

LIST OF Farms, Residences, Timber Lots, Village Lots, SAW MILLS, &c.,

Which, desiring to close up my business, are

FOR SALE AT LESS THAN THEIR VALUE,

Easy Terms of Payment,

CARROLL S. PAGE,

HYDE PARK, VT.

The L. P. Jones Farm, 98 acres, on Cooper Hill.

The Foss Farm near School House in Greenfield, 10 acres—very desirable place, except house of no value.

The Greenfield Farm, 60 acres, lately owned by R. S. Page; good buildings, adjoins the Foss place last above mentioned, and the two would, together make a desirable farm.

The Mill Farm, lying south of Greenfield Mill above named; 60 acres, fair, cheap buildings.

100 Acres of Timber Land, known as the Bean lot, lying on the pond near H. S. Hawkins' new pond; part of the land is flowed by Hawkins' mill-pond.

100 Acres of Timber Land, known as the "C. G. Whitney, Noyes lot," near Wilkins' Green River mill.

The Bowell Place, near Hyde Park village, 5 acres land and house; a good, cheap place for a laborer who wants a few acres of land.

The Tenement House, first building west of Catholic church in Hyde Park Street. Would like to sell to some party who would fit it into a boarding house, for which there is a growing demand in this village.

Small, Desirable Village Lots in Hyde Park village. The demand for labor in Hyde Park is good, and any intelligent and thrifty laborer, who can pay for the building lot, will be furnished with the lumber, lime, nails, glass, shingles, doors, sash and windows, which will build a respectable building, and pay same in installments of \$50 per annum and interest. Land within one-quarter mile of dwelling, will be sold in lots of 1, 2, 3 or 5 acres to suit purchaser, at low prices and on liberal terms of payment.

ARE YOU Going to Purchase

A NEW WAGON

this season? If so, now is your time.

H. J. LILLEY,

Hyde Park,

Has on hand a good assortment of

Pleasure and Business Wagons.

His stock consists of

Open Buggies,

Covered Buggies,

Concord Wagons,

&c., &c., &c.

at various manufactures, all of which are offered

At Reasonable Prices

for cash or on time,

He also keeps on hand a good assortment of One and Two Horse

LUMBER WAGONS.

The wagons are all warranted, and a written guarantee given to the buyer.

The Lumber Wagons are Lilly's own make, while the Buggies are from the best manufactures.

HARNESSES.

He offers the best Driving Harness for the money that can be bought in the State.

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NEWS AND COMMENT

THE THREE MAIDS. Three maids found the lovely world to see; Three maids, their names Faith, Hope and Charity;

Each with separate mission to unfold, Apart, yet one, a happy band to hold.

Three maids went wand'ring o'er the weary earth, Seeking to give mankind a nobler worth; Naught would they take, to give was their delight; And none would take them in their flight.

Riches beyond the world in their extent. Three maids returned; footsore, and faint; Heavy at heart; where erst they had been glad. For all their gifts in this great world of sin, Few would accept, and none would take them in.

A SHROUD OF FIRE. It was a golden harvest day, late in September, that the men of the frontier settlement of Warren, in a way in the heart of a vast Kentucky forest, were at work on their respective clearings, cutting and binding the ripe golden wheat, when like a huge thunderbolt descending from the sky at midnoon, a large party of savages made a descent upon the settlement; and, in less than half an hour from the time terror had been struck deep into their hearts by the first terrible warwhoop, the savages, who had been for some time murdering in cold blood, save a youth of nineteen, Harry Phillips by name, who, upon the first alarm, had hidden in the tall wheat, and thus far escaped the fell eyes of the enemy.

So near was his hiding-place to the abode, that he had heard every shriek made by the women and children as they were butchered by the red fiends; and more than once he was on the point of rushing out to their defense, all un-armed as he was. But the joy of life is implanted so deep in every heart, and the certainty that he could render them no aid, held him back; and with his hands to his ears to shut out the horrid sounds, he lay, expecting every moment that he would be discovered and subjected to a terrible death, as he was being mated out to his friends.

At last it seemed that the fell work of the savages was done. The groans and shrieks had died away, and no sound met his ear save the rustling of the tall wheat above him, as it waved back and forward in the gentle breeze.

For several moments the silence continued, and he had begun to congratulate himself that they had departed, when the loud crackling of flames announced the onset of more of the cabins had been set on fire.

