Literary Department.

MRS. F. V. POWERS, - - - EDITRESS.

Ladies, and gentlemen also, are invited to contribute articles for this department, upon subjects which will be of interest to the general reader—such as the home, the garden, health, diet, dress, culture of fruits and flowers, education, and anything which will tend to instruct and elevate humanity.

Good poetry will be very acceptable.

If you use a *nom de plume*, write your true name under it, with a line between.

For the convenience of compositors please write plainly, in good, black ink, and on one side of the paper only.

Articles may be directed to the Editress, or to "The Farmer," and must be received as soon as Wednesday to claim an insertion the next week after.

For the VERMONT FARMER.

TO A FAVORITE MEDICINAL PLANT.

WRITTEN AT FOURTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

In thee there is virtue,
Thou delicate leaf,
From sickness and poison
Thou'll give me relief;
Thy tender young blossoms with pleasure I view,
I love their sweet fragrance and exquisite hue.

I gladly would seek thee
Among the wild flowers,
And give thee a welcome,
In gardens and bowers;
In my window, Lobelia, I'd give thee a place,
For thou would'st adorn even that with thy grace.

To thee we give praises,
And to thee we give fame,
For thou art deserving
Of every good name.
To the great Dr Thompson all honor we give,
As he was the first man who bid thee to live.

Thou long hast been trodden
Down under our feet,
But now in high places
We give thee a seat.
Although there are many who trample thee down,
We'll forever hold thee in sacred renown.

L. M. S.

For the VERMONT FARMER.

A SUNSET SCENE.

BY PAUL PASTNOR.

At night the threadlets of the sun untwine,
And droop o'er earth!
Up from the vale the calling of the kine
Goes gladly forth,
So full of sweet, æolian melody,
I seem to hear
The sun's own threadlets 'neath the roseate sea
Low murmuring near.

Sweet music makes the calling of the kine
At eventide,
Afar are winding roads, and streams that shine
Along beside,
Like silver-winged guardians, asleep
In fearless peace,
For o'er the sea still night-winds sweep
In sad release.

For the VERMONT FARMER.

KNOWLEDGE VS. IGNORANCE.

BY JULIA MAY WILLIAMSON.

Arm, comrades, for the battle!
There are legions in the field,
Armed with the sword of knowledge,
That Ignorance may yield;
And yet our good queen, Wisdom,
Has room for legions still—
Put on the shield, Endurance,
Stand by to do her will.

Not as the old-time conquer'r
Swept over the peaceful plain,
And bent the heads of the haughty,
To sleep with the dust again;
At the sound of whose martial trumpet
The fields of strife grew red,
And blood and tears were mingled
Where'er his pathway led.

Nay; ours is a bloodless conflict,—
A ripened harvest field,
Where wisdom's fol'wers gather
The fruits the ages yield;
And the weeds of doubt and folly
In part are swept away,
As the morn half lifts the curtain
That veils the coming day.

For truth is like the sunshine—
Where'er its bright rays fall,
It sweeps away all error,
Like shadows from the wall.
And sometime the veil shall be lifted,—
"We shall know as we are known;"
Know even the source of the wisdom
That round our path has shone.

Brookside Farm, Stark, Me., Oct 16.

LILA'S TRIALS.

"Good Lor' o' mercy! I don't see what on airth our John's a-goin' to do with that gal. Her waist a'n't no bigger round nor my wrist; and I told our Jemima so t'other day. 'T was her set him on arter the critter; and now I s'pose he's gone an' fetched her here for me to wait on."

"She looks kind o' nice old woman, but"—

"Don't 'old woman' me, Zeke Drew. I tell ye she don't know just nothin' 't all."

"Well, make"—

"Law sakes! hold your tongue; here she comes."

A light step was heard on the uncarpeted stairs, and a young girl entered. The disappointment she felt on coming to a home so very unlike what she had anticipated was still visible on her pale, sad face. But pity and deep sympathy for the poor forlorn old couple had crept into her heart; and, however dark the future might be, she, like a good soldier, who, though he cannot see through din and smoke, still faces the enemy, was determined to go forward. John Drew was the sole support of his aged parents; his brothers and sisters not having ("patience to live with the old people," they said) pride or feeling enough to assist in their maintenance.

"It 's a poor place you 're come to," said old Mrs Drew, pushing a chair towards the young wife.

Then, placing a hand on each knee, she eyed askance her new daughter-in-law.

"You are not used to such a place as this," said the old gentleman, apologizing for the dreary aspect things wore. "It mought be better, but the old woman can't keep things in much order."

It was, indeed, a cheerless home. Two or three pieces of old carpet were spread over the unclean floor; and a few dilapidated wooden chairs, a small pine table, an old stove, and a small cracked mirror that hung upon the wall, comprised the furniture, except that contained in two small bedrooms, to one of which the poor heart-sick girl had been shown on her arrival.

A fire had been kindled in the stove while she was up-stairs; and hearing it snap and blaze, the old lady disappeared into a little room, and soon returned with a smoke-begrimmed tin tea-kettle, when the old man removed the stove-cover, while his wife made sundry efforts to place the kettle thereon.

