECEIVED DAILY AT OWEN'S.

Another lot of Dress Goods in this week, the finest line we have ever shown. Ladies all say what a beautiful lot of Dress Goods. Samples of goods and trimmings cheerfully sent to any address, and prices guaranteed lower than elsewhere.

O. D. OWEN, DEAR SIR—I have used the "High Grade" Dairy salt, wholly in my Creamery for the past year, and consider it superior to any other salt made.

Barton, April 21, 1890. O. D. OWEN.

PAINT, PAINT, PAINT.

As usual we have just got in a big stock of fresh Paint for the spring trade.

Pure White Lead in Oil. Fresh zinc, pure Linseed Oil, Turpentine, Japan Pat. dryer, Hard Oil finish, Shellacs.

VARNISH, VARNISH, VARNISH.

All grades and prices. DRY PAINTS.

Colors ground in oil and Japan; cheap wagon paint; lumber wagon blue in varnish Cheap and Good.

MIXED PAINTS.

We have the best mixed paint in the market, in all colors; the Longman & Matzenc. It has been tried here for 15 years and proved to be the best in the market. Also

MASURY PASTE PAINT.

Takes 7 gallons of oil to the 100 lbs., and is durable; also several other kinds; also a paint made expressly for inside work in white and colors, ground in varnish.

Floor Paint, Floor Paint.

All prices and kinds. ALABASTINE, ALABASTINE, ALABASTINE. BRUSHES, BRUSHES, BRUSHES.

Any kind of a Brush you want from a small paint brush to a \$5.00 Kalsomine brush; and in fact anything you may want in the Paint line we have and at bottom prices. Before you buy any call and look us over and get prices.

H. C. PIERCE.

HIGHLAND STOCK FARM, DERBY, VERMONT.

TROTTING-BRED STALLIONS. SEASON OF 1890.

ABDALLAH WILKES 7502. Blood bay 14 hands, foaled 1878, sire George Wilkes, dam Mary; by Wagner's Abdallah sire of Jupiter Abdallah, 2nd dam by Kentucky, sire of Lexington. Trained to race in 2:29, cost of \$500, 1881.

HIGHLAND MEDIUM 10,057. Blood bay, black points, foaled 1882, sire Little White on hind quarters, 14 hands, foaled 1880, sire Harry Medium 400, record 2:20, sire of 11 in 2:30 list, dam Annie by Almont 21, 2d dam Manhattan 842, 2d dam Volney, 2:29. Costing Wilkes 1 year old record, 2:30. Terms, \$10 each for the season.

NUTMONT 2206, Record 2:28 1-4. Bay 14 hands, foaled 1882, sire Nutmount, son of Belmont, dam Sarah (sister to Stephen 11, 2:20) by Knickerbocker son of Rysdyk's Hambletonian, sire of Navarre, who trotted a quarter in 2:20, 2nd dam two years of age. Terms, \$45 each for the season, limited to 25 mares. His season closes Aug. 1, '90.

WAUCO 10,055. Blood bay, 14 hands, foaled 1881, sire Abdallah Wilkes 7502, sire of Wagner's Abdallah, 2nd dam by Kentucky, sire of Lexington. Trained to race in 2:29, cost of \$500, 1881.

HIGHLAND W. 10,052. Seal brown, three white corners, 13 hands, foaled 1881, sire Abdallah Wilkes 7502, sire of Wagner's Abdallah, 2nd dam by Kentucky, sire of Lexington. Trained to race in 2:29, cost of \$500, 1881.

MAMBRINO CLARK 3408. Chestnut, 15 hands, foaled 1884, sire Mambrino Drayler, 2 1/2, dam Nannie Maresby by Clark, foaled 3d dam Fanny by Pilot Jr. 12. \$10 each for the season. Mares not proving in foot have the privilege of being returned the following season free of charge, but this does not follow a mare who loses her foot or has changed ownership. Mares handled at reasonable rates. Not responsible for accidents or escapes. Mares handled at reasonable rates.

D. T. ELDER, Supt., Derby, Vt.

Sherwin-Williams' PAINT.

Costs more per gallon than any other paint, but you can paint a building with it cheaper than with any other paint, and will last very much longer. We have sold this paint five years and are satisfied that it stands longer. We have a large stock just in of the various shades and can suit you on color as well as quality and price. While we are talking about paint would say that we have a very nice

Floor Paint

Wagon paint, blue paint for Lumber Wagons, colored paint in paste form; Creosote paint, just the thing for Barns, Fences, Roofs, etc.; if you have a hard wood floor don't forget that we have the right kind of a coating for it. Johnston's Kalsomine, Alabastine, Glue, White Lead, Oil, Turpentine, etc.

