St. Johnsbury Caledonian.

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St. Johnsburry Caledonian.

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HOWE, Main Street.
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Specialties: Disease and Treatment of Women.
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2m6

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Fashionable Dress & Cloak-Making Rooms,
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A first-class Hotel, with all the modern improvements. Accommodations for 200 guests.
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F. H. ORVIS, Proprietor.

King Strawberry.

King Strawberry is sweet and fair,
Delicious, delicate,
His cheeks are round and red
What maiden would not wed
A king so fair and sweet?
He's good enough to eat,
Round and red is he,
Best of his royal family.

King Strawberry, in cloak of cream
Wins honor and esteem.
He'd captivate a saint
No poetry can paint
His loveliness of face,
His sweetness and his grace
He is a regal guest.
The best that honors him is blest.

King Strawberry is a jolly soul
He bears a flowing bowl
Whoever he may go
Pure wine is sure to flow
He holds a crimson cup
And we all drink it up
It is the cup that fizzes
Without incbriating mixes.

King Strawberry is prosperous
And he is asking us
To pay our honest dues
He cares not for our views
Of church or of state
All alike both small and great
He'd help us to redeem
With berries red and snow white cream.

King Strawberry goes here and there
To arbor, field and fair,
To help some cause along;
Eloquence and speech and song
Go with him where he goes
Like odors with the rose
Hail to the jolly king!
Another plate of berries bring!

King Strawberry sits upon his throne
Through sunny May and June
In bowers and halls
And at our festivals,
And many go to see
His royal majesty.
Nothing save unstained lips
His regal beauty can eclipse.

—*George W. Bunnett.*

John Randall's Trouble.

AN ENGLISH STORY.

"Will you let me have it, John?"

"No, Georgy, I can't."

John Randall uttered his refusal of his wife's request very decidedly, as if he felt the request was unreasonable; and yet there was an under current of grieved impatience in his voice, and a look of perplexity and self-satisfaction in his eyes. He waited to see his wife rise from the breakfast table, and thereby signify her acquiescence in his decision, before he went off for his morning walk to the mill.

Georgy, however, did not rise. Her look did not express acquiescence. She was a pretty woman—very pretty; tall, slight, very fair, with large, clear, steady eyes, and profuse brown hair. Besides her beauty, she had an air of delicate graceful composure rather peculiar, and a voice that suggested affluent notes. For all this, she was simply the wife of a master machinist, in the great Haliburton Print Works, of Millville, and mistress in one of the small, white factory tenements, whose long, orderly rows constituted Millville proper.

But Georgy did not belong to the factory element, although she had married into it. She had been brought up by a relative, upon whom she had been left dependent, and whom she called Aunt Appleton.

Aunt Appleton lived at the other end of Appleton—the west end—among the Haliburtons, the Dillonaxys and the Verses.

Perhaps, under the circumstances, Georgy might have looked a little higher than John Randall. But then, John was as good as gold, strong, steady, manly, true.

Aunt Appleton had the sense to rejoice at the perception of her pretty protege, and the generosity to give her a liberal outfit—her furniture, a complete wardrobe, a nice wedding.

It had been very agreeable to Georgy to have these things. She was fastidious to the core. She enjoyed the advantages of her position—her good clothes, her prestige among the wives of the officials in the print works. She was fastidious, perhaps a little too fastidious for her place.

John Randall had reached his last button, a somewhat shiny button on a somewhat shabby coat. He had neither time nor pretext for lingering. At this moment his wife raised her eyes, clearly, unflinchingly, to his face.

"Why not?" she asked, in her own sweet voice.

It is never pleasant for a man to be called to an account—to an account about money (and of course it was money Georgy wanted,) by a woman, and that woman his wife. John's face flushed a little; a hot retort pricked the very tip of his tongue, but he did not utter it. He was a patient man naturally; and then he had that deep, pure love for his wife which ever reached all slight shocks.

"I have exceeded my salary every month since we were married, Georgy," he said. "The first week of January will be here in a few weeks, and I shall not be able to meet all the bills that are due. I don't feel that we ought to trifle away a penny of money. I don't believe you do, either."

