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The largest stock ever offered in the state
Hammocks of every Description.
We can save you money if you come and see us.
O. P. the Herwick House, UTAH VT

General Vermont News.

G. D. Boynton and J. H. Allen are circulating for the post-offices.

D. Patrick has received at his elder mill this fall over 20,000 bushels of apples.

P. McDonough, of Hinsburgh, has sold all the cheese made at his place during August and September for 11 cents per pound.

Ninety-three immigrants were admitted to the United States through the Burlington district during the month of October. According to nationality they were classified as follows: Sweden, 41; Germany, 16; Poland, 1; Roumania, 2; Bohemia, 1; England, 2; and Austria, 5.

John Enright, aged 42, suddenly at his home in South Burlington. Mr. Enright had not been in good health for some days. He went out to his barn Thursday morning when he was taken suddenly ill and died of a disease of the heart. He was about 79 years of age, and leaves a wife and four sons: P. J., John J., Michael and Theodore.

All the necessary preparations are being made for the college Green in Burlington, a place of beauty during the coming spring. Hon. W. C. Patton has had imported a large quantity of bulbs which are now being set and others to take their place in this variety. The shrubs and trees are also being treated by an experienced gardener.

The apple market is in a demoralized condition. Seventy-five cents is all that is offered for the common varieties of Gravenstein, Baldwin, northern spica, Spitzenberg and a few other red varieties which were being set at \$1.00 per bushel. The market is a little more. A car is being loaded at New Haven consigned to a Chicago firm to be shipped to the West. The fruit is to be packed in crates and shipped to the West.

Car No. 1 of the United States fish commissioners passed through St. Johnsbury recently on route from Green Lake station, Me., to Blake point, where it was captured and has no fish. The car contained over 400 lbs. of fish, and was the first one constructed for the transportation of fish.

The convention of the Vermont State teachers' association, which closed a three days' session at St. Albans has been a notable occasion in the history of public school work in this state, and all its exercises have tended to bring to the front and to crystallize the thought of the teachers of the state. The methods of those who have made and are making the higher instruction of a youth a special study. The following list of officers were elected: President, C. H. Morrill of Bakerfield; vice-president, P. C. Hoyt of Middlebury; secretary, W. D. Parsons of Swanton. Mrs. H. M. Marvin of Albion, H. A. Beebe of Morrisville, F. A. Bloomer of Ferrisburgh, H. C. Pond of Burlington, E. D. Abbott of Proctor, Harriet E. Savage of Montpelier, H. E. Bristol of Saxtons River, and H. D. Bennett of Ferrisburgh.

Mr. H. H. Treasurer, F. A. Bagwell of St. Albans; executive committee, H. C. Pond of Burlington, W. J. Kelly of St. Johnsbury, and C. D. Davis of White River Junction; member of legislative committee, Walter E. Rouse of Johnson.

CARE'S SLAVE.

It was the budding May-time,
The white boughs overhead,
"Oh, give me some play-time,
Good Master Care," I said.
I saw his head bent to shake—
"Not now; just wait and see—
I'll give you a holiday
When planting's done," said he.
It was the growing summer;
How cool the woodland's shade?
Again an eager owner,
"Oh, give to-day!" I prayed.
Old Master Care's forehead knelt:
"The grass is ripe to grow,
Work on till hay-time is past,
And then I'll let you go."
It was the glad September;
The maple leaves were red;
"Oh, Master Care! Remember,
You promised me," I said.
"And you will yield," he answered me,
"I'll keep my promise true,
And you may sport when harvest's done,
With nothing else to do."
Now winter winds are blowing—
(How weak I feel and old!)
And, by the hearth bright glowing,
I shiver with the cold.
And Care sits down beside me,
And puts up, one by one,
The tasks that I have done amiss,
Or have left undone;
While I, low muttering to myself,
Wish I had laughed and sung,
And had my share of honest joy
When I was strong and young.
—Marion Douais, in Harper's Bazar.

THE MIDNIGHT WATCH.

It was during the time of my connection with the Blankborough police force that the incident related in the following lines occurred. Although there is nothing startling in the details, and the unraveling of the mystery with which they deal required no great amount of sagacity on my part, still I am inclined to think that there is sufficient interest about the affair to warrant making it public.

