Dr Cutting 15mo32

St. Johnsbury Caledonian.

COMMENCED AUGUST 8, 1837. ST. JOHNSBURY, VT., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1884. VOLUME 48—NUMBER 2473

St. Johnsbury Caledonian.

C. M. STONE & CO.,

PUBLISHERS.

Opposite the Athenæum, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

ADVANCE TERMS OF THE CALEDONIAN:

One year, in Caledonia County	$1.75
Six months	.90
One year, out of this county	1.90
Six Months	1.00
For convenience in remitting, subscribers in this county will be credited 39 weeks for	2.00
Twenty nine weeks for	1.00
Subscribers out of this county will be credited 55 weeks for	2.00
Clergymen in service, per year	1.00

Remit by Postoffice order, otherwise at subscriber's risk.

Each Subscriber will find on his paper in connection with his name, the date to which he has paid. No other receipt is necessary.

Rates of Advertising.

One square (12 lines, 1 inch space) one week	$1.00
Each continuance	25
Half square (6 lines) one week	75
Each continuance	15
One square one inch of space per year	8.00
Business Cards, per year (each line)	1.00
Libertisms, Extras, etc	1.25
Special Notices, per square, one week	1.25
Each continuance	30

Special rates to business advertisers by the year.

☞ *No Cuts inserted. No objectionable advertisements received, and nothing but legitimate business advertising admitted.*

JOB PRINTING of all kinds, at living prices. With modern type and machinery, and skillful workmen, nearly all kinds of Job Printing can be done as well and as cheap as in the cities.

Legal Blanks, Card and Paper stock constantly on hand.

Business Cards.

C. A. CALDERWOOD,
Furniture, Coffins and Caskets,
Odd Fellows' Block, R. R. St., St. Johnsbury.

D. A. CLIFFORD,
Photographic Artist,
Caledonian Bl'k, Main St., St. Johnsbury.

H. E. & D. Q. WOODRUFF,
Stoves and Tinware,
Railroad Street, St. Johnsbury.

J. P. OTIS,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
West Barke, Vt.

CAHOON & HOFFMAN,
Lawyers and General Insurance Agents,
Lyndon and Lyndonville, Vermont.
One of us will be at Office in Fletcher Block, Lyndonville, every day.

CHAS. A. AIKEN,
PIANO-FORTE TUNER,
St. Johnsbury Centre.
Agent for the celebrated
FISCHER PIANO
of New York.

C. EUGENE HARRINGTON,
General Dealer in Musical Merchandise,
Ely's Lock Box 30, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

L. B. ATWOOD,
Clothing, Hats, Caps, Gents' Furnishing Goods,
Bank Block, 6 Main Street.

JACOB TRUSSELL,
Lawyer and General Insurance Agent,
Peacham, Vermont. 3m

F. V. POWERS,
Dealer in
All Kinds of General Merchandise,
Portland Street, - - St. Johnsbury.

NICHOLS & DUNNETT,
LAWYERS,
Opposite Post Office, St. Johnsbury, Vt.
Nichols at office W. Concord, Saturdays.
Dunnett at office South Ryegate, Mondays.
A. F. NICHOLS. ALEX DUNNETT.

W. C. LEWIS,
Agent for Vermont Mutual Insurance Co.,
St. Johnsbury, Vt

THOMPSON & GOSS,
Proprietors of Caldbeck Iron Works,
St. Johnsbury. Jobbing done to order.

S. H. SPARHAWK, M. D.,
Homœopathic Physician and Surgeon,
(Successor to Dr. Dunbar.)
Office & residence in Athenæum House, Main St.

S. T. BROOKS, M. D.,
Practicing Physician and Surgeon,
Office at residence, opp. the Bakery, St. Johnsbury

C. M. STONE & CO.,
Agents for Claremont Book Bindery,
Opposite the Athenæum, St. Johnsbury.

O. P. BENNETT,
Dealer in Marble Work of All Kinds,
Near Passenger Depot, St. Johnsbury.

MILLER & RYAN,
Manufacturers and Dealers in
Carriages and Carriage Stock,
Cor. Portland and R. R. Sts., St. Johnsbury.

E. & T. FAIRBANKS & CO.,
Dry Goods, Clothing, Carpetings, Paper Hangings, Crockery, and Groceries,
Fairbanks Village, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

C. C. BINGHAM,
Druggist and Pharmacist,
Bank Bl'k, Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

BELDEN, IDE & STAFFORD,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
No. 2, Caledonian Block, up stairs. St. Johnsbury

HOWARD & ROWELL,
Watches, Jewelry, Books and Stationery,
Cor. Main St. and Eastern Avenue, St. Johnsbury

CROSS & BRADLEY,
Bakers and Confectioners,
Main Street, St. Johnsbury Vt.

