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3:36 a m NIGHT EXPRESS, from New York for Montreal, Ogdensburg and the West. Sleeping car to Montreal—daily except Mondays.

7:50 a m LOCAL EXPRESS—for Burlington.

3:25 p m EXPRESS MAIL, from New York, New London, Troy, Albany, Springfield and Boston for Burlington, Montpelier, St. Albans, Montreal, Ogdensburg and the West.

6:15 p m EXPRESS, from New York Albany and Troy for Burlington, St. Albans, Montreal, and the West. Parlor car to St. Albans.

GOING SOUTH AND EAST.

9:55 a m EXPRESS, for Boston, Worcester, New London, Springfield and New York; also Troy, Albany & New York, with Wagner Drawing Room car to New York, arriving 7 p. m.; also Pullman Drawing Room car, to Boston, arriving 6:35 p. m.

4:52 p m MIXED, for Rutland and intermediate stations.

8:37 p m MIXED, for Rutland.

9:52 p m NIGHT EXPRESS, for Troy, Albany, New York, and Boston. A Sleeping car through to New York and also to Boston.

ADDISON RAILROAD.

Going South—6:35 a m—Mixed train leaves Ticonderoga for Leicester Junction, arriving 8.10.

Going North—5:55 p m—Mixed train leaves Leicester Junction, arriving at Ticonderoga 7:25.

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Home Department.

We closed last week with the beautiful story of Irving, Rip Van Winkle. We supply its place this with a story by Maude Meredith suggestive of that line, "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

We hope to publish soon, in our home department, original articles on Jean Ingelow, and on "The Trees of Vermont." Prof. Webber hasn't told us yet what he would furnish, but we feel sure it will be something. Perhaps, too, the Rev. S. L. B. Speare of the Congregational church will contribute, as he is eminently capable, and, we understand, thinks well of the department. Perhaps—this is a far-off thought, but it may return laden—perhaps that courtly gentleman and accomplished statesman, Hon. Edward J. Phelps, who is not only Middlebury born but Middlebury bred, being a graduate of our college, will seize a moment of leisure to address through our columns the residents of his native town and county; every one of whom, without distinction of party, rejoices that he is Minister to England. Alas! that a family so large and so congenial to Vermont life should have no representative left at the old home. Occasionally, though, we see Satterly's tall and age-defying form returning to visit the old scenes; and at the same time we perceive a vision of loveliness, sometimes several of them, flitting by as though to the manor born. And, before the present administration, we used as frequently to find members of the Burlington branch coming back to those haunts of Ripton heights where still the trout jumps to the fly, and the cool air and quiet mountains lend vigor and life anew.

Our song this week will be the grand one of Burns': "A Man's a Man for A' That."

SONG.

Is there, for honest poverty
  Wha hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
  We dare be poor for a' that.
  For a' that, and a' that:
    Our toils obscure, and a' that,
  The rank is but the guinea stamp,
    The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
  Wear hodden gray, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
  A man's a man for a' that.
  For a' that, and a' that,
    Their tinsel show and a' that;
  The honest man though ne'er sae poor,
    Is king o' men for a' that.

You see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
  Wha struts, and stares, and a' that,
Though hundreds worship at his word,
  He's but a cood for a' that.
  For a' that, and a' that,
    His riband, star, and a' that;
  The man of independent mind,
    He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
  A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboow his might,
  Guid faith he maunna fa' that!
  For a' that, and a' that,
    Their dignities, and a' that,
  The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
    Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
  As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
  May bear the gree, and a' that.
  For a' that, and a' that,
    It's coming yet for a' that.
  When man to man, the warld o'er,
    Shall brothers be for a' that.

—*Burns.*

SCRABBLE-HILL DEESTRICT.

"There ain't a mite o' use talkin', Deacon Whipum, there ain't no gal under the sun that can manage our school. There's three great hefty fellows been turned out on't, hand runnin', and its no arthly use."

"Wal', now I tell ye, Mis' Fisher, thet there gal's got grit; and she jes' hes got the most *convincin'* way with her that ever ye see. I'll resk her to kerry the school through in good shape, see 'f she don't!"

"E—r—r—r," Mrs. Fisher answered with an ominous shaking of the head. "You're just sot on havin' on 'er, that's what blinds you. Now there's Tilury Kent, d'ye 'spose a young gal's a goin' to handle her, when them great men folks couldn't do a thing with 'er? I tell ye, ye've just wasted yer time fur nothin' foolin' around arter a woman teacher, even ef you could get her a little cheaper. The deestric' is glad enough to get a teacher cheap, but what we've *got* to have is some one as kin jes' *lick* em' *right down to't.* An' you know thet's well's I do."

"Thet's jest what I tole the deacon," Mrs. Whipum added meekly, glancing furtively toward where the deacon sat.

