Vermont Watchman & State Journal.

BY J. & J. M. POLAND. MONTPELIER, VT., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 28, 1874. Vol. 69.—3511. No. 15.

Spseial Notices.

AS A FAMILY MEDICINE for coughs, colds and all disease of the lungs, we remedy seems to be gaining the public favor like Wells's Magic Compound, for this reason that it is always found safe and reliable. "It has done more for me than all other medicines," is what we hear said of it daily. Sold by all druggists. 19-15

CHILDREN OFTEN LOOK PALE AND SICK from no other cause than having worms in the stomach.

BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMFITS will destroy worms without injury to the child, being perfectly WHITE, and free from all coloring or other injurious ingredients usually used in worm preparations.

CURTIS & BROWN, Proprietors, No. 215 Fulton Street, New York. *Sold by Druggists and Chemists, and Dealers in Medicines*, at TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOX. 52-14

PILES, PILES, PILES, PILES.

Outward applications are time and money thrown away. The only permanent cure is DR. HARRISON'S PERMANENT LOZENGES. They strike at the cause. We could fill this paper with notes. They are pleasant, never gripe, are like all pills, do they remove lassitude of age. For elderly persons, females and children, and all others, they are exactly suited to operate wholesome, the prolific cause of ill health. Trial box, 50 cents. Large box $1 only, and mailed free for this last price.

DR. HARRISON'S ICELAND BALSAM, a splendid cure for COUGHS, HOARSENESS, and all throat and lung complaints. For sale by E. S. HARRISON & CO., Proprietors, No. 1 Tremont Temple, Boston, and by all druggists. 20-41

THIRTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE OF AN OLD NURSE.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP is the prescription of one of the best Female Physicians and Nurses in the United States, and has been used for thirty years with never failing safety and success by millions of mothers and children, from the feeble infant of one week old to the adult. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, and gives rest, health and comfort to mother and child. We believe it to be the best and safest remedy in the world, in all cases of DYSENTERY and DIARRHŒA IN CHILDREN, whether it arises from teething or from any other cause. Full directions for using. Will accompany each bottle. None genuine unless the fac-simile of CURTIS & PERKINS is on the outside wrapper. Sold by all Medicine Dealers. 49-34

PRATT'S ASTRAL OIL!

Absolutely safe. Perfectly odorless. Always uniform. Illuminating qualities superior to gas. Burns as any lamp without danger of exploding or taking fire. Manufactured expressly to displace the use of volatile and dangerous oils. Its safety under every possible test, and its power in burning qualities, are guaranteed to equal any low test kerosene.

Millions of gallons have been sold and no accident—serious or indirectly—has ever occurred from burning, storing or handling it.

The immense yearly loss to life and property, resulting from the use of cheap and dangerous oils in the United States, is appalling.

The Insurance Companies and Fire Commissioners throughout the country recommend the ASTRAL as the best safeguard where lamps are used. Send for circular.

For sale at retail by the trade generally, and at wholesale by the proprietors, CHARLES PRATT & CO., 108 Fulton Street, New York. 20-15

THE HOUSEHOLD PANACEA

—AND—

FAMILY LINIMENT

is the best remedy in the world for the following complaints, viz.: Cramps in the Limbs and Stomach, Pain in the Back and Side, Rheumatism in Hips and all its forms, Bilious Colic, Neuralgia, Cholera, Dysentery, Colds, Fresh Wounds, Burns, Sore Throat, Spinal Complaints, Sprains and Bruises, Chills and Fever. For internal and external use.

Its operation is not only to relieve the patient, but entirely removes the cause of the complaint. It penetrates each portion of the whole system, restoring healthy action to all its parts and quickening the blood.

THE HOUSEHOLD PANACEA

is purely vegetable and all healing. Prepared by CURTIS & BROWN, No. 215 Fulton Street, New York.

For sale by all druggists. 52-34

PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE,

NO. 4 BULFINCH STREET, BOSTON.

When a thing is counterfeited, it is a proof of its excellence and popularity. The Peabody Medical Institute is a case in point. Founded in good faith many years ago, and the only establishment of the kind in the country, its success and ever-increasing popularity finally caused the name (Medical Institute) to be pirated and adopted by a lot of infamous quacks, empirics and pretenders, who have been endeavoring to cheat the public by selling under a stolen flag. The founder of the Peabody Medical Institute can in no way be held responsible for the misdeeds of the numerous quacks, who, to the reputable and well-known curative establishment and legitimate medical institution, which has been from the start specially devoted to the treatment of nervous derangements and sexual diseases, have preceded or followed him. During its existence there have been issued from it several medical publications; quite recently a work on Diseases of the Nervous System, which have had and still have a world-wide circulation and popularity. These publications sufficiently attest the high character of the institution under whose patronage these medical works have been published. Meanwhile it is gratifying to know that several of the impudent charlatans, who have stolen its name to cover their nefarious practices, are getting their deserts in the penal institutions of the Commonwealth.—*Boston Herald.* 09-13

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED!

SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP,
SCHENCK'S SEAWEED TONIC,
SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS,

Are the only medicines that will cure Pulmonary Consumption.

Sometimes medicines that will stop a cough will do much more harm than good to the patient. It may drive the tired, deep the situation of the blood, hemorrhages follows, and, in fact, clogging the action of the very organs that caused the cough.

Other complaints and dyspepsia are the causes of two-thirds of the cases of consumption. Many are now complaining with dull pain in the side, the bowels impaired, costive and sometimes too loose, tongue coated, pain in the shoulders, sides, back and limbs, very restless, not at other times drowsy, the feet that to throw into heavily on the stomach, accompanied with acidity and belching of wind. These symptoms usually arise from a disordered condition of the stomach or a torpid liver. Persons so affected, if they take one or two heavy colds, and if the cough in these cases be suddenly stopped, the lungs fever and become clog, and remain torpid and inactive, and before the patient is aware of his situation, the lungs are a mass of sores, and ulcerated, and death is the inevitable result.

Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup is an expectorant which does not contain any opium, nor anything calculated to check a cough suddenly.

Schenck's Seaweed Tonic dissolves the food, mixes with the gastric juice of the stomach, digests easily, nourishes the system, and creates a healthy circulation of the blood. When the bowels are costive, skin callow, and the patient is of a bilious habit, Schenck's Mandrake Pills are required.

These medicines are prepared and sold by Dr. J. H. SCHENCK & SON, Northeast corner of Sixth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia, Penn., and for sale by GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., 38 Hanover Street, Boston, and JOHN F. HENRY, 2 College Place, New York, Wholesale Agents.

For sale by Druggists generally. 37-tf

New Advertisements.

$72 EACH WEEK! Agents Wanted. Particulars free. J. WORTH & CO., St. Louis, Mo. 19-52

FOR SALE.—Desirable Building Lots on one of the best streets in the village. Also twenty acres of land just outside of village limits. Enquire at this office. 7tf

WANTED—In a small family, help for general house-work, who wants steady employment and a good home, at fair wages. Apply at this office. 09-tf.
January 15, 1874.

NOTICE.—All persons indebted to me must call immediately and settle, or I shall be obliged to place the accounts in the hands of a lawyer for collection. IRA S. TOWN.
Montpelier, August 19, 1873. 08-tf

UNITED STATES BONDS Constantly on hand and for sale, and other securities procured at the

MONTPELIER NATIONAL BANK.

aw17-tf. C. A. REED, *Cashier*

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—This is to certify that I have this day given my son, Alfred C. Redway, his time during the remainder of his minority, and that I shall hereafter claim none of his earnings nor pay any debts contracted by him. ALONZO REDWAY.
Montpelier, Vt., December 11, 1873. 09-11*

NORWICH UNIVERSITY.

A MILITARY COLLEGE, founded in 1834. Has a complete College Curriculum, with Preparatory Department attached.
For information address
PROF. CHARLES DOLE, Northfield, Vt.

PROBATE COURTS.—Until further notice, the Probate Courts for Washington District will be held at the office in Montpelier, on TUESDAY of each week. All letters on business connected with the office should be addressed to the undersigned at Montpelier.
HARVEY TILDEN, *Judge.*
December 1, 1870. 47 tf

VERMONT METHODIST SEMINARY!

The Spring Term opens February 18th; Summer Term opens May 6th. Full Academic, Classical, Scientific and COMMERCIAL Courses. For Catalogues, address the Principal,
09-13 REV. J. C. W. COXE, A. M., Montpelier.

TO BE FOUND AT THE

UNION HOUSE,

Cor. Main and Union Sts., Montpelier, Vt.,

Food for the hungry, rest for the weary, all quiet, neat and clean. Rooms as pleasant and better furnished than any public house in town. I send no Porters to trains, but guests and baggage are taken to and from the depot, free of charge, on request. Do not take the advice of Porters from other houses, who say that we live a mile from the depot, when it is not more than five minutes' walk, and that we "keep a one-horse house." Come and try us once, and if not satisfied with room, food and prices, the first bill shall be gratis. Your obedient servant,
GEORGE P. FOSTER,
09 1y Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Wood and Coal.

Watchman & Journal.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 28, 1874.

The Bennington Explosion.

[Later advices from Bennington furnish the following particulars of the terrible explosion at the knitting mill of H. E. Bradford & Co.:]

The explosion took place about three o'clock on Tuesday afternoon of last week, and its cause was the leakage of gas and explosion of the gas-pump arrangement which supplied the mill from the gas tank in the rear. This pump was situated in the rear of the steam boiler and directly underneath one end of the seaming room. There had been some gas escaping and it had probably filled the rooms, and as it became ignited it exploded, like fire-damp in a coal mine.