There had been no rain for several days, and the timber that formed the roof of the cabins was dry and in the best condition for kindling to prey upon.

The crackling of the flames grew louder and louder, and he was soon enabled to see that the roof of the cabin nearest to him was on fire, and that the flames were not more than half a dozen rods from where he was concealed, he already could feel the heat where he lay.

If the wheat should ignite his danger, he knew, would be doubly increased, for danger from the flames would be added to the knives of the savages; and to escape from one would only be to drive him upon the other, which would be certain death.

For a few moments the flames raged above him like the blast of a furnace, but the heat was soon exhausted, and the surge passed on; but Harry could still hear the flames crackling about him, and knew from this that the tree trunk was burning; but this gave him no easiness, as he knew if he remained in his present position it would be several hours before the fire could reach him, it did at all, which was doubtful, as he found from the touch that the inside of the shell was wet and soggy, and, therefore, would not burn readily.

Wait and trust was all that could be done. Wait until the savages had left, and trust that under the cover of the smoke he had made his escape.

It was but a few minutes from the time that he was set before all that the charred black earth, from which the smoke was rising in many places; and no sooner had the flames subsided, so that it was possible for them to venture, than the savages, who during the time had kept up their infernal yells, were hunting the grounds for the remains of the youth, who they were positive had not escaped from the fiery circle which which they had surrounded him.

For a few moments the savages consulted together as to the best method of disposing of his remains, and at last they agreed among them, that the aperture at the end of the log should be closed up securely, and then fresh fuel heaped upon the trunk, until it should be consumed along with its inmate.

The horror of Harry Phillips can be better imagined than expressed, as in the possession of this infernal resolution the red demons with a large stone securely closed the entrance, so that it would be impossible for the inmate of the shell to dialogue it. Then he heard them depart, and he longed to follow them, but he was bound to the task, for he knew that if he, or death depended upon his efforts.

He had gone over perhaps one-third of the distance, and had gained some shade, when he saw the following madly in his rear, and thus for the dense smoke had proved a shield that the eyes of the savages could not penetrate; but now the horror of the youth can be imagined, when he saw a bright line of flames spring up on the outer edge of the field, toward which he was flying, and heard the shouts of the red devils, who had set this new trap into which he was running, and who now

before him he expected to appear. His hold on his life seemed gone; and yet there was help near at hand of which he little dreamed.

A strong force of whites, headed by Logan, the scout, had been upon the trail of the savages for two days, and they now suddenly appeared upon the scene, and the first intimation that the redskins had of their presence was a volley of bullets, that fell among them, and nearly the entire party surrounded the field, determined to hem him in, so that there should be no escape for the flames for the last survivor of their victims.

The heart of Harry Phillips sank within him. A circle of roaring, hissing flames around him on every side rushing swiftly toward him, and darting out long tongues as if in haste to wrap him in a sea of fire; and outside of this a circle of blood-thirsty savages, whose cruelty was equal to that of the blazing element that heathed him in.

The youth had no leave here, but it was his lead in his bosom as he comprehended the terrible danger by which he was surrounded.

With the speed of a race-horse the red flames came on behind him; already they were reaching the sky at midnoon, a large party of savages made a descent upon the settlement; and, in less than half an hour from the time terror had been struck deep into their hearts by the first terrible warwhoop, the savages, who had been for some time murdering in cold blood, save a youth of nineteen, Harry Phillips by name, who, upon the first alarm, had hidden in the tall wheat, and thus far escaped the fell eyes of the enemy.

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THE HUMOROUS PAPERS.

WHAT WE FIND IN THEM TO SMILE OVER THIS WEEK.

She Seared the Seat—Dusted a Servant—All Four Conquered—A List's Help—Mrs. Blank—What if it?—The Call.

Mrs. Blank—"There it is again. This paper says that Mr. Oldboy has made a million on real estate transactions within a year."

Mr. Blank—"What of it?"

"You forget that Mr. Oldboy was one of my early admirers, and I might have married him if I had wished. I did not, and he has remained a bachelor. He is now rich, while the man I married is still poor."

"Well, I might have been rich, too, if—"

"If I hadn't married,"—The Call.

HE HAD BEEN TO SCHOOL.

"There have you been, young rascal?" angrily demanded Fitzgibbon, as Pinck came sneaking in at the back door, late in the afternoon.