"Now there's my boys," Mrs. Fisher resumed, they're no way bad boys, they mind *me*"; but I know jes' how't'll be, they jes' naturally won't pay a grain of 'tention to a fiddle-faddlin' sort of a gal, an' it won't be *my* blame, nuther, if they don't, Deacon Whipum."

"Y-e-s, they do mind what you tell 'em—sometimes," the deacon said, with a merry twinkle in his sharp grey eyes. "But bein' as its winter, the schoolmarm won' have the advantage that you do, seein' there ain't no rake-stales round at this time o' year."

"Wal', I don't deny I have took rake-stales to 'em, more particularly when I've been rakin' after the cart, but that's *jes'* what boys *need. That's* what I've been a tellin' on ye."

"Wal', wal', we'll see how the schoolmarm comes out. And you can jes' tell 'em 'at school commences the fust Monday arter Thankgivin', an' tell your boys to be on hand sharp." And as though to end the argument, the deacon took his hat down from the nail, and went out to attend to his chores.

After that the gossip drifted off into different channels by guests doing the talking and mild, reticent Mrs. Whipum listening attentively.

"The first Monday arter Thanksgiving" found the little brown schoolhouse well filled with half-grown girls, and a larger crowd of boys clustered about the outer door. Surely the scholars were prompt enough on this first morning, at least: and the boys were trying, in their stupid way, to sharpen their dull wits at each other's expense, a process that had all the charm of novelty, since they had for the most part been widely separated during the working season. They were also anticipating a little coarse though lively fun when Deacon Whipum should drive up with his lame old mare and the antiquated yellow pung, that had done service since long before the earliest recollections of any of them. Not that the boys disliked the deacon, not in the least; he was a very genial and popular man, but there were unmistakably vulnerable points about the deacon's turnout, and they saw an opportunity to embarrass the new teacher, and thus "score a point" at the very outset.

But while they stood shivering about the door, kicking the new snow from their cold feet, and wiping their red noses, a gay jangle of bells cut through the frosty air, and a handsome horse and cutter—the very handsomest the children had ever seen—dashed up to the door, and an equally handsome young man sprang out and assisted a pretty little lady to alight.

"You have a nice crowd of boys, Miss Grey," the young man said in a half undertone, yet somehow sufficiently loud to reach the ears of the gaping boys—and I am sure you will have a splendid school. We'll come up to visit your school one of these days."

"Yes, I am to have a nice big school and they told me they were splendid scholars, too; so I hope you will all come up to see us by-an-by."

The little "school-marm" smiled and glanced pleasantly around at the crowd of scholars that clustered about the door, and after a merry good-bye the young man drove off, and she entered the schoolhouse.

As she hung her hat and cloak on the nail back of the teacher's desk and turned to her scholars, she noticed that a profound hush had fallen upon them. A glance at her watch showed that it yet lacked twenty minutes of nine, but evidently this was the moment to call the school to order, and she did so. Every scholar settled quietly into his seat, except three great hulking fellows, dressed in coarse grey pants and blue and white homespun frocks belted with wide leather belts, which looked like nothing so much as a saddle girth. These three still stood with their backs to the little stove, balancing their heels now and again against the hot iron, which hissed and spluttered as the snow melted from them.

Miss Grey went about quietly taking the names of the pupils, with a pleasant word and smile for each, until she reached the young men who still stood by the stove. They gave their names gruffly and with averted eyes. They were Bill and Chet and Jeff Fisher, and were aged respectively 22, 20, and 18 years.

"When your feet are good and warm, you will help yourselves to seats, will you not?" the teacher said, pleasantly, then added: "but don't hurry, because it is still cold at the back of the room, and you will have to sit in the back row because you are so tall." She smiled as she said so, and this time she caught their eyes. "I guess I know some mother that is proud of her big boys," she added in an undertone as she held her hand out toward the warmth of the stove. "Did *she* do all this weaving?" she inquired, touching the scant frock-sleeve of the elder brother. "I used to help my mother weave just such cloth when she was living," she said softly; "I always liked to work in woolen yarns." Again she glanced up with her bright soft smile, that was this time saddened by the memory of her mother's death, and was met by three pair of eyes, all bent earnestly and sympathetically full upon her.

The young men were not really cold; they had not stayed by the stove for the sake of comfort, but to show that they paid no regard to the call to order. But now that she had said they should not make haste to take their seats, but should wait until their feet were quite warm, they instantly spurned the idea of the possibility of cold feet, and after a nod to each other they walked quietly to their places.

As the "Fisher boys" had long been a sort of mental barometer to the rest of the school, the other scholars seeing them take out their books quietly and go about their studies, did likewise, and, as a result, Miss Grey had a very orderly school.

Promptly at twenty minutes of twelve Miss Grey tapped the bell sharply.

