and was kicked out by

"Your obedient servants,

"GEORGE LEE & EDWARD FALKNER."

Hale's voice and color changed on reading this last paragraph. He turned quickly toward his wife; Kate flew to the closet, where the muffled boots of Manuel confronted them. "We never knew it. I always suspected something that night," said Mrs. Hale and Mrs. Scott in the same breath.

"That's all very well and like George Lee's high falutin'," said Stanner, approaching the table, "but as long ez the greenbacks are here he can make what capital he likes outer Manuel. I'll trouble you to pass over that package."

"Excuse me," said Hale, "but I believe this is the package taken from Col. Clinch. Is it not?" he added, appealing to the colonel.

"It is," said Clinch.

"Then take it," said Hale, handing him the package. "The first restitution is to you, but I believe you will fulfill Lee's instructions as well as myself."

"But," said Stanner, furiously interposing, "I've a warrant to seize that wherever found, and I dare you to disobey the law."

"Mr. Stanner," said Clinch, slowly, "there are ladies present. If you insist upon having that package I must ask them to withdraw, and I'm afraid you'll find me better prepared to resist a second robbery than I was the first. Your warrant, which was taken out by the express company, is supplanted by civil proceedings taken the day before yesterday against the property of the fugitive swindler Harkins! You should have consulted the sheriff before you came here."

Stanner saw his mistake. But in the faces of his grinning followers he was obliged to keep up his bluster. "You shall hear from me again, sir," he said, turning on his heel.

"I beg your pardon," said Clinch grimly, "but do I understand that at last I am to have the honor"——

"You shall hear from the company's lawyers, sir," said Stanner, turning red, and noisily leaving the room.

"And so, my dear ladies," said Col. Clinch, "you have spent a week with a highwayman. I say a *highwayman*, for it would be hard to call my young friend Falkner by that name for his first offense, committed under great provocation, and undoubtedly instigated by Lee, who was an old friend of his, and to whom he came, no doubt, in desperation."

Kate stole a triumphant glance at her sister, who dropped her lids over her glistening eyes. "And this Mr. Lee," she continued more gently," is he really a highwayman?"

"George Lee," said Clinch, settling himself back oratorically in his chair, "my dear young lady, is a highwayman, but not of the common sort. He is a gentleman born, madam, comes from one of the oldest families of the eastern shore of Maryland. He never mixes himself up with anything but some of the biggest strikes, and he's an educated man. He is very popular with ladies and children; he was never known to do or say anything that could bring a blush to the cheek of beauty or a tear to the eye of innocence. I think I may say I'm sure you found him so."

"I shall never believe him anything but a gentleman," said Mrs. Scott firmly.

"If he has a defect it is perhaps a too reckless indulgence in draw poker," said the colonel mudgily; "not unbecoming a gentleman, understand me, Mrs. Scott, but perhaps too reckless for his own good. George played a grand game, a glittering game, but pardon me if I say an 'uncertain' game. I've told him so; it's the only point on which we ever differed."

"Then you know him?" said Mrs. Hale, lifting her soft eyes to the colonel.

"I have that honor."

"Did his appearance, Josephine," broke in Hale, somewhat ostentatiously, "appear to —er—er—correspond with these qualities? You know what I mean."

"He certainly seemed very simple and natural," said Mrs. Hale, slightly drawing her pretty lips together. "He did not wear his trousers rolled up over his boots in the company of ladies, as you're doing now, nor did he make his first appearance in this house with such a hat as you wore this morning, or I should not have admitted him."

There were a few moments of embarrassing silence.

"Do you intend to give that package to Mr. Falkner yourself, colonel?" asked Mrs. Scott.

"I shall hand it over to the Excelsior company," said the colonel, "but I shall inform Ned of what I have done."

"Then," said Mrs. Scott, "will you kindly take a message from us to him?"

"If you wish it."

"You will be doing *me* a great favor, colonel," said Hale, politely.

Whatever the message was, six months later it brought Edward Falkner, the reestablished superintendent of the Excelsior Ditch, to Eagle's Court. As he and Kate stood again on the plateau, looking toward the distant slopes once more green with verdure, Falkner said:

"Everything here looks as it did the first day I saw it, except your sister."

"The place does not agree with her," said Kate hurriedly. "That is why my brother thinks of leaving it before the winter sets in."

"It seems so sad," said Falkner, "for the last words poor George said to me, as he left to join his cousin's corps at Richmond, were: 'If I'm not killed, Ned, I hope some day to stand again beside Mrs. Hale at the window in Eagle's Court, and watch you and Kate coming home!'"

THE END.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

Senator Mitchell of Oregon is rapidly recuperating his health.

Frithiof Smith-Hold, the noted Norwegian landscape painter, is in Milwaukee.

Miss Marshall Kiser, a Kentucky woman, is sugar inspector for the Spreckels Sugar company of Hawaii.

Extensive preparations are being made in Boston for the celebration of the centennial of the birth of Emerson in July.