BRUSHES.

Paint, Kalsomine, Varnish, Shoe, Stove, Window, Scrub, etc. H. T. SEAVER.

WANTED. DRY GOODS.

We want Maple Sugar, Potatoes and Dried Apple at good prices in exchange for

Boots and Shoes, Trunks and Valises, Hoes, Shovels, Forks, hand made and machine Butter Tubs, 60 lb. Butter Crates, Timothy, Alsike and Northern Clover seed, top Onion Sets, and all kinds of Peas, Beans and Garden Seeds in bulk and packages. Dairy and Table Salt; Granulated Sugar by the barrel. Also the best brand of Flour in town.

Give us a Call. BARRON & HAMBLET, BARTON.

Carriage Painting and REPAIRING.

The undersigned having hired the Gregory Paint and Repair Shop, between Glover and Barton Village, will do Carriage Painting and Repairing at reasonable prices.

Satisfaction Guaranteed! Can do all ordinary repairing in wood, leather or paint. Buggy shafts and Sleigh shafts a Specialty.

Work Promptly Done. S. K. CRITCHET, Glover, July 11.

C. E. Dow

DEALER IN General Md'se, West Glover, Vt., Drys leave to say on this

Wood-bury

The old ways and begin now. Call in and see the new goods, Stationery, Wall Paper and Linens, Prints, Gingham, Shirtings, etc., in abundance. My

Grass Seed, CLOVER SEED.

and seed Corn has come and you had better get your soon. Have fresh yeast cakes every week, and I want all the eggs.

C. E. DOW.

West Glover, April 28.

D. J. MILLERS VEGETABLE EXPECTORANT

IS INVARIABLE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS. 25c, and 50c, at all druggists. B. MORGAN & SONS, - Proprietors, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

A Large Farm For Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale his large farm situated two miles north of BARTON VILLAGE, on very reasonable terms. The farm is one of the best farms in town and is only two miles from the depot.

There is a large pasture range, and the place cuts hay sufficient to keep from 40 TO 50 COWS. Good apple and sugar orchards; also 75 Tons Pressed Hay, at reasonable prices.

Having business in another town, and not being able to carry on or to see to my farm, I shall sell it at a great bargain. Write me at Groton, Vt. GEO. W. BURNHAM.

Citizens Savings Bank & Trust Co.

TELLS HOW TO GET RICH. "Take care of the cents and the dollars will take care of themselves." Save your earnings and make your deposits regularly every month and 10 cents saved every day and put into it.

Citizens Savings Bank & Trust Co. Of St. Johnsbury with interest at 4 per cent. composed semi-annually as follows: 1 year to \$37.50 2 years to 47.50 3 years to 57.50 4 years to 67.50 5 years to 77.50

We guarantee 4 per cent. on deposits, and should any loss occur, it does not fall upon the depositor but upon the stockholders in the same as with National Banks. All deposits will receive prompt attention, and money may be sent to us in a registered letter or by draft payable to the Citizens Savings Bank and Trust Co. JOHN T. RITCHIE, Treasurer, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

EXCURSION AND OTHER TICKETS.

Get your tickets for the West of J. H. BARTON, Station Agent, at West of J. H. BARTON. He has facilities for furnishing them at lowest rates. Correspondence promptly answered. 18-101

A Rebel Who Was a Yankee.

The New York Herald publishes a story told by Editor Howell, of the Confederacy, Atlanta, Ga. At the outbreak of the war Mr. Howell commanded a battery of artillery on the Confederate side. Before the troops took the field they were treated to the oration by "Bob" Toombs. He assured them that they would have an easy time of it whipping the Yankees. In fact he intimated that the Yankees wouldn't be fired at, but would run at sight of the guns.

In due course Captain Howell's battery became engaged. The Yankees didn't run at the sight of the guns. They persisted in staying and fighting it out. The battle was a hot one. Shot and shell fell thick and fast, and many brave warriors of the blue and many equally gallant warriors of the gray were sent to their last account.