"You may now put up your books," she said; "I opened school at twenty minutes of nine, and now at twenty minutes of twelve we will close. The afternoon session will begin at one o'clock as usual. You are now excused."

Books and slates were hurriedly tucked into the desks, and now a shout and flourish of caps hailed the hour of intermission. The boys rushed out of doors, while the girls opening their dinner pails, gathered in groups to discuss the new teacher, and to guess and speculate on the policy of Tilury Kent and the Fisher boys.

Miss Grey ate her dinner in silence, and then took out some soft fluffy material that looked to the eyes of the wondering girls almost like a drift of new-fallen snow. But it was not snow, and Miss Grey arranged her crocheting and began to work.

She had thought of the possibility of this awkward nooning when she selected this especial piece of work before leaving home, and a half smile dimpled the corners of her mouth as one after another of the girls gathered about her with shy, inquiring eyes.

Tilury Kent leaned against the window casing, the sullen look deepening on her face, and the teacher shrewdly guessed that this was the girl to be most afraid of. She wished to engage her attention and bring her into the crowd of girls that were now chattering all about her, but how could it be done? The girl would not bear coaxing, would scorn a soft word, and as for dainty crocheted fascinators, she hated the sight of all manner of pretty things. Had she not worn coarse, faded clothes, and that horrible old brown "pumpkin" hood ever since she could remember?

Suddenly a bright thought occurred to Miss Grey. The old box stove was ugly, as well as immense, and the door hung by one hinge, so it had been the custom of the teachers to set the larger boys to put in the big "chunks" of wood, and close and prop the door, a thing that was always accomplished with a bang and clatter. Now Miss Grey, laying her work aside, went down to the stove and began putting in one of the huge blocks. It was too heavy for her small hands, and tore the delicate skin with its jagged splinters. Looking up to Tilury she said, "Will you help me, please? it is so heavy."

It is doubtful whether any one had ever addressed the girl in that way before, for pleasant words and small politenesses had not fallen to her lot in life. She sprang forward eagerly and caught the great stick in her hands, and with the strength of a small Amazon flung it into the bed of burning coals, and kicked the door together after it.

"Why, how strong you are!" Miss Grey exclaimed in unfeigned astonishment, as she wiped the drops of blood from her lacerated fingers. Then seeing Tilury draw her hand across her dress front, the teacher noticed that her hand also bled.

"You have torn your hand, too," Miss Grey said; "come here and we'll patch up our wounds together. I've some court plaster in my satchel."

The girl laughed and tucked her hand behind her as she resumed her place at the window.

"See," the teacher said, holding out her hand, "I've three scratches on this hand. Let me see yours, for I am to blame for your getting hurt. Please let me look at it."

Tilury glanced at the palm of her hand and then suddenly held it out; "It aches," she said, bluntly.

"Why, poor child!" the teacher cried, "I should think it would ache. That is a dreadful sliver; let me try to get it out; I'm so sorry."

Miss Grey got her tiny pearl-handled knife and began to dig it out.

"Can you bear the pain?" she asked, holding the hand tightly in her own.

"Y—yes!" the girl answered, making light of it. But the hurt was a severe one, and a woman of less nerve than Miss Grey could never have succeeded in taking out the sliver, and a girl with less strength of will could never have borne it so heroically. Miss Grey bathed the hand with cologne and covered the wound with a strip of court-plaster, while she praised the girl for her courage, and petted her because of her pain, until, for once, Tilury was the heroine of the school-room.

It was almost time to call the school for the afternoon session when Miss Grey took a final look at the disabled hand, now carefully wrapped up in one of her own prettiest handkerchiefs. The girls still clustered about them.

"Why, Tilury Kent, what lovely finger nails you have!" she cried. "You must not bite them off once again, and let me show you how to trim them prettily. I never saw prettier nails, did you girls?"

Tilury snatched her hand away and hid it behind her.

"Th' ain't!" she said crossly; "Jabes calls 'em cats'-claws, an' Polly says they're skeleton bones, jes' like Sally Thomases. I hate 'em!"

"Jabez calls them so because they are so thin. And that is one great beauty of a fingernail, and Polly—well, I don't know what she meant, but *I* tell you they are lovely. And I'll tell you Lou—I will call you Lou because that is a short pet name—I will make you a present of this little knife if you will let me show you how to take care of your nails. You deserve the knife, anyway, after letting me dig after the sliver as I did, and not complaining one word. Here's the knife, and you are a brave girl, Lou, and we will see what pretty hands you'll have before school closes."

She put the knife in the girl's hand, and went out and rang the bell.

The boys had heard of the injured hand, and the teacher's courage and kindness. They paid no attention to Tilury, for she had always been remarkable for her "grit," as they called it; no one expected anything else of her; but they had talked over the new teacher with great interest.