Henry Norwell, who has just died at Apoka, Fla., but who was born in Scotland, crossed the ocean 98 times.

The Phillips-Exeter's new athletic house will be named in honor of one of the school's best loved athletes, the late Marshall Newell.

Governor Mickey of Nebraska says it is the greatest joy of his lifethat he has had the courage to resist such worldly temptations as the dance, the card game and the theater.

James Franklin Houghton, regent of the University of California, is dead. One of his noteworthy achievements was the surveying of the boundary line between California and Nevada.

Hon. Levi Ankeny, the new United States senator from Washington, is one of the foremost captains of industry in the Pacific Northwest, through his large interests in agricultural, banking, mining and other industries in his State.

A REASONABLE TEST.

(From the Randolph Herald.)

The water cure seems to be a regular part of the treatment at the Waterbury asylum. We suggest that the nurses themselves be compelled to get into the bath tub with the patients, as a precaution against future trouble of the kind that has twice invited censure.

THE STAY-AT-HOMES.

(From the Middlebury Register.)

There seems to be a misunderstanding among the State papers generally, as to the number of voters in the State. They refer to 10,000 not having voted at the referendum; the number that did not vote is nearer 20,000, and may be considerably above that.

Energy all gone? Headache? Stomach out of order? Simply a case of torpid liver. Burdock Blood Bitters will make a new man or woman of you.

TALMAGE SERMON

By Rev.

FRANK DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.,

Pastor of Jefferson Park Presbyterian Church, Chicago

Chicago, Feb. 15.—In this sermon the preacher deals with the widely prevalent vice of running into debt as a result of social and domestic extravagance and a false standard of living and arraigns willful debt as the cause of manifold miseries. The text is Romans xiii. 8, "Owe no man anything."

One day a famous scholastic clergyman was talking to a noted practical preacher. "How is it," said he, "that you can collect such great audiences to hear you preach? I have one of the best private libraries in the world. I spend at least ten hours a day in my study with my books, and yet the people prefer to hear you preach instead of me. They want to hear your sermons, although you do not work a third as hard upon them as I do. Half of your days are spent in calling and in wandering about the streets and in the stores." "Ah," answered the practical minister to his scholastic friend, "the difference between us is that you read books, while I study the stuff out of which books are made. You breathe the atmosphere of musty tomes; I, by close association, study the hearts of the men and women with whom I come in contact. You translate epitaphs of dead men; I analyze the troubles and temptations and sins of living men; I sit with them at the table; I go with them into their stores; then, when I begin to discuss their trials and temptations, they naturally want to come and hear me preach."

Paul was a practical minister and not one famed for mere intellectual attainments. His rostrum was more often the ropemaker's bench than the synagogue's pulpit. As a practical gospel physician he in my text today diagnoses one of the most distressing moral diseases of the human race. He saw that the men and women of his time were living beyond their means and struggling in the quicksand of debt just as many people are doing in the twentieth century; therefore he gave in his Roman epistle the same advice that Horace Greeley once wrote: "Never run into debt. Hunger, cold, rags, hard work, suspicion, unjust reproach, are disagreeable, but debt is infinitely worse than them all. Avoid pecuniary obligations as you would a pestilence or famine. If you have not more than 50 cents and can get no more for a week, buy a peck of corn, parch it and live on it rather than owe any man a dollar." "Owe no man anything." That means in John Randolph's interpretation of the philosopher's stone, "pay as you go." That means that if you have no money with which to satisfy your personal desires then let them be unsatisfied. Allow no creditor as a jailer to rivet a heavy iron ball of financial obligation to your limbs. Do not buy a feathered singer unless at the same time you have money to purchase a cage in which to let your songster abide.

Debt the Offspring of Pride.

Debt is generally the offspring of pride. The bare necessaries of life are very small. Nearly every man can make enough money to provide for these necessaries if he will only work hard, do his best and not waste his income on useless extravagances. Henry Ward Beecher once made the declaration that a man could feed himself and wife and a family of growing children upon $1.50 per week. For making this statement Mr. Beecher was sharply arraigned by thousands of critics. Many newspaper editorials affirmed that the Plymouth pastor was advocating the reduction of the laborers' salaries to 25 cents a day. He was not attempting any such thing. What Mr. Beecher tried to prove was this: The bare necessaries of life are very small; therefore most people can provide for their actual needs if they will only be energetic and at the same time be frugal.

