St. Johnsbury Caledonian.

COMMENCED AUGUST 8, 1837. ST. JOHNSBURY, VT., FRIDAY, OCT. 10, 1873. VOLUME 37—NUMBER 1889.

St. Johnsbury Caledonian.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY

E. M. STONE & CO.

Office—Address Monument, St. Johnsbury.

Terms—Two dollars per annum $2.50
If not paid in advance $2.00

Each subscriber will find on his paper in one corner of the paper, the date to which he has paid subscription.

Advertisements—Twenty cents per quarter for every part of space, [illegible] Transient advertisers must invariably pay in advance for all notices, except those of the regular advertisers.

Job Printing—Of all kinds done at living prices, and in the most elegant and skillful work. Address all Job Printing orders to the office.

Blank Books—Blank Books and Paper stock constantly on hand.

Rates of Advertising:

One inch (space one week)	$1.00
[illegible]	25
[illegible] Week	75
[illegible]	15
[illegible] per year	[illegible]
[illegible]	1.00
[illegible] Notices by Legislature, etc.	1.50
[illegible] one week	1.25
[illegible]	30

Business Cards, not exceeding eight lines, $3 per year. Business notices, illustrated with Cuts, twenty cents per line each time. No advertisement inserted, and nothing but legitimate business notices admitted.

Business Directory.

Business and Location of the leading Business Houses in St. Johnsbury.

Agricultural Tools and Hardware.

A. BANNELL, Depot Block, E. R. St.

Apothecaries.

E. D. WOOD, No. 5, Brick Block, Main St.

A. W. KITTREDGE, Brockett's Block, E. R. St.

Attorneys at Law.

E. J. RYAN, over E. R. Office, and Post Office Building, No. 2 Caledonian Blk., up stairs.

E. P. WILSON, Main St., over Hall & Fletcher's Grocery Basket.

Books and Stationery.

A. W. KITTREDGE, Caledonian Blk., Main St.

Book Binders.

THE CALEDONIAN OFFICE, Main Street.

Banks—Legal and Business.

THE NATIONAL, Monument Square.

Bakers and Confectioners.

C. C. BUSWELL, Main Street.

Barbers.

A. W. KITTREDGE, Union Block, Main Street.

Boots and Shoes.

J. N. HARRIMAN, Wood's Blk., E. R. St.

Clothing, Hats and Caps.

A. W. KITTREDGE, Brick Block, opposite Stickney House.

Dealers in Ready Made Clothing, Hats, Furnishing Goods, etc.

C. C. BUSWELL, Main Street.

Clothing for Men and Boys.

THE NEW ERA CO., Fairbanks Village.

Crockery, Glass and Stone Ware.

E. & T. FAIRBANKS & CO., Fairbanks Village.

Crockery, Paper Hangings, Window Shades.

E. & T. FAIRBANKS & CO., Fairbanks Village.

Dentists.

H. P. HOWE, Caledonian Block, Main Street.

J. E. A. SMITH, Union Block, Main Street.

Dining Rooms.

CLARK & PATTERSON, Eastern Avenue.

Dry Goods, and Ladies' Fancy Goods.

J. N. HARRIMAN, Wood's Block, E. R. Street.

E. & T. FAIRBANKS & CO., Fairbanks Village.

Dry Goods, House-Keeping Goods, etc.

C. C. & A. FLETCHER, Main Street.

Flour and Feed.

E. ALDERICH & CO., Eastern Avenue.

Furniture and Caskets.

HALL & SWITZER, Main Street.

J. N. TISDALE, Flanders' Block, up stairs.

Family Groceries and Fruits.

E. & T. FAIRBANKS & CO., Eastern Avenue.

J. W. HARVEY, Union Block, Main Street.

Fife Manufacturer.

Howard Fife Works, opp. Passenger Depot.

Groceries and House-Keeping Goods.

E. & T. FAIRBANKS & CO., Fairbanks Village.

Hotels.

AMERICAN HOUSE, E. R. St., Aldrich & Bliss, Proprietors.

Insurance, (Life.)

E. D. CHAPMAN, Railroad Street.

Iron Founder and Machinist.

E. & T. FAIRBANKS & CO., North end, E. R. Street.

Millinery and Fancy Goods.

J. N. HARRIMAN, Main Street.

Merchant Tailors.

H. P. WOOD, Brockett's Block, E. R. Street.

Photographs.

J. HOWARD, Blackman's Building, Main St.

A. W. KITTREDGE, Caledonian Block, Main Street.

Printers and Publishers.

THE CALEDONIAN, Caledonian Block, Main St.

Stoves and Tin Ware.

J. N. HILL, Eastern Avenue.

C. H. WOODBURY, Railroad Street.

Watches, Jewelry and Toys.

C. C. BUSWELL, Caledonian Blk., Main St.

J. N. HARRIMAN, Railroad Street.

BUSINESS CARDS.