"Let me assist you," said the girl, taking it from the aged, trembling hand.

"You can see, with your young, bright eyes," said Mr Drew.

"Yes, sir," she replied in a tearful tone; for she saw that her offer was silently and ungraciously received by Mrs Drew.

"I'll have supper ready soon," said the latter, setting out the small table, and covering it with a cloth that was evidently kept for "state occasions." Then she produced a black earthen teapot minus part of the spout, and proceeded to pour in the boiling water, being evidently in danger of scalding herself.

Again the girl ventured to assist her.

"No, thank ye: I a'n't so blind but I kin see a hole through a ladder."

Saying this, she put the kettle down, and turned toward the closet. A few plates, two or three odd cups and saucers, a cracked sugar-bowl, and creamer to match, were set upon the table.

"I a'n't got no cake or presarves. I'm too old to make such things, Miss—Miss—Oh! I forgot ye 're married."

"Can't ye call her Lila, old woman? Ye mought as well begin first as last. I believe that's yer name, child?"

"Yes, sir," answered the grieved, quivering lips.

"Law sakes! 'Zek'el Drew, don't you s'pose other folks knows as much as you do? A'n't the gal strange, and feelin' kind o' bad like?"

While talking, she was shyly polishing the teaspoons on her apron before putting them on the table. She had just brought from the closet a baker's loaf, a beef bone, and some dry cheese, when her son, who had been out, returned with some nice cake and fruit.

"Nothin' here a'n't good enough, I s'pose," said his mother, sitting down.

"Don't mind her," said John to his wife, who was struggling to keep back the tears.

Then, taking the teapot, he attempted to do the honors.

"Let me," said Lila.

Then, addressing the old gentleman, she asked,—

"Do you take sugar and milk, sir?"

"Yes, Lila, thank 'e, child."

There were tears in the aged eyes raised to hers, for the old man began to feel he had some one to cling to and depend on.

Here Mrs Drew came forward, and, pushing Lila aside, told her to take a seat she had placed for her; then, catching up one article after another, she set them around her son's plate, and, grasping the teapot, proceeded to pour the tea, not into his cup, which she had placed beside his plate, but directly into his lap.

"Hold on!" roared John, jumping up; while the cat, at that moment passing under his chair, received the hot tea upon her back, and went spitting and squalling into a corner.

"Ye 're on that 'tarnal cat's tail ag'in, John Drew. Can't ye set down without killin' that critter?" exclaimed the old lady, who, in attempting to put the teapot on the table, dropped it on the floor.

The coming home of the daughter-in-law had removed a weight from the old man's heart, and he uttered a hearty laugh at the ludicrous scream.

Three weeks later the little dwelling presented a different appearance. The ceilings were whitened, the walls papered, and the dingy paint made new; a pretty, bright carpet covered the floor; while two large easy-chairs were set apart for the old couple. Pretty vases took the places of the old iron candlestick, with its tallow candle, on the mantelpiece; a small glass dish of green leaves and violets stood upon the little center-table, where a daily paper, instead of being borrowed occasionally, was to be found every morning, beside the old family bible, for old Mr Drew, who never failed to read both.

"Ye're jest like as if you were his own darter, gal, you an' Zeke," said the old lady. "Ye're always reading or writing."

"Would you like to hear me read, mother?" Lila asked.

"Lor'! no. I never could see nothin' in l'arnin'."

Lila tried hard to please her mother-in-law; but, although she consulted her about all household matters, the old lady still showed that she considered Lila an usurper.

Our young wife was no saint, and was often out of patience, wondering how she "could live so;" but at such times she very wisely kept out of the old people's way, while the clouds drifted over her young heart. Then, having shed her shower of tears, she would renew her efforts to please and comfort the poor old couple. The old man clung to her even as a child, but not until some time after her appearance at her new home could she gain much kindness from her husband's mother.

John Drew, we will be charitable enough to think, was thoughtless, not selfish or unfeeling, in expecting his aged mother to serve and wait upon him. On one occasion she could not find some article he wanted, when he replied in harsh, angry words. Men do not "bawl;" but, oh! Heaven deliver me from hearing such epithets as will make the canary hide its head in despair, while Carlo cowers under the sofa, and the cat, with tail erect, goes through a pane of glass, and disappears over the nearest fence.

"I'm not talking to you," said John, seeing his wife gazing at him in a way he could not comprehend.

"I know you are not; but, if you must use such language as you have just spoken, let it be to me. I am young, and will try to bear it. Her age—if you forget, as you appear to, that she is your mother—commands both kindness and respect."

"Bless the gal!" sobbed the old lady, sinking into a chair.

Her husband drew out his bandanna, and wiped his aged eyes.

"Don't be cross, John," he said, in trembling tones. "Lila's a good gal, and a blessin' to us all."

"He wouldn't be a Drew if he hadn't a temper," snapped the old lady.

John left the room, banging the door after him.

"He's got a terrible temper, but you must not mind him, Lila," said the old gentleman.