But this frugality, in many cases, pride will not permit them to practice. Pride, with the smiling, supercilious face and bediamonded finger, usually comes to the young man's home with such insinuating words as these: "My friend, you have no right to rear your family as you are doing. You should not allow your wife to stand behind a counter or to live in the back room of the store with her two babies, as your mother once did. This is a different age from that in which your father started out. If you do not let your children grow up in a respectable neighborhood and go to refined and expensive private schools, then their youthful associates will be bad, and refined people will have nothing to do with them." So the young man, who was making a humble income and was on the highroad to ultimate financial success, hires a private home on the boulevard. He moves his family away from the neighborhood of his store. He hires a clerk to do the work formerly done by his wife, while he himself is visiting the wholesale departments. The income, small before, becomes less and less; the expenses of the family sustenance are doubled and quadrupled; a haunted, worried, anxious look comes over the young man's face. Instead of there being a balance in the bank, now there is a deficit; instead of the wholesale stores allowing the young man all the credit he wishes, now they begin to push him, and one day Debt, the offspring of Pride, calls at the store to see how the young man is getting along, but instead of Debt now coming with the obsequiousness of a visitor he strides into that young man's store and home with the mien and the heavy step of a tyrant and a master.

Then I see Debt call out to a veiled figure who is standing in the doorway. He says: "Come in, mother, come in. You need not be afraid; come in." Then the female figure throws back the veil from off her head, and I see that she is the old hag Pride, with a painted, withered, sneering, scornful face. Then Debt takes Mother Pride through the aisles of the store and through the rooms of the young man's home as he says: "Mother, these goods they will soon all be mine. Those pictures upon the walls, and those carpets upon the floor, those dishes in the closets—they shall soon all be mine, and I will make the young man drop his life insurance policy when he dies. I will literally strip his widow of everything. Aha, that young man did not realize what a keen, shrewd, farseeing, Satanic planner I could be when I told him to increase his outgo over his financial income. I am well worthy to be called thy child, mother. I carry misery and woe wherever I go." Such is nearly always the outcome of every man's life when Pride and Debt go hand in hand and are allowed to sit down by the domestic fireside.

The Tyranny of Debt.

This tyranny of debt, which is the offspring of false pride, makes its conquests over those who have large incomes as well as those with small. Only the other day there was buried in one of Chicago's cemeteries a man who for ten years had a salary of over $9,000 per year. Yet that man was always in debt. While he had an income of $2,500 he was trying to live on the scale of those who had a $5,000 income. When he was appointed a general superintendent of a large corporation, at $650 per month salary, he immediately moved his family into a new neighborhood and tried to associate with Chicago's millionaires. That man, when he died, did not own the home he lived in. He did not even own the bed on which he died. Every particle of real estate held in his name was plastered over with mortgages. Last fall he even allowed his life insurance policy to lapse because he could not afford to pay the few hundred dollars necessary to keep it up, though he had a salary of $9,000 per year. So we find today that many a man who lives in a fine mansion is in the merciless clutch of debt. The financial curse of this age is that multitudes of people, on account of false pride and pernicious extravagance, are eking out a miserable existence. These people may move in the best society, so called, yet they are far poorer than the humble clerk with a paltry salary of $10 a week who saves at least one-tenth of his income.

Debt is not only the offspring of pride, but is often the parent of a large family of criminal children. The study of genealogical tables is among the most interesting of studies. Certain families nearly always have good children; you can trace them down from generation to generation. Other families nearly always have bad children; there is apparently something in their blood that is diseased and contaminated. As the waters falling down the cascades near Duluth show the discolorations contracted in passing through forests of cedar and tamarack miles away, so the blood of some children is tainted with criminal tendencies, inherited even before they are born. They are born with a propensity for lying, for stealing, for inebriety, which they are seldom able to eradicate. But, though those children may not be able to overcome their evil tendencies in their own strength, they can overcome them by the help of a supernatural power, which is offered to all who are tempted.

Willfully Running Into Debt.

Willful debt is that kind of debt into which many allow themselves to run through useless and sinful extravagances. While the young man is being financially ground to pieces by the upper and nether millstones of this kind of debt what is often the most natural thing for him to do? Ask that young collector who is taking some of his employer's money to win, as he foolishly thinks, a fortune at the gambler's wheel. He is not at heart a bad young man. He intends to pay that money back. He expects to use it only for a little while and then return it with interest after he has escaped from the clutches of merciless debt. Ask that young embezzler who has just felt the heavy hand of the law placed upon his shoulder. Did he ever expect that the late suppers, the theater tickets and the attendance at the races would yet end in a prison cell? No, no! He was led as a lamb to the slaughter by the evil worryings of debt, accumulating debt. Ask that wildcat speculator in Wall street. Did he ever think for one moment that he would lose the estate confided to him in trustee form when he began to run into debt? No, no! These men are being destroyed by debt in the same way that the learned Lord Bacon was led to accept bribes. They are being lured to destruction as Benedict Arnold was lured when his debts drove him to embark in the plot to destroy West Point. The bloodhounds of debt had barked at his heels ever since his Philadelphia extravagances, and his debts not only made him a traitor against his creditors, but at the last they made him a traitor against his country.

Crookedness, gambling, wildcat speculation and a betrayal of one's best friends are often found among the malformed offspring of a hideous parent, Debt. But without doubt the greater number of the children of this infamous progenitor are those with the fatal marks of perjury stamped, Cainlike, upon their brow. "Lying always rides upon Debt's back" once wrote Benjamin Franklin. "The second vice is lying; the first is running into debt."