GEO. C. FLANDERS,
Dealer in
FURNITURE AND MILLINERY,
St. Johnsbury, Vt.

FRENCH BROTHERS,
Dealers and Jobbers in PAINTS AND OILS,
Railroad Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

DANCIN, SYLVESTER & CO.,
Dealers in
DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES.
Railroad Street.

FARNSWORTH, LEWIS & CO.
Dealers in
PROVISIONS AND MEALS.
Railroad Street. St. Johnsbury.

L. M. HILL,
DEALER IN PIANOS AND ORGANS,
Office and Warerooms, Railroad Street.

E. P. PUTNEY,
Tin-Plate and Tin-Smith. Old Express Office, Union Block. All work guaranteed.

C. D. NEWELL, D. D. S.
DENTIST.
Room 1, Union Block.

HOUGHTON & POPE,
Homœopathic Physicians and Surgeons.
Office at Residence, St. Johnsbury.
Office hours, 7 to 8 A. M., and 2 to 4 P. M.
H. D. HOUGHTON, M.D. W. G. POPE, M.D.

BILLARD & FOLSOM,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.
St. Johnsbury.
Brick Block, Main Street.
Dr. Folsom's residence, Cherry Street.
Office hours, 10 to 12 A. M., 1 to 2 P. M.

V. J. HYDE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office at Residence, first door S. of N. Church.

N. M. JOHNSON,
WHOLESALE DRY GOODS,
Jackson's Block,
St. Johnsbury, Vt.

JOHN BACON, 2d,
DEALER IN HIDES, LEATHER AND OIL,
St. Johnsbury Centre, Vt.

ETNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF NEW YORK.
Assets over $[illegible]
Special Agent, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

N. T. BROOKS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Residence opp. the Bakery, St. Johnsbury.

E. P. LONERGAN,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
HARNESS, TRUNKS, VALISES, ETC.
Opposite the Post Office, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

WM. W. GROUT,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Barton, Vermont.

Dartmouth Book Bindery,
HANOVER, N. H.
Will bind, gilt or lettering Magazines, Pamphlets, and to binding old books.
G. F. COLBY, Proprietor.

WANTED TICKETS—Tickets to all points West and South can all the first class routes, at lowest rates at Passenger Depot.
A. C. HARVEY.
St. Johnsbury, Vt., March 7, 1873. 3m1

Hotels.

ST. JOHNSBURY HOUSE,
MAIN STREET, ST. JOHNSBURY, VT.
G. L. GILMORE, Proprietor.

MEMPHREMAGOG HOUSE,
NEWPORT, VT.
W. F. BOWMAN, Proprietor.

AMERICAN HOTEL,
BURLINGTON, VT.
CRANE & STACY, Proprietors.

RUSS HOUSE,
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.
S. H. SEYMOUR & CO., Proprietors.

MT. MANSFIELD HOTEL,
STOWE, VT.
A first class Hotel, with all the modern improvements. Accommodations for 300 guests.
N. P. KEELER, Manager.

THE WALKER HOUSE,
EAST TEMPLE ST., SALT LAKE CITY.
This house is the largest and best appointed House in Utah Territory, and has accommodation for THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY guests. Street cars and carriages connect with the White Sulphur Baths. Reading rooms, containing papers from all points. Baths, Bar, Telegraph, News and Cigar Stand attached to the House.
6-1y H. S. GREELEY & CO., Proprietors.

John Cosnett's Notable Birthday.

CHAPTER I.

John Cosnett felt very much like "Mr. Ready-to-halt," as he walked along under the gloomy sky of a certain 24th of December.

John had not a very robust constitution, and he felt the influences of weather and surrounding circumstances more than he would have done had he been a stronger man. He knew that it was to a great extent his own fault; that he had destroyed the health he once enjoyed by years of excessive drinking; but this reflection did not make his trouble any easier to bear—far from it.

It was now exactly twelve months since he had signed the pledge; and instead of looking back with joy and thankfulness upon the happy change which had taken place in himself, his family and his home during that time, he perversely chose to look at everything in a light as gloomy as that of this gray, frosty, cheerless Christmas Eve.

"I don't see that we're much better off than we were this time last year," he said to himself. "Almost all we can say is, that we are quite out of debt; but home isn't much better that I can see. Fifty things that we wanted then to make it comfortable, we want yet; and I can't see any prospect of getting 'em. It has been nothing but patch, patch, patch, after all our striving; and there are lots of things that wife and the children want this cold weather, that can't be got and wont be for many a day. Then see how ill Polly has been, and what a sickly little mite she is still; I shouldn't wonder a bit if we lost her, and I think it would drive me well-nigh mad to lose Polly. Ah, things do look dark, and there doesn't seem much encouragement to keep on. Wife and children don't seem even to remember that this is the anniversary of the day on which I gave up the drink, although it was the hardest trial of my life to do it. Not a word have they said about it, and they don't seem to care. I suppose they wouldn't care if I just did as Tom Hanvers wants me to so much—go and keep Christmas Eve with him and the rest of 'em at 'The Golden Goose.' Well, if I did, it wouldn't be so sad, after all. Haven't I kept the pledge a whole year? And that's more than many can say. If I did have a bit of enjoyment to-night, I could sign again after New Year's Day."