JOSEPH L. PERKINS,
DENTIST,
Caledonian Block, up stairs, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Mrs. L. J. FLEETWOOD,
MILLINERY ROOMS,
Walker's Block, Main Street, St. Johnsbury.

Hotels.

ST. JOHNSBURY HOUSE,
Main Street, - - St. Johnsbury, Vt
JERRY DREW, Proprietor.

AVENUE HOUSE,
Railroad Street, - - - St. Johnsbury, Vt
B. G. HOWE, Proprietor.

COTTAGE HOTEL,
Railroad Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt
RICHARD B. FLINT, Proprietor.

UNION HOUSE,
Lyndonville, - - Vermont
L. F. SHONTO, Proprietor.
Desirably located, just opposite passenger depot. A good livery stable connected with the house

FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL,
Broadway, New York.
A first-class house in every particular
HITCHCOCK, DARLING & CO., Proprietors

THE BRUNSWICK,
Boylston Street, - Boston
The finest appointed hotel in New England
AMOS BARNES & CO., Proprietors.

UNITED STATES HOTEL,
Portland, Me.
Situated in the very centre of the City. The best located House for business men. Heated by steam. Table second to the best the market affords.
W. H. McDONALD, Proprietor.

LINWOOD HOUSE,
Danville, Vt.,
H. E. STONE, Proprietor.
A first-class house in every respect. Free coach to and from all trains.

Wire Staples and Punches.

Just the thing for fastening together legal documents, manuscripts, pamphlets, etc. For sale at the Caledonian office. tf

Travelers' Guide.

Passumpsic Railroad.—Nov. 24, 1884.

TRAINS MOVING SOUTH.

	Mail	Acm	N Ex	Mail	Mix
	a. m.	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Newport	7 20	....	10 50	....	6 25
W. Derby	7 48	....	11 24	....	6 59
Lyndonville	8 05	11 40	12 10	5 20	7 20
Lyndon	8 11	11 46	12 15	5 25	7 25
St. J. Centre	8 25	11 55	12 24	5 40	7 40
St. Johnsbury	8 35	12 05	12 32	6 00	10 00
Passumpsic	8 42	12 09	12 36	6 14	10 12
East Barnet	8 52	12 20	12 46	6 30	10 30
Barnet	9 00	12 28	12 54	6 40	10 40
Melrose	9 06	12 35	1 01	7 00	10 50
Wells River	9 20	12 52	1 20	7 55	11 20
W. R. Junction	9 10	12 35	....	10 40	3 00
Boston	6 30	7 10	8 30	2 30	8 30
	p. m.	p. m.	a. m.	a. m.	p. m.

TRAINS MOVING NORTH.

	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.	p. m.	p. m.	a. m.
Boston	6 30	1 00	7 00	7 00	....	....
	p. m.			a. m.		
W. R. Junction	1 50	5 30	12 35	7 50	....	....
Wells River	2 34	7 13	2 05	10 35	5 15	....
Melrose	2 54	7 31	2 21	11 00	5 45	....
Barnet	3 01	7 40	2 27	11 12	5 57	....
East Barnet	3 07	7 47	....	11 20	6 08	....
Passumpsic	3 16	7 56	2 41	11 42	6 22	....
St. Johnsbury	3 26	8 05	2 48	12 02	6 45	....
St. J. Centre	3 32	8 12	....	12 11	6 55	....
Lyndon	3 45	8 22	....	12 27	7 10	....
Lyndonville	3 51	8 33	3 02	12 35	7 13	....
W. Derby	3 00	....	3 22	1 20	....	....
Newport	6 20	....	4 25	3 40	....	....
	p. m.	p. m.	p. m.	a. m.	p. m.	a. m.