An hour after, John returned, and, throwing a bunch of roses on the table, went out to where Lila had fashioned a little flower-bed. Lila followed him, and, going to his side, said,—

"Are you not ashamed of yourself?"

He caught her to his breast.

"I am a bear, I suppose, in your opinion."

"I have heard that bears hug very tight," said Lila laughing; "but, John, remember, no more such language to your old, helpless, faithful mother.

Then, leaving him lighting a cigar, she went in to arrange her roses.

"I never see a gal that could manage a Drew as you kin," said the old lady. "How on airth do you do it? I thought that John would sulk a month."

"Don't mind him, mother. We will have supper, and then he will be all right."

"You're a good gal Lila,—too good for a Drew."

"Now, mother, didn't you think a Drew the best man in the world when you got married?" said Lila mischievously.

"Lor' sake, gal! how you do take!" said the old lady stepping before the mirror to adjust the pretty lace cap Lila had made for her, her pleasant smile proving that Lila's remark had recalled some happy hours.

And thus two years of Lila's life spent on, until one mild June evening she sat beside a bed on which lay Mrs Drew, whose aged heart, true in death as it had even been in life, was pleading for him whom she must leave behind yet a little while.

"You've been a good daughter, Lila, and I know you will be kind and cumfort yer father when I'm gone."

The promise was given; and then the poor heart that for seventy-five years had battled with sorrow and adversity, sighed life's tide away.

A year later her husband was laid by her side.

Standing by their graves, the faithful daughter-in-law murmured,—

"May not some kind heart yet do for me what I have done for them?"

For the VERMONT FARMER.

Greeting.

DEAR EDITRESS:—Though so unworthy I have a strong desire to join the "Happy Band," if I may be admitted.

I have been reading "Some Rambling Thoughts," and, like the writer of the article, I am away from home, and highly prize any opportunity I may have of perusing the FARMER. I have been much interested during the discussion of "Woman's Duties," Woman's Place," and "Dress." In my opinion these subjects are not yet exhausted. I think most farmers' wives attempt to perform more labor than they can accomplish without seriously affecting their physical strength; so that, instead of doing their real duty by themselves and their families, they are undermining their constitutions, diminishing their intellectual powers, depriving themselves of years of usefulness, and causing their posterity to be more or less feeble physically, morally and intellectually.

If a woman cannot perform all her household work and still have some time to devote to the cultivation of her own and her children's minds, I regard it as her duty, rather to drop some of the former labor, which can be wrought by other hands, than the latter which can be accomplished by no one as by herself. For who can train a child to good morals and habits like a mother, and if that mother be absorbed in caring for the body, who will prevent the child's mind being perverted by vulgar ideas and language heard in the streets, and provide for its nourishment, proper intellectual food?

But I see no justice in requiring a farmer's wife to be her own milliner, dressmaker and tailoress, when her husband does not think of being his own carpenter, mason or blacksmith. If there is anything out of the line of farming to be done, he must have some one to do it who is used to the trade; yet seems to think the various trades of woman belong very properly to his wife's sphere of action.

I believe it to be one of women's duties to convince the men that it is no worse—and not nearly so expensive—for their over-burdened wives to have assistance than for them. What if the wife doesn't earn anything? She saves and cares for what is earned, and "A penny saved is worth two pennies earned." Is there any good reason, I would ask, why a woman ought to be obliged to labor sixteen hours a day, while a man has his nooning and evening in which to recuperate and improve his mind?

The FARMER is undoubtedly a most appropiate place for the consideration of "Dress." Let its many correspondents commence the reform by adopting a simple and healthful style of dress; let their influence be exerted in the grange, of which many of us are members, and how many ladies of the Green Mountain state would long cling to their present uncomfortable and expensive garments?

I regard the topics suggested by our editress as worthy of our consideration, especially health and education.

Sisters, may I have a seat among you if I will occupy a low stool? GERALDINE.

[We extend a cordial welcome to this new sister, trusting the accession may prove mutually pleasant and profitable—and we would gladly welcome many more—so many, indeed, that our columns may be filled every week with original, practical articles from earnest workers in the cause of reform.]

For the VERMONT FARMER.

"Our Happy Band."

I had little thought of calling out such a volume of personal history of our correspondents when I asked "who is Lura Bell and Paul Pastnor?" But I am right glad I asked the question, for I always feel more interest in the articles of authors known to me, than in those with whose personality I am unacquainted, even if the articles are of equal merit.

Now, I feel pretty well acquainted with the Maine correspondents of the FARMER, and should like to become as familiar with those of our own state.

By the way, my Vermont sisters, we had best bestir ourselves or "look out for our laurels;" it will never do to let Maine beat us in our own paper. So wake up, "Mattie Lawrence," "N. L. D.," "Lily Granger," "Annie," "Edith Ives," "P. L. H." and a host of others who have formerly contributed to the "ladies department" of the FARMER—don't hide your talents in a napkin, but furbish them up and let the world see what literary lights gleam in our firmament.