John thrust his cold hands into his pockets, and jingled the silver about in them that he had just received for wages. It seemed as if he tried to look and feel as miserable as he possibly could.

Ah, John, John! Don't you know how easy it is to make everything in life look as black as night, if we are bent upon murmuring and repining? And don't you know that there is a sunny side to every cloud, and that oftentimes things are not nearly so bad as they seem to be? Now if your "good angel" could have whispered into your ear just then, what might you have heard? Something like this:

Now, John, man, pray reflect upon what you have been saying. You are a deal better on than you were this time last year. Not only can you hold up your head before the whole world, and say, "I owe no man a penny;" but your money has done many blessed things besides getting out of debt. Certainly there is not much to show for it yet; but it has kept the children plentifully supplied with good food all the year; it has kept their shoes sound, and their clothes tidy; it has brought many little comforts to your home, and made your wife a glad and thankful woman. And though many things are still wanted, they can be done without a little longer, and you will get them in very good time if you hold on bravely. Then, although your darling little Polly has been so ill, she is almost well, you may say, and, with care, may turn out as strong as any of the other children. And if it should please God to take her, he would surely give you strength according to your day, and help you to say, "His will be done," if you looked to him. And as for wife and children not caring about this important anniversary! you just wait a bit and see! It is because they are so afraid of "letting the cat out of the bag," as your eldest boy, Arthur, says, they have not said a word about it during the past two or three weeks.

Be a man, John! Don't be so foolish, nay wicked, as to go off to "The Golden Goose" seeking "enjoyment!" You know well enough you wouldn't find it there. Didn't you try through many a weary year to get enjoyment in such places, and after all didn't you find yourself in the very depths of misery and despair? And pray don't let Satan deceive you with the notion that you would go and sign the pledge very easily again after New Year's Day. You might never sign again, if you wantonly broke it now, and then woe, woe, woe to yourself and everybody belonging to you.

Go home, John, go home! Home is the place for the tempted and the gloomy. It is a haven to run into and escape shipwreck. If things look dark to you now, go home, and hope for the shining of the sun to-morrow.

Whether John's reflections took a turn this way, I know not; but certainly he kept straight on in the direction of home, turning not to the right hand or to the left, where lay many of his old well-known haunts, like man-traps, to ensnare the weak and foolish.

He quickened his steps, for it was intensely cold; but before he had gone far, he saw, a long way off, a little group turn the corner of the street to come towards him. "I wonder where they're off to," he said, "and Polly, too, I declare! I'll just step out of sight, and follow them when they pass by."

So he stepped up a passage close at hand, and stayed there, hoping he would not be noticed. In a few minutes his children passed by—Arthur, and Willie, and Polly, and Susie—all so well wrapped up, and so chatty and merry, that he thought surely they must be out on some happy errand. Before we follow after them with the father, we will learn what took place before they started out.

CHAPTER II.

For many a day past little Polly had been saying, anxiously,

"O mother! I hope I shall be well enough to go out with Arthur on father's teetotal birthday. Even it it snows, I may go, mayn't I? A bit of snow wouldn't hurt, if I get a deal better; and oh, I do so want to help to buy father's book."

"Now, you'd better not say any more about it till the day comes," Arthur said one evening; "for if you keep on so about it, I know you'll let the cat out of the bag before father, and that would just spoil everything. And seven-and-sixpence is too much to pay after having our plan spoilt. Hi! seven-and-sixpence, mother!" he added, with a happy laugh, "isn't it a lot to give for a book? I never spent so much money in my life before. I do hope, when we go out on Christmas Eve, to buy it, that we shan't meet any pickpockets."

"You mustn't trust it in your pocket, Arthur; you must carry it tight in your hand," said little Susie, with a wise nod of her curly head.

"There's a knowing Susie!" cried Arthur. "Now that's just what I'll do, if you'll walk without holding my hand."

Seven-and-sixpence for a present for the father! It may be asked how they could get such a sum for such a purpose; and the answer is that it was the fruit of self-denial and filial affection. "Father's first teetotal birthday," that was coming, had been talked of many times during the past year, and the children had resolved that he should have some little present in remembrance. So they saved every halfpenny they could get, Arthur frequently earning a few pence by running errands for persons in the neighborhood. And when Polly fell ill, and kind friends dropped in to see her, she had pence often given her with advice to buy eggs, or oranges, or cakes with them, to tempt her poor appetite. But not a penny would she spend on herself. She remembered the want and misery of the time before her father had signed the pledge; and she thought he had been such a dear, good father ever since last Christmas that she could not possibly do too much for him. Besides, the present they had set their hearts upon getting was so expensive for them, that it was urgent they should save every penny that came into their hands.