St. Johnsbury & Lake Champlain Railroad
Dec. 15, 1884

Trains East. Read down. Freight	Mail			Trains West. Read up. Mail	Mixed	Freight
a. m.	p. m.	a. m.		p. m.	p. m.	p. m.
	3 25		Magoun		3 15	
7	3 30	6 45	Swanton	9 00	3 00	8 55
9 50	6 30	8 10	Sheldon Jc.	7 20	12 30	5 35
2	3 54	9 44	Hardwick	3 37	10 34	12 13
2 20	9 00	9 54	E. Hardwick	3 47	10 19	11 50
3 05	9 25	10 05	Greensboro	3 30	10 05	11 30
3 50	10 05	10 27	Walden	3 12	9 00	10 30
5 04	10 37	10 54	Danville	2 57	8 28	9 25
	11 20	11 25	St. Johnsbury	2 42	7 30	8 30
6 00	8 30	11 30		a 10	8 15	
	5 10	11 42	E. St. Johnsbury	2 33	8 00	
	5 20	11 52	W. Concord	2 23	7 40	
	5 30	12 02	N. Concord	2 15	7 20	
	6 00	12 40	Miles Pond	1 24	6 35	
	6 20	12 57	E. Concord	1 15	6 20	
	6 30	1 05	Lunenburg	1 00	6 00	
p. m.	p. m.	p. m.		p. m.	a. m.	a. m.

St. Johnsbury Post Office.

Commencing Nov. 24, the mails will close at the Post Office as follows:

Passumpsic R. R. Way Mail, South,	9.00 a. m
Northumberland,	11.30 a. m
St. J. & L. C. R. R. Way Mail, East,	11.30 a. m
St. J. & L. C. R. R. Way Mail, West,	4.00 p. m
Passumpsic R. R. Way Mail, North,	4.00 p. m
West Concord and St. Johnsbury East,	4.00 p. m
Waterford, W. Wat'f'd and L. Wat'f'd,	4.00 p. m
Boston, New York, Conn. R. Val. Mail,	8.00 p. m
Northern and Montreal mail,	8.00 p. m

Mail will be collected from the boxes at Paddock village and Railroad street at 8.00 a. m. and 3.15 p. m. Box at Railroad street will be visited at 7.30 p. m., as usual.

CHAS. P. CARPENTER, P. M.

St. Johnsbury Church Directory.

Advent—Paddock Village. Sabbath Services at 10.30 a. m., 1.45 and 6.30 p. m. Sabbath School 12.00. Prayer Meetings at 7.00 p. m. Sunday, Tuesday and Friday evenings.

Baptist—Railroad Street. Corner Maple. Rev. E. F. Saddlord, Pastor. Preaching 10.30 A. M. S. School 12 M. Prayer meeting 6.30. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7.00.

Free Baptist—Main Street. Corner Prospect. Sabbath services, 10.30 A.M., and 6.30 P. M. Sabbath School at 12 M. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7.30. Rev. D. H. Adams, pastor.

Church of the Messiah—(Universalist.) Eastern avenue, corner Cherry street. Sabbath services at 9.45, 6.30 P. M. Sabbath School at 12.30 P. M. Wednesday evening meeting at 7.30. Rev. G. W. Jenkins, pastor.

Methodist—Central street. Rev. E. W. Culver, Pastor. Residence next to the Church. Sabbath services at 10.30 A. M., and 6.30 P. M. Sabbath school at 12 Wednesday evening meeting at 7.00.

North Congregational—Main street, corner of Church. Rev. Henry W. Jones, Pastor. Sabbath services at 10.30 A. M., and 6.30 P. M. Sabbath School at 12 M. Wednesday evening meeting at 7.30.

South Congregational—Main street. Rev. Edward J. Fairbanks, Pastor. Sabbath services at 10.30 A. M., and 6.30 P. M. Sabbath School at 12 M. Wednesday evening meeting at 7.00.

Presbyterian Church—Eastern Avenue. Rev. W. L. Laird, pastor. Sabbath services at 10.30 a. m. and 6.30 p. m. Sabbath school at 12 m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening 7.30.

St. Andrew's—(Episcopal.) Main street. Rev. F. N. Fisher, Rector. Services on Sundays at 10.30 a. m., and 4 p. m. Wednesdays at 7.30 p. m. Sunday School, at 12 m.

Roman Catholic—Cherry Street. Rev. J. A. Reisenmandt, Parish Priest. Mass at 10 a. m. Vespers and Benediction at 3 p. m. On the second Sunday of the month, service at 9.30 a. m. and 4 p. m. At Lyndonville same day at 10.30 a. m.

Y. M. C. A.—Meetings at the hall of the Y. M. C. A., Main street. Sunday mornings at 9.30. Saturday evenings at 7.30. Young Men's meeting Sunday at 5.30 p. m. Noon meeting every day at noon on Main street.

St. Johnsbury Centre.

Congregational— — — — — Pastor. Sunday services at 11 A. M., and 7.00 P. M. Sabbath School at 12 M. Wednesday evening meeting at 7 00 P. M.

Methodist—Rev. J. W. Bemis, Pastor. Sunday Services at 11 A. M. and 6.30 P. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Thursday evening meeting at 7.00.

East St. Johnsbury.