"Gosh! ain't she got pretty dimples when she laughs though?" Jeff Fisher exclaimed.

"She's the *pootiest* teacher that ever cum into this deestric' anyhow!" remarked Chet by way of affirmation.

"She's a blamed leetle morsel to be around among all us big fellows," Bill said; glancing down toward the sleeve she had touched, "but I'll tell you what 'tis boys, ef airy boy lifts his finger to bother her this winter, I'll jes' natchuly mash his frame fur 'im." And as the bell tapped Bill whirled slowly about and slouched away into the school-room.

The boys glanced at each other with nods and winks and nudging of elbows, but they were accustomed to Bill Fisher's leadership and they followed him into school.

I think my story is about told. There were days of bitter cold; days of weariness and small vexations and discomforts; but there were also days of sunshine, of good lessons, of merry rides, and jolly spelling schools, to which the young folks for miles around came, packing the school-house to its utmost limit.

Miss Grey never knew what a load of defiant shame and bitterness she had lifted from the hearts of those three great boys that morning by the stove when she touched the despised blue-and-white frocking, and told them that she had helped weave just such, and had liked to do it. They had been mortified by the old-fashioned garments, and had hated them with impotent hatred, but one touch had changed all this, and no longer feeling themselves the clowns of the school, they developed genuine traits of manhood, of which no one had ever dreamed them possessed.

The school was a success, and shortly after its close as Deacon Whipum met Mrs. Fisher in the road one day, he said, with a comical twitching about the lips:

"I guess the little school-marm 'licked 'em right down to't,' didn't she, Mis' Fisher?"

"Well, I vags!" Mrs. Fisher said, with a loud laugh, "I'll hev to give in beat this time. I dunno what she done, but you wouldn't no more know my boys than you would Tilury Kent, for the same critters that they was six months ago. She done it somehow, an' she kep' a good school, I'll have to own to that, but I never hearn as she licked one on 'em."

"I tell ye" the deacon said with a serious face, "it's all in jes' understandin' human nature, an' bringin' out the best there is in 'em. I tole ye the leetle school-marm was bright's a whistle, an' so she was."—*Maude Meredith.*

MICHAUX'S "THE NORTH AMERICAN SYLVA."

GRAY OAK.

The Gray oak appears, by my father's notes, to be found farther north than any other species in America: in returning from Hudson's Bay he saw it on the St. Lawrence between Quebec and Malable, in latitude 47 degrees, 50 minutes. Under that parallel, and near Halifax in Nova Scotia, where I first observed it, it is not more than 40 feet high: and, though the bloom is annual, the winter is so rigorous and long that the fruit is said to be matured only once in three or four years. Three degrees farther south in Maine and New Hampshire, and on the shores of Lake Champlain in Vermont, it is more multiplied, and is 50 or 60 feet in height and 18 inches in diameter. It is called by the inhabitants, Gray oak: but it has been confounded by botanists with the Red oak, to which it bears a close analogy in its foliage, as it does to the Scarlet oak in its fruit: on this resemblance I have founded the Latin specific name *ambigua.*

The leaves are large, smooth, and deeply sinuated at right angles to the main rib. The acorns are of the middle size, rounded at the end, and contained in scaly cups.

The wood is similar to that of the other species included under the common name of Red oak. Its coarse and open texture renders it unfit for any use except to contain dry wares; but in districts where oak wood is rare, recourse is had for other purposes to several species of inferior quality, which are still superior to the Birch, the Beech and the Pine. Thus, the Gray oak is employed for the knees of vessels and for wheelwrights' work; it is even preferred to the Red oak as being stronger and more durable.

This tree is without interest, as the regions in which it grows possess other species in every respect more valuable, such as the White oak, the Swamp White oak and the Rock Chestnut oak.

RED OAK.

Next to the Gray oak, this species is found in the highest latitude of all the American oaks, and is one of the most common species in the Northern States and in Canada. Farther south, particularly is the lower part of New York, in New Jersey, the upper districts of Pennsylvania and along the whole range of the Alleghanies, it is nearly as abundant as the Scarlet and Black oaks; but it is much less common in Maryland, Lower Virginia and the maritime parts of the Carolinas and Georgia. This remark confirms an observation which I have often made, that its perfect development requires a cool climate and a fertile soil. It is universally known by the name of Red oak, except near Lancaster in Pennsylvania, where it is sometimes confounded with the Spanish oak.

The Red oak is a tall, wide-spreading tree, frequently more than 80 feet high and three or four feet in diameter. Its leaves are smooth and shining on both sides, large, deeply lacinated and rounded at the base. They are larger and have deeper and narrower sections on the young stocks than on the middle or the summit of the full-grown tree; these last resemble the leaves of the Spanish oak, which, however, are always downy beneath, while those of the Red oak are perfectly smooth.