The explosion was very loud, and the effect upon everything in the vicinity was terrific. The building took fire immediately, and rendered escape for some of the inmates impossible. When the explosion occurred the girls were all at work, so that the disaster must have taken them by surprise. About forty girls were in the room, and it is almost a miracle that no more were killed. Scarcely a moment elapsed after the explosion before the whole seaming room was in a seething mass of flames, presenting an insurmountable barrier to all aid from the outside.

The following is a list of the killed: Mrs. Cunningham, whose husband was killed in a powder mill explosion some seven years ago. A family of seven children are left alone by the disaster.

Mrs. Vaughn, the forewoman of the sewing room, was immediately killed, at the moment of the explosion, by a falling timber. She was a widow lady, and leaves a child about 10 years old and an aged mother.

Augusta Bass, about 17 years of age. Minnie Hurley, 23 years of age, Mrs. William Gould, Miss Mary Rudd, daughter of Daniel Rudd, Miss Fanny Wood, Miss Serina Moon, Mrs. Martin Garrity, Miss Addie Morse, terribly injured, but will probably live.

Mr. Jesse H. Fields, who was in the boiler room, was burned and mangled terribly. The reporter, who went into the boiler room immediately after, saw the boards and walls spattered with his blood. He is not expected to live.

Mrs. Rhodes was quite seriously injured about the head, but will probably recover.

Miss Nettie Wood was badly burned and injured. Lived about ten hours. About twelve others were injured more or less seriously, but it is thought they will recover.

Miss Northup, who sat between Miss Moon and Miss Wood, both of whom were instantly killed, says that the floor seemed to fall from under her and she dropped into the cellar, while the two girls by her side were blown into the flames and perished. She can hardly remember how she managed to get out of the burning wreck, but somehow she did, and got home some way. She dropped insensible as she entered her home. Her clothes were perfectly saturated with the blood of her companions. She is lying quite low now, but will probably recover. The three bodies of Mary Rudd, Augusta Bass and Serina Moon were found close together, as if in the death struggle they had clung close to each other. They all appeared to be making their way towards a door, or were stricken down in their places.

Some of the bodies burned were recovered soon after the fire, and the remainder on Wednesday morning. The identification was made by various articles upon the person and found near them, others by means of some peculiarity of the frame, all traces of humanity being burned except the skeleton. The remains of the burned victims, as soon as they were recovered, were taken to the mansion of H. E. Bradford, Esq., in coffins, immediately ordered by the company for their reception.

There are incidents of terrible affliction accompanying it that are extremely sorrowful. In one family seven orphans are bereft of their only parent; in another, Mrs. Vaughn leaves a lovely and lonely daughter; and in others deprivation, not so severe, perhaps, but terrible, can be mentioned.

The splendid mill of Messrs. H. E. Bradford & Co. is temporarily a wreck, and the manufacturing interests of the village severely crippled. Their mill being built fire-proof, as they supposed, and as it would have proved in ordinary exposure, was only insured for $15,000, which will not cover near a quarter of their loss.

An inquest was held over the bodies, and the results arrived at by the committee are as follows: After careful examination, we have arrived at the conclusion that the main explosion was in the basement, and that said explosion was caused by the escapement of gas into this part of the building. Whether the leakage was from burners or defective pipes, your committee are unable to determine. In addition they gave a very minute description of the different sizes of the gas pipes which went through the building, and also of the machinery used in the construction of the gas. The committee come to the conclusion that there were two explosions about simultaneously—one in the basement and one in the seaming room—but that the heaviest part of the explosion was in the basement; and find from investigation and talk with those who had escaped, that the floor in the west end of the seaming room was completely torn to pieces.

The theory advanced by the chairman of the committee is that the gas escaped in the basement, and then as the wash room was lower still, the gas being heavier than air, it passed down into the wash room and into the boiler-room, and coming in contact with fire, the explosion was the result.

The reason given for coming at this conclusion, was on account of the fact that the walls of the boiler room were completely demolished—no two bricks being found together.

The uninjured, with remarkable promptitude, and in many cases with heroic determination, attempted to assist, and, if possible, save their more unfortunate companions. The appalling suddenness of this terrible calamity for an instant paralyzed the efforts of those attendant at the mill, but immediately every exertion was made to save the injured and rescue those in danger. The houses of all the neighbors were thrown open to receive either dead or wounded. This is the severest calamity that has ever befallen that village, and sends a thrill of desolating horror into many hearts and households.

A large fund for the relief of the survivors has been raised by the town. The investigation shows that several of the employes smelled the gas just before the explosion took place, and were hunting for the leak; and three of the victims were found lying together in such a manner as to indicate that they anticipated an explosion and were trying to escape. One of the most touching scenes that followed the explosion was the presence of a little boy in the crowd, hunting and crying for his mother, who was one of the victims. The mill is, of course, a bad-looking wreck.