"I shall say no more about it," she returned. "I ought to wear a new pair of gloves to call on Paul's bride, but if you can't give them to me I must do without them."

John Randall's brain was fine enough to understand that this was not the acquiescence he wanted. He would like to indulge her, but there was the fact that, if he began it, he should be always poor.

This was the fact. Georgy had hers also—that she was always to be denied and disappointed. She didn't mind so much wearing the old gloves on this particular occasion; that which was wedging itself painfully into her convictions, was that she would have to give up all the little luxuries and elegancies that she so craved; that her future was to be a plain matter-of-fact routine, deprived of those gratifications in whose absence she felt a sort of moral starvation.

"It don't seem as if you ought to be disappointed, Georgy," said the husband, finally. "You know just what my salary is, and just how far it will go. We used to talk about saving something every year, so that I might better myself one of these days; I don't like to deny you."

"Never mind," she said, rising.

She was one of those women who say too little rather than too much.

John went off to his work. Bridget, the girl-of-all-work, came in to clear the table. Georgy dusted the parlor, and made the pudding, fed the canary, and placed the sewing machine in the window, facing the dull leaden light of a November day, and sat down to stitch wristbands. She had been married more than a year, and was making her first shirt for John. She was very thoughtful, a dogged pain on her face all the while.

"Perhaps I shall stay at Aunt Appleton's to tea," she said to her husband at the dinner-table. "If I do you will come for me, won't you?"

He reflected a moment.

"I told you last night, Georgy, that I should have to be from home an hour or two this evening. There is a meeting of the officials of the mill at half-past seven. I should be too tired to dress and go up to your aunt's afterwards."

"I had forgotten," she said, quietly; so quietly that he thought she did not care.

"When he was gone she went to her bedroom to arrange her toilet for the call. She put on the best she had, of course. She had a genius for dress; and despite the mended gloves, she looked as stylish as she did pretty.

Just as she approached her aunt's gate, old Mrs. Haliburton, in her velvet and steel-cut of steel colored silks, was being handed from her carriage by her son. The Haliburtons were the owners of the mill in which John Randall was employed. Stephen, the only son, had just returned from a five years' residence abroad. These two facts caused Georgy to scrutinize the mother and son somewhat closely; and, doing so, Stephen Haliburton raised his hat to her.

"A pretty face," he remarked, carelessly, to his mother. "I suppose it is some one I have known or should know."

Old Mrs. Haliburton, with her keen eyes and beak nose, glanced sharply back towards Georgy, whom she had not perceived, and nodded lightly.

"It is that young person whom James Appleton brought up. She is married now to one of our men, I believe."

Georgy found Paul Appleton and his bride holding a sort of formal reception. The rooms where her own wedding had been solemnized a year before were quite filled with guests. A very dainty and graceful bride was the new Mrs. Paul in her lavender, train and point-lace shawl. Georgy tried not to feel the least tinge of envy as she looked at her.

Aunt Appleton had always a sense of gratitude towards her protege for having forbaque to fascinate either of her own marriageable boys, and this gratitude cropped out in active kindness under the exultation she felt over Paul's match.

Georgy moved easily about the well furnished rooms; somehow she seemed just fitted for such surroundings. The subdued, well-bred manners, the faint perfumes, the refined faces, and the rich dresses, were like a stimulant to her. She needed such quickening to be fully herself. Her composed, delicate beauty, unfolded to perfection in this atmosphere.

She had been talking to one and another, taking in shapes and trimmings with her quick artist's eye, and in a pause was just reflecting upon the hang of the new curtains, when a voice said near her:

"I seem unable to recall you at all, Mrs. Randall. Yet I must have known you before I went away. My mother has just told me your name, and I have come to reclaim acquaintance, if you will permit me."

"I remember you perfectly, Mr. Haliburton," Georgy returned, quickly. "I was hardly grown up when you left us, five years ago."

"Five years! Ah, true enough! Won't you take this chair? What a lovely lily! Why, is it not real?"

"No; these wax flowers are very like nature though—almost a plagiarism; don't you think so, Mr. Haliburton?"

