

Select Miscellany.

ELAINE AND ELAINE.

Dead, she drifted to his feet. Tell us, Love, is Death so sweet? Oh! the river flows deep, Fathoms deeper is her sleep. Oh! the current drifts strong, Wilder tides drive souls along. Drifting, though he loved her not, To the heart of Lunenburg. Let her pass: it is her place, Death hath given her this grace. Let her pass; she breathes well, What her dreams are, who can tell? Mute the steersman: why, if he Speaks not a word, should we?

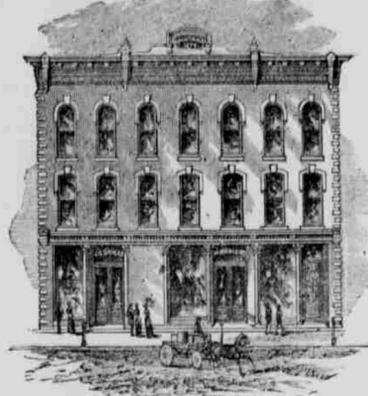
The Deacon's Week.

The communion service of January was just over in the church at Sugar Hollow, and people were waiting for Mr. Parkes to give out the hymn, but he did not give it out; he laid his book down on the table, and looked about on his church. He was a man of simplicity and sincerity, fully in earnest to do his Lord's work and do it with all his might, but he did sometimes feel discouraged. His congregation was a mixture of farmers and mechanics, for Sugar Hollow was cut in two by Sugar Brook, a brawling, noisy stream that turned the wheel of many a mill and manufactory, yet on the hills around it there was still a scattered population, eating their bread in the full perception of the primeval curse. So he had to contend with the keen brain and skeptical comment of the men who piqued themselves on power to hammer on theological problems as well as hot iron, with the jealousy and repulsion and bitter feeling that has bred the communistic heresies abroad and at home; while perhaps he had a still harder task to awaken the sluggish souls of those who used their days to struggle with barren hillsides and rocky pasture for mere food and clothing, and their nights to sleep the full sleep of physical fatigue and mental vacuity. It seemed sometimes to Mr. Parkes that nothing but the trump of Gabriel could arouse his people from their sins and make them believe on the Lord and follow his footsteps. To-day—no—a long time before to-day, he had mused and prayed till an idea took shape in his thought, and now he was to put it in practice; yet he felt peculiarly responsible and solemnized as he looked about him and forebode the success of his experiment. Then there flashed across him, as words of Scripture will come back to the habitual Bible reader, the noble utterance of Gamaliel concerning Peter and his brethren when they stood before the council: "If this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it." So with a sense of strength, the minister spoke: "My dear friends," he said, "you all know that I did not give any notice to that effect, that this week is the week of prayer. I have a mind to ask you to make it for this once a week of practice instead. I think we may discover some things, some of the things of God, in this manner that a succession of prayer-meetings would not perhaps so thoroughly reveal to us. Now, when I say this, I don't mean to have you go home and vaguely endeavor to walk straight in the old way; I want you to take 'topics,' as they are called, for the prayer-meetings. For instance, Monday is prayer for the temperance work. Try all that day to be temperate in speech, in act, in indulgence of any kind that is hurtful to you. The next day is for Sunday-schools; go and visit your scholars, such of you as are teachers, and try to feel that they have living souls to save. Wednesday is a day for fellowship meeting; we are cordially invited to attend a union meeting of this sort at Bantam. Few of us can go twenty-five miles to be with our brethren there; let us spend that day in cultivating our brethren here; let us go and see those who have been cold to us for some reason, heal up our breaches of friendship, confess our shortcomings one to another, and act as if, in our Master's words, 'all ye are brethren.' Thursday is the day to pray for the family relations; let us each try to be to our families on that day, in our measure, what the Lord is to his family, the church, remembering the words, 'Fathers, provoke not your children to anger.' Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them.' These are texts rarely commented upon, I have noticed, in our conference meetings; we are meant to speak of the obedience due from children, and the submission and meekness our wives owe us, forgetting that duties are always reciprocal. Friday the church is to be prayed for. Let us then each for himself try to act that day as we think Christ, our great Exemplar, would have acted in our places. Let us try to prove to ourselves and the world about us that we have not taken upon us his name lightly in vain. Saturday is prayer day for the heathen and foreign missions. Brethren, you know and I know that there are heathen at our doors here; let every one of you who will, take that day to preach the gospel to some one who does not hear it anywhere else. Perhaps you will find work that you know not of, lying in your midst. And let us all on Saturday evening meet here again and choose some one brother to relate his experience of the week. You who are willing to try this method, please to rise." Everybody rose except old Amos Tucker, who never stirred, though his wife pulled at him and whispered to him, imploringly. He only shook his grizzled head and sat immovably. "Let us sing the doxology," said Mr. Parkes, and it was sung with full fervor. The new idea had roused the church fully; it was something fixed and positive to do; it was the lever-point Archimedes longed for, and each felt ready and strong to move a world. Saturday night the church assembled again. The cheerful eagerness was gone from their faces; they looked downcast, troubled, weary—as the pastor expected. When the box for ballots was passed about, each one tore a bit of paper from the sheet placed in the hymn books for the purpose, and wrote on it a name. The pastor said after he had counted them, "Deacon Emmons, the lot has fallen on you." "I'm sorry for't," said the deacon, rising up and taking off his overcoat. "I