Mr. Henry E. Bradford is one of the most respectable as well as one of the wealthiest men in Bennington. He is supposed to be worth $150,000 to $200,000. His mill was his pride, and it was worthy to be. He had built it with great care, and had made it one-story high for the sake of convenience and greater safety, and consequently it extended over a good deal of ground. Everything inside was as neat as a parlor, and it possessed all the conveniences known to the business.

Moral & Religious.

THE SEA.

BY E. H. DANA.

Type of the Infinite! I look away
Over the billows, and I cannot stay
My thought upon a resting place, or make
A chart by and by vision, where they break;
But on my spirit stretches till its path
Is thine, then sinks, and then puts forth again.
Thou hold'st me by a spell; and on thy beach
I feel all souls, and thoughts unsearched reach
The hand by and all date.

DEATH.

My hairs were more than the reality—
The silence, sealed up, the sunken eye,
The hollow, frozen cheek, the forehead cold;
Then were what I had dreamed to behold;
But when the dread was filled in made awe
I saw not these, yet felt what I saw;
For the still aspect where no trace of care
Now lingered, all so shadowless and fair,
And the deep silence, and the breathless ease,
The quiet of an unmoored pleasure,
The only calm, without a pulse or breath,
Revealed the presence of a present death—
Such great which smote of the tranquil scene
That revealed there all shadowy awing sense.
—*The Spectator.*

The Peace of God.

One of the capital errors is the mistaking of animal cheerfulness for God's peace. Older Christians often detail for religious experience joys that have their foundation in placidity of temper, or healthiness of the physical constitution. There are people whose very over-hopefulness makes them least sunny lives, and other people sometime fancy their own Christian experience lacking because they are not thus sanguine. But the peace of God is something deeper than this. Paul was not a man of sunny temper, or of great constitutional hopefulness. He saw the clouds, and keenly felt the pelting of the storm. He was a man of bilious constitution and of energetic unrest. The placid repose which some people find, never came to him. He was temperamental within as well as without. And yet Paul's stormy nature found always a peace within the storm, and a victory over the shipwreck. He could glory in tribulation and triumph over defeat. He knew how to be cast down in an imperturbable melancholy, caused, no doubt, by physical exhaustion; but when cast down he was not destroyed. Perhaps no Christian ever suffered more from outward battles and inward depressions than he, and perhaps none ever had a more continuous and life-long victory. For one thing, Paul did not let his faith in God depend on his state of mind or body. He did not insist that he would believe in God only when he felt cheerful. This is what many people do. They cannot believe that God loves them, or receives them, or is their Father, until He works a miracle, and gives them a cheerfulness of disposition that does not pertain to their temperament.—*Christian Union.*

Personal Benevolence.

A good Methodist clergyman of New York, having applications at night, this winter, for food and shelter from more laborers out of work and outcasts than he could relieve, was not contented to pass them on to his richer neighbor and shut his door; but, at the suggestion of a member of his congregation, called in two or three of his friends, a few weeks ago, honest, well-meaning men like himself, to devise some efficient aid. The best they could do was to apply for the use of a vacant police building, and have it scrubbed and fitted with plain beds. The moment the first step was taken, everybody was ready to help. Gas and coal came from this quarter, bedding from that; restaurant-keepers sent soups, bakers bread, housekeepers each a little of their abundance. The management, book-keeping, etc., were all given gratuitously; even the cook is a volunteer. On December 18, the house was opened, and fourteen homeless men were fed, warmed, and provided with beds. The next day, fifty came. The number was steadily increased, each day; last week, over two hundred were received, given a place to sleep and to wash their clothes, and a comfortable supper and breakfast. Many of this number were in the very low-est walks of life, but there was a large proportion of clerks, book-keepers, mechanics, etc., temporarily out of employment. It is the design of the committee, if supported, to extend the relief, until, as they say, there shall not be in that Christian metropolis a mouth unfed. The building is called lodging rooms of the Howard relief committee, No. 40 Leonard street, and we fancy if the spirit of Christ is to be found anywhere in this seething caldron of a city, it is in that old police station.

Two Kinds of Preaching.

There are certainly two kinds of preaching—the emotional and the thoughtful.—Methodist preaching is largely emotional, and long may it be so! When the excitation of emotion is the predominant wish of a congregation, they are careless of the quality of the thought supplied; but as a people become reflective they are less satisfied with mere hortatory appeal. Now the one striking fact in the life of our church is that the people are becoming more reflective. They have a deeper hungering than they had in former years for divine knowledge. The failure of the ministers to notice this fact and to adapt themselves to it is the reason of the comparative ill-success of so many of them in the midst of their years. The change going on in Methodism is but a part of the change noticeable in the entire country. Americans are becoming a more thoughtful people as the nation grows older. The vagaries of the propagators of isms count for less than they did years ago. More thoughtful legislators and more thoughtful legislation are demanded; our literature aims at a deeper, more searching analysis of the springs of human conduct; our education becomes more thorough, our science more scientific; we are reaching our manhood. The ministry must keep along with the progress of the nation, and it will. It has been for years a leader of our national thought, and it will not easily surrender its time-honored position.—*Methodist.*

The Law of Benevolence.