But few of the Vermont correspondents of the FARMER are known to me, but I will give my mite of knowledge, and if others will do the same, perhaps we may come to know each other as well as the Maine "band."

It is a habit of mine to weave imaginary histories of the authors whose productions strike my fancy, but as my fancy has doubtless indulged in some vagaries, I think I will hardly venture to describe them to the public. But as a small number are known to me, I will give facts instead of fancy in relation to them.

"N. L. D.," whose sensible and refined articles have always done me good to read, is Miss Nellie L. Dunton of East Charleston, a very estimable, intelligent and refined lady, who has been an invalid for some part of the time for several years. I have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance, having casually met her but once, but have friends who know her well.

Up from the Mad river valley, on the hillside, stands a brown farm-house, nestling almost in the shadow of old Lincoln, which stands eternally guarding the vales below. Here, 'mong years agone, settled one of the pioneers of the town of Fayston. Here, among the grand old mountains, in close companionship with nature, eleven children grew to maturity—of whom ten are still living.

It is said that "poets are born, not made," so I will not say that the grand scenery had aught to do with it, but four of this family, the two eldest boys and the two youngest girls very early in life became wedded to the muses. The eldest son known doubtless to many of the readers of the FARMER, though he has never contributed to its columns, is Dr G. N. Brigham a long-time resident of Montpelier, Vt.

The second son has long resided in the West. The daughters are known to the readers of the FARMER by their true names, Sarah Brigham Mansfield and "your humble correspondent."

Now, Mrs Mansfield need not attempt to pass off "Little Rosebud" on the readers of the FARMER as a nurseling of her own—don't you believe a bit of it, for she is actually a grandma—and she not only wears her honors gracefully, but appears to be very proud of "Little Rosebud" whose real name is Inez, familiarly called Nina. But you would never suspect she was grandma to look at her face, and her heart is younger than her face. I might enlarge a good deal upon her personality, but I expect a severe scolding for what I have given, so I hardly venture to say more.

Now let us hear something of the personality of our other Vermont correspondents. Will Paul Pastnor come to the front and explain his *status* and real name? I am particularly interested in him—or rather in his productions—of one thing I am pretty certain, he wields no unpractical pen.

LAURA BRIGHAM BOYCE.

Maple Grove, October, 1875.

A Lecture on Scolding.

Scolding is mostly a habit. There is not much meaning to it. It is often the result of nervousness and an irritable condition of both mind and body. A person is tired or annoyed at some trivial cause and forthwith commences finding fault with everything and everybody in reach. Scolding is a habit very easily formed. It is astonishing how soon one who indulges in it at all becomes addicted to it and confirmed in it. It is an unreasoning and unreasonable habit. Persons who once get in the way of scolding always find something to scold about. If there is nothing else, they fall to scolding at the mere absence of anything to scold at. It is an extremely disagreeable habit. It is contagious. Once introduced into a family, it is pretty certain in a short time, to affect all the members. People in the country more readily fall in the habit of scolding than people in town. Women contract the habit more frequently than men. This may be because they live more constantly in the house, in a confined and heated atmosphere, very trying to the nervous system and the health in general; and it may be, partly, that their natures are more susceptible and their sensitiveness more easily wounded. The proper remedy for the habit, if formed, is to experience an endowment of that divine love shed abroad in the renewed heart by the Holy Ghost, the characteristics of which are that it "is not easily provoked," "thinketh no evil," and "beareth all things."

The Cross-Patch.

I know a little black-eyed boy, with tight curls all over his head. He is very sweet and pleasant when things go right; but he has days when everything seems to go wrong, and then he is called Cross-Patch. His other name is Frank. When these days come round everybody wishes it was night.

Cross-Patch comes down to breakfast with a red nose and a scuffle, and drags his feet along as if they were flat-irons.

Papa hears him coming, and says, "Falling barometer, heavy showers, and possibly storms." Papa says this as if he were reading the newspaper, but he is really reading Frank.

As Cross-Patch comes into the room and bangs the door, Tom, his big brother, exclaims, "Indicative mood!" and Susie, who goes to the high school, laughs and says, "Objective case, and *dis*-agrees with everybody in the first person singular!"

"I don't care: I ain't! and you shan't laugh at me!" roars Frank.

"Croth-pash!" lisps little Lucy.

"Come here, Frank," says mamma, very gently, "and tell mamma what is the matter."

"Phebe got soap in my eyes, and she washed my face hard in the middle, just as if I didn't have any nose at all, and the comb stuck in my hair every time and hurt, and—"

"And you got out at the foot of the bed!" says provoking Tom.

"No, I didn't. I got out at the side; and 'tisn't fair!" cries Frank.

"No," says papa, with a sigh, "I see it isn't; it is very cloudy and threatening."

Then they all laugh, and Cross-Patch gets worse and worse. He sits down at the table, and takes a baked potato; it is hot, and burns his fingers; so he pushes his plate away very hard, and upsets a glass of milk, and has to be sent up-stairs. He puts an apple in his pocket, and goes off to school without any breakfast. On the way a big, bad boy takes the apple away from him, just as he is going to take his first bite.