"Why, yes. It must be quite difficult to make them. I dare say they bring a good price."

Under her serene smile a quick thought went through Georgy Randall's mind. She began to examine the gentleman before her with interest.

Stephen Haliburton was a gentleman by habit, and a man of the world by force of circumstances. But nature intended him for a diligent, painstaking, persevering man of business.

If he was not a great or a very good man, it was because he had so much time, so much money, so much flattery. He was spoiled by his opportunities, yet he needed only the right influence to elevate him beyond himself. He was thirty years old now, he was past the age when a man disdains to be led by a woman. But Stephen Haliburton had never disdained it. He had always been led by the keen-eyed, beak-nosed, woman in steel silk, who, as Georgy talked with the heir, sat holding her wine-cup up to the firelight not far off.

The heir seemed to like Mrs. Randall's talk; perhaps because there was so little of it. In return he was rather unreserved—gossiping about his plans and prospects. He said that he was glad to get home. He meant to settle down at Millville now; look after his factories and the operatives, and introduce some improvements. He wanted a better class of work—more tasteful designs; he hadn't seen a pretty print from the factory. Didn't Mrs. Randall agree with him?

Yes, she agreed with him. It was a strange basis for parlor gossip—oils, chemicals, and designs for calicoes. He was surprised to find how much she knew about it; and she—she was a little surprised herself. The most delicate pink began to flush her cheek, the irises of her eyes grew into great black flakes full of lustre. All at once she turned a casual glance out of the window.

"Why," she said, with a slight start. "It is almost dark. And I believe it is raining. I must go at once."

She stepped towards the window. Great splashing drops were falling upon the flag-stones. The dull November daylight was almost gone.

Mr. Haliburton rose also.

"Did you walk?" he inquired. "Let us take you home. My mother will be going soon."

The little stir attracted Mrs. Appleton, who, most of the guests having gone, was devoting herself to Mrs. Haliburton.

"Stay to tea," she suggested, "John knows your are here, does he not?"

"Yes, but it is raining. I think I had better not stop."

"I have been asking Mrs. Randall to take a seat with us, mother," interposed Stephen Haliburton.

"Ah, yes," said the lady with contracted nostrils and prolonged lip, again. "I shall be happy."

And then the keen eye overlooked Georgy, as if to ask if there were any just cause why the Haliburton carriage, the Haliburton heir, should traverse the length of Millville to take home this young person, who had married one of the Haliburton employes.

Georgy stood unmoved, a little concerned as to whether her last dress or bonnet should walk or ride, not at all concerned as to her own disposal.

The factory bell had done ringing, and John Randall was in sight of home, just as the carriage of his employer stopped at the door, and his wife stepped from it. He did not, however, overhear her say to Stephen Haliburton:

"If you call to-morrow afternoon, I will show you what I mean."

"Had you a pleasant afternoon?" her husband asked, by-and-by, as they sat at the tea-table.

"Very pleasant," she said, thoughtfully.

"It was very polite in Mrs. Haliburton to bring you home."

"Yes, I should have spoiled my new dress."

It was always with a little effort that Randall could get his wife to talk, and she seemed peculiarly silent to-night, and absent as well as silent.

Her eyes were brighter, too, than common; her face a little flushed. He was too generous, too unselfish a man to begrudge her even happiness in which he had no part; but something in her abstraction filled him with uneasiness. The uneasiness was not decreased, when reaching home a little before the usual hour, the following afternoon, he met Stephen Haliburton just leaving the house, not when he found Georgy with the same brightened eyes and heightened color as the night before.

That was the beginning of John Randall's trouble.

It was not so much common jealousy a man's instinct of revolt at another man's admiration of his handsome wife, as it was a fear, a desperate death like fear that Georgy needed something that he could not give her to make her happy. He could not give her luxuries. He could never say such things as he fancied Stephen Haliburton must be able to say to women. But he loved so! Oh, heavens, he loved her so! How could he endure anything should come between them?

"I won't wrong and tease her with suspicions," he said to himself, in the depth of that night. "I'll keep on steady; perhaps she'll see it right by-and-by."