At first they were very undecided about what to get. They frequently sat down in solemn conclave over the question but could not come to a decision. Arthur voted that they should give at least five shillings for the present, and that was too large a sum to be lightly spent. Should it be something to wear, to eat, or to use? They decided that it must not be anything either to wear or to eat, because they would like it to be kept for years in remembrance of the important occasion. "It should be something to remind father on every Christmas to come, what a happy day his first teetotal birthday was," said Mrs. Cosnett.

One day the question was decided by all of a sudden. Arthur came bounding in from school, with a face glowing like a June rose, though his jacket was powdered with snow.

"O, mother!" he exclaimed, "I've seen something that would be exactly the thing for father's present. You know Robinson's old bookshop? Well, I was looking in, and I saw such a grand Bible; it isn't new, but it looks as good as if it had never been used, and it has such lovely pictures. It is a real family Bible, a beauty! And I went in to look at it, and ask the price. Guess what it was?"

"If it was more than five shillings it isn't much good to know the price," said Mrs. Cosnett.

"Well, it was nine, mother, and when I heard that I could have cried. I felt so sorry. I said to Mr. Robinson that we should not be able to have it, as it was too much; and he asked me a lot of questions about who it was for and all that, and at last he said we should have it for seven-and-sixpence, and he would keep it for us until I brought him a decided answer. Now you see there is half-a-crown of mine, eighteen pence of Polly's, sixpence of Willie's, and sixpence of Susie's—five shillings. How could we manage to get the other half-crown? Do you think you could afford to help, mother?"

Mrs. Cosnett thought of a small sum of money which she had put by sixpence at a time to buy herself a pair of boots, which she needed very much.

"Just think," Arthur went on pleading, "how nice this Book would be; something to be always using, and yet something to last all our lives."

"And something to be a real blessing to us all," the mother added. And while she spoke she resolved to wait for her boots, and add half-a-crown of her money to the children's precious store.

"Yes, you shall have half-a-crown from me," she said. "There could be nothing better for father's teetotal birthday than that."

So Arthur called next day to tell the old bookseller that they would come and buy the Book on Christmas Eve. And when the day came, Polly prevailed upon her mother to let her go on the happy errand with the others; she was sure she was well enough, and she didn't care how much her mother muffled her up so that she might go and carry her eighteenpence to the shop.

Off they went; and as they neared the place in the dim light of the fading afternoon their father over-heard the words, "Wont father be glad?" from Willie; "Who'll have to give it him?" from Susie; "We shall see when the time comes," from Arthur; and "Mind you don't lose your sixpences, Susie and Willie, or we sha'n't be able to buy it," from Polly.

When the father had heard so much, a sense of honor forbade him to pry farther into their glad secret. He guessed that they were intending and hoping to give him a surprise, and a surprise he resolved it should be. He would not even look to see whither they were going, but turned directly back towards home.

What a change the sight of them, and the sound of their words, had wrought in his feelings! A great weight seemed to be lifted off his heart. He thought no more of Tom Hanvers' proposal, which just now appeared quite tempting to him. "The dear things are thinking of me," he said, with fatherly fondness; "and I was thinking of turning my back upon them to-night, and playing the traitor to home. May God forgive me, and make me strong to do the right evermore."

CHAPTER III.

When John reached home he did not say anything at finding his wife alone, though she supposed he would when he missed Polly, who had not been out for so long a time. Among other good things which John had learned since he became a total abstainer, was to have a great regard for truth. Teetotalism does not add much dignity to a character when the more excellent virtues of truthfulness and perfect honesty are wanting.

So when Mrs. Cosnett said, "You don't seem surprised at not seeing Polly," he replied, "No, because I saw her out with the other children; but they did not see me. Do you think it is safe for her to be out?"

"I don't think she will hurt, John. They are not gone far; and the air is clear, though cold. I wrapped her up right well, and they promised to walk fast."

"Yes; they were walking fast," said John. "I had better go and get dressed up a bit before they come back. I suppose you will want us all after tea to help get the things ready for the puddings. Well, it will be a pleasant bit of enjoyment, rather new to us."

"Yes; and the dear children are so glad about it. It would do your heart good to hear them talk, John. They think they are going to have the happiest Christmas of any people under the sun! I'm sure it will seem a reward for well-doing, to see how joyful they are," said Mrs. Cosnett, with tears of delight glistening in her eyes.

"I don't doubt it," said John, as he left the room to make ready for their return home.