The divine benevolence, as we see it illustrated in the supply of our physical and spiritual wants, means that God gives us the means by which we supply ourselves. He has created us with the power of doing it, and he gives us the means of doing it. So far does the Almighty Father go with us, his children. He helps us in every way—he does for us directly comparatively little. If this, then, is the law of divine benevolence, it certainly should be ours. The law of benevolent human actions should then, be simply—perhaps we may say, quite exclusively—to give those who are in any way needy, help, i. e. the means of helping themselves. In so far as we actually do for them that which they can do for themselves, we are not living in obedience to the law of the divine action with regard to the relieving of human suffering.—*Liberal Christian.*

—No life can be law where great ends are followed; and the spirit that will work its mission within the trammels of circumstance, will never be a true servant of the Master who came to found a kingdom of heaven upon earth, and who had to associate with him in the work men of another spirit than his own, and even the traitor who sold away his life.

—Each departed friend is a magnet that attracts us to the next world, and the old man lives among graves.

For the Young.

AN E-ZY RIDDLE FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

I.

I'm in "bread and cheese and kisses,"
I'm in old ladies and young misses.
I'm in apples, peaches, pears and grapes,
I'm in bonnets, dresses, gloves and capes.
Now riddle me, riddle me right,
And see how plainly I'm in sight.

II.

If I should tell you I'm in a house,
And at the same time I'm in a mouse;
Wouldn't you stare?
If I should say I'm part of a hen,
And at the same time part of your pen,
Do you suppose you'd care?
I am in a hogs, in moose, in box, in pen,
I'm in a kennel, am I'm in a can,
I'm in fresh water lake, and salt water sea,
Riddle this right and you'll find me.

III.

Heigh ho! Find me there;
Find me here, everywhere
In your head, your eye, your ear;
In your nails and in your hair,
In your fingers, in your toes;
In your blessings, in your woes.
Riddle me now and see how true
Are the words I have spoken to you.

Grandpa's Scar.

One beautiful, sunny afternoon, a little rosy-cheeked boy of six years sat on the floor in his grandfather's library, quietly playing with his toys. Now and then he would glance up at his grandfather, as the old man tried to amuse him; but all at once, as a sudden ray of light rested on his fine head, the child's attention seemed fixed and his eyes beamed with the new discovery he had made. It was a moment before he exclaimed, "What's that great scar on your forehead, grandpa?"

"Don't you know, Arthur?" said his grandfather.

"No, sir; but, I want to know very much."

"Very well, my little boy; gather up your toys, if you have finished playing, and by that time your father will be home; I think he can tell you best, for he knows all about it."

Arthur was an obedient little child; so he went to work at once to do as he was bid; and just as he laid by the last toy, the door opened, and his father came in to supper.

With a quick bound, Arthur ran to him, and, all eagerness, said, "Oh! papa! tell me about that scar on grandpa's forehead, won't you? He says you know all about it."

"Yes, my son, I will just as soon as I eat my supper, for it is quite a long story, and I want you to think of it and let it teach you the lesson it did me."

The supper hour never seemed so long to Arthur before; but at last it was over, and he jumped into his father's lap, all attention for the history of the scar.

"So my boy wants to know how that scar came on grandpa's forehead. A good many years ago, when I was a little boy just your age, I was seated on the floor in this very room one day, busily engaged in putting together a handsome train of cars that had been given me as a present on my birthday. I had been cross and ill-natured all day, and of course thought every one else was so too; but, in fact, I was the only one, and in consequence made myself uncomfortable and unhappy. While in this mood, worrying and fretting over my cars because they wouldn't go together just as I wanted to have them, grandpa asked me to bring him a book from the table. It was but a small favor to ask, but I did not wish to be disturbed, and therefore refused to do it. Grandpa always obliged me to obey him at once, and he told me if I did not do so now, he would punish me and make me put away my toys for the rest of the day. I was naughty and stubborn, and would not stop to do the errand. So grandpa punished me and then stood by me as he made me pick up my toys. I was very angry, and, as I had a quick temper, I did not stop to think what I was doing. A very wicked spirit filled my heart and thoughts as I hastily caught up one of the cars and threw it, with all the strength I had, directly at grandpa's head. It struck him a sharp blow, cutting a deep gash in his forehead; and in a moment I saw the blood trickling down his face, and he cried out so sorrowfully, 'Oh, my son, what have you done?' What grandpa thought I don't know, but I am sure the pain from the cut was not half as severe as the pain that filled his heart when he thought how wicked I had been. Grandma sent me for the doctor, and I went, almost fearing to return lest I should be told that I had killed my father. The doctor came and dressed the wound, but for many days grandpa had to go about with his head bandaged. As I looked at him and thought how I had struck him, oh! how much I would have given had I never raised my hand; but I had, *and there was the mark.* One day I went to him full of sorrow for the deed, and, as I asked his forgiveness, I asked too, if that dreadful scar would never go away. 'No, my son,' said he; 'but when you look at it, remember what it was that made you strike me, how your wicked heart led you to do such an act; and when you feel your anger rise, stop long enough to think how easy it is, if we don't control our passions, to leave marks of our anger that can never be washed out.'