When a man needlessly and willfully runs into debt, he opens the sluice gates of falsehood. He professes his willingness to clasp hands with deception and deceit. The debtor says to his creditor, "I have no money this morning, but I will pay you next week." His words are false; he has no intention of paying next week. The debtor says: "I am now trying to sell some land. The deal is almost closed; then I will send you a check." The debtor knows he is a falsifier; he has no land to sell.

One of the dearest friends I ever had by this curse of running into debt became a moral degenerate. He went to another friend and borrowed $600 and gave as security some cattle which he professed to own at that time in Kansas. In fact, he did not own a horn or a hoof in all the world. So the perjury habit, which is often the offspring of debt, will creep into a man's heart as a worm tunnels its way into the heart of a great tree and leaves there nothing but death and corruption and [illegible]. "All liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death." Beware, O man, how you nourish this destroying child of perjury, which is often the offspring of accursed Debt!

Helpless and Innocent Victims.

Willful Debt is the fiend who cares not how many helpless and innocent victims he may destroy in his own annihilation. The pirates of old used to raise their black flags and prey upon the ancient shipping. The robbers of Scotland used to place false lights upon the shores so that the ships would be decoyed upon the rocks and the wreckers could collect the broken cargoes. The man who willfully runs into debt is a human vampire who is sucking the lifeblood out of his butcher and baker, his tailor and landlord, his friend and his enemy alike. He cares not how he gets money so long as he gets it. He cares not who has to suffer so long as his present desires are satisfied. What is the natural and inevitable result? There have been thousands of small retail merchants driven into bankruptcy because their customers, supposed to be honorable men, would not pay their bills. There have been hundreds and thousands of poor widows and orphans and aged and helpless depositors of small sums in the banks who have lost all merely because the cashiers have become defaulters and cared not whom they dragged down with them in their own moral and spiritual destruction. It is a contemptible act for a man to steal from a millionaire. It is infinitely meaner for a woman to steal from her poor dressmaker, her cook or her washerwoman, or for a man to rob his groceryman or iceman or his coachman or the gardener who sells to him his flowers. It is meaner because those who are robbed under such circumstances must perhaps lose their all and be driven to starve and die.

But if it is fiendlike for the willful debtor to steal from his butcher and baker, how much more criminal is it for him to destroy the spiritual and moral life of his own children! There is many a man who is rearing his children after the exalted style of a millionaire's children, who when he dies will leave to them not one cent. In other words, he is instilling into the hearts of his boys and girls unnatural desires, and then, when he is gone, those boys and girls, in order to gratify those desires, may be led to plunge into a life of dissoluteness and crime. To illustrate, I would introduce to you a young man who was once a companion of my youth. He was the son of the president of a large life insurance company in the east. He came to my home some time ago. "Why, Joe," I said to him, "I have not seen you for years. Where did you come from?" "From poverty and want and drunkenness and from nowhere," he answered gloomily. "I have come to you for help. Will you help me?" What was the cause of that young man's downfall? The extravagant life his father led and the life he allowed his children to lead. While that boy was growing up he could have anything he wanted that money could buy. His father sent him on pleasure trips across the sea and willingly paid all his bills; then, when his father died, Joe and his sisters were helplessly stranded. They had the tastes and desires of millionaires; they had the empty pockets of paupers. Preparations for such tragedies are being enacted today by selfish men all round the world. As long as these wickedly foolish fathers can satisfy their present wants they care not what may become of their children after they are gone. Every wise father should teach his children that the red breasted oriole of gold has wings swifter than the winds. When it is gone, it is very hard to overtake and to bring back. He should train each child to be able to earn a livelihood independent of any money he may bequeath to that child.

A Well Dressed Villain.

Willful Debt is often a well dressed villain who pretends to be an honest man. In olden times if a man could not pay his debts he was looked upon in the same sense as a thief and sent to jail. Under the old Roman law, after spending a certain time in jail, if he was still unable to pay his creditors, he was sold into slavery and had to pass his life as a serf. Some one might say that such a condition is very hard and unjust, and so it is. But, in many cases, when a man will deliberately enter a store and run up a heavy bill, which he has no intention of paying, he is just as much a robber as the sneak thief who rushes into the bakery and steals a loaf of bread, and he should have little mercy shown to him. The debtor not only steals the groceryman's goods, but he steals his time and his service.

Many a man who for years has deliberately run up all the debts he can is today walking around our streets claiming that in the sight of the law he is honest. After deliberately swindling all the men he could he puts the little money he had left in his wife's name. Then he enters the bankruptcy court and asks the judge to free him from all these financial obligations. Now, I care not what the bankruptcy court may say in such cases, no honest man, in the sight of God or man, can ever be morally freed from a financial debt until that debt is paid. It is a man's business to pay what he owes, no matter how the bill was contracted. One of the first signs of Zacchæus' real conversion was when he turned to the Saviour and said, "Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor, and if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation I restore to him fourfold." In other words he said, "If I have cheated any man out of his just dues, I am ready not only to restore to him the full amount of money taken, but I will restore to him double and treble and quadruple that which I have taken." And no man, in the sight of God, can be a Christian until he first signifies his intention to repay to the utmost of his ability all the money borrowed by him and to cancel his full obligations to every one of his financial creditors. You cannot love God and at the same time signify a willingness to cheat your fellow men.