Poor fellow, he did not realize how his determination implied the dreary thought that her heart was turned from him. He raised himself on his arms to look on her as she slept; and all through what followed he retained the pure, calm face, as it pressed the pillow, whitened by the moonlight that glinted the frost on the window-panes and flooded the room.

She seemed colder to him after this, and he kept silent.

He knew that she met Haliburton at her aunt's; he knew that when she went to the seaside the ensuing summer, for a week's visit to Mrs. Paul Appleton, there he was also. He knew that she seemed to be living a life apart from him; and once—that was when the iron entered his soul, when he went to her desk, a present he had made her during their engagement—for a sheet of note paper, and found it locked, and asked her carelessly enough for the key; she flushed and said she would get the paper for him.

But he kept true to the promise he made himself. He kept on "fighting his way against it as best he could," hoping, with a sick heart, that she "might see it right by-and-by."

The months wore away. The second year of their marriage was nearly completed. John had been very careful—as careful as Georgy herself, that there should be no outward and visible sign of misunderstanding or coldness between them. No suspicion had come to any that the second year of marriage life had been less happy than the first. Not had he ever omitted to give her any little indulgence within his power. He had prepared a surprise for her on the coming anniversary of their wedding during the year.

The anniversary fell upon Sunday; and so their little commemoration of the day must come the preceding evening. No allusion had been made to any celebration by either of them; but John felt sure some way, that she could not let the time pass without some sign. For his own part, he had half resolved to attempt some explanation of this estrangement. Anything, he thought, would be better than this chilling reserve. With his mind divided between the anticipation of relief and jealous dread, he went to the counting-house, that Saturday night, to receive his money. The cashier looked up, with a certain embarrassment at his approach.

"Ah, Mr. Randall—the accumulation you have left in my hands? To be sure! And by the way, Mr. Haliburton spoke to me to mention to you that there were to be some changes made, and—and—but there he is himself, sir."

John Randall turned with a feeling akin to desperation, to meet his employer. It had gone through him like a thunder-bolt: as the cashier spoke, that he was to be displaced. Stephen Haliburton simply said, as John faced him, "I'll not detain you now, Mr. Randall. I shall call this evening to let you know of the changes I feel obliged to make."

And the owner bowed and left him.

With the money in his nerveless hands, John Randall walked homeward like a man dazed. He was to lose his place. For what reason he found it impossible to conjecture. But to lose it, was to lose reputation, courage—everything. He had never imagined such a possibility as that. The money that he carried—he should not dare to make a present of it to Georgy now. He might have to wait for other employment. It might be needed for their bare every-day need before he got to work again. A chill like death struck to his soul.

Georgy evidently had not overlooked the recurrence of their wedding-day. The cozy rooms of the cottage all wore a little air of cozy festivity. Some slender vases held the gleanings of the flower-bed—chrysanthemums blood-red, white and purple—verbenas, and scarlet geraniums.

She came to the door that night to meet him—one of her 'company' dresses on, some knots of velvet fastening her collar, and seeming to give a glow and brightness to her white skin. He took her hand—she raised her face, and with a wild heart-bound he kissed it, as he had not for a year before. She was coming back to him again! That was the thought that thrilled him. Her infatuation—if such it had been—was at an end! She was his once more, and then, close upon his new happiness, came the dreary recollection of his lost situation. He thrust the money in his pocket. By-and-by he would tell her.

"You won't mind waiting supper for an hour—will you John?" she asked, as she led him in. "I am going to give you something nice—by-and-by—and—I think Mr. Haliburton will be in."

John Randall's blood froze once more. It was not for him, then, that all these preparations were made. Georgy had not spoken Haliburton's name before, she could feel that she was embarrassed as she did so.

"I want you to dress, John," she added coaxingly. "I have laid everything out for you."

It seemed to him that he would have turned upon her, but he felt so broken by the thought of losing his place, resented her gaiety, her indifference, her secrecies—all that had made him so miserable through this long year. But he had not the spirit.