At school things are no better. The hardest word in the spelling lesson is through, and of course the teacher gives him that word to spell, and he sticks in the middle of it, and can't get *through*.

Then comes the multiplication table, and the teacher asks him "nine times four," and he answers, "sixty-three." The crosswise has got into his brain, and he keeps on saying "sixty-three" till he thinks it is right; and then he is very cross when he is told to learn his lesson, and stay after school to recite it.

As he goes home he wishes he could meet the man that made the spelling book, and the other man that made the multiplication table, so that he might knock them both down, and jump on them with all his might, a long time; but, as he doesn't see them anywhere, he thinks he will play ball.

He plays that the front gate is the spelling-book man, and that the lantern post is the man that made the multiplication table, and he sends the ball, first at one, and then at the other, with great fury. At last, in a very wild throw, Cross-Patch hits the multiplication man—I mean the lantern post—on the head. The pieces come rattling down on the sidewalk, and this dreadful noise frightens away all the crossness. Frank runs into the house to his mamma, and tells her how sorry he is, and begs her to tell papa all about it, and gives her all the money in his little savings bank, to pay for the broken lantern. Then mamma asks him if he is sure that Cross-Patch has gone away entirely, and he cries a great shower of tears, and says, "Yes, mamma, every inch of him!" and mamma gives Frank some supper and puts him to bed, and tells him to pray to the good angels to drive Cross-Patch very far off, in the night, so that he can't get back for a great many days.—*Wide Awake.*

Something Like.

Close upon the shore of Lake Winnepiseogee is a town, and in that town dwells a man whom we will call Amber. Mr Amber keeps a store; and, as he is a genial, accommodating man, he keeps for sale everything which the good people in the country can reasonably expect him to keep. Particularly has it been the practice of Mr Amber to keep a barrel of whisky on tap in his cellar. One in the fall and one in the spring will generally carry him through. He is very careful to whom he sells, and, so far as is known, the authorities have never given him any trouble.

One day Mr Eliphalet Spooner entered the store with a slight protuberance visible upon his left breast. Mr Spooner was a deacon and a most proper man. He called the merchant aside and asked him if he had any good whisky. Amber nodded in the affirmative.

"Will you let me have a pint?" and the deacon pulled from his breast pocket a pint bottle.

"Certainly," said the trader; and forthwith he departed for the cellar. When he returned he brought the full bottle, carefully wiped and corked.

"What is to pay?"

"Fifty cents."

"Mr Spooner handed him over a fifty-cent scrip, and then, in a hesitating way, drew the cork. He placed the bottle to his lips and tasted just a drop, to test the quality of the liquor. He did this twice, and the expression of his face was one of hesitation and doubt.

"Mr Amber," he said, "I'm getting this for my wife. Is this the very best you have?"

"Oh! you want it for medicine?"

"Yes, certainly."

"If that is the case——" The sentence was finished with a smile, and reaching forth for the bottle.

Down into the cellar went the store-keeper again. There was no need that he should empty the bottle and refill it, for he had but one solitary barrel from which to draw, so he took a turn around and soon came back, wiping the bottle afresh.

"I shall have to charge you eighty-seven cents for this, Mr Spooner."

Having paid the extra charge with the utmost cheerfulness, Mr Spooner placed the bottle again to his lips and tasted critically.

"Ah!" he muttered, with a bright smile and graceful nod, "this is something like."

And he went away entirely satisfied. And Mr Amber, also, notwithstanding the fraud he had perpetrated, appeared to be satisfied, if one might judge from the quiet smile that illuminated his rubicund visage.

Make Every Day Happy.

Here a little, and there a little. Give kind words to each and all whom you meet, especially express sympathy to those who have met with unexpected reverses or losses, either of property or relations. If you have an old garment and meet one who has none, or almost less than none, bestow it upon them freely. A few pennies, here and there, and a kind word accompanying, given to a suffering child, will be remembered of you, and the thought, as you lay down to sleep at night, will surely come to you, of having tried to make others happy as well as yourself. If we have done an act of kindness a day, and live forty years, how does it foot up? We leave that for you.

Ess and Esses.

"So you have finished your studies at the Seminary? I was much pleased with the closing exercises. The author of that poem—Miss White, I think, you called her—bids fair to become known as a poet."

"We think the authoress will become celebrated as a postess," remarked the young lady, pertly, with a marked emphasis on two words of the sentence.

"Oh!—ah!" replied the old gentleman, looking thoughtfully over his spectacles at the young lady. "I hear her sister was quite an actress, and under Miss Hosmer's instructions will undoubtedly become quite a sculptoress."

The young lady appeared irritated.

"The seminary," continued the old gentleman, with imperturbable gravity, "is fortunate in having an efficient board of manageresses. From the presidentress down to the humblest teachress, unusual talent is shown. There is Miss Harper, who as a chemistress is unequaled, and Mrs Knowles has already a reputation as an astronomeress. And in the department of music few can equal Miss Kellogg as a singeress."

The young lady did not appear to like the chair she was sitting on. She took the sofa at the other end of the room.