In Captain Howell's battery the man who did the most effective work was a tall, raw-boned fellow, who kept on fighting without getting a bit tired, and had so much energy to spare besides that, just to relieve himself a little bit of it, he continually cursed the enemy in a style that would make the average exhorter of the penitent male turn green with envy. But his fighting and his swearing both had a stimulating effect on the men around him. The opportunity occurred during a temporary lull in the battle. Having appropriately complimented him, Captain Howell inquired what part of the south he came from.

"I wasn't born in the South, was the response. I was raised way up north in the state of Vermont; but I came south when I was fifteen, and I think so very much of you all that I am a fighter like you."

Captain Howell eyed his stalwart proportions admiringly, and then inquired anxiously: "Are there many fellows like you left in the state of Vermont?"

"There's just lots of 'em, an' you'll know it—well, before you get through with this war."

Captain Howell then and there concluded that the war would be likely to last longer than "Bob" Toombs had anticipated.

Valor and Skill in the Civil War.

Two articles in the May Century discuss the relative merits of the Blue and the Gray in the trials of battle. General Theodore A. Dodge writes to the question, "Was either the better soldier?" and Charles A. Patch asks, "Which was the better army?"

In conclusion, General Dodge says that his "list of fifty battles gives twenty victories to the Confederates, an equal number to the Federals, and leaves ten which may fairly be called drawn. In these fifty battles, at the point of fighting contact, the Confederates outnumbered the Federals by an average of about two per cent."

"As regards brilliant assaults upon regular works, the Confederates were never called on to show such devotion as was manifested by the Federals at Fredericksburg, the several assaults at Vicksburg and Port Hudson, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor and Petersburg. Few trials of fighting qualities, in any war, go beyond some of these."

"As will be seen from the table of forces, after the winter of 1863-64 the Union forces so vastly outnumbered the Confederates, that comparison of the merits of actual fighting becomes more difficult. We can deduce little from the battles except stanch purpose on the Federal, and brilliant courage, coupled with marvellously able military management, on the Confederate side. But if one will take the pains to tabulate the numbers actually engaged during all but the last months of the crumbling away of the Confederate armies, there appear plainly two facts first, that the Confederates, by superior management and better position, opposed the Federals fully equal numbers at the point of fighting contact; and secondly, that of the combats during the entire struggle the Federals had their full share of the victories."

"It is certain that the statistics of the war rob the wearers of the blue and the gray of the right to boast one at the expense of the other. Neither can claim superiority in actual battle. The case bears enough semblance to Greek meeting Greek to satisfy the reasonable aspirations of either 'Yank' or 'Johnny.'"

BE YOUR OWN DOCTOR.—It won't cost you half so much. Do not delay. Send three 2-cent stamps for postage, and we will send you Dr. Kaufman's great work, fine colored plates from life, on disease, its causes and home cure. Address A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass.

Poverty is modern. There were no tenement-houses in ancient times; not a solitary ruin of an ancient tenement-house has been found since the world began. Neither do we find in ancient Greece or Rome ruins of hospitals, blind or insane asylums, or anything else preliminary intended for disinterested benevolence, or for such sort of living as thousands of our population have to endure. Forty years ago there was no need for real poverty in the United States, except in a very few cases. All over the rural districts people exhibited self-denial. But with the advance of civilization we have developed new wants. Man could live and be happy in the country in houses with unplastered walls and open fireplaces. Coal, clothing, and fuel are indispensable in the city. Most of the things needed for the poor have to be obtained by money. In the country you can get whatever you need by barter, but in the city you can not. This shows that poverty is caused by lack of money. Yet only those who do not work lack money. Paupers may be divided into two classes: Those who will not work and those who can not work if they could get it. Those who will not or can not work must beg, steal or die. As for those who want work and can't get it, from my soul I pity them. The reason of their failure generally is that they can do only one thing, and that nobody wants done.—Christian Advocate.

Some people stood out of the way as the sleigh sped down the street, others stepped nearer and brandished their arms and shouted. Tip stood beside us, his eyes fixed upon the approaching animal. Nearer, nearer! but not a hair of Tip's tail stirred until the sleigh was almost opposite us. Then, with a bound, he reached the horse's side, and, seizing the bridle, hung with his whole weight upon the bit.

The horse, frantic as he had seemed a moment before, hesitated, and in a moment stood still.

Every year added glory to Tip's record, but he was growing old. And at last a remark was incautiously dropped by my mother, that she did not know how much longer he could be tolerated about the house.

The next morning Tip was again missing and found at Cousin Tenbrook's but not to return. No entreaty or command could move him. Not a look would bestow upon my mother. He had left us and all previous relations were ignored for the few days remaining to him.