"Now I hope little Arthur will remember this unfortunate experience of mine, so that he may never be guilty of a deed that will cause him as many sad hours as this scar of grandpa's has made for me."

A Lesson of Gratitude.

A gentleman was once making inquiries in Russia about the method of catching bears in that country. He was told that, to entrap them, a pit was dug several feet deep, and after covering it over with turf, leaves, etc., some food was placed on the top. The bear, if tempted by the bait, easily fell into the snare. "But," he added, "if four or five happen to get in together, they all get out again." "How is that?" asked the gentleman. "They form a sort of ladder by stepping on each other's shoulders, and thus make their escape." "But how does the bottom one get out?" "Ah! these bears, though not possessing a mind and soul such as God has given us, yet can feel gratitude; and they won't forget the one who has been the chief means of procuring their liberty. Scampering off, they fetch the branch of a tree, which they let down to their poor brother, enabling him speedily to join them in the freedom in which they rejoice." Sensible bears, we should say, are a great deal better than some people that we hear about, who never help anybody but themselves.—*The Carrier Dove.*

Be Content.

"Oh dear! I don't see what you buy such thick shoes for," said little Jennie Ray; "They are only fit for clod-hoppers. Why can't I have a pretty pair of French gaiters like Annie Swift's?"

"We buy such things as we can afford, and think suitable for you," answered her mother. "I am sorry that, instead of being thankful for them, you should fret so. I wish you were more like the man who said, 'I never grumbled but once, and that was because my shoes were worn out, and I had no money to buy new ones. Soon after, I met a man who had no feet, and I went contented with my bare ones.'"

"I'm not so badly off as either of them," laughed Jennie; "so I'll be glad I have got thick shoes to protect my bare feet, and that I have feet to be protected."—*Youth's Companion.*

—A genius is said to be one who can do everything except make a living.

The Home Circle.

A VISION.

"It was the hour for angels—there stood here!"
Two hours there are within the twenty-four
My trembling heart goes forth each day to meet,
Where grief her full and bitter tide doth pour
In every waves around my aching feet,
And almost washes from my hands away
The staff of faith on which I lean all day.

The first one greets me with each morning's light,
When from sweet dreams of love, so bad and true,
I wake to sorrow's chill and cheerless night—
Meeting my angel face each dawn anew,
And on my lonely pillow, aching, say,
O, aching heart, how shall we bear this day?"

The other comes with still more torturing power
At eventide, for in sweet days gone by,
He knew and loved it as the "children's hour,"
And sew with them its happy moments fly.
Now their sweet laughter I am wild to evoke
With a mournful echoes in my widowed soul.

Tonight their play is done, and at my knee
Both sunny heads are laid in daily prayer,
Where through the dark my wondering eyes can see
A band of light appear in covering there
And as they lift to mine their faces bright,
A soft voice whispers low a kind, "Good night."

Oh! faithless, life of this aching heart,
How often as night cats forever then—
Thy dark one has lost—"your death" should part
Our happy lives, and leave me here alone,
Of blessing thy love has been thou wouldst implore,
To gaze that to my waiting eyes once more.

And though no ever but when the robin sec,
My ears can hear the whispered words may hear,
And though dear friends may smoothing, smile at me,
I know my blessed presence, ever near,
Has some still sweet, so thy heart to wear
Thy sacrificed daily sphere given sort and rare.

In blessed home then art living still,
Thou dost and mean divine work for a while,
And then only the gracious Master's will
My patient heart can wait with happy smile,
Are, lent a pilgrim and repentant sor
To the rapture of my waiting soul can bear.

"Oh, thou of little faith!" He seems to say,
"Hast so soon forgotten? The blessing that I give
I give, nor ever, ever take away,
Because I love your dear one's who live;
Blessed are they who can thus trust their Master,
And "blessed they who see not, yet believe!"
—Christian Union.

Need for Mother.

Dear me! It wasn't enough for me to nurse and raise a family of my own, but now, when I am old, and expect to have a little comfort here, it is all the time "send for mother!" and the dear old soul growls and grumbles, but dresses herself as fast as she can, notwithstanding. After you have trotted her off and got her safely in your house, and she flies around administering rebukes and remedies by turns, you feel easier. It's right now, or soon will be,—mother has come.

In sickness, no matter who is there, or how many doctors quarrel over your case, everything goes wrong, somehow, till you send for mother. In trouble, the first thing you think of is to send for mother.