Congregational—Rev. J. N. Walker. Sunday services at 10.45 A. M. and 6.30 p. m. Sabbath school at 12.00. Wednesday evening meeting at 7.00.

Methodist—Supplied by Rev. E. W. Culver. Sunday services at 1.30 p. m.

St. Johnsbury Athenæum.

Library and Reading Room.—Free to all. Open from 9 A. M. to 12 M.; from 2 to 6 P. M. and from 7 to 8 1-2 Saturday evenings.

Art Gallery—Open Tuesdays and Fridays.

Telegraph Office.

Western Union and Vt. International—in St. Johnsbury House. Open from 7 a. m. to 8 p. m. Sundays 9 to 10 a. m., 5 to 6 p. m. Night messages at half rates.

CHRISTMAS.

An immense line of

HOLIDAY GOODS

at the lowest of all low prices.

Hand Painted views of Willoughby, Magog, White Mountains,	5cts
Plain and Embossed cards 1c, 2c, 3c, 5c, 8c, and 10c	
Silk Fringed cards 3c, 5c, 8c, 10c, 15c, 25c and 50c	
Frosted, " " 5c, 6c, 7c and 10c	
Satin Novelties, 10c, 15c, 25c, 50c, $1.00 to $5.00	
Fancy Shapes 1c, 2c, 3c, 5c, 6c, 7c and 8c	
Perforated card board, 3c, 4c, 5c and 6c	
Printed Mottoes and Patterns, 2c, 3c, 5c to 10c	
Scrap books, 10c, 25c, 50c, 65, 75c and $1.00	
Embossed Pictures, whole sheets, 1c to 10c	
Large Crayons 22x28 ins., 60c	
Photograph Albums, 35c, 50c, 75c, $1.00 to $7.00	
Fancy box stationery, 8c, 10c 12c, 15c, 25c, to $1.00	
Artist's Colors per tube 8c, 10c, 15c to 25c	
Moist Water Colors, 12 small pans, 45c	

We shall make the greatest SLAUGHTER IN PRICES ever before dreamed of. See our various price-lists. B, C, D, E, and F, our 100 page Catalogue of Embossed and Transfer Pictures, sent by post for 4c stamp.

THE HOME ART COMPANY,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Card and Art Novelties,
St. Johnsbury Centre, Vt. [37-52]

PHOTOGRAPHS!

The undersigned is now prepared to make every style of Photographs in the most perfect manner. I shall take special pains to please those who have been unsuccessful in obtaining satisfactory pictures elsewhere.

The largest and best assortment of

FRAMES

To be found in the State. Call and see them.

C. F. SHEPHERD,
411 BROWN'S BLOCK.

Justice's Record in Criminal Cases.

A new book for Justice of the Peace. Just printed and for sale at the CALEDONIAN OFFICE.

BARGAINS.

G. A. WHITCHER offers decided bargains in Ladies' Garments, Dress Goods and Domestics.

4	Dolmans at $5.00	former price	$10.00
3	" 6.00	" "	12.00
1	" 6.25	" "	12.50
1	" 7.00	" "	14.00
2	" 7.50	" "	15.00
1	" 8.00	" "	16.00
4	" 9.50	" "	19.00

These Garments are all black, well trimmed and to be closed at just 50 cents on a dollar. New markets, Russian circulars and Jerseys.

Fashionable Garments at lowest prices.

Now is the time to buy Dress goods, Cloakings and Flannels.

One Bale of 1047 yards 40 inch Best shirting 7½ cts
One Bale of 1014 yards 36 inch Best shirting 6¼ cts
One Bale of 1056 yards 36 inch Heavy shirting 5 cts
One Case Best Prints, small dark figures 5 cts; or 4½ cts. by the web. CASH buyers receive much for little at our store.

Walker's Block, 63 Main St.
St. Johnsbury, Vermont.

T. C. SPENCER

dealer in Fine Watches and

DIAMOND - JEWELRY

and Gold and Plated Jewelry of every description.

A fine line of Hemair and other styles of opera, field and marine glasses, spectacles and eye-glasses in gold, steel and rubber frames, ranging in price from 25c. to $10.

French and American clocks and bronzes, Fancy clocks in gilt and silver cases.

I have also a full line of the celebrated woven gold wire jewelry in watch chains, ladies vest and neck chains, bracelets, etc.