He went to dress as she asked him. When he returned to the parlor, Stephen Haliburton and his wife sat upon the sofa side by side. It was rare indeed to see Georgy's face so illuminated. Her cheeks were glowing her eyes were sparkling.

As for Haliburton, he was always the quiet gentleman, with no sense of being out of his place, no apparent suspicion of what was rankling in the heart of his employe.

What a nice little supper Georgy had ready! Yet nobody ate.

Finally the supper was over, and they went back to the parlor.

Georgy disappeared for a moment, and, returning, approached her husband, glancing shyly at the same time to her guest, whose face brightened beyond its wont as he caught her eye.

"We want to make it all very formal, John; but I see Mr. Haliburton thinks I might as well tell you at once in my own way."

She paused and a sober pallor overspread her husband's face.

"What was coming?" his eyes asked, with no faith that it was anything to lighten his secret burden.

Georgy nervously folded and unfolded a slip of paper which she held.

"This is for you, John;" and she held it shyly towards him. "My anniversary gift. I have been working for Mr. Haliburton, too, this year. And I have thirty guineas here—the price of the design I made for the calicos."

"Georgy!"

"You never suspected it? I did not want you to, till I knew whether I could succeed." John Randall had no voice in which to word his amazement or his gratitude for his restored faith, which though his wife did not suspect it, was by far his most precious anniversary gift. She went on: "I always used my pencil nimbly, you know, John. And it had occurred to me one day why I couldn't do something with it for profit. I spoke to Mr. Haliburton, and he was so kind—you must thank him—he took so much trouble at my crude attempts; he did so much to encourage me. And now I am fairly in the way of work. I shall work better too, now that you know it. I want to design for carpets by-and-by, as well as for prints, that pays so well—a percentage on the sale."

She stopped short, suddenly conscious of how much she was saying.

"I have a surprise, also, for you, Mr. Randall," added Stephen Haliburton, quietly. "I hope it, too, may prove agreeable. The universal testimony of the mill officials, make me feel that I am not showing you a proper appreciation, and desire to give you a somewhat more responsible position, with an increase of salary."

The glory of heaven seemed to be opening a way to John Randall out of all his trouble.

"I am too happy Mr. Haliburton, to talk much," he said in his straightforward way.

"I have been depressed lately—the sudden removal of all causes for low spirits—"

He stopped short. Two big tears ran down his cheeks. Stephen Haliburton alone perceived what Georgy never suspected, that her secret had made her husband jealous. He grasped John's hand.

"My dear fellow, it's too bad! I feared it a little once or twice. Of course I could not hint it to Mrs. Randall."

"What, John? What, Mr. Haliburton."

"Nothing, Georgy, that you will ever know.

They were alone together, by-and-by, with their new found happiness. Perhaps Georgy was equally relieved that there was no more need for mystification.

"What ever made you think of it, Georgy?" her husband asked.

"Why John, it was that day about the gloves. I pondered how I could make or save something."

"I am happier than I thought I could be again, dear."

"Do you know I have fancied you were unhappy lately, John, because you thought I was longing for things you could not give me? I could hardly wait for to-night to come to tell you all."

"My darling."

And he folded his arms about her, with his face on her shoulder, and in the brightness and silence of the room, with its odor of flowers and glow of leaves, they felt their way through the coming future, safe, confident, out of the reach of any bitter trouble, since they loved and trusted one another.

THE WOLVES THE NEW YORK EDITORS SAW.—Rather a funny incident occurred the other day on the South-western Railroad of Georgia. A man named Wolf, residing at Marshalville, near the railroad depot, has five tow-headed children. Conductor Dasher had on his train a large party of northern excursionists, who were anxious to see all the curiosities. Near Marshalville he told them that there was a man who had five tame wolves, all with white spots on the top of their heads. They expressed a desire to see the strange animals, and the conductor said that, as the wolf-tamer lived near, he would wait for them. They alighted, and Dasher pointed the way to the house, remarking that as the old she-wolf was an ugly customer, he would not go with them. Going to the yard they found Mrs. Wolf, and the children playing around her. They offered to pay her liberally for the sight of the five tame wolves. They were back in time for the train.