I was engaged with the superintendent one morning on some routine business when a note was handed in from Mr. Bridgforth, a well-known solicitor practicing in the town. The superintendent read the missive and then turned to me.

"It is a case of pilfering, Sampson," he said, "and the thief, of course, cannot be discovered. There is nothing requiring your service this morning, so go and see what you can do in the matter."

I put on my hat and went as directed. Mr. Bridgforth's place was well known to me, and I was soon the occupant of a seat in the private room at his office.

"I have been a good deal concerned of late," said the solicitor, turning to the business at once, "about the abstraction of certain sums of money from my cash-box in my desk, and as I fear that I am being robbed by some one in the office, and cannot put my hand on the actual offender, I am compelled to seek the aid of the police."

"Quite so, sir," I said, "and it will be both the duty and the pleasure of the force, and of myself, to give you every possible assistance in the matter. How long have the pilferings been going on?" I asked.

"About a week or ten days," was the reply; "and the robberies always take place at night, after the office is closed."

"How do you know that?" "Because I count the cash in my desk every evening before locking up, when everybody has left, and again the next morning, before any one arrives," said Mr. Bridgforth.

"What are the amounts you have missed?" "They have varied. One night five pounds were taken, another seven, a third three, and so on. Altogether I have been robbed of fifty-five sovereigns, and I don't know where it is going to end."

"Have you any suspicion as to whom the thief may be?" "None whatever—unless—" Mr. Bridgforth hesitated.

"Go on, sir," I said. "Give expression to your thoughts, they may furnish a clue."

"I was going to say," continued the solicitor, "with some apparent reticence, 'unless it be Hartley; but I cannot believe him guilty of such a thing,'" he added.

"Who is Hartley?" I asked. "My confidential clerk," replied Mr. Bridgforth. "He has been with me ever since he was a boy, and his character has always been above suspicion."

"Then why should his name occur to you in connection with these thefts?" I queried. "Well, it is in this," said the solicitor, "that the thefts are the only persons who sleep on the premises, and as there are no signs of burglary or entry, and the thefts always take place in the night, I am—in spite of myself—driven to a certain conclusion."

"The natural one, in the circumstances," I ventured. "But tell me, you keep several clerks in addition to Hartley?" "Yes; four others."

"At what time do they leave?" "Six o'clock."

"When do you lock up?" "About half-past eight or seven."

"You lock your desk and the office door?" "Yes."

"Does anyone beside yourself possess keys of either?" "Hartley does of both."

"And you say he sleeps on the premises?" "Yes."

"No one else?" "Myself."

"But you do not live here, Mr. Bridgforth?"

"Quite so. My residence is on the outside of the town, but for several nights I have been sleeping at the office."

"In order to catch the thief?" I queried.

"Indeed, that was not my motive at all," said the lawyer, quickly. "And, as a matter of fact, the robberies have only occurred since my journey in the place; they never once happened before."

"Very likely. But, assuming that

HARTLEY IS THE THIEF.

Can you suggest a motive for his pilferings?" I asked. "None whatever," was the reply. "What kind of a life does he lead?" "Nobody more so."

"Does he bet or gamble?" "Neither, to my knowledge. He is engaged to a very respectable girl, and I know, as a fact, that he strictly contemplates housekeeping."

"There is a motive for pilfering," I said, with a shrug of the shoulders. "How so?" asked the solicitor. "Why, a house requires furniture, and furniture costs money," I said.

"Then you think that Hartley is helping himself to my cash in order to fit up his home?" said Mr. Bridgforth. "It looks remarkably like it," I replied. "But we shall probably see, of course, you have not charged him with the thefts?"

"No, for I cannot persuade myself of his guilt."

"And he has no knowledge of the object of my visit?" "None, so far as I am aware."

"Very well, let him be in the dark for the present. Meanwhile, can you tell me your object for sleeping on these premises for the last few nights?"

"Well," said Mr. Bridgforth, slowly; "it is this. For some little time I have found myself out of sorts. There is nothing really the matter with me, that I know of, but I have been spending a lot of restless nights, where there is plenty of sleep and an ample accommodation."

"I see."

"Well," went on the solicitor, "the change answered admirably. From the very first night I slept soundly, save for some persistent dreaming, which nightly haunts me and leaves me somewhat unrefreshed in the morning. The old woman who comes in to do for Hartley finds it little easier work to prepare a dormitory for me, so I have remained for the present. That is the explanation."