hain't got the best of records, Mr. Parkes, now I tell ye." "That isn't what we want," said Mr. Parkes. "We want to know the whole experience of some one among us, and we know you will not tell us either more or less than what you did experience." Deacon Emmons was a short, thick-set man with a shrewd, kindly face and gray hair, who kept the village store and had a well-earned reputation for honesty. "Well, brethren," he said, "I donno why I shouldn't tell it. I am pretty well ashamed of myself, no doubt, but I ought to be, and maybe I shall profit by what I've found out these six days back. I'll tell you just as it come. Monday, I looked about me to begin with. I am amazing fond of coffee, and it ain't good for me, the doctor says it ain't; but dear me, it does set a man up good, cold mornings, to have a cup of hot, sweet, tasty drink, and I haven't had the grit to refuse! I knew it made me what folks call nervous and cross before night comes; and I knew it fetched on spells of low spirits, when our folks couldn't get a word out of me—not a good one anyway; so I thought I'd try on that to begin with. I tell you it come hard! I hankered after that drink of coffee dreadful! Seemed as though I couldn't eat my breakfast without it. I feel sorry a man that loves liquor, more'n I ever did in my life before; but I feel sure they can stop it, if they'll try, for I've stopped, and I'm agoin' to stay stopped. "Well, come to dinner, there was another fight. I do set by pie the most of anything. I was fetched up on pie, as you may say. Our folks always had it three times a day, and the doctor he's been talkin' and talkin' to me about eatin' pie. I have the dyspepsy like everything, and it makes me useless by spells, and unreliable as a weather cock. An' Doctor Drake, he says there went nothing help me but to diet. I was reading the Bible that morning while I sat waiting for breakfast, for 'twas Monday, and wife was kind of set back with washin' and all, and I come across that part where it says that the bodies of Christians are temples of the Holy Ghost. Well, thinks I, we'd ought to take care of 'em, if they be, and see that they're kep' clean and pleasant, like the church (and nobody can be clean nor pleasant that has dyspepsy). But, come to pie, I felt as though I couldn't and, lo ye, I didn't! I eat a piece right against my conscience; facin' what I knew I ought to do, I went and done what I ought not to do. I tell ye my conscience made music of me consider'ble, and I said then I wouldn't never sneer at a drinkin' man no more, when he slipped up. I'd feel for him an' help him, for I see just how it was. So that day's practice give out, but it learnt me a good deal more'n I knew before. "I started out next day to look up my Bible class. They haven't really tended up to Sunday-school as they ought to along back, but I was busy here and there, and there didn't seem to be a real chance to get to it. Well, 'twould take the evening to tell it all, but I found one real sick, been abed for three weeks, and was so glad to see me that I felt fair ashamed. Seemed as though I heard the Lord for the first time sayin', 'Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me.' Then another man's old mother says to me, before he comes in from the shed, says she, 'He's been a sayin' that if folks practiced what they preached you'd ha' come round to look him up afore now, but he reckoned you kinder