Chicago Tribune, June 18.

Unclaimed Baggage---A Conductor's Surprise.

Just before the passenger train No. 4 of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad left Rock Island for this city Tuesday night, a lady and gentleman entered one of the passenger cars and took their seats in a quiet and unostentatious manner. The lady had with her a good sized bundle and a small basket, which she placed carefully on the seat beside her. When the train was a few miles out of town the lady left her seat and went into the next car, and after a while the gentleman got up and went into the smoking car, leaving the parcels on the seat. None of the passengers took any particular notice of this, as they thought that the lady and gentleman would return in a short time.

At Tiskilwa the conductor, Charlie Tibney, went through the cars to tell the passengers to change cars for Peoria. He enquired for the lady and gentleman who left parcels in their seat, but no one could give any information regarding them, neither of them having returned since they left their seats at Rockford. The conductor took hold of the bundle to take care of it, but no sooner had he done so than he dropped it again on the seat as if something had stung him. His face became ashy pale and horror stricken as he exclaimed: "My God, there is something kicking in this bundle!"

The passengers all stood amazed, and their amazement changed into wonder when the bundle commenced screaming. Having at length recovered from his surprise the conductor ventured to open the parcel, and a beautiful girl baby, about one month old, made its appearance, screaming as if for dear life. He took it tenderly in his arms, and caressed the wee little thing, and, thinking it might be hungry, procured a bottle and milk and fed it. He then placed the baby in the arms of a lady passenger and examined the basket which was left with the bundle, and in it found several baby dresses and a number of diapers, and a note containing the following request:

To the Daughters of Rebecca—

Take good care of my baby; it is a destitute Sister's child fleeing from a brutal demon husband. Its name is Virginia S.; born May 20, 1874

Mrs. S.

When the train arrived at Blue Island, where Conductor Tinley lives, he took the baby to his house and had it cared for by his wife. Several of the citizens of Blue Island, who had heard of the little waif called at Mr. Tinley's house and signified their willingness to adopt it. But Mr. Tinley had to refuse, as he had promised it to Mr. Briggs, a brakeman on his train, who, being childless, was most happy to adopt the little thing, and to-day will apply to the court to have it legally turned over to him, and allow him to name it Virginia S. Briggs.

Who the father and mother of this little waif are is shrouded in mystery, and may remain so forever, but it is not believed that the woman was "fleeing from a brutal husband." She was quite young and of very respectable appearance, and the gentleman who accompanied her also looked as if he belonged to the better class. It is believed by those on the train that the child is the offspring of illicit intercourse, and that the parties thus got rid of their shame.

The New Comet.

The watchers of the skies in this country have been for some time viewing a comet in the northwest sky, near the nose of the Great Bear. The way to find it is, between 9 and 10 o'clock in the evening, for one to face the north, then turn about one third of the angle from north towards the west, and raise his gaze about one third the way up from the horizon. Or easier, perhaps, find the Big Dipper, whose two lower stars are familiarly known as "pointers," because they point to the pole-star. But this direction is only good for a little while, as its progress carries it continually southward to the left. This comet is nearly equal to a star of the fourth magnitude, and the unaided eye will easily tell it from a fixed star by its peculiar haziness. At present the moon's brightness somewhat interferes with the distinctness of the view of the comet, but about a fortnight hence it will be much brighter than now, and the moon, in her third quarter, will be quite out of the way. The astronomers differ considerably about its perihelion, some putting it as early as July 8, others as late as July 20. The period of greatest brilliancy, in the former case, will be about July 16, when it will set soon after the sun, with the new moon above it; it will then appear nine times as bright as now. Soon after, the comet, a luminous blotch with a speck of keen light on one side, and with a tail hardly discernible without a glass (a good opera glass will do,) will disappear from our horizon. This is a new comet and generally recognized by American observers as the same one discovered and described by M. Coggia of Marseilles, April 17, in the constellation of the Giraffe. But others are inclined to think that comet has passed its perihelion and is going away, and that this is another. While they are discussing this point, news comes that Dr. Fairbairn of Annandale, N. Y., has found still another of these erratic bodies in the vicinity of Jupiter.