They came in while he was still engaged "dressing;" and the large package which Arthur carried was put away in a drawer out of sight. "I wish you could look over it now, mother," he whispered; "it is such a beauty; I think it must be worth five times the price we had to pay!"

Polly brought back such a color on her cheeks, that her mother declared she looked as if she had never been ill at all. And what radiant faces they all had—and what sparkling eyes!

Mrs. Cosnett folded away their walking clothes, and they stood around the bright fire warming their hands, when their father made his appearance; little Susie, the youngest of the four, began clapping her hands as her father came in, and said mysteriously, "Ah, dadda! you don't know something!"

Arthur pulled at her frock to stop her tongue.

"Don't pull so, Arthur," she said, in an injured tone, "I isn't going to tell."

This only made matters worse in Arthur's opinion; his face colored, and he proposed that Susie should go to bed if she didn't keep quiet.

"You mustn't say anything 'cept what you are told," said Polly. At which Susie opened her eyes wide, and said, "Oo, oh! can't I talk about tea and all that, by myself?"

"Yes, but not anything else," said Polly, feeling very anxious about their secret.

"Well," said Susie, "we shall talk after tea about—now, 'member I isn't going to tell what about."

Mr. Cosnett burst out laughing, and very considerately began talking about something to divert Susie's eager mind from the secret which they all wanted to keep a little longer.

The little ones sat down to the tea with father, while Mrs. Cosnett got the tea; and meanwhile Arthur was busy in another room. He had carried the Bible away unnoticed by the others, and was there meeting within the cover words that they had decided upon during the day. When that was done, Mrs. Cosnett brought a beautiful book-mark that she had worked in her young days, and put it between the leaves. Then they left it there, and went away to tea.

I must not dwell upon that happy tea-time. You may imagine all about the cosy brightness of the room, the chatter of the children, and their enjoyment of the good things provided in honor of their father's teetotal birthday.

As soon as the meal was over and all cleared away, Susie said, joyfully, "Now, Arthur's got to go and fetch sometin'." And, lest the secret should suddenly burst the bounds of her rosy lips, Arthur went and fetched the present. He brought it in with a flushed face, and placed it on the table in front of his father.

"There now, dadda," cried Susie, "we's bought that for you with our own money, and I put sixpence to it."

"Did you, pussy?" said her father laughing. Then he opened the beautiful book and read,

"TO DEAR FATHER,

FROM

ARTHUR, MARY, WILLIE AND SUSIE COSNETT, IN THANKFUL REMEMBRANCE OF HIS FIRST TEMPERANCE BIRTHDAY, CHRISTMAS, 1868."

He read the words over more than once, till at last they looked all blurred to him, and a bright drop fell just below the inscription.

"Children," he said, presently, in a rather unsteady voice, "you are very good to remember father so. I can't tell you how much good your present has done me, or how great a blessing it may yet be to me and to all of us. Come, I must kiss you all round for it, not forgetting Miss Susie, who has put the noble sum of sixpence towards buying dadda this beautiful Book!" He got up and kissed each one of them. Polly's thin face was glowing with joy.

"You must kiss mother, too," she said, "for she put a good bit towards it, father."

"Yes; I'll kiss mother," he said merrily, "though till within the last year, I must confess, I'd almost forgotten how to. There, good lass!" he added, after kissing away a tear that was rolling down her face. "And now let us just look at two or three familiar old texts in this Book, and then we will all look at the splendid pictures together."

He turned over the leaves, and read, "When I said, My foot slippeth; thy mercy, O Lord, held me up." He turned the leaves over again, and read, "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." And, "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." He turned again, and read, "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it." Once more he turned the leaves, and read, "He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment; and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life, but I will confess his name before my Father, and before his angels." "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

John closed the Book for a moment, and said, "Ah, where else could we find such inspiring words of counsel and comfort? They put new vigor into me. Never, never as long as I live shall I forget this my first teetotal birthday; and I do pray that every Christmas we may yet be spared to see, may find us all more precious to each other than ever. You have made this a happy Christmas indeed to me, wife and children; and I shall see how much I can do henceforth to make Christmas and all times happy to you."

"Father," said Arthur, presently, "there is one text you ought to have spoken for us just now. I think we've got it quite deep down in our hearts, though—"

"What is it, Arthur?"

"This, father: '*It is more blessed to give than to receive.*'"

"Ah, that's a beautiful text to have in your hearts and to practice in your lives, my lad—a text for Christmas and all times, for you and everybody else, if the world is to be made bright and happy, as our little world at home here is to-night." —*British Workman.*

The Inutility of Truth.

In which the Reader is Shown how and when Truth should be Told.

BY L. D. LOCKE.—("NASBY.")