looked down on mill hands. I'm awful glad you come.' Brethrin, so was I. I tell you that day's work done me good. I got a poor opinion of Josiah Emmons, now I tell ye, but I learned more about the Lord's wisdom than a mouth of Sundays ever showed me." A smile he could not repress passed over Mr. Parkes' earnest face. The deacon had forgotten all external issues in coming so close to the heart of things; but the smile passed as he said, "Brother Emmons, do you remember what the Master said, 'If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God or whether I speak of myself?'" "Well, it's so," answered the deacon, "it's so right along. Why, I never thought so much of my Bible-class nor took no sech int'rest in 'em as I do to-day—not since I begun to teach. I believe they'll come more reg'lar now, too. "Now come fellowship day. I thought that would be all plain sailin'; seemed as though I'd got warmed up till I felt pleasant toward everybody so I went around seein' folks that was neighbors, and 'twas easy; but when I come home at noon spell, Philura says, says she, 'Square Tucker's black bull is into the orchard a tearin' round, and he's knocked two lengths o' fence down flat!' Well, the old Adam riz up then, you better b'lieve. That black bull has been a-breakin' into my lot ever since we go in the 'aftermath, and it's Square Tucker's fence, and he won't make it bull-strong as he'd oughter, and that orchard was a young one just comin' to bear, and all the new wood crisp as cracklin' with frost. You'd better b'lieve I didn't have much feller-feelin' with Amos Tucker. I just put over to his house and spoke up pretty free to him, when he looked up and says, says he, 'Fellowship meetin' day, ain't it, Deacon?' I'd rather he'd slapped my face. I felt as though I should like to slip behind the door. I see pretty distinct what sort of life I'd been livin' all the years I'd been a professor, when I couldn't hold on to my tongue and temper one day!" "Breth-er-en," interrupted a slow, harsh voice, somewhat broken with emotion, "I'll tell the rest out. Josiah Emmons come round like a man an' a Christian right there. He asked me for to forgive him, and not to think 'twas the fault of his religion, because 'twas his'n and nothin' else. I think more of him to-day than I ever done before. I was one that wouldn't say I'd practice with the rest of ye. I thought 'twas everlastin' nonsense. I'd rather go to forty-nine prayer-meetin's than work at bein' good a week. I b'lieve my hope has been one of them that perish; it ha'nt worked, and I leave it behind to-day. I mean to begin honest, and it was seen' one honest, Christian man, fetched me round to't." Amos Tucker sat down and buried his grizzled head in his rough hands. "Bless the Lord!" said the quavering tones of a still older man from a far corner of the house, and many a glistening eye gave silent response. "Go on, Brother Emmons," said the minister. "Well, when next day come, I got up to make the fire, and my boy Joe had forgot the kindlin's. I'd opened my mouth to give him Jesse, when it came over me sudden that this was the day of prayer for the family relation. I thought I wouldn't say nothing. I jest fetched in the kindlin's myself, and when the fire burnt up good I called wife. "Dear me!" says she, 'I've got sech a headache, 'Siah, but I'll come in a minit.' I didn't mind that, for women are always havin' aches, and I was join' to say