"Thank you, sir. We will now try and run this thief to earth. What you propose is very simple. Find me a hiding-place here to-night—a screen or cupboard will do, for I am used to cramped quarters—and I will see what is to be seen. Look your desk and door as usual, but provide me with a key of the latter for use if needed."

Mr. Bridgforth agreed, and shortly after I took my departure. As I passed through the outer room I got a look at the clerk, and in particular to Hartley, which I was enabled to do without suspicion. Judging from appearance, he was a well-looking fellow, but a thief, having a frank, open countenance, and lacking altogether the shiftness of vision characteristic of almost every rogue. Aware, however, that there is nothing more deceptive than an astute man, I went away, little doubting that Hartley was my man.

Late that evening I presented myself at Mr. Bridgforth's door, and was received by the gentleman in person. The office was closed, the clerks had all gone home, and Hartley was out, presumably love-making. Mr. Bridgforth, however, remained behind a cabinet with stood in one corner of the office, and here I announced myself with as much comfort as the circumstances permitted.

At half-past ten the solicitor retired, looking both his desk and the office door before going upstairs, and providing me with a duplicate key of the latter. As I had desired, Hartley would be home, he informed me, about eleven o'clock, and would doubtless go straight to his room.

The lawyer's estimate proved correct, for almost exactly on the stroke of the hour, a key turned in the lock of the outer door and the confidential clerk entered. He had no occasion to come into the office in order to reach his apartment, but on his way past he paused a moment and tried the handle of the door, and, finding it fastened, went on his way. A minute later I heard the closing of his chamber door and my watch began.

The time passed slowly away. Twelve o'clock struck, then one, then two, and I had begun to think that my vigil would be in vain, when, in the stillness of the night, I heard a door softly opened above, and a cautious footstep slowly descended the stairs. It paused at the foot of them, close to the door of the room in which I lay hid, and I next heard the jingling of a bunch of keys, as if the possessor of them was selecting the right one to fit the lock. A moment later the portal opened, and the pilferer entered. He placed his place was in darkness, and I had to strain my eyes to watch his movements. The lantern I had with me I did not desire to use until the right moment, for it was my hope to capture the thief in the very act of leaving the premises.

I wrapped in a long gown, and without shoes on his feet, the pilferer lifted steadily to the desk, and fitted a key into the lock, lifted the lid. He then opened the cash box and took out some of the coins.

Now was my time. Slipping from my hiding-place, I turned the lantern on, and confronted the culprit. As I did so, I gave a start of surprise, for the man I encountered was Mr. Bridgforth himself, and I could tell by his closed eyes that he was fast asleep, and, of course, quite unaware what I was doing.

"What does the light from my lantern bother him somewhat (for he passed his hand several times dreamily across his face), I replaced the shade, and the somnambulist at once closed and fastened the desk, and then walked out of the office, looking the door behind him. Scarcely I reopened it and followed him.

He retraced his steps up the stairs, and, going to a cupboard on the landing, stooped down, rummaging a second or two among some old rubbish at the bottom, and seeming to deposit his coins there. He then entered a chamber adjoining. Poorly conscious of his own position, he slipped off his shoes, and got unconsciously into the bed he had a few minutes before left.

"Well, Sampson," said Mr. Bridgforth, "I have been thinking of you for some time, and I am glad to hear that you are well."

THE FIELD OF ADVENTURE.

Stratton tells how he wandered on to the desert in search of gold and explains how he got lost and gave up hope. He says:

Finding that I was lost I was about to give up. Coming to a large bush I dug a hole in the sand with my hands and put my head and shoulders well in the shade. I intended remaining there until the cool of the day, but before long the sun got higher. It was fairly roasted out. It was terrific.

My mouth and throat were all dried up. I went on, still thinking the next turn would disclose St. Elmo. Finally I sank down and, having one piece of paper, I intended to write the names of my friends, but I was so exhausted I could not make the exertion. I went to sleep and had visions of waters dripping about with trays of cooling drinks and food. Occasionally I would be aroused by the sound of voices and wheels, but would only find that it was a dream.

For two days I went through this torment. Finally I gave up all hope. For hours I lay in agony, dreaming of water. I imagined that I could see rained streams all about me, and I tried to reach them. Every time I found that I was mistaken.