Abou ben Adhem, the Magician, was not in good humor. He was away from his home, and missed sadly the comforts and conveniences of his tent. He was out of his place, and was therefore as unhappy as a faro dealer would be in a prayer-meeting, a member of Congress at a reform meeting, or a lobster in hot water. The dweller in Fifth Avenue, used to the conveniences of modern civilization, would not be comfortable in the simple tent of the Persian sage; so, likewise, the Persian sage was not comfortable in the gorgeous room of a hotel at Trenton, which he was occupying. When the heat became insupportable, he could not lift the bottom of the cloth and get a free circulation; he had to depend on a raised window.

"They talk of improvement," said Abou ben Adhem, as he lay panting out of the aperture, gasping for breath. "Has the world made progress? Is this hole better than all out of doors?"

It was while he was thus musing in an irritable frame of mind, that a stranger entered, which, of all things in the world, was precisely what Abou did not want.

"What is the matter with you, my lord?" said Abou, unconsciously dropping into the fervid, oriental style of expression.

"Mighty Abou," said the stranger, "I would confer with you. I would be perfect. I would live close to truth. I would so train my mind that truth should ever be in it—my tongue so that it should ever utter it. This is what I yearn for—truth."

"Young man," replied Abou, impressively, "to remark that you are an ass, would be a very mild statement of your condition. But I will waste a little time on you. Listen."

"In the years gone, never to return, I was a young man in Ispahan. I was the son of loving parents, who sent me to the school of Blohard, a perfectionist, to be instructed in morals. Blohard held and taught as a first principle, that truth, absolute and undeviating, should govern all men; and that under no circumstances, could it be safely departed from. I believed him, and went out into the world to practice his teachings.

"I had a maiden aunt, who had property to which it was expected I would be heir, and my parents had been particular in instructing me to defer to and honor her. Was it me that I ever saw Blohard, whom may seven thousand fiends torment? I was at her house just after I had received this lesson from that prince of quacks. Everything was propitious for me. She was seventy-one, and had a cough which was tearing her to pieces, and to make it absolutely certain that she could not live long, she had three physicians in attendance upon her. As her will was made, leaving all her estate to me, the song of the bulbul was not more pleasant to my ears than that cough, and three physicians were more pleasant to my eye than a vision of Paradise.

"On the morning in question, I found her absorbed in fashion-plates of the Lady's Magazine of that period. My son, here is a fact thrown in gratis,—no woman ever gets beyond fashion-plates. It is a provision of nature that a fashion-plate delights a feminine mind so long as it is encased in a feminine body. My aunt was reclining on a sofa and arrayed gorgeously. She had on a pink mauve poplin, berage moire antique, cut bias down the back, with heart-shaped bodice, low in the neck, with short sleeves trimmed with asbestos lace. It was a dress appropriate for a young lady of fifteen, with flesh on her shoulders.

"'Abou,' said she, with a death's head grin, and a paralytic shake of the head, 'doth not this dress accord with my style of beauty?'

"I was about to reply like a man of the world, when the precept of Blohard, whom may fire consume, came to me.

"'I am sure it does not, aunt!' I replied. "'You are too fearfully old and ugly for such a gay dress. The beauty of the apparel calls unnecessary attention to your general ghastliness; you are too bony for such dry goods, and the cut thereof adds to your horrible boniness, instead of hiding it. A skeleton, no matter how perfect a skeleton may be, should never be dressed low in the neck, for shoulder blades when seen to be forcing their way through saffron-colored skin, are never pleasant to look upon. Now, aunt, in all candor, I would suggest that instead of dressing yourself so absurdly in lace, you swathe your remains in flannels, thus compelling art to furnish what nature has denied, a sufficient covering for your bones. It is absurd for a hideous old virgin like yourself to ape the style of a girl of fifteen. Go to, vain old woman—instead of indulging in such vanities, prepare for death, who stands waiting for you.'

"The old lady did not appreciate my truthfulness. She flew at me like an attenuated tigress, and called me a fool and a beast, and ordered me out of her house. The excitement was so great that she fell into a fit of coughing, which killed her. She lived, however, long enough to alter her will, leaving every dirhem of her estate to the society for the conversion of the French to Mahomedanism. I never saw a cent of it.

"This was somewhat discouraging, but I determined to persevere. Blohard had dwelt so strongly on the necessity of absolute truth, that I could not think of going back on it. So I gritted my teeth and waded in.

"I had an uncle, a very rich man, who was afflicted with poetry. He was troubled with the idea that he was a poet, and spent the bulk of his time hacking away at it. He had finished a poem of thirty-six cantos, and he invited me to hear it.

"'My son,' said he 'I have confidence in your taste and judgment. Now, I am going to show this poem to you, and shall abide your judgment. If you say it is good, I shall so esteem it, and publish it; if you say bad, I shall except the decision, and burn it.'

"'Fire away,' I answered, in the oriental style, which is more fervid than your form of utterance in this deliberate and unimpassioned west.