Then we claimed him once more and this time without resistance. So solemnly we brought home all that was left of Tip and committed to the one poor pine slab the only record we knew how to make of his sagacity and intelligence.—Christian Herald.

A Pet Woodpecker.

The golden-winged woodpecker, otherwise called the flicker and high-hole, is one of the best known of American birds,—a handsome creature, somewhat larger than the robin, with red crescent on the back of its head, a black crescent on its breast and especially noticeable for the yellow lining of its wings and tail.

A New York gentleman, some years ago, took a young one from the nest, brought it up, and found it to be a very interesting pet.

The bird could thrust out his tongue two or three inches; and it was amusing to see his efforts to eat currants from the hand. He would run out his tongue, and try to stick it to the currant. Failing in that, he would bend his tongue around it like a hook, and try to raise it by a sudden jerk. But he never succeeded. The round fruit would roll and slip away every time. He never seemed to think of taking it in his beak.

His tongue was in constant use to find out the nature of everything he saw. A nailhole in a board, or any similar hole, was carefully explored. This curious organ gained him the respect of a number of half-grown cats that were about the house. I wished them to get acquainted with him, so the danger of their killing him might be lessened; and, for that reason, I used to take the kittens and bird on my knee together. At such times, the woodpecker's curiosity was sure to be excited by the kittens' eyes; and leveling his bill as carefully as a marksman levels his rifle, he would hold steady for a minute, and then dart his tongue at the bright, round object.

This was held by the cats to be very mysterious,—being struck in the eye by something invisible to them. They soon acquired such a terror of the bird that they would run away whenever they saw his bill turned in their direction.

My high-hole was never surprised at anything. He would advance upon the turkey gobbler and the rooster, holding up one wing as high as possible, as if to strike with it, and scolding all the while in a harsh voice, as he shuffled along toward them. I feared at first that they might kill him; but I soon found that he was able to take care of himself.

His favorite diet was ants. When I turned over stones and dug into anthills for his benefit, he would lick up the ants so fast that a constant stream of them seemed to be going into his mouth.

He stayed with me till late in the autumn, when he disappeared. Probably yielded to the migratory impulse and went South.

"My wife cured me of a very severe colic in five minutes with Johnson's Anodyne Liniment."

A Negro Mathematician.

Sam Summers, the negro prodigy, was in town recently, says a Louisville paper, and as usual, entertained a large crowd, who were testing him with all kinds of mathematical problems. Summers is a negro 34 years old, without the slightest education. He cannot read or write, and does know one figure from another. He is a common farm hand, and to look at him and watch his actions he seems to be about half-witted, but his quick and invariably correct answers to any example in arithmetic, no matter how difficult, is simply wonderful. With the hundreds of tests that he has submitted to, not a single time has he failed to give the correct answers in every instance.

Some examples given him were as follows: How much gold can be bought for \$709 in greenbacks if gold is worth \$1.65? Multiply 597,312 by 13 5/8. If a grain of wheat produces seven grains, and these he sown the second year, each yielding the same how many bushels will be produced at this rate in twelve years, if 1,000 grains make a pint? If the velocity of sound is 1,142 feet per second, the pulsation of the heart seventy a minute, after seeing a flash of lightning there are twenty pulsations counted before you hear it thunder, what distance is the cloud from the earth, and what is the time after seeing the flash of lightning until you hear the thunder? A commission merchant received seventy bags of wheat, each containing three bushels, three pecks and three quarts. How many bushels did he receive? And so on.

With Robinson's Ray's and other higher arithmetics before them, those who have tested him as yet have been unable to find any example that with a few moments' thought on his part he is not able to correctly answer.

Chaff versus Wheat.

A rich man sat by his hearth one night; The lamps were clear and the fire burned bright, And the mingled radiance brightly shone On paintings rare and pillars of stone. Without the wintry north wind moaned, And the elm on his lawn all faintly groaned; He bowed his head in the mellow light; "God pity the poor," he said "to-night!"

God pity the poor in alley and street Who shiver beneath the wind and sleet, Or who turn, and casting the streets to roam, The shelter seek of a fireless home. May the Lord His beams shower down on The weak and lonely of the town; For, for months that must be felt, Their needful share of daily bread,

Another man sat by his fire—as warm, And listened awhile to the winter storm; Then, tapping a bell that stood by his side, The door of his study opened wide, And his steward came, with hat in hand, To attend to his master's prompt command, Who quickly spoke in decisive tones—"Send a load of coal to the widow Jones."