It is told of Daniel Webster that James T. Field, the famous publisher, when a young clerk, was sent to collect a bill from the great constitutional lawyer. Mr. Webster turned to him and said: "Young man, I have no money. I never can pay my debts. What is the good of your coming arouhd and bothering me? See, here is my money drawer; there is nothing in it." With that Mr. Webster opened the drawer, and, lo, revealed within was a big roll of banknotes! Mr. Webster's face lighted up with a look of great surprise. "Well, well!" he said. "There is some money. I wonder where it came from? Young man, help yourself." With that Mr. Webster turned his back upon young Field and buried his face in a lawbook. Mr. Field helped himself, signed a receipt and left the room, and Mr. Webster did not look up for one moment to see what he was doing. Daniel Webster may have been a great statesman, but he was not a business man. He had no more right to ignore his creditors like that than he had to sell his vote in the United States senate. And before God and man we have no right to run up a lot of bills which we have no intention of canceling. "Owe no man anything" wrote the greatest preacher who ever lived. That means pay your butcher and baker bills and rent just as faithfully as you ought to pay for your church pew or your dues to the missionary societies.

A Pertinent Question.

In closing I would like to ask my hearers a pertinent question—Is not the chief reason why you are unwilling to publicly profess Christ because you have not been living right with your fellow men and trying to pay your honest debts? Dr. Wilbur Chapman, I think it was, once told this incident in a great evangelistic meeting. For some weeks there was among the audience to whom he had been preaching a man who would not confess Christ. Dr. Chapman could not understand why. But one night this man came to his hotel room and said: "Doctor, is there help for me? I am a defaulter. I stole so many thousand dollars from my employers many years ago. They have never found it out. What shall I do?" Dr. Chapman told the man to go back to his old employers and to confess, and fully confess, what he had done. Then Dr. Chapman told that man to give up all his property to liquidate part of the debt and to pledge himself to pay back the balance as soon as he could. The man did as he advised. In trying to undo the past wrong he removed the obstacle which had kept him from realizing that Christ was ready to forgive him. My friends, is the awful realization that you have been financially unjust to your fellow men keeping you away from the love of Christ? Will you not try to undo that wrong? Will you not follow the command of Paul, who tells us to "owe no man anything," the same Paul who tells us to "press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus?"

It may only take a small speck of dust in the eye to blind the sight and shut out the light of the noontide sun. It may only take one bill which we refuse to pay to our neighbor to shut out all the glories of heaven. Paul does not ask of us an impossibility, but he does demand that we, one and all, should not only love God with all our souls, but also love our fellow men enough to be financially just to them as well as merciful.

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General Booth a Vegetarian.

Few people are aware that General Booth, head and founder of the Salvation Army, is a pronounced vegetarian. In years he has eaten neither fish, flesh nor eggs, says the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune. Even butter, milk or vegetables cooked with fat are denied. His diet is solely upon cereals, boiled rice being largely his sustenance. He occasionally eats rice for breakfast, dinner and supper and then enters upon the same diet the next day.

A member of the army said recently: "General Booth believes in his body. Yet meats and strong drinks he heartily despises. He will not smoke, because he realizes that he has a nervous system that must be protected. He will not drink, partly from principle and partly because he realizes that for every stimulation there is an equal and consequent reaction. He is a vegetarian not merely because he believes that primitive mankind—Adam and Eve of the Bible—were vegetarians, but because, after a long practical trial, he finds himself far younger than his years while the mortal parts of most men, who laugh at what they call his crankiness, are like John Brown's body—a moldering in the grave."

NEWS OF VERMONT

Some Important Events Grouped for Free Press Readers—St. Johnsbury's Musical Festival to Be Held March 27.

Gounod's "Faust," will be rendered by the Choral Union chorus of 150 voices during the festival that is to be held in St. Johnsbury March 27. A specially pleasing feature of one of the matinee programs will be a chorus of 200 school children. The New Hampshire Philharmonic orchestra, consisting of ten of the most brilliant artists, will appear in festival music. The afternoon concert programs are all arranged and will prove strong attractions in the artistic numbers presented. It is expected this will be the best festival ever held in Vermont or New Hampshire.

BLOOD POISON IN A SMALL CUT.