"Yes," continued the old gentleman, as if talking to himself, "those White sisters are very talented. Mary, I understand, has turned her attention to painting and the drama, and will surely become famous as a painteress, and even as a lecturess."

A loud slamming of the door caused the old gentleman to look up, and the criticess and grammarianess was gone.

A Chapter on Manners.

It is a sign of bad manners to look over the shoulders of a person who is writing, to see what is written.

It is bad manners to occupy a seat while other people stand around without one.

It is bad manners to go into any person's house without taking off your hat.

It is bad manners to use profane language in the presence of decent company.

It is bad manners to use your own knife on the butter dish.

It is bad manners to go into any person's house with mud or dirt on your shoes.

It is bad manners to talk in company when others are talking, or to talk or whisper in church.

It is bad manners to talk in company to one or two persons about some subject which the others do not understand.

It is bad manners to stare at strangers in company or in the street.

It is bad manners to say "Yes" or "No" to a stranger, or to your parents, or to aged people; let it be "Yes, sir," and "No, sir."

It is bad manners to pick your teeth at the table, and bad manners to pick them with a pin in any company.

It is bad manners to comb your hair and brush your coat in the eating room.

It is a sign of low breeding to make a display of your finery or equipage.

It is bad manners to boast of your wealth or prosperity or good fortune in the presence of the poor or those less fortunate than you are.

It is vulgar to talk much about yourself.

A Too Gallant Conductor.

Conductor B—— is always very polite to the ladies. All conductors are polite to ladies, particularly so provided they are young and handsome. Miss C—— was handed on board at the station as carefully as though she was "glass—to be handled with care." An extra seat was turned over on the shady side of the car, and the conductor took a seat by her side to do the agreeable, having met Miss C—— on the train before. Presently, as matters were going along nicely, an old man in his shirt-sleeves half threw himself into the seat in front, which the conductor had unlocked and turned over for the benefit of the parties more immediately concerned. Mr B—— spoke up sharply:

"Go away from here!"

But the old man didn't go. Conductor says still more sharply:

"Go away, or I'll make you!"

But still no go, while a vacant, provoking smile sat upon the face of the intruder. Whereupon Conductor B—— grasped the old farmer by the nape of the neck. At the same time the young lady grasped the arm of the conductor, exclaiming:

"Please don't Mr B——. This is my father!"

Ever since, Conductor B—— always asks young ladies if they are traveling alone.—*Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for October.*

Mother with Sleepless Babe.

The Herald of Health contains the following question and answer:

How is a mother with a restless babe to obtain that sleep you advise? I have not slept more than four hours a night for the past year. I am losing flesh and am nearly broken down.

ANS.—Find out the cause of the sleeplessness of the babe, and remove it. If you cannot do this, then get some one to help you and take your sleep. If you don't the consequences will be serious. No doubt the child has been wrongly managed in some way. Young babies ought to pass the first months of their lives in the country, for its stillness no less than its fresh air. But where silence is not to be commanded, baby may be soothed by folding a soft napkin wet with warmish water lightly over the top of its head, its eyes and ears. It is the best way to put nervous babies asleep; we have tried it hundreds of times. A fine towel would be wet and laid over its head, the ends twisted a little till it made a sort of skull-cap, and though baby sometimes fought against being blindfolded in this way, five minutes usually sent him off into deep and blissful slumber. The compress cooled the little feverish brain, deadened sound in his ears, and shut out everything that took his attention, so that sleep took him unaware. Teething babies find this very comforting; for their heads are always hot, and there is fever beating in the arteries each side.

Idleness.

Many young people think that an idle life must be a pleasant one; but there are none who enjoy so little, and are such burdens to themselves, as those who have nothing to do. Those who are obliged to work hard all day enjoy their short period of rest and recreation so much that they are apt to think if their whole lives were spent in rest and recreation, it would be the most pleasant of all. But this is a sad mistake, as they would soon find out if they made a trial of the life they think so agreeable. One who is never busy can never enjoy rest, for rest implies a relief from previous labor; and if our whole time were spent in amusing ourselves, we should find it more wearisome than the hardest day's work. Recreation is only valuable as it unbends us: the idle know it not.

Many people leave off business, and settle down to a life of enjoyment; but they generally find that they are not nearly so happy as they were before, and are often glad to return to their old occupations to escape the miseries of indolence.

"Job Printing!" exclaimed an old lady, the other day, as she peeped over her spectacles at the advertising page of a newspaper. "Poor Job! they 've kept him printing, week after week, ever since I larnt to read; and if he wasn't the patientest man that ever was, he never could have stood it so long, no how!"

"Rows upon the road to heaven," is the Rochester Union's felicitous description of the recent religious troubles in Canada.

FARM FOR SALE
In Sherburne, Vt.

THE Subscriber offers for sale the homestead farm of Lewis Hawkins, deceased, situated in Sherburne, Rutland county, Vt., on stage road from Woodstock to Rutland. Said farm contains 80 acres of good land, well divided into tillage, pasturing and wood lands, well fenced and watered. Running water to house and barn.