I have the largest stock of Gold Band and Stone rings which has ever been opened in this town, the prices range from 75c to $75, also a full line of 18 carat

WEDDING RINGS

Come and see the ladies' and gents' gold watches and notice the latest and best styles of engraving on the cases, which is all done by hand. Don't forget, when you are in the store to look over the

SILVER WARE,

Cake baskets, Water sets, Children's cups and sets, Butter dishes, Tea sets, Knives, Forks, Napkin rings, Berry spoons, Gravy ladles, Cake and butter knives, sugar spoons, etc. The solid silver ware is all sterling fine and everything manufactured from silver can be found in the show cases.

Napkin rings from 75c to $7. Tea, table and dessert spoons, and an endless variety of fancy articles in elegant cases for holiday gifts.

I shall open to the public a finer assortment of

GIFT BOOKS

in fancy bindings than I have ever been able to procure before. Fancy box stationery, toilet cases, work boxes, glove boxes, etc. I have all the novelties of the season and will be pleased to show them to all who come.

T. C. SPENCER'S,
Railroad Street.

Attacked By Wolves.

I wish I could give you some idea of grandmother, with her sweet, pale face and low, impressive voice, as she told us the story that Thanksgiving night.

We were around a big, wide, open fire-place—a real fire-place—the burning chunks of wood and logs rising one above another, lighting the room with a dancing glare and making light and shadow on the wall as the flames rose and fell.

As grandmother came out of her room, father rose and placed her arm-chair comfortably before the fire. She seated herself, saying pleasantly:

"Now you are all still, I will tell you the story of the 'last conclave' we were talking about at dinner-time.

"You must know that this is not the house that was first built here. My father came here from Connecticut and built a log-house and barn. For safety from wild animals he built a high log enclosure around the barn, into which the cattle and sheep were driven every night, summer and winter. They always seemed ready to go in, for I think they were afraid to stay outside on account of the bears and wolves and wild-cats, which were very numerous. Notwithstanding, there were a great many killed, for every man took a gun wherever he went.

"After father had his house and barn finished, he went back to Connecticut for mother and the goods and what stock he owned, and then returned with them. We three children were born here. I was the first, then Uriah, and last little golden-haired Huldah.

"What I am going to tell you happened in March. I was ten years old the summer before, Uriah wasn't quite nine, and baby Huldah was two.

"It was Sunday morning, and father and mother were going to church. As the church was seven miles away, it was necessary for them to start quite early. The horse was brought to the door, and father's saddle and the pillion were placed on his back. Mother kissed us, told us to be good children and keep the fire. Father told Uriah to fodder the cattle at noon and turn them out to drink, but not to allow them to wander into the woods to browse—for cattle are fond of green twigs in the spring, when they have had nothing to eat but dry hay all winter.

"After they rode away, to amuse baby Huldah we had a frolic with old Troll, our watch-dog, and not long after we felt hungry, and ate our dinner of baked apples and milk. Of course, Troll must have his dinner. So Uriah crumbed brown bread into milk, and set the dish on the floor between the table and the outside door. He was lapping his milk noisily, when with a sudden motion, he stopped—stopped and seemed so eager and intent that we all stopped eating too. In an instant he gave a smothered growl, sprang to the door, and put his nose all along the crack at the bottom, sniffing and growling as he moved to and fro.

"'What is it, Troll?' said Uriah.

"I caught up baby Huldah, for somehow the dog did not act as if it was a person who had startled him, for he always barked loudly when any man came to the house, but did not show fear. Now he was bristling up and shivering, either with anger or fear or both.

"Uriah ran and turned the big button; then pounding sharply on the door, he called out, 'Who's there?'

"Just as soon as he did that, Troll began to bark and to jump against the door; and I said, 'Let him out.' Uriah opened the door far enough to allow the dog to pass through, and he shot out with great fierceness. We then heard him scurry along the path, but could not tell what happened, for we were too frightened to look after him.

"All was still for a minute, and then came a terrible howl from the direction of the barn; then another nearer the house, with bounding and scuffling in the snow; then some confused sounds—we could not tell what they were, though we knew they came from the throats of fierce animals—followed by a prolonged howl of pain from Troll. Then all was still until the dog came to the door and whined piteously to be let in.

"We did not dare move at first, but as the dog kept by the door, and his whine grew more natural, we took courage and opened the door.

"As he came in, he went shrinking all around the room with his tail between his legs, shaking his head with a sidewise jerk, as if something had hurt his ears. His hair was standing up, and he kept growling to himself. Even after he had stopped circling about the room, and had begun licking his feet and legs, he growled.