It is feared that George T. Burk, who lives on the road between Poultney and Slushan, will lose his life as the result of an apparently trivial accident which happened while he was cutting lumber in the woods about a week ago. Mr. Burk was using his large jackknife to cut a whip with which to drive his horses when he accidentally made a small cut in one of his fingers. He thought nothing of it at the time, but last Saturday the finger began to swell rapidly and soon the whole right hand was affected. The hand is now several times its normal size and the poisoning is rapidly extending into his arm. The arm will probably have to be amputated at once, but it is feared by the physicians that the poison has penetrated the whole system so that the amputation might not be of any great benefit. The physicians think that the chances are decidedly against Mr. Burk's recovery.

MAKE EVEN THEIR CATS PAY.

Parties in Lyndon have just had interesting letters from a former resident, Mrs. Emilie (Miller) Cushing of North Middleboro Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Cushing have a fertile farm called "Brookside," of only twelve acres and they are a couple who haven't a doubt on the question, "Does Farming Pay?" They know it does. Their apple, strawberry and melon crops last summer were very large and found a ready market. They have a number of hen houses, keep 500 fowls, and last year, besides raising nearly 800 chickens, brought into the house, by actual count, over 2,800 dozens of eggs. Market men come to their door to purchase farm produce, paying cash. Their butter is selling at 27 cents per pound. Their vegetables, despite the wretched weather of last summer, grew to enormous size, many of their turnips and cabbages weighing from 20 to 29 pounds. A unique feature of their farm that pays is the raising of angora cats. Mrs. Cushing has just sold "Jack," a seven months old white angora, to Mrs. George Crocker of Darlington farm, Ramsey, N. Y., or $25. Another of the same age sold in the vicinity of Boston for $20, and two to go to the South for $15 each. Seventy-five dollars for four cats is certainly profitable.

OWEN ELLIS STILL MISSING.

Mrs. Owen Ellis has returned to her home in Poultney after spending about two weeks searching for her husband, who disappeared very mysteriously about five weeks ago. Mrs. Ellis has visited relatives and acquaintances all over that part of the State in the hope of finding some trace of her husband's whereabouts, but the trip was absolutely fruitless. Mr. Ellis had always been a very steady, hard working man, but of late he had appeared to his friends to be rather despondent, and some of them fear that in a fit of temporary insanity he wandered off into the woods in this vicinity and either took his own life or perished from exposure. Searching parties will be formed, if he does not put in an appearance soon, for the purpose of searching the woods, although so much time has elapsed that if he is found there it will probably not be alive.

RUTLAND COUNTY MINISTERS.

There were about 50 people present at the 15th annual meeting of the Rutland County association of Congregational Ministers, which was held at the Rutland Congregational Church Tuesday. Among the distinguished guests who were present were President and Mrs. Ezra Brainerd of Middlebury College and the Rev. Charles O. Day, president of the Andover, Mass., Theological Seminary. There were two papers read at the morning session of the meeting, which was called to order at about 11:30 o'clock. The Rev. Robert H. Ball of Fair Haven gave an address on "The New Evangelism," and the Rev. Clifford H. Smith of Pittsford spoke on "The Minister of To-morrow." The Rev. Dr. and Mrs. George W. Phillips entertained the guests at a dinner served in the church parlors at about 12:30 o'clock. After-dinner speeches were made by several of the guests, including President Brainerd and the Rev. Mr. Day. The Rev. C. E. Hitchcock of Benson recited an original poem entitled "Eastertide." At the afternoon session, which was called to order at about 2:30 o'clock, an interesting address on "The Educational Work of the Church" was given by the Rev. Mr. Day. The meeting adjourned at about 5:30 o'clock.

A CASE OF LONG STANDING.

L. E. Rustedt, Esq., special master, is hearing the arguments in the chancery cause of Albert Sowles vs. Alexander G. Sartwell in St. Albans. The case has been quite lengthy, over thirty days have been occupied in the hearing and the testimony taken amounts to over 750 pages. E. A. Sowles and R. O. Sturtevant appear for the orator, and C. G. Austin and E. A. Ayers for the defendant Sartwell. The matter originated in 1893-94-95 when Sartwell made a trade with Sowles to carry on at the halves the farm known as the William L. Sowles farm, in Swanton. William L. Sowles was the father of Albert, who managed the farm as administrator of the estate. In 1895 when Sartwell had occupied two of the five years he claimed to have made a trade for, Albert Sowles elected Sartwell from the farm. Litigation arose which was subsequently embraced in an agreement to arbitrate all the matters of difference between the two. The arbitration proceeded until near its close when Sowles revoked the submission. Sartwell brought suit in county court and recovered a verdict of several hundred dollars for damages in being put off the farm. Mr. Sowles thereupon brought a bill in equity alleging Sartwell to be indebted in a large sum, and claiming to offset this debt against the verdict. This is the matter that is now being heard, Mr. Rustedt having been appointed special master to hear the evidence and find the facts on the mutual claims and counter claims of the parties. The case will be heard on report of the coming March term of county court, and will probably go from there to supreme court.

STOREHOUSE OF A THIEVING GANG IN SHAFTSBURY FOUND.