so, when I remembered the tex' about not bein' bitter against 'em, so I says, 'Philury, you lay abed. I expect Emmy and me can get the vittles to-day.' I declare, she turned over and give me such a look; why, it struck right in. There was my wife, that had worked for an' waited on me twenty odd year, 'most soar' because I spoke kind of feelin' to her. I went out and fetched in the pall o' water she'd always drawn herself, and then I milked the cow. When I came in, Philury was fryin' the potatoes, and the tears a shinin' on her white face. She didn't say nothin', she's kinder still, but she hadn't no need to. I felt a leetle meaner'n I did the day before. But 'twant' nothin' to my condition when I was goin', towards night, down the sullar stairs for some apples, so's the children could have a roast, and I heered Joe up in the kitchen say to Emmy, 'I do b'lieve Em, pa's goin' to die.' 'Why, Josiah Emmons, how you talk!' 'Well, I do; he's so everlastin' pleasant an' good natured I can't but think he's struck with death.' "I tell ye, brethren, I set right down on them sullar stairs and cried. I did, really. Seemed as though the Lord had turned and looked at me, just as he did at Peter. Why, there was my own children never see me act real fatherly and pretty in all their lives. I'd growled and scolded and reviled at 'em, and tried to fetch 'em up just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined, ye know, but I hadn't never thought that they'd got right an' reason to expect I'd do my part as well as their'n. Seemed as though I was findin' out more about Josiah Emmons, shortcomings than was real agreeable. "Come around Friday, I got back to the store. I'd kind of left it to the boys the early part of the week, and things was a little cluttering, but I did have sense not to tear round and use sharp words so much as common. I began to think 'twas getting easy to practice, after five days, when in come Judge Herrick's wife after some curtin' calico. I had a han'some piece, all done off with roses an' things, but there was a fault in the weavin', in every now and then a thin streak. She didn't notice it, but she was pleased with the figures on't, and said she'd take the whole piece. Well, just as I was wrappin' of it up, what Mr. Parkes here said about tryin' to act just as the Lord would in our place, come across me. Why, I turned as red as a beet, I know I did. It made me all of a tremble. There was I, a doorkeeper in the tents of my God, as David says, really cheatin', and cheatin' a woman. I tell ye, brethren, I was all of a sweat. 'Mis' Herrick,' says I, 'I don't b'lieve you've looked real close at this goods; 'tan't thorough wove,' says I. So she didn't take it. But what fetched me, was to think how many times before I'd done such mean, unreliable little things to turn a penny, and all the time savin' and prayin' that I wanted to be like Christ. I kep' a trippin' of myself all day, just in the ordinary business, and I was a peg lower down when night come than I was a Thursday. I'd rather, as far as the hard work is concerned, lay a mile of four foot stone wall than undertake to do a man's livin', Christian duty for twelve workin' hours; and the heft of that is, it's because I ain't used to it and I ought to be. "So this mornin' came round, and I felt a mite more chirk. 'Twas 'missionary mornin', and seemed as if 'twas a sight easier to preach than to practice. I thought I'd begin to old Mis' Vedder's. So I put a Testament in my pocket and knocked to her door. Says I, 'Good mornin', ma'am, and then I stopped. Words seem to hang, somehow. I didn't want to pop right out that I'd come to try'n to convert folks. I hemmed and swaltered a little, and finally I said, says I, 'We don't see you to meetin' very frequent, Mis' Vedder.' "No, you don't!" says she, as quick as wink. 'I stay at home and mind my business.' "Well, we should like to hev you come along with us and do ye good," says I, sort of conciliatin'. "Look a here, deacon!" she snapped, 'I've lived alongside of you fifteen year, and you knowed I never went to meetin'; we ain't a pious lot, and you knowed it; we were poor'n death and uglier'n sin. Jim he drinks and swears, and Malvino dono her letters. She know's a heap she hadn't ought to, besides. Now what are you a comin' here to-day for, I'd like to know,' and talkin' so glib about meetin'! I'll go or come, just as I please, for all you. Now get out o' this!' Why, she come at me with a broomstick. There wasn't no need out; what she said was enough. I hadn't never asked her nor her'n to do so much as think of goodness before. Then I went to another place just like that—I won't call no more names; and sure enough, there were ten children in rage, the bull on 'em, and the man half drunk. He give it to me, too; and I don't wonder. I'd never lifted a hand to serve nor save 'em before in all these years. I'd said consider'ble about the heathen in foreign parts, and give some little to convert 'em, and I had looked right over the heads of them that were next door. Seemed as if I could hear him say, 'These ought ye to have done, and not have left the other undone.' I couldn't face another soul to-day, brethren. I come home and here I be. I've been searched through and through and found wantin'. God be merciful to me a sinner." He dropped into his seat, and bowed his head; and many another bent, too. It was plain that the deacon's experience was not the only one among the brethren. Mr. Payson rose, and prayed as he had never prayed before; the week of practice had fired his heart, too. And it began a memorable year for the church in Sugar Hollow; not a year of excitement or enthusiasm, but one when they heard their Lord saying, as to Israel of old, "Go forward," and they obeyed his voice. The Sunday-school flourished, the church services were fully attended, every good thing was helped on its way, and peace reigned in their homes and hearts, imperfect perhaps, as new growths are, but still an offshoot of the peace past understanding. And another year they will keep another week of practice, by common consent—Rose Terry Cook, in Congregationalist.