"Finally he became quiet, and our courage came back. I don't suppose we reasoned much about it. We had seen bears and wolves both dead and alive; and once father killed a wild-cat—among the hunters they are called 'bob-cats,' for they have short tails, and they are about twice as large as a big domestic cat, only more chunky, and they are the most terrible fighters in the world. Dogs are afraid of them; and never dare to attack them alone. Afterwards, when the scratches on Troll were examined, it was thought likely that a wild-cat was prowling around, because all was so still.

"When we were well over our fright, Uriah took a chair and climbed up to the window next the barn. The windows were so high up that father could just look through them standing. They were very small—just one log cut through. There were only three of them, one at the back, one at the front, and one in the end; for the fire-place took up the other end of the cabin, which had but two rooms.

"Uriah saw nothing there; then he went to the window next the door. He looked all around as far as he could, and said, 'I guess there isn't anything out there.' Next he went into the other room to look out of the back window, and came back laughing, and said, pointing his finger at Troll:

"'Oh, you old coward, you! I know what ailed you. You were afraid to be out alone.'

"We all laughed, and I think our courage was perfectly restored, for Uriah said suddenly, with wide-open eyes, 'Why father told me to fodder the cattle at noon,' and he commenced bundling himself up and tying his comforter around his ears; but he hesitated a little and looked at me. I thought I understood him, and said, 'I'll wrap baby up and we will go with you.

"When we got ready, Uriah opened the door and looked out; then he went out. Looking back at us, he said, bravely, 'No, Sis, don't you come; just stand at the door.' He ran swiftly to the barn-yard, and soon had the plank door open and disappeared. Pretty soon I heard him undoing the stanchions and talking to the cattle; then I heard him open the sheep-pen door.

"The first to come out were the oxen, and they acted queerly, sniffing with their noses high in the air. When the cow came out she acted just the same. I was so much taken up watching them that I didn't notice anything else.

"When Uriah came out behind the sheep, he called out, 'Sis, did you hear that noise?' I shook my head; the cattle were going down to the brook crunching the snow under their hoofs. 'There!' he cried, and then a sound came distinctly, though at a distance—then another broke in, and still another, until it swelled into a horrible chorus. We knew what it was—it was the cruel wolf-howl, for only last winter we had heard the pack of wolves that run down and killed Mr. Sweeny's horse, on the Branch, a mile away.

"The chorus of howls had hardly ceased, when it was answered from the woods above the house.

"You may well believe we were frightened at the nearness of the answer, but we had a still worse fright to endure, for the sound had not stopped when three gaunt, ugly wolves came shambling across the open space and stopped opposite where the cattle were drinking, lapping out their long red tongues hungrily. The cattle tossed up their heads and snorted. They all started for the barn, but the oxen soon stopped and faced round, with lowered horns, and old Star bellowed. I think that was what started them off, for away they ran, jumping the stump fence into the road.

"The cow and sheep had taken to their heels and the poor sheep bleated with fright. Some ran round the barn, some toward the house, and the cosset ran up the brook. The oxen stood their ground, keeping their heads to the wolves, stamping and snorting till the wolves got into the road. Just as they went over the knoll out of sight, one lifted up his head and gave an awful howl. At that the oxen started for the barn with the speed of race-horses, rushing past Uriah—it's a wonder they hadn't knocked him down! for he was too frightened to get out of their way.

"We had heard two or three howls in different directions, but the confusion and fright and all were so sudden, that we had not much time to think or to move.

"The poor sheep that ran behind the barn came back, bounding and jumping every way, as if they were blind, and right behind them came another wolf. At sight of him I screamed. I think nobody ever heard such a scream. I fancy the wolf never did for he turned and ran. As soon as I got my breath, I called to Uriah, 'Run to the house!' But he didn't; he only dodged into the yard, calling 'Troll! Troll!'

"I opened the door and the dog came out, sniffing the air and shaking himself as if to shake off the fear of his former encounter, and ran barking to the barn. Uriah opened the door for him, and as soon as I saw him, I cried again, 'Run for the house!' Oh, how white he was!

"'I can't' he said, 'the sheep.'

"Ah," said grandmother, moving her head proudly, "as frightened as he was, he never once thought of disobeying father's orders to see the cattle shut in.

"Troll, understanding the word 'sheep' as a command to go drive them in, for he was accustomed to drive the sheep and cattle as a part of his duty, soon had them all in but the cosset. Uriah fastened them in. He and the dog came out of the yard, and in a moment more the plank door was shut too and fastened.

"I thought they had forgotten the lamb, and I cried out 'Oh, poor Dicky's in the brook!' In my anxiety for our pet I forgot everything else and ran down the path to watch them get him out of the brook. As they were coming up the path, another howl broke on the air. The horrid sound seemed actually to surround us, it was so near, and with precipitate haste we fled to the house.