"Then go to the baker and send some buns To Mr. Gardner and Billy Duns; Give Jake the turkey, left from dinner, To give to lame old Moby Skimmer. And send this cake to—mind, I say— To that boy who was hurt on the ice to-day."

He bowed his head in the mellow light; "God pity the poor," he said "to-night!"

Now which of these men was nearer—say, To God in his prayer for the poor that day? He who pitieth the needy in words alone, For Charity's debt was given in stone; But he who gave of his substance then Was a friend of God and his fellow-men?

And nearer the throne was he that uttered, And only prayed for his suffering brother. Too much of our pity is wasted in words, Too few are dollars each pocket affords. For the poor and the needy; the Father above, Who rules in compassion and wisdom love, In pity marks the sparrow's fall, And measures the motives of each and all, And through the will of his servant's need, Sits the chaff or worm from the wheat of deeds.

Blossom-Time.

What pipes the merry robin Under glistening blue? To yonder glistening blue? The daisied valley through! What hums the breeze so cheery But this one sweet refrain—"Oh, days so bright! Oh, rare delight! 'Tis blossom-time again!"

In morning's dew and sunshine, The orchard's trees, arow, Seem fragrant, rose snow; And every breeze that passes Shakes out a jewelled rain; White birds a wing Are carolling, "Tis blossom-time again!"

Bright gold of dandelions, New grass-blades, twinkling gay, Like way-side vines, dew-crystalized, Wee, snowy lambs at play, Soft echoes from far uplands; Speak but one language plain: "Oh, days so dear 'Of all the year, 'Tis blossom-time again!"

My heart sings with the robin, The silver flashing rill, And carols with the breeze In joy's delicious thrill; With flowers and grass and lambskins, It joins the glad refrain: "Oh, fairest day! Oh, rarest day! 'Tis blossom-time again!"

Teacher—What is corporal punishment? Pupil—It is one form of the tax on America. The mosquito will soon show the American people whether his bites are free or not. That's the fellow I'm laying for, remarked the hen, as her owner came out with a pan of cornmeal.

The nearer in front you get the more shoulders and sidehills heels. Every man has a right to his own opinion, but he hasn't any right to bore others with it against their will.

Isn't it a crime, Judge, to loosen a swarm of bees on a fellow? Not a crime. We might call it a bee-setting sin.

The man who is always saying that he wants little here below, generally means the little he hasn't got already.

The \$20,000 expended by the Duke of Bedford to popularize cremation may be considered a sort of burnt offering.

It is no particular credit to Adam that he never chewed tobacco. There was no other man for him to beg a "chew" of.

Why are you here, my poor fellow? He walls the visitor of the prisoner. Do walls is thick I don't get out. Dais why, see? He—The fool's are not all dead yet. She—That's as sure as my live. And he couldn't understand why she emphasized the "you."

Corporal Tanner evidently comes of an old family. It is said that Peter "tarried many days in Joppa with one Simon A. Tanner."

Ma, the minister is coming. What makes you think so? Did you see him? No; but I saw pa take the parrot and lock it up in the stable.

Lady—Pardon me, sir, I fear my foot trod upon yours. Gentleman—No apology, madame. I wouldn't mind a little thing like that.

Maid I don't want to be flattered, said a feminine voice confidentially behind a photographer's screen, but do try and idealize it all you can.

John Doe—Are you carrying a mortgage on your house? Richard Doe—Yes; and, strange to say, I'm carrying it because I can't lift it.

Now, Katy, how many kinds of poetry are there? The lyric, the dramatic and the e—epi—Elsie (breaking in)—Oh I know! The epic.

"What a queer Dick Tom is!" said Miss Lively from the West. "Yes," replied Miss Beaconstreet of Boston, "Thomas is an extremely curious Richard."

Girl (weeping)—I'm sorry you have to go on the road again. It always breaks my heart. Drummer—Don't cry. Fanny—I'll manage to pick up another girl somewhere.

First woman—Is that young man married? Second woman—No, indeed. Why, when I showed him my baby he did not even ask how old it was or if he had any teeth.

Tennyson has declared that although he may continue to write poetry from time to time, he shall not publish any more. His example is cordially commended to American spring poets.

Say, mother, does God see everything in Augusta? Yes, was the solemn reply. He sees our every act. Whereupon the young singer exclaimed: "Good gracious, mother! Let's move back to Bangor!"