A SUGAR ORCHARD OF 300 TREES,

second growth, and excellent for sap. 100 Young Apple Trees in good bearing condition, one-half of which is nice grafted fruit. The buildings are convenient and in good repair. The above described farm is within 12 miles of Rutland, one-half mile of post office, school-house, store and meeting-house, and for picturesque and mountain scenery its equal cannot be surpassed in Vermont. Said described property, together with one-half of the hay, potatoes and grain of this year's growth will be sold at a very low price for cash. I mean business. For further information, inquire of CARLOS HAWKINS, Reading, Windsor county, Vt.

CARLOS HAWKINS, Adm'r.

Reading, October 11, 1875.

$5 to $20 per day. Agents wanted. All classes of working people of both sexes, young and old, make more money at work for us, in their own localities, during their spare moments, or all the time, than at any thing else. We offer employment that will pay handsomely for every hour's work. Full particulars, terms, &c., sent free. Send us your address at once. Don't delay. Now is the time. Don't look for work or business elsewhere, until you have learned what we offer. G. STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

Fairbanks' Scales.
Established 1830.

THE public appreciation of these trustworthy, reliable and durable scales, is shown by the steady growth of the business, which is larger this year than ever before. The quality is not only fully sustained, but improvements are constantly being made, so that they continue to be, as ever, the Standard. Every variety, as Railroad, Hay, Coal, Platform and Counter Scales for sale at our warehouses,

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Job Printing of every description done in a superior manner and at extremely low rates, at Rowell's Steam Power Job Printing House, St. Johnsbury, Vt.
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Thoroughbred Fowls
FOR SALE.

BUFF Cochins, Plymouth Rock, pedigree stock. Partridge Cochins, Light Brahmas, Rouen Ducks, all from large, heavy stock. White Leghorns, Brown Leghorns, Black Breasted Red Game Bantams, Silver Spangled Hamburgs. All the

ABOVE VARIETIES AT $3.00 PER PAIR.

Bronze Turkeys, pedigree stock. My old pair weighs 45 lbs. Young birds $5 per pair. My fowls took nine prizes at the Caledonia county fair this fall. I will deliver to the express office, free of charge. Send in your orders. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address,
W. L. SWETT,
St Johnsbury, Vt.

TOGUS FARM
HAS FOR SALE
AT LOW PRICES
COTSWOLD RAMS & JERSEY BULLS.

Special Announcement
FOR
AUTUMN, 1875.

HAVING made very important and valuable improvements in my

Photograph Art Gallery,

reconstructing my Studio at great expense, after plans and principles of the Studios of the most distinguished German artists in Portrait Photography, I now have the

VERY BEST FACILITIES

in the State of Vermont, and none better in this country for producing the most correctly lighted portraits, whether large or small.

Having formerly been a pupil about three years of one of the best educated Portrait Painters who has yet visited this country, and more than

20 Years Experience

in the business (always receiving the patronage of the most cultured in the city of Boston for more than fifteen years), I trust I am able to produce photographic portraits to please those desiring work of high merit.

I specially invite the attention of persons intelligent in art matters to the

LARGE SIZED PICTURES

introduced and made only at this establishment, and with large and costly instruments, possessed in northern New England

ONLY AT THIS GALLERY.

I employ none but the most skillful and experienced assistants. No apprentices employed here. I have had the honor of highly complimentary resolutions from the State Legislature of Vermont, and the Press, patronized by the Judges of the Supreme Court, and more distinguished persons than any and all other galleries in this state; for all which I desire to return thanks, and solicit a continuance of the confidence and patronage of the intelligent public. I shall be specially prepared to attend to

VISITORS FROM A DISTANCE

during the coming fair to be held in this town, with despatch.

Please call and examine my collection of portraits and beautiful Landscape Views.

Copying of every description, and frames in all varieties.

D. A. CLIFFORD,
(Prop'r of Clifford's Gallery),
St Johnsbury, Vt.

Dwellings For Sale!

BEING about to leave the state, the Subscriber offers for sale a fine two-story dwelling house on Spring street, St Johnsbury, situated at the north end of the village, commanding a view of the Passumpsic river and mountain scenery beyond, which never can be cut off. The house is irregular in form, and contains 14 large, well lighted rooms. Supplied with Waterford water above and below. Barn and shed attached. Buildings all new and thoroughly and tastily finished throughout.

ALSO another good sized story and a half cottage house, with barn. These buildings are new and situated in the new village, near the old fair ground, overlooking a large part of the main village, and commanding a fair view of the Passumpsic valley to the south.

These buildings will be sold on reasonable terms and easy payments on good paper. Inquire of
H. H. MORGAN, Lyndon, Vt.
Or N. P. BOWMAN, St Johnsbury.

STRAWBERRIES AND PEACHES,
NEW SORTS, BY MAIL.

Plants of the newest and finest improved sorts, carefully packed and prepaid by mail. My collection of strawberries took the first premium for the best collection at the great show of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, in Boston, this season. I grow nearly 100 varieties, the most complete collection in the country, including all the new, large American and imported kinds. Priced descriptive catalogue gratis, by mail. Also bulbs, fruit trees, roses, evergreens. Twenty-five packets flower or garden seeds $1, by mail.