"One glance up into the woods back of the house showed us more wolves slinking among the trees. Uriah did not let go his hold on Dicky's wool, and we all hurried pell-mell into the house, baby Huldah and I, the dog, Uriah and the lamb.

"As soon as the door was shut and buttoned, I burst out crying and laughing together, saying 'hush!' to baby, and I don't know to this day whether she was crying or not. The fright made me cry, and the sense of security made me laugh, I suppose.

"Uriah walked about the room, breathing hard; the dog walked after him, while Dicky stood trembling in the middle of the floor with the water dripping off his wool. He shook so hard that his hoofs made a clatter on the floor. When we noticed that, we laughed. Then I saw how near Uriah was to crying, for a big sob came up in his throat.

"At last we became calm enough to begin to speculate what the calling of the pack meant. For the wolf is a miserable coward. If one is alone and he starts up some game, he commences howling for help, and every wolf that hears will give an answering howl. So it goes on until enough wolves have assembled to worry down whatever animal they are chasing. I believe there is no death so horrible to think of as being torn to pieces by the wolves, and no suffering can equal it but the cruel death-chase. When we were somewhat composed, I don't know which thought of it first, Uriah or I, for we both spoke in a breath, 'Father and mother!' and we stared into each other's white faces.

"Oh!" said grandmother, and she bowed her pale, sweet face for a moment on her trembling hands. "In all the years that have passed, I cannot forget the agony of those few hours. The cruel howl went on, sometimes loud, and apparently near, sometimes not so distinct, as though the pack were receding. And in our imaginations, made vivid by the horrible dread, we could watch the chase. In the doublings and turnings to save themselves, we always saw father and mother as they rode away in the morning on the old horse, and the horse—noble fellow—doing his best to get free of the blood-thirsty pack with their wide open mouths.

"At times we cried, and called loudly for help, but we had always to come back to the horrible listening.

"For a long time it seemed as though the house was surrounded by wolves. We heard them come to the very door, made bold by their hunger. Every sound from the outside was an agony. At every renewed sound old Troll would circle round us with smothered growls, as we stood clinging togeth r, occasionally lapping our hands and lapping the tears off our faces when we cried, as if he knew he was the only protection we had.

"We heard slumping, stealthy footsteps several times on the banked-up snow outside the cabin, but we never thought of the windows. Old Troll, however, was more alert; his quick ear detected the approach of an animal to the window. A crash came at the frail window frame. With a growl and bound he landed in the chair that Uriah had left by the window, and before we could realize what had happened, he had grappled with the intruder at the light.

"How grand he looked, stretched up to his full length, all his black shaggy hair standing out as if he were filling himself with courage! What an enemy he looked! Troll had seized the wolf under the jaw, and as long as he could hold on he had all the advantage. The struggle was frightful, the wolf pulling to get away, and Troll pulling to get nearer his foe. Sometimes he would drag him in so far that we could see his staring yellow blood-shot eyes and lolling tongue.

"The hoarse growls and yells of rage and pain filled the cabin with a fearful din, and our screams cut through the sound like a knife. Troll did not let go his hold till the flesh actually tore through his teeth, and, as a final horror, the blood from the torn throat of the wolf spurted across the floor. The wolf was gone, but the blood still trickled down from the window-cut. Nothing was afterward seen of the wolf but the blood-marks. He was probably eaten by the pack. Troll looked out the window with a savage growl or two, as a warning to his enemy, and then jumped down, still growling, and lapping his bloody chops, as if he were trying to bite off his anger, since he could no longer get at his foe.

"We huddled down, trembling with fatigue and fright, in the farthest corner from the window, while old Troll kept faithful watch. Baby Huldah cried herself to sleep in my lap, and thus we sat till the howling stopped. Uriah and I talked in hushed tones, yet neither of us dared speak what was most in our thoughts, that we had no father or mother! For we well imagined we knew what it meant when the wolves were still. They had finished their horrid work of death!

"We sat there an hour or more with our grief pressing us hard down. We did not think what we should do tomorrow, or what we should ever do; for in our short lives, father and mother had been all in all to us.

"I was so tired that I dozed off for a moment, I think, for I jumped up quickly when Troll gave a loud bark and ran to the door. He commenced frisking and scratching, unmistakable signs of joy, but some moments passed before we could see what it meant, for the frights of the day gave us but little chance to judge of the nature of sounds. Baby Huldah was screaming loudly from being so suddenly awakened. When she stopped to catch her breath, we heard outside—

"'Uriah, open the door.'