At last I saw a team and two men, but I said to myself that it was only because I was so wild. Finally one man came near me and placed a cup of water on the ground where I could reach it. I crawled to it and drank it down. I did not have a meal for three days and had not touched water for twenty-four hours. My rescuers brought a can of tomatoes and I was fed. I was just like a wild man and my unknown friends kept a safe distance from me until they saw that I was quieting down. Then they came up and gave me assistance. I was taken to Mojave more dead than alive, and there I was cared for until recovered. The men to whom I owe my life are Thomas J. Hughes and William Silva, of Bakerfield. It is a terrible experience to be lost in the desert without food or water, with the sun torturing you at every step. There is no escape from the heat and the thirst that comes over a person driven blind mad.

A Timely Rescue.
Herman Hutter and Charles Whitman, of Missouri, armed with rifles and accompanied by a deerhound, one day went up the Rattlesnake River in quest of game. They climbed the mountains to the left of the stream and separated, taking opposite sides of the river. Mr. Hutter, however, did not come down below me, and it made me deathly sick as I took in the situation. My body was twisting around and around, and I began to feel like a man like a man who is in pain in my ankle was agonizing. At last I observed the parachute about ten feet below me and recognized the voice as that of Professor McShoen, in the parachute.

Gradually I overcame the confusion, feeling sufficiently to comprehend what he was saying to me. He motioned to a rope that hung down from the balloon within my reach, and at last I reached out my hand and grasped it. He told me to climb up and get in the net of ropes and to hold on to the rope as tight as I could and to fix myself firmly there, where I would be perfectly safe.

"Then and there began the toughest task of my life. Professor McShoen kept telling me over and over, without betraying the least excitement in voice or gesture, how to manage the rope and to hold on to it. Slowly and painfully I pulled myself up, straining with all my might to get my head above my heels, and, after what seemed to me hours and hours, I succeeded. Then with the small grass cord cutting into the flesh of my hands and feeling like it was a red hot iron, I began to pull myself up little by little, as I had no 'purchase' until I reached the point where the ropes crossed.

"It required all my strength to get my feet astraddle of the crossed ropes and I was ready to faint with exhaustion when I realized my hold on the rope and my weight in the net. I did not know how high we were at the time, but Professor McShoen told me afterwards that we were at least 3000 feet above the earth.

"About the time I got myself firmly fixed in my seat I heard him calling me again. He was telling me that he was going to cut loose the parachute and for me not to grow alarmed and lose my grip on the ropes. In a few minutes the balloon suddenly opened upward at a fearful rate, and looking down I saw the parachute sailing off and descending like a big bird. I gripped the ropes still more firmly and soon realized that the balloon was drawing near the earth.

"Professor McShoen had found that our combined weight was too much for the balloon and that we were in danger of being dragged to death, so he had prepared to cut with me and reach the ground in safety. Lower and lower the balloon drifted until it reached the outskirts of the town, when the trailing ropes were caught by the people below and it was brought to a standstill.

"You never heard such a cheer in all your life as those people set up as I touched the ground. Men and women laughed and cried and hugged me as though I had been their nearest and dearest relative. They helped me untangle myself and carried me up town on their shoulders. I was never made so much of in my life before or since."

Boarding Houses for Plants.
"Boarding houses for plants" is a continental idea which is declared to be very successful. When a householder goes away in the autumn he takes all his valuable plants and deposits them, at a small charge, in the care of a florist. He leaves home secure in the knowledge that they will receive proper attention during his absence, and will be fresh and thriving to welcome him back again.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

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Professor Liveridge, of the Sydney (Australia) University, has made chemical experiments which, he says, show that there are over 100,000,000 tons of gold dissolved in the ocean water of the world, if the rate of one grain per ton, which he found on the Australian coast.

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NEW YORK LETTER.

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.)

At a cost of about \$50,000 Uncle Sam has recently sent the First artillery away from the principal forts in New York harbor, and the last detachments of the Fifth artillery have arrived in the last few days to garrison these forts. For this reason forts Hamilton, Wadsworth and Bloomsburg have been prominent in the minds of the public, and everybody is busy with preparations for house-keeping in the new home to which Uncle Sam has assigned them. The officer as well as the trooper is seen in fatigue uniform, or any old thing that is rough and ready, unpacking the household goods, laying carpets, hanging curtains and performing other offices of utility that seem strange hardships than war would entail.