C. C. C. The True Cape Cod Cranberry, best sort for upland, lowland, or garden, by mail, prepaid. One dollar per 100; five dollars per 1,000. Wholesale catalogue to the trade. Agents wanted.
B. M. WATSON, Old Colony Nurseries and Seed Warehouse, Plymouth, Mass. Established 1842.

Address Cards.
100 NICE ADDRESS CARDS ONLY .60
A Rare Chance
FOR THE
YOUNG FOLKS

to make money, by soliciting orders for Cards. Send two stamps for specimens and terms.

Address,
G. W. COOK,
Bellows Falls, Vt.

JOS. L. PERKINS, M. D., D. D. S.,
DENTIST,
St Johnsbury, - Vermont.

The Very Best

Of Cards, with your name printed in the best of style 15 cents per dozen or 75 cents per hundred, sent post paid on receipt of price. F. D. HARMON,
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BELDEN & IDE, - Attorneys.
OFFICE IN BANK BLOCK, MAIN STREET, ST. JOHNSBURY, VT.
Henry C. Belden. Henry C. Ide.

Stop! Look Here!

FOR SALE.—400 choice Russian apple trees, consisting of Dutchess of Oldenburg, Tetofsky, Transcendant and other varieties. Price, three for $1, at my orchard.
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East Lyndon, Vt.

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YOUNG MEN and ladies wanted to learn to Telegraph, for positions in telegraph offices and railroad stations. Employment soon as qualified. Telegraph business increasing, operators in demand. Address, with stamp, TELEGRAPH INSTRUCTION INSTITUTE, 738 Washington St., Boston.

EVERY ONE SHOULD KNOW That Bancroft's Liniment cures Canker-rash, Measles, Summer Complaint, Coughs, Colds and Pains. Do not fail to get a bottle and use when you are sick. Sold everywhere. Prepared by D. W. BANCROFT, Marshfield, Vt. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, General Agents.

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The oldest and best recommended remedy is

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Price, large, $1.00, small, old style, .50 Get the genuine. CUTLER BROS & CO, Druggists, Boston, Sole Proprietors.

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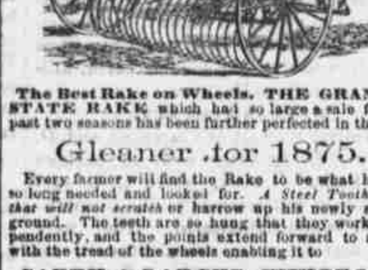
WHEEL RAKE.



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Rake Cleaner,
WORK EASIER,

with less draft than any other. It is built of the best material, simple and will rake clean over stones and stumps.

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E. T. PARKER,
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Agent for Caledonia and Orleans Counties.

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CABINET ORGANS,
UNEQUALED if judged critically, UNAPPROACHED
in capacity and excellence by any others. Awarded
THREE HIGHEST MEDALS
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VIENNA, 1873; PARIS, 1867.

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INSIST on having a Mason & Hamlin. Do not take any other. *Dealers get LARGER COMMISSIONS for selling inferior organs, and for this reason often try very hard to sell something else.*

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Begins on Monday, Sept. 13th, 1875. In addition to the full board of Instruction constantly employed, the services of a

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Send for the new catalogue to
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PRINTERS OUT OF THE STATE may as well give their attention to this matter, for the Vermont printers are not particularly noted for going en masse in the wrong direction.

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Yours, &c.,
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J. W. HOBART, Gen'l Supt.
St. Albans, Vt., Nov. 1, 1875.

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Dealers in
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Also, Agents for the three leading Organs in the World
Estey, Geo. Woods, Mason & Hamlin.
Prices from $50 upwards.
Sheet Music, Music Books, Piano Stools, &c.,
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SUGAR EVAPORATOR

FOR
MAKING MAPLE SUGAR.

Great Reduction in Prices for Fall, 1875.

THIS Evaporator is by far the best implement ever offered the Sugar Maker. A great saving is made in time and fuel by its use, and the sugar is nice and usually brings from two to five cents per pound more than other sugar. For a treatise on sugar making, address, with stamp,

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The Peruvian Syrup Vitalizes and enriches the blood, tones up the System, builds up the Broken-down, Cures Dyspepsia, Debility, Dropsy, Chills and Fevers, Chronic Diarrhœa, Nervous Affections, Boils, Humors, Diseases of the Kidneys and Bladder, Female Complaints, &c.

Thousands have been changed by the use of this remedy from weak, sickly, suffering creatures, to strong, healthy, happy men and women; and invalids cannot reasonably hesitate to give it a trial.

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The Epizootic Cough and Heave Powders

WILL invariably cure any horse attacked with the Epizootic or Heaves, and relieves a cough instantly. Over 100 references in Orleans county. Large package (over one pound) will be sent to any place free of expense, on receipt of $1.00. Ask your druggist for it, or send to J. R. HALL, Newport, Vt.