"With breathless haste we rushed to the door, and there, sure enough, were father and mother. When they gathered us, poor frightened little things, in their arms, I think I must have fainted. When I came to, I was on father's lap, and he was saying to mother, 'Poor little things, it must have been horrible!'

"Mother was crying with her face on baby Huldah's hair, as she stood hugging her up tight in her arms, while Uriah was clinging to her dress.

"It seems that father and mother heard nothing of the gathering of the wolves until they started for home, when some of the settlers on the branch nearest here, who had not been to church, told them of it. When they were told the direction of the sound, they were very much alarmed. They hurried the old horse up the hill as fast as they could; and, poor mother—I don't think she ever spoke of that ride without crying.

"Now the strangest part of the story is that after that day there were never seen for years any more wolves in these parts. Some hunters went out into the woods and found where they met. They said there must have been an immense number, for the snow was filled with their tracks for acres around."—[Youth's Companion.

Washington Monument Completed.

The Washington monument was completed Saturday afternoon by setting in place the marble cap-stone and its pyramidal apex of aluminium. Shortly before 2 o'clock Col. Casey, the government engineer in charge, and his assistants proceeded to set the cap-stone, weighing 6300 pounds, which was suspended from a quadruped of heavy joists supported by the platform and towering 40 feet above them. As soon as the cap-stone was set the American flag was unfurled overhead and a salute of 21 guns was fired in the White house grounds. The sound of cheers also came up faintly from the crowd of spectators gathered around the base of the monument, while a number of invited guests on the 500-foot platform and in the interior of the monument at that level struck up the "Star Spangled Banner" and other patriotic songs. The flag over the monument floated from a flag staff, the top of which is exactly 600 feet from the ground, thus displaying the American colors at the greatest hight of construction ever yet known in the world. The monument itself, with its total hight of 550 feet overtops every other structure of human hands.

What Cleveland Would Like.

It can be said with authority, says the Albany Argus, and it should be distinctly heeded, that if the wishes of Mr. Cleveland be consulted, the event of inauguration will be made as simple, brief and plain as possible, alike to comport with the known aversion of the president-elect to public display and to conform to the habit of the democratic presidents who were the fathers and founders of the republic. Of course the president-elect will be subject to the arrangements made by others, but the others should labor under no misapprehension of his wishes in the premises. It is to be expected that many democratic citizens and many democratic organizations from all parts of the country will be present at Washington during the inauguration. The competition among them to act as escort thither to the president-elect is said to be spirited. That competition will decrease when the fact is announced that Mr. Cleveland will proceed to the national capitol without escort and with as much expedition and privacy as the circumstances will permit or his preferences secure. He is not unmindful of the good feeling of those who would thus do him tribute and honor, but the simplicity of a private gentleman in travelling is the method most agreeable to his tastes, just as the industry and directness of a business man in office are most congenial to his habits as a public servant.

Curious Bibles.

The Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, published in one volume, are called the Bible, to mark the supremacy of that book over all other books. No book has been so often translated or so carefully translated as the Bible, and no book has been so often printed or so carefully printed as the Bible.

With all the pains, however, taken by translators, revisers, and proof-readers to render the Word of God perfect in diction and free from printers' errors, some peculiarities of expression and typographical blemishes have passed into certain versions and editions of the Scriptures, and these have stamped their names on the editions in which they are found. I propose in this article to draw attention to the most remarkable of these peculiarities.

THE RUG BIBLE.

"So that thou shalt not nede to be afraid for any Bugges by nighte, nor for the arrow that flyeth by day."—Ps. xci. 5.

This rendering has fastened the above name to Matthew's Bible, printed in London in 1551. The word bug is supposed to come from the Welsh *bwg*, which means terror, spectre, hobgoblin, etc. We see here how the march of time affects speech and how usage and fashion varies even as regards words.

THE TREACLE BIBLE.

"Is there not triacle at Gilead? is there no physician there?"—Jer. viii. 22.

This translation is found in the Bishops' Bible, a revision of the Great Bible by Archbishop Parker and a number of scholars, eight of whom were bishops.

THE ROSIN BIBLE.

"Is there no rosin in Gilead? is there no physician there?"—Jer. viii. 22.

This reading gives a name to the first edition of the Douai Bible, printed in 1609. The word translated rosin in the Douai version was translated in the Genevan version, as in the authorized, by balm, but the Geneva version rendered the same word rosin in Gen. xliii. 11, and in Gen. xxxvii. 25 it gives as alternative readings for the same word rosin, turpentine and triacle.

THE PLACE MAKERS' BIBLE.

"Blessed are the place makers; for they shall be called the children