"The old gentleman read, and read, and read. I struggled manfully to keep awake, and succeeded. When he got through he paused.

"'Your honest judgment, my son.'

"I determined to give an honest opinion, but I said to myself, I will draw it mild. I will not hurt the old gentleman's feelings. I will treat him tenderly.

"'Uncle,' said I, 'the poem may have merits, but I fail to discover them. It is defective in rhythm, utterly and entirely devoid of sentiment, and atrocious in design. A more stupid, senseless performance, I was never bored with. It is hog-wash. It is idiocy—it is deliberate idiocy. It was conceived in weakness, and brought forth in insanity. I would, for your sake, that I could call it lunacy, but it lacks the strength and fire that an overturned intellect would have given it. I cannot say lunacy in connection with it, for to say lunacy presupposes intellect, of which this performance gives no token. It is stupid. It is drivel. For the sake of your family, do not publish it.'

"I did not expect this criticism to produce the effect it did, for it was entirely honest and just. But it did not strike the old gentleman pleasantly at all. He glared at me a moment fiercely, and raising a chair, felled me to the floor. He kicked me out of the house, protesting the while that a more insulting dog than I was did not dwell in Ispahan.

"He did publish the poem, however, and the public of Ispahan sustained my criticism. The wits of Ispahan and Teheran made him their butt for weeks. But when he died, he left me, who should have been his heir, a bound copy of the accursed trash.

"I followed up this thing for a year. I told an orator that his peroration was bosh, and his entire speech was claptrap. I told a shrieksh that his whirling and howling were only half as good as they had been a year before. In the most candid manner, I informed an actor who had invited me to witness and criticise his performance, that he was the worst I ever saw—in short, in that year I made an enemy of every man, woman and child in Ispahan; and what grieved me was that in all that time I held closely to the truth, never deviating from it a hair's breadth.

"And finally I came to blows with Blohard himself. He asked my candid opinion of a lecture he had delivered and I told him what I thought, as he had instructed me. I merely remarked that the badness of the thought was only equalled by the badness of the execution, and that both together were exceeded by the badness of the delivery. Instead of thanking me, he flew into a rage.

"My son, truth is not the highest wisdom in ordinary hands, but silence is, only very rich men can afford to spend truth about recklessly. Truth is too precious for every-day use. When a rich man says, 'I am a plain, blunt man, and am used to speaking the simple truth. I call things by their right name. I do—set him down as a disagreeable old brute, who goes about making people uncomfortable, because he can do it safely. When a poor man says that same, set him down as a fool. I do not advise lying, but beware of too free use of truth. It needs to be handled judiciously. Were the world perfect, were everybody as free from weakness as, for instance, myself, it would answer, for truth would then be pleasant; but as it is, beware of it.

"Silence, my ingenuous friend, is your best hold. Silence will conceal the fact that you are an inferior being, and will offend nobody.

"Let silence be your rule—speech the exception. Then shall you prosper and be counted as one of the wise. But leave me now, for I would rest."

And Abou, after the manner of the Eastern sages, mixed him a tumbler in the strong waters of the Gloom, with lemon and sugar, and a very little water, for the water of Trenton is not good, and swallowed it, saying, "Bechesm, but it is good. It warms the midriff and makes one chantitable. For an excuse to repeat, I would be willing almost, to heave out another chunk of wisdom."

And with this oriental ejaculation he clambered into his bed.

A HINT FOR YOUNG MEN.—Not long ago a young man of this city had a most favorable opportunity to enter a business house in this State, at a large increase over his present salary, with a prospect of soon getting a place in the firm. His recommendations were first-class, and the officers of the institution were decidedly pleased with his appearance. They, however, made him no proposals, nor did they state their favorable impressions. A gentleman of this city was requested to ascertain where the young man spent his evenings, and what class of men were his associates. It was found that he spent several nights of the week in a billiard room on Maine street, and Sunday afternoon drove a hired span into the country with three other young bloods. He is wondering why he didn't hear from the house concerning that coveted position. —*Springfield Union.*

Douglas Jerrold's "spittoons for two," though a very good joke, has been thrown into the shade by an eminent Professor in one of our colleges, who recently remarked to the Senior class that if it was necessary for them to spit so much he wished they would bring spittoons to the recitation room. Accordingly at the next recitation in marched the sedate Seniors, each bearing a spittoon which, as they sat down, were deposited at their feet. The Professor, not in the least disconcerted, patiently conducted them through the lesson, and at its close said: "I am very glad, gentlemen, to see that you are so attentive to my wishes, and as there is some danger of your spittoons being broken or lost, between recitations, you may carry them to your rooms at such times, bringing them with you when you come to recite again." It is needless to remark that members of the class saw that the point of their joke was most decidedly in favor of him of the spectacles and lore.

Chased by Lynxes.