But this has its ludicrous as well as its touching aspects. The verdant young couples to whom baby's extraordinary grimaces and alarming yawns, which threaten the dislocation of its chin; its wonderful sleep, which it accomplished with its eyes half open and no perceptible flutter of breath on its lips, causing the young mother to imagine it dead this time, and shriek out, "send for mother!" in tones of anguish,—this young couple in the light of the experience which three or four babies bring, find they have been ridiculous and given mother a good many "treats" for nothing.

Did anybody ever send for mother, and did she fail to come, unless sickness or the infirmities of age prevented her? As when in your childhood, those willing feet responded to your call, so they still do, and will continue to do as long as they are able. And when the summons comes which none yet disregarded, though it will be a very dark and sad one for you, then God, too, will send for mother.

Young Ladies' "Eternal Friendships."

Many and desperate are their vows and declarations. No man shall sever them, is the burden of their song. Admitting that they may be trapped into matrimony, which, by the way, is a most remote contingency, their husbands shall only have the second place in their affections, is their declaration. They care about no one but each other, and this they render evident by attempting to snub or treat with supercilious indifference nine out of every ten people with whom they are brought in contact.—One cannot have a thought without the other being made acquainted with it; one cannot have a new shawl or a new dress without the other longing to procure one of a precisely similar pattern. Of secrets they possess a countless number, and of each secret they are co-possessors. Traces of these secrets are ever coming to the surface. The love the fair creatures bear toward each other is often bubbling up, and a thousand little endearments and caresses are indulged in which very quickly enable people to form an opinion as to the state of the case. A large portion of the "friends" time is spent in selecting gifts for each other. The brooches, the charms, the earrings, the rings, the bracelets they wear are all marks of the intense affection in which they are mutually held. They cannot be separated without experiencing the keenest pange and inflicting an immense amount of labor upon the postoffice officials, for which those functionaries are, no doubt, sufficiently grateful. All this would be very beautiful, were it not for several important facts. In a general way the display of affection, in its most exuberant developments, is nothing more nor less than simple affectation. It is one of the crazes to which young ladies of a sentimental turn of mind seem to be addicted; and which is invariably generated by the reading of mawkish books or some flaw in the system of education which has been pursued in reference to them. Fortunately, it does not last long.—*New York Albion.*

The Wife.

Only let a woman be sure she is precious to her husband—not useful, not valuable, not convenient simply, but lovely and beloved; let her be the recipient of his polite and hearty attentions; let her feel that her cares and love are noticed, appreciated and returned; her opinion asked, her approval sought, and her judgment respected in matters of which she is cognizant; in short, let her only be loved, honored and cherished, in fulfillment of the marriage vow, and she will be to her husband, her children and society, a well-spring of happiness. She will bear pain and toil and anxiety, for her husband's love to her is a tower and a fortress. Shielded and sheltered therein, any adversity will have lost its sting. She may suffer, but sympathy will dull the edge of sorrow. A house with love in it—and by love I mean love expressed in words and deeds, for I have not one spark of faith in love that never crops out—it is to a house as a person to a machine—one is life, the other mechanism—the unloved woman may have bread just as light, a house just as tidy as the other, but the latter has a spring of beauty about her, a penetrating and pervading brightness to which the former is an entire stranger. The deep happiness of her heart shines out in her face. She gleams over. It is airy, graceful and warm, and welcoming with her presence, she is full of devices and plots and sweet surprises for her husband and family. She has never done with the romance and poetry of life. She herself is a lyric poem, setting herself to all pure and gracious melodies. Humble household ways and duties have for her a golden significance. The prize makes the calling high, and the end sanctifies the means.—*Evansville Review.*

—"Conductor, why didn't you wake me, as I asked you? Here I am, miles beyond my station." Conductor—"I did try, sir, but all I could get out of you was, 'All right, Maria; get the children their breakfast, and I'll be down in a minute.'"

Miscellaneous.

BY THE DEAD.

O, Poverty, till now I never knew
The meaning of the word! What hath in here
O pale wark of a soul, great, good and true!
O sinking sunbeams stretched upon a bier!

Each atom of this devastated face
Was so instinct with power, with warmth and light,
What desert is so desolate? No grave
Is cold, no gleam, no vestige, no day, no night.

Where is the key that locked these gates of speech,
Thou beautiful, where thought stood sentinel,
Where sentiments sat, where wisdom passed, to teach
Our weakness strength, our bondage to compel?

Prepelled at last, and words and lavers fan
Vibrate no with music. Where lives and moves
In what new world, the spaceless of those eyes
That sometimes lightened like impetuous doves?

Annihilated, do you answer me?
Blown out like a candle, or vanished like a cloud?
Is nothing left but this pale effigy,
This silence stone, this stand without a sound?

Has it been all in vain, our love and prize,
Our yearning love that still pursued and found
Into the awful dark, unanswered
Death, and wrung with pain? Is this the end?

Would God we may say! To our human sense
Is answer comes through the heavens, and
Yet with a strong voice, yea, yea, yea, intense,
Our trusted hope rises against despair.