Ruined.

A large proportion of men never can or will accumulate or keep capital. The best illustration of this fact that I ever met is that of Gerritt Smith and his schoolmate. The latter, on the death of his father, came into possession of a farm, with house, furniture, stock, implements, and all things necessary to a comfortable home and paying business; but he sold, lost by the sale, sold his next home, and his next, always losing, until he was landless and very poor. His old schoolmate, who was giving away his large patrimony, in small parcels, to landless men, gave him a house and lot, but took the precaution to deed it to his children. For a while the restless man was happy in his new home, but soon grew tired of it, and wanted to sell out. When he found that it was not in his power to render himself and family homeless once more, he exclaimed in great bitterness, "There! Gerritt Smith has ruined me." He believed this and never forgave the man who had prevented that trade which would surely have made his fortune.

Proper Times to Eat.

The wholesomeness of food depends nearly as much on the time it is taken as on the quantity. We have grown so luxurious in our physical as well as our mental tastes that we are constantly tempted to eat things out of season. Yielding to the temptation, as we often do, we pay the penalty, soon or late, in temporary or chronic derangement of our health. The meat which is excellent in cold may not be desirable in warm weather; vegetables and fruit are nutritious when they are ripened by sun and season, and not artificially stimulated. Nature knows what she is doing; she furnishes for every latitude the productions fittest for such latitude. We need variety, not so much at one time, as from time to time. The delicacies of the season will not hurt us; but the delicacies out of season certainly will, if long continued. The appetite so jaded as to crave oysters in July, or strawberries in December, needs careful correction by the adoption of the simplest habits. The palate naturally relishes what nature has near at hand. As a rule, not only is the simplest food the best food, but the most seasonable is, in the long run, the most appetizing. There is no difficulty in determining what we should eat, since the products of our climate show us plainly, month by month. Fish, flesh, and fruit by their plumpness, tenderness, and ripeness, themselves denote when they are ready to be eaten. A sound stomach will profit by whatever an unspoiled palate enjoys.—*Scribner's*

Justice Extraordinary in Switzerland.

An extraordinary application of justice is recorded by the *Confédéré du Valais*, as having occurred in that Canton. A peasant in one of the Communes sold some fowls to a neighbor; she did not pay for them at the time, and delayed doing so until the vendor got uneasy. To protect himself, he again took possession of the fowls; upon which the woman charged him with being a robber, besides using towards him other forcible expressions in her *repertoire*. She finally denounced the offender to the Municipal Council. The latter, deciding that the case was within its jurisdiction, found the delinquent guilty and sentenced him to personal chastisement. Each member of the council had, under the consciousness of the plenitude of his executive functions, the right to give the culprit three strokes with a switch. The Judge de Paix and the President did not avail themselves of the privilege; but the other members let justice have its free course; and each gave to the delinquent three blows upon not the most guilty part of his person, he having in vain prayed that his sentence might be committed to a fine.—*Swiss Times.*

Lightning Rods no Protection.

The most marked and instructive thunderbolt discharge brought to my notice was that which struck the building of Mr. Rech, on the southeast corner of Girard avenue and Eight street, Philadelphia. This building was provided with extensive arrangements of lightning rods. It is gravel roofed, and around the whole circumference of this roof there runs an iron rod conductor. From this horizontal iron bar there are perpendicular lightning-rods at sixteen different equi-distance places. It has, in fact, sixteen lightning rods pointing to the clouds. Upon the roof and centering on the avenue front edge of the building, there stood a flag-staff. A branch of the circumferential conductor runs across to this staff and up it about twelve feet, where it ended and was fastened to an iron band around the pole. The thunderbolt, in disregard of the sixteen lightning-rods, struck the flag-staff, and completely shivered it down to within four feet of the iron band, and where the branch conductor ended. Why did this bolt prefer the wooden pole to the lightning-rods? Simply because it was in the path of the descending bolt. Now if, as is claimed by eminent electricians, the rod does its silent work of discharging the the cloud when it is yet afar off, why did it not quietly and decently disarm this nimbus artillery in this case? Certainly the garrison was well fortified with these barbed protectors, expressly stationed there to prevent an explosion of electricity, by drawing the surcharge from the cloud, if not when yet afar off, at all events when the pending cloud passed over the protected building.—*Prof. Wise.*