Along the line of the Grand Trunk Railway, between the stations of Island Pond in Vermont and the French village of Coaticook in Canada, a distance of eighteen miles, the country is almost an unbroken wilderness. Here bears are not unfrequently seen, sitting up in the bushes beside the track, staring wonderingly at the passing trains; and deer and lynxes often bound across the rails in front of the locomotive. So plenty, indeed, were these latter animals, a few winters since, that several of them, ten and a dozen together, were repeatedly seen on the track.

I make the more especial mention of this circumstance from the fact that naturalists have always described the Northern lynx as a sly and, withal, a very rare animal, found only in the depths of the forests. The following incident seems to me well worth a place in natural history. Even our cautious Prof. Baird may rest assured of its entire reliability.

Quite late in autumn, but before the first fall of snow, one of the railroad employees, a young fellow named Finlock, having stopped from an up train at a little wood station near the boundary-line, started to walk back on the track to Island Pond, the distance being eight or ten miles. It was after five o'clock before he set off from the wood station, and at this season of the year it soon grew dusk. A 'snow-bank' cloud had risen in the south, and a cold, dim haze made the late autumn evening doubly dreary.

He had proceeded three or four miles when he began to hear a snapping of twigs off in the thickets on the west side of the track. Finlock was disturbed by the sound, and cast anxious glances into the shadows as he hurried forward. Some animal was following him, but was keeping out of sight in the firs. Ugly fancies kept coming into his mind. The place had an ill name. An 'Indian devil' (*Felis concolor*) was said to prowl here.

Thus he went on, half walking, half running, for a hundred rods or over, and still the crackling of brush kept fully abreast of him, only a few yards off in the bush.

At last, finding that the creature, whatever it was, could not be outrun, he stopped in sheer desperation. Immediately the crackling stopped, and he fancied he could see a pair of fiery green eyes off in the shadow. He shouted at it in gruff tones. Still the eyes glared steadily. Then, fumbling along between the ties of the railroad track, he found a piece of iron, left by the section men, and flung it with all his might in the direction of his pursuer. Instantly there was a jump aside, a 'spit,' and a long, hideous sound, the peculiar, wild yawl of the lynx!

It made poor Finlock tremble with fear, standing there in the dark. Momentarily, too, the yawl was answered from off in the woods on both sides and from far behind. The whole forest seemed to resound with screechings. Every glade and bushy hill redoubled the cries. Finlock did not longer act on the defensive, but ran for life down the track.

And now comes the most singular part of the adventure, a circumstance which seems to place the lynx with the gray wolf in point of gregariousness. On hearing the cry of the first, all the lynxes in the vicinity collected and joined in the chase.

It did not take Finlock long to run another mile, but before he had run half this distance, he heard the animals tearing through the bushes on both sides of him, snarling and mauling frightfully; and whenever he stole a glance backward, he could see half a dozen dusky forms leaping on the track behind, and could hear the patter of furry feet on the ties. More than twenty, he thinks, were thus following him.

Terror lent him speed. He ran with deathlike swiftness for another mile. But so far from getting away from them, they were every moment gathering closer about him. Those on the track behind were at his very heels, great, gaunt animals that looked as large as hounds.

Expecting nothing less than to be throttled, Finlock gazed about with the rage of despair, and wildly brandishing his arms, shouted and screamed at them. The creatures drew back a little, spitting and raising their backs. On the track a whole squad were glaring at him, while on both sides the bushes were shaken by their motions.

What to do or which way to turn he knew not. The cats did not quite dare to attack him as yet, but they were getting bolder. He despaired of lobbing them at bay much longer. They kept pressing up a little nearer, their wild, hungry eyes gleaming in the darkness. Making a sudden break, the hunted man ran on again for twenty or thirty yods, then stopped to shout at them, and hurl stones and dirt; and in this way he got over another half mile or more.

But his strength was failing. Despite his terror, he felt ready to drop from exhaustion. He had shouted himself hoarse. His mouth was dry. He could hardly utter a cry. His clothes were wet with cold sweat. He did not expect to live another five minutes.

A low rumble and jar caught his ear. It was the down freight. What a welcome sound to poor Finlock! Surely it would disperse the cats for a minute, at least, and if he could only get aboard it he would be safe. With fresh effort, he yelled and threw dirt and stones at the mauling pack.

The rumble and jar came nearer. A moment later the great bright eye of the headlight broke into view around a curve, and the ground, already frozen hard, was trembling beneath the procession of heavy freight cars, such as traverse no other line of railway.

Mustering his voice, Finlock now shouted, 'Help, help! Hold up! *In God's name, stop!*'

The driver and fireman heard a strange noise—heard it above the rattle of the train.

Said the fireman, 'Was that a bear, or a 'bobcat,' or what was it?'

Again they heard it.

'That's a man!' cried the driver. 'There's trouble ahead!' and instant