Many of the officers of the First artillery were well known in society in and about New York and will be greatly missed by a large circle of friends. Those stationed at fort Bloomsburg, David's island, were prominent in the work of the social functions at New Rochelle and those from forts Hamilton and Wadsworth were in evidence at many of the greatest entertainments of the city. The Fifth artillery comes from the Pacific coast, where it has guarded the harbor of San Francisco since 1890. Its officers have made a social record in the Golden Gate and are certain to repeat their successes here. But to many of them the change of post was unexpected and very unwelcome. It has put them to much extra expense and inconvenience broken up their plans in many particulars, and in some cases caused the temporary severance of families, but the officers are doing their best to overcome the difficulties of the situation.

High up in a Wall street skyscraper in the rooms of the New York Zoological society, plans are now being perfected for the establishment in this city of the greatest zoo in the world. Drawings for a dozen or more of the proposed two score buildings have been completed, and later on will be submitted to the municipal authorities when the question of site comes up for consideration. Director William T. Hornaday has just returned from a three month's visit to all the great animal gardens of Europe. He was requested by the New York society to study all the good and desirable features of foreign zoos, and, as a result, has brought back several volumes of data and a thousand or more photographs and drawings of buildings and contents and surroundings.

Two widely different conceptions of the program of charity have come into conflict through the effort of the Salvation Army to open shelters for men in the crowded quarters of this city. Commander Booth-Tucker announces that the Lord wants him to provide "a room and bath" and a clean mat thrown in, for the homeless men of the city. The philanthropic workers among the New York poor whose hearts are quite as large as Mr. Booth-Tucker's, and whose knowledge of the conditions to be contended with is immensely greater, who are deeply distressed by this ill-advised program. The teachings of experience are not to be lightly regarded in such a matter, and the apparently homeless men of the English-speaking race, the enactment of the famous poor law of Elizabeth, has over and over again demonstrated that the one most certain, and on the whole, most cruel way to increase pauperism and crime is to provide an unconditional "relief" for the apparently homeless men. This very experiment of "shelters" has been going on for some time in London, with most evil results. Over 600 hardened pauper cases have recently been traced to one notorious "shelter," where a large proportion of them had been cared for long enough to give them a legal residence, and a claim upon public aid. For many years the most intelligent and devoted philanthropy of this city has been fighting great odds to diminish vagrancy. Recently the effective co-operation of the police and of the department of charities and correction was secured, and real progress was being made. The program of the Salvation Army, if carried out, would bring to New York this winter thousands of young and able-bodied men from country towns, in nominal search of work, which would not be found, and hundreds of them would inevitably become habitual vagrants.

It is funny to see the republican mayoral and democratic comptroller of New York quarreling over the question as to which of them is entitled to the credit for the success of the latest municipal bond sale. "I personally wrote to several of the largest banking firms asking them to bid for these bonds, and received their assurance that they would do so," says the mayor. "That's right," says the comptroller, "I asked the mayor to do so." The fact is that the success of the loan was due to neither of these officials, but to the good credit of the city of New York and to the renewed confidence in public credit everywhere.

Knickerbocker.
A Swedish woman has found an infallible cure for obesity, she declares. The uncomfortable and ungraceful fat man or woman has only to begin something and he will find it very easy and often turn them into early and fat in time it becomes a delightful and exhilarating exercise. It is claimed the fat person gets the somewhat habit, as it were, and the waist girth is reduced to slender and aesthetically proportions. We publish the cure without charging a cent for it.

Almost Fatal.
"How did old Hopley receive your proposition for his daughter's hand?" "Well, I'm no doctor, but he had kept his eyes fixed on a shower of infinitesimal pieces, or how I ever got over that back fence alive, I will always be among the deepest mysteries of my experience."

The paradox of the X-rays, according to the present knowledge of them, is that they will penetrate almost every part of the living but the liver.

Schools for teaching boys and girls to swim are to be established in various portions of the United States. Competent instructors will be employed, and the pupils will be divided into classes, just as in the public schools. The first experiment is to take place in New York. It will be in charge of Frederick C. Wilson and John W. Miller. Mr. Wilson is New York's best known aquatic life saver, having saved thirty-two lives within a few years. The proposed school, while public in every sense of the