A DEAR DUCK.—Dickens tells the following story of an American sea captain: On his last voyage home the captain had on board a young lady of remarkable personal attractions—a phrase I use as one being entirely new, and one you never meet with in the newspapers. This young lady was beloved intensely by five young gentlemen passengers, and in return she was in love with them all very ardently, but without any particular preference for either. Not knowing how to make up her determination in this dilemma, she consulted my friend the captain. The captain being a man of an original turn of mind, says to the young lady, "Jump overboard, and marry the man that jumps after you." The lady, struck with the idea, and being naturally fond of bathing, especially in warm weather, as it then was, took the advice of the captain, who had a boat manned in case of accident. Accordingly, next morning, the five lovers being on deck, and looking devotedly at the young lady, she plunged into the sea, head-foremost. Four of the lovers immediately jumped in after her. When the young lady and her four lovers were got out again, she says to the captain, "What am I to do with them now, they are so wet?" Says the captain, "Take the dry one!" And the lady did, and she married him.

A NEW YORK CHARACTER.—Persons who have business on the 8th avenue car at the early hour of 3 a. m. will, each morning, see a man enter the car on his way up town. He is well and even elegantly arrayed, and his diamonds are abundant. He appears to be about 40, and is in prime keeping at that. If watched, the man will be seen to enter a fine brown stone mansion, which is his home. He lives in fine style. His wife is a woman of fashion. His children are well dressed, well educated, and pass among the best children of the city. The lady has a pew in a fashionable church, which is taken in her own name. The man is a character. He is a well-known gambler, and makes gambling a trade. He never drinks, and his nerves are always steady. He is a gentleman in speech and uses neither vulgar nor profane words. Indeed, he seldom speaks at all. He has certain rules that guide him. He never loses but a certain sum. He stops at a given point when luck is against him. He plays as long as he wins. For a long term of years he has pursued this course. He has amassed a fortune. His children think him a broker. Those who know him say he is one of the most liberal men in private life.—*Letter from New York.*

A Most Wonderful Natural Curiosity.

A most wonderful natural curiosity in the form of a floating island has recently made its appearance upon the northern part of Monomonock Lake in Rindge, N. H. In extent it is variously estimated from four to six acres; the soil is firm and many people have approached it by boats and travelled over it; the entire surface is covered by a thrifty growth of vegetation, consisting of grass, cranberry vines, hay and whortleberry bushes; there are more than four hundred trees by count, varying from five to twenty-five feet in hight, scattered over its surface. This island was first seen in this part of the lake on Saturday, May 30; perhaps not liking the harbor, during Sunday night it weighed anchor and majestically moved about two miles down the lake; Wednesday, June 3, it returned to the same place, and took a similar position, except a quarter turn, where it has since remained. Lake Monomonock is situated partly in New Hampshire and partly in Massachusetts, in the towns of Rindge and Winchenden, and covers an area of 2500 acres. This tract of land was originally a part of Winchendon, Mass., and was probably started from its natural location by the lake being unusually high and a strong southerly wind prevailing. It has been suggested that this island left Massachusetts for a summer vacation in New Hampshire and to escape the effects of protracted legislation. This natural curiosity, together with the beauty of this sheet of water and the surrounding scenery, is attracting a large number of visitors.

MISPLACED CONFIDENCE.—"Just about the close of that long, hard winter," said the Sunday-school superintendent, "as I was wending toward my duties one brilliant Sabbath morning, I glanced down toward the levee, and there lay the *City of Hartford* steamer! No mistake about it; there she was, puffing and panting after her long pilgrimage through the ice. A glad sight! Well, I should say so! And then came a pang right away, because I should have to instruct empty benches, sure; the youngsters would all be off welcoming the first steamboat of the season. You can imagine how surprised I was when I opened the door and saw half the benches full! My grat