"Well, there is one thing sure," said Mr. John Shuttle, as he closed a discussion on the wrong-sidedness of everything in general. "There is no justice in this world; and it makes me blue to think of it." "True, Job!" said Patience. "But the reflection that there is a justice in the world, ought to make you feel a great deal bluer." An Irishman, riding to market with a sack of potatoes before him, discovered that his horse was getting tired, whereupon he dismounted, put the potatoes on his shoulders, and again mounted, saying: "It is better that I should carry the praties, as I am fresher than the poor beast." **New Advertisements.** **PURE ABSOLUTE NECESSITY OF HEALTH. BLOOD.** THE marvelous results of HOOD'S SASSAPARILLA upon all humors and low conditions of the blood (as proved by the cures effected) prove it the best BLOOD MEDICINE. Such has been the success of this article at home and abroad, that nearly every family in the neighborhood has been taking it at the same time. It eradicates scrofula, vitiligo, and enriches the blood, thereby restoring and renovating the whole system. Hood's SASSAPARILLA purifies the blood, Hood's SASSAPARILLA cures dyspepsia. Hood's SASSAPARILLA cures biliousness. An especial point in Hood's SASSAPARILLA is that it builds up and strengthens the system, while it eradicates disease, and as nature's great assistant proves itself invaluable as a protection from diseases that originate in changes of the seasons, of climate and of life. **SCROFULA.** 135 HOWARD STREET, I. LOWELL, MASS., Jan. 11. MESSRS. C. I. HOOD & CO., Gentlemen— I have used HOOD'S SASSAPARILLA in my family for scrofulous humors with wonderful success, and am happy to tell you that it is the best medicine we ever used. I can sincerely advise any one who is troubled with scrofula to give this valuable remedy a trial, and assure them they will not be disappointed. Very truly yours, (Coburn Shuttle Co.), C. C. PICKERING. HOOD'S SASSAPARILLA is sold by all Druggists. Price \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass. **THE Admiration OF THE WORLD. Mrs. S. A. Allen's WORLD'S Hair Restorer IS PERFECTION!** Public Benefactress. Mrs. S. A. ALLEN has justly earned this title, and thousands are this day rejoicing over a fine head of hair produced by her unequalled preparation for restoring, invigorating, and beautifying the Hair. Her World's Hair Restorer quickly cleanses the scalp, removing dandruff, and arrests the fall; the hair, if gray, is changed to its natural color, giving it the same vitality and luxurious quantity as in youth. **COMPLIMENTARY.** "My hair is now restored to its youthful color; I have not a gray hair left. I am satisfied that the preparation is not a dye, but acts on the secretions. My hair ceases to fall, which is certainly an advantage to me, who was in danger of becoming bald." This is the testimony of all who use Mrs. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER. "One Bottle did it." That is the case of many who have had their gray hair restored to its natural color, and their bald spot covered with hair, after using one bottle of Mrs. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER. It is not a dye. We present no pretended miracle.— "Truth is mighty and must prevail."— No sophistry can withstand the power of its honest utterance. **Editor of Evening Press:**— DEAR SIR,—Feeling deeply grateful for the great benefits which I have received from the use of a very valuable article which has its origin and home in our beautiful city, and hoping that others who are afflicted as I have been may find like relief from its use, I beg the indulgence of a few lines in your valuable paper for the privilege of communicating to you a brief statement of facts, for the benefit of the multitude of sufferers to be met with on every side. Many of my friends will know that I have been very severely afflicted with heart disease for a number of years, and have suffered from it as only those can suffer who have that disease; it reduced my strength so low that I could scarcely walk across my room, and the least exertion rendered me so short-breathed that I dared scarcely move, and life seemed very burdensome. I was treated for my malady by the best physicians, and derived no benefit from their treatment or prescriptions until I was advised by my family physician to use Hunt's Remedy, as my trouble was caused by an action of my kidneys, which affected very seriously the action of my heart. I commenced taking it (having little faith in it or any other medicine), and it has helped me wonderfully, and I am now a great deal better, and have been ever since I began its use. In fact, I have taken no medicine that has benefited me so greatly. My breathing is easy, and I have gained in strength so much that I am able to do my household work. I cheerfully recommend Hunt's Remedy to all who may be afflicted as I have been, or who are suffering from general debility and nervous prostration. Respectfully, Mrs. A. O. ROCKWELL, Pearl Street, Providence, R. I. A standard medicine for curing Bright's Disease, Dropsy, Kidney, Bladder, and Glandular Maladies is Hunt's Remedy. Female Weakness, Pain in the back and loins, Gravel, Diabetes, Intemperance, Excess, and Prostration of the nervous system are cured by Hunt's Remedy. Hunt's Remedy imparts health and vigor to the constitution when it has become debilitated. Hunt's Remedy restores the invalid to health. **Nothing Short of Unmistakable Benefits** Conferred upon tens of thousands of sufferers could originate and maintain the reputation which AYER'S SASSAPARILLA enjoys. It is a compound of the best vegetable alteratives, with the Iodides of Potassium and Iron,—all powerful, blood-making, blood-cleansing and life-sustaining,—and is the most effectual of all remedies for scrofulous, mercurial, or blood disorders. Uniformly successful, and certain. It produces rapid and complete cures of Scrofula, Sores, Boils, Humors, Pimples, Eruptions, Skin Diseases and all disorders arising from impurity of the blood. By its invigorating effects it always relieves and often cures Liver Complaints, Female Weaknesses and Irregularities, and is a potent renewer of waning vitality. For purifying the blood it has no equal. It tones up the system, restores and preserves the health, and imparts vigor and energy. For forty years it has been in extensive use, and is to-day the most available medicine for the suffering sick. For sale by all druggists.

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