Deputy Sheriff Godfrey of Bennington has been to Searsburgh, where he procured a single harness stolen from LeGrand B. Tibbitts, of Hoosick, a few weeks ago. The second one taken was not found. While searching a place in Shaftsbury for stolen chickens Tuesday afternoon, the officers found a quantity of blankets, robes, and household articles, as well as the fowls, all of which it is supposed were stolen. All the fowls were identified and it is expected the other things will be. It is thought that some clue will be found to the things taken from the residence of F. B. Jennings a few weeks ago, among which was a picture of the late Rev. Isaac Jennings, taken when in his pulpit, and which was highly valued. It was found that three men have been connected in the robberies, one of them, James Moon, being in jail in Troy for robbing. Sheriff Wilson hopes to capture all, but thinks the business is broken up for the present.

SMALLPOX IN FAIRFAX.

The family of Moses Cross of North Fairfax is quarantined for smallpox. The family of Thomas Paro, living in Joseph Shove's tenement is also quarantined. It is thought the disease was brought from St. Albans. The family of Thomas Paro of Beaver is also quarantined for smallpox.

ROYAL ARCH MASONS AT RUTLAND.

There was a good sized gathering of Royal Arch Masons at the Masonic temple in Rutland Thursday afternoon, the event being the annual convocation of the chapters in the second district. The convocation opened in the afternoon at 2:30 o'clock when the Past Master degree was conferred by Davenport chapter. Later the Most Excellent Master degree was worked by Thaddeus M. Chapman, excellent high priest of Potter Chapter, No. 22, of Middlebury. There was another session in the evening at 7:30 o'clock and the chapters of Vergennes, Bennington, Brandon, Poultney, Manchester Center, Middlebury and Bristol, all of which are in the district were well represented. The Royal Arch degree was worked by Lucien F. Nichols, excellent high priest of Farmers chapter, No. 3 of Brandon. Grand Lecturer E. David A. Elliot reviewed the work. Many of the grand chapter officers were present. Following the degree work a substantial lunch was served in the dining room of the temple.

BRUTAL ASSAULT ON HIS STEP FATHER.

An atrociously brutal assault was committed late last Wednesday afternoon on Miles Hovey, an aged and well known citizen of St. Johnsbury. The assailant is Wallace Ainsworth, a stepson of Mr. Hovey, and a man he had greatly befriended. The assault took place in the back room of Mr. Hovey on the second floor of his home on Portland street. A beer bottle was the weapon, wielded with terrible effect in a rain of blows on the victim's head. Ainsworth now languishes in the St. Johnsbury jail under $500 bonds. The brutal deed is the culmination of a chain of circumstances which it is believed not only involves Ainsworth, but the wife of the aged victim, formerly Mrs. Anna Ainsworth, and mother of the arrested man, and possibly Miss Ethel Cross, a domestic employed in the family. Public feeling ran so high against the woman that after Ainsworth was removed to the jail, a crowd of indignant citizens gathered about the house, and had it not been for the restraining presence of Chief of Police Noyes, threats of tar and feathering the pair might have been fulfilled. The chief deemed it advisable to remain on guard at the house for the night. The first intimation Wednesday that anything was wrong at the Hovey house were the cries of Mr. Hovey attracting the passers-by and then the victim almost blinded by the blood from numerous deep wounds on his head staggered out on the front door and sank exhausted on the sidewalk. Ainsworth was seen running out of the back door of the house. He was closely pursued and captured after a short chase by team driver Simpson and Mr. Craig and turned over to Chief Noyes. Mr. Hovey although quite vigorous and well preserved for a man nearly 75 years of age, could offer little effective resistance to his assailant, a stocky muscularly fellow of 28 years, perhaps seconded by the two women. Although Mr. Hovey does not admit that the women had a hand in this instance, it seems that on several previous occasions the wife and step son subjected the old gentleman to a severe beating and on the evening before, when he had retired to his bed for the night it is said that the amicable spouse stuffed a pillow case into his mouth to stifle his cries and give the step-son a chance to use his fists to better advantage. Both on Tuesday and Wednesday nights Mr. Hovey managed to cry out for help and his cries may have frightened the pair from inflicting further punishment. Ainsworth was infatuated with Miss Cross and became so obnoxious that about two months ago Mr. Hovey ordered both to leave. Both at that time and up to the affair of Wednesday have refused to vacate and in this matter they were sustained by Mrs. Hovey. Perhaps they would have left peacefully, but for a thing not generally known, that Miss Cross is in a delicate condition of health. The attacks on the old man were probably for the purpose of forcing him to recede from his determination for them to leave, backed by the power of the law, and as the extremity drew near, and he remained firm, these attacks were carried to an almost murderous length.

PICNIC IN A LUMBER CAMP.