As looking to the either side we see
Drooping and weak, as of beneath a cross,
But then we pilgrim Hope's sorrow? "No!"
With all the voices of the universe!

—Celia Thaxter, in Atlantic Monthly.

A Shot for a Life.

Where the Kentucky river cuts its way through the mountains, having upon either bank bold, rugged cliffs, that lift their summits five hundred and a thousand feet, as the case may be, above the stream, there lived in early times a settler by the name of Rufus Branson, who with his wife and little child, a charming young girl of some eight or nine years of age, occupied the rude cabin at the base of the precipice a little back from the river.

Although greatly exposed to danger, the Indians at that time being very plentiful throughout the region, he managed to live quietly for several years.

The Indians frequently visited the rude house of the hunter, and being alway welcomed and provided with such food as was in the larder, they maintained a friendly attitude. Especially were they fond of the child, Maggie, and more than one fierce warrior had been seen sitting on the grass in front of the cabin, listening to the childish prattle of the little one, or else engaged in making her some toy or plaything from willow twigs or pliant bark.

In this manner several years had been passed, and Rufus Branson came to feel as secure as though he was within the walls of a frontier fort. One evening Branson and his wife were seated near the doorway, when suddenly a shadow fell across the threshold, and the next moment a tall savage, whose reeling step and bloodshot eyes told that he was intoxicated, appeared, and staggering to the log steps threw himself upon them. His first demand was for fire water, which was of course refused, on the ground that there was none in the house. The Indian became cross and ugly, and declared with terrible oaths that if the liquor was not produced he would murder the whole household. Branson was a brave, determined man, and although he dreaded the necessity, yet he saw he would be compelled to take prompt steps to prevent the savage from executing his threat.

Waiting until the warrior had made a demonstration, which he *can* did, by attempting to draw his tomahawk, Branson sprang at him, knocked him down with a blow of his fist, and then quietly disarmed and bound him where he lay. After a few moments of furious ravings and futile efforts to free himself, the savage rolled over and sunk into a drunken sleep. He did not awake until the next morning, but before he did so the settler had quietly restored the weapons, which he lay by the sleeper's side. The savage, on awakening, rose slowly to his feet, felt his wrists, as though the thongs had left a feeling there, took up his weapons, and without speaking a word, left and disappeared in the timber near.

"What do you think of that?" asked the wife, turning to her husband with a frightened look.

"Pshaw! Don't trouble your head about the drunken brute!" answered the settler, lightly; but as he turned away and stepped into the yard, he muttered,

"Like it? Well, not much. The fellow must be watched. I was in hopes that he would not have remembered, but that jump where my fist landed was enough, if nothing else, to recall the circumstances."

The summer passed, and they saw their drunken guest no more. He failed to make his appearance. But as the leaves began to fall, the settler one day, while returning from hunting on the hills, and passing through a dense piece of timber not far from the house, caught sight of a figure lurking in the bushes, and quickly disappeared when he advanced to where it was. The figure was that of an Indian warrior, and Branson would have sworn that it was the Indian warrior whom he had knocked down and bound the previous spring. The news was not in any way comforting, and hence he did not tell his wife of his discovery.

It would only alarm her, he thought, and without, perhaps, any good result. He simply told her that he had seen bear tracks near by, and that she and the child must stay within or close to the house during his absence.

Several days afterwards, Rufus Branson heard his dogs in the timber down by the river, and, knowing they never opened without good cause, he caught up his rifle and hastened to where they were barking. They had struck a fresh bear trail, and, as he arrived in sight, they fairly lifted it, going off in a straight line down the river.

The chase led him several miles, and, when he at last got a shot that finished bruin's career, he found that it was three or four o'clock in the afternoon. Swinging his meat to a sapling, out of reach of cat or wolf, he started for home to get his horse and return and fetch it that night.

Taking a near cut, he approached the cabin from the western side, where the timber grew heavy up to within a few yards of the building, and consequently he could not see the clearing, or what might be transpiring there, until he had passed through the wood.

Thus it was that when within a short distance of his house, he heard a wild, piercing shriek; but he could only guess that something terrible must have taken place beyond the screen of bushes and leaves. Uttering a loud shout that his presence might sooner be known, Branson sprang forward like a wounded buck, a great fear at his heart, for he had only too clearly recognized in that scream the agonized voice of his wife.

It took but a moment for him to clear the intervening timber and undergrowth, and as he dashed out into the clearing, holding his rifle ready for instant use, he comprehended in one swift glance all that had taken place, and what was further to fear.

Near the end of the cabin, facing the cliff, which I have spoken of, stood the mother, her face as pallid as death, her arms outstretched, her staring eyes fixed upon the precipitous hight up which the figure of an Indian was struggling.

"My child! my child!" was all the woman said, and Branson saw that the bundle in the Indian's arms was the form of their only child, Maggie.

Firm of heart, and with nerves as steady as the