Teacher—What's the past tense of see? Pupil—Seed. Teacher—What's your authority for that form? Pupil—A sign in the grocery stores. Teacher—What does it say? Pupil—Timothy seed.

Bookstore clerk—We have a Bible of the same type as that, sir, but bound in Morocco. Countryman—I don't care about helping those foreign fellers along. Give me a Bible bound in the United States.

An article in the April Forum is entitled "What a Boy Should Know at Eighteen." One thing a boy generally does know at eighteen is that he didn't know quite as much at sixteen as he thought he did.

"Mrs. Mulligan," said Mrs. Ginty, "is it well yer feelin' to-day?" "Yes, very well." "An' a stragg?" "Yis, quite strong." "Then 'p'raps it's able yez' to be bring back two wists' yer borred last Monday."

You know what a fashion Miss Grawledge has of quoting proverbs at all times? Yes, well, last night as I remarked about midnight that I must go, she looked at the clock and murmured, "Better late than never."

Tip.

Here lies entombed beneath this sod, Watered with tears, The dearest, wisest, high old dog.

For many years The country ever knew, Tippecanoe! Died March 3, 1862.

This was the inscription. We boys had spent a half holiday carrying it with our jackknives on a pine slab, and when the last "it" had been dotted with a gimlet and the last period made, Tom laid it down and surveyed his work a moment.

"Can't you think of something more to put at the bottom?" he said. "I don't feel so badly when I am at work for the old fellow."

Tom had already worked within half an inch of the notch cut to show how deep the slab must be sunk. "Think of something more!" said Phil thoughtfully. "It would take all the pine slabs that ever grew in Maine to say all that ought to be said about him!"

This made a happy diversion, for used as Tom and I were to Phil's exaggerations, we felt the corners of our mouths giving way.

One evening last summer father exclaimed: "This is too hot! Let's fill the baskets to-morrow, and take the steamer for the Islands."

This was a favorite trip with us boys, down the harbor to the bay, and the very mention of it sent us off into ecstasies.

"And take Tip?" was the chorus, as heads came uppermost.

"No," said mother, "three boys are all I can manage. I let Tip go the last time and he made so much trouble, I cannot take him."

Tip had risen eagerly at the sound of his name, but, as the last sentence was finished he dropped his head and slowly left the room.

"Now you have hurt Tip's feelings," we cried.

"He'll have time to get over it, for I don't think we can get off before day after to-morrow. Phillis will want one day to make cake and sandwiches for so many."

Where was Tip? No one had seen or heard him since the night before, and he never left the premises unless with one of us.

The question became a fear, as the hours went past, and no Tip. Up and down the city we went, inquiring of every one we knew if they had seen our dog; but in vain. That day father sat in his office, as much much distressed as we. At last toward evening, the captain of one of the island steamers sauntered in. "Good morning," he said. Do you know where your dog is?"

"No," said my father, "I'm sorry to say I don't."

"Needn't trouble yourself about him," said the captain, laughing; "I'll tell you where he has been all day. He marched down to the wharf this morning, half an hour before I started, and straight aboard my steamer, and there he was when I moored again, fifteen minutes ago. He made the round trip, did the islands, made himself agreeable to every one, and behaved with the utmost propriety."

What a shout was at home when the story came out! Tip had determined to show that he could and would go, and that he was a perfectly proper personage. The change in the day had been made after he had left the room, and he had marched down a little in advance of time, expecting us to follow. As we did not appear he did not retreat, but had gone through the day in solitary grandeur.

Phillis had a cat that had in Tip an admirer of unpeakable devotion. One friendly glance, one touch of her velvet paw, was reward enough for hours of gazing, or the choicest morsels of dinner.

A rival interferred. A poor little kitten, the only one Phillis spared. No more attention for Tip; not even a turn of the head, nor a glance as he passed by, and as the days went on with no change the dog could bear it no longer.

Suddenly, without warning, he sprang forward, seized the kitten by the neck and before the cries of puss could bring help Tip had reached the wharf and dropped his luckless rival into the water.

We boys, thought for to confess that snatching an only child from its mother's hand, were all ready to pat Tip in secret for his brilliant stroke. But father took no such view of the case. Tip had committed robbery and murder to make room for his own selfish interests and should be horsewhipped. We went away that we might not witness his disgrace or hear his cries.

We made secret plans for comforting Tip, but he was no where to be found, and morning failed to discover him. Had he turned his back on us forever? was the question we were asking one another,