Last Wednesday morning on invitation of Silsby brothers of Lunenburgh about 25 of their friends visited their lumber camp in the woods near Granby. They were conveyed thither in a barge, drawn by four white-gray horses and driven by James Silsby. The ride along the side of the mountain, where hardly a track could be seen, was exciting, especially to those who went over it for the first time. It was a very jolly party, and the two hours and a half spent in getting to camp were passed in great enjoyment. Upon reaching camp the party saw 30 men at dinner, and a short time after, the company sat down to a real camp dinner, and a most substantial and good dinner it was for a hungry crowd, who did ample justice to it. After dinner games were in order and most delicious molasses candy was served. Several photographs were taken. At 3:30 the company started on their homeward trip down the mountain which was even more exciting than the climb up to camp.

FRATERNITY POLITICS AVOIDED.

Partial arrangements have been made for the annual Washington's birthday celebration by Middlebury college. The banquet will be held at the Addison House, as usual, but upon the 23d inst., since the anniversary falls on Sunday. To avoid inter fraternity politics the honorary appointments for this year were chosen by impartial lot. With this original assignment a precedent will be established which will be perfectly fair for all parties. In accordance with this scheme the Chi Psi fraternity this year has the president, the neutrals, the orator of the day, and the Delta Upsilon fraternity the declaimer. Taylor, '02, has been elected president and Harvey, '03, orator. President Wright and Professor Sanford represent the faculty on the committee of arrangements, and have appointed Whitney, '03, chairman of the music committee and Holt, '05, chairman on decorations. It is expected that the celebration this year will eclipse those of years previous.

DEWEY SECURES A COUNTRY SEAT.

Town Clerk Waterbury of Stamford, Conn., announces that the recent purchase of the villa and estate at Stamford, adjoining the famous "Rock Hill" dairy farm, once the property of Capt. Benjamin D. Greene, who is a fugitive from justice in Quebec for connection with Col. John A. Gaynor and Capt. Oberlin Carter in the Savannah river and harbor frauds, was secured for a country seat by Admiral George Dewey, who will make it his future home. According to Town Clerk Waterbury Admiral Dewey, after completing this purchase of the estate, endeavored strongly to secure a 10-acre strip adjoining from the "Rock Hill" dairy farm, but failed because no terms could be made for a title from its former owner, Captain Greene.

SUMMER HOTEL SOLD.

Deeds were passed Friday in a transaction by which the Silverdale property, a summer resort at Stafford lake, Brattleboro, became the property of Charles C. Abbey of Chicopee, Mass. James A. Pullen of Brattleboro has been the owner the past two years, but finds that he will be unable to give his attention to the management of the resort any longer. Mr. Abbey will increase the capacity of the House to 250 persons. He expects to put a new steamer on the lake for the use of his patrons.

TWO MEN FINED FOR STEALING COAL.

J. V. Newton and his helper, Azro Waters, were brought before Judge William H. Nichols in Randolph last Monday on the charge of petit larceny. It appears that Mrs. F. E. Colburn, living in the upper part of the Dr. Kendrick house, bought some coal Monday of M. M. Wilson, who, to fill the order, borrowed a quantity of C. F. Moulton from a car consigned to J. W. Gabrile. Newton was ordered to draw the coal and after six o'clock Monday night weighed a load of 555 pounds, drew it to his own house and into the dooryard, where it remained some 10 minutes and was then taken to its proper destination. Tuesday morning a second load, which completed the order, was delivered. The small amount of coal for the size of the order excited the curiosity of the purchaser and by keeping track of what was used and weighing the rest a shortage was discovered of 340 pounds in an order for 1200, and $1.57 was refunded by the dealer. It being noised abroad that Mr. Wilson was giving short measure on orders for coal, he felt obliged to bring the matter to the attention of Chief of Police Ketchum, who, upon investigation, proceeded, with the help of J. D. Denison, Esq., to prosecute Newton and Waters for petit larceny. Both were found guilty, and Newton was fined $5 and costs and Waters $2 and costs, the total amount of fines, $18.94, being paid by Newton.

ORGAN COMPANY REORGANIZED.

Agreeably to a charter granted at the last session of the Legislature, the E. P. Carpenter Co. of Brattleboro, manufacturers of the Carpenter organs, have reorganized under the name of the Carpenter Co. The new organization has an authorized capital stock of $600,000 of which $60,000 is 6 per cent cumulative preferred stock, and the balance is common stock. There will be no change in the conduct of the business, and the new company will assume all the liabilities and take over all the assets of the old company. Following are the officers: Directors, George E. Crowell, Martin Austin, Jr., R. H. Mitchell; president, George E. Crowell; treasurer and general manager, Martin Austin, Jr.; auditor Christie B. Crowell; superintendent, John H. Morse. The business for January exceeded that of any other January since 1898.

RECEIVED MAMMOTH TUSK FROM ALASKA.

Martin L. Washburn of Randolph received last week from Alaska a box containing an unusually complete specimen of the tusk that adorned the upper jaw of some prehistoric mammoth, gone to his repose long ages ago. The tusk was exhumed by gold miners in the Yukon valley, within the Arctic circle, at a depth of about 25