"Been to school," slowly answered Pincher, dropping his books and anxiously eyeing the strap his father dangled so tantalizingly.

"Been to school? Oh, you little liar—do you think I'm to be fooled that easy? I went over to the academy and you ain't been there to-day; one of the boys told you had gone to school. Now, what have you to say to that?"

Gradually edging toward the door and grasping a chair between him and his father, Pincher raised his soulful eyes and innocently asked:

"Well, pin your own fishes have schools?"—Atlanta Constitution.

EXPECTING TOO MUCH.

Little Billy Simpson is aged about 10. Not long since the Simpson family was increased by still another little boy, and a friend of the family, meeting Billy, said to him:

"So you have got another baby at your house. He is a right smart little fellow, ain't he?"

"Humph," sneered Billy, turning up his nose. "I wish many smart boys do you expect to have in our family?"—Texas Siftings.

LESSONS OF EXPERIENCE.

Mrs. Simmies—"Yes, I know he looks like a nice young man, but I told him I had no vacancies."

Miss S.—"But you have, ma, and he said he would pay his board in advance. Why didn't you take him?"

"Because he is a market clerk."

"But what of that?"

"Everything. He will always be talking at table about the early vegetables and other high-priced things just arrived in market."—Phila. Call.

ALL PEAR CONSIDERED.

Mrs. Blank—"Do you remember, dear, that before we were married you always offered me your left arm?"

Mr. Blank—"Yes, I was obliged to have my right arm free. You see I had a lover's fear that some one would try to take you away from me, and I always kept in readiness for defence."

Mrs. Blank—"How sweet! But how is it that now you generally offer me your right arm?"

Mr. Blank—"Well, I'm not so afraid as I was."

A LITTLE REPLY.

Maud—"Isn't that queer title for a book, Mother? 'Not Like Other Girls?'"

I wonder what can be she if she is not like other girls?

Mother—"I don't know, unless she goes to school, and Mother helps her to other instead of staying in the parlor to read novels."—Life.

THE DUTY OF A SERVANT.

"Mamma," complained a little girl, "I don't like my school."

"Why not, my dear? You are well, and you want to sit down and let your pony stand in her back, and she would be well."

"Certainly not. She did quite right."

"Well, that's what you told her she was to do when she first came."

"I told her that she was to let you know when you had done her back?"

"Not exactly that, mamma, but you told her she was to mind the children."

SEE GO HER REPLY.

"Is this seat engaged?" asked a small, thin woman of a fat man in the New Haven street car today.

"To reply."

"Will you please take your feet down and let me sit on this seat?"

Again no reply.

"I read today in the 'Graphic' still louder, 'that a Chicago man has cornered all the pork in the world. How did you manage to escape?'"

At the next station she had the whole seat to herself.—Graphic.

A Luncheon Story.

A story of Gen. Butler is told by a well-known woman living in Washington. During the war Gen. Butler was imprisoned here. She suffered great hardships, not the least of which was the prison fare she was compelled to eat. As she had been delicately reared, and was at the time in particularly feeble health, she suffered much from living on coarse food. One day Gen. Butler sent on writing without raising his head or taking any notice of her whatever. She seated herself, and, unabashed by the great man's presence, glanced around and saw a delicious luncheon prepared for Gen. Butler on a table near by. The sight was too tempting for the half-starved prisoner. She crept up behind him, took possession of the luncheon, and with great enjoyment and perfect self-possession, devoured every morsel—she hardly left a crumb.

Butler turned around, and, without perceiving the havoc made in his luncheon, said gruffly: "You see, madam, I have been very much engaged."

To which she replied graciously, pointing to the empty plates and dishes: "And you see, General, that I have been very much engaged, too!"

She swears to this day that Gen. Butler looked embarrassed.

To Calculate Interest.

To calculate interest at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 per cent. per annum:

Rule—When the rate is 6 per cent., multiply principal by number of days, and divide by 6,080.

When the rate is 7 per cent., multiply principal by number of days, and divide by 5,214.

When the rate is 8 per cent., multiply principal by number of days, and divide by 4,663.

When the rate is 9 per cent., multiply as above, and divide by 4,055.

When the rate is 10 per cent., multiply as above, and divide by 3,650.

To find divisor for any given rate of interest—multiply 365 by 100, and divide the product by the given rate of interest.

An exchange wants to know what the title, "A Perilous Secret," refers to. Any person who tries to keep from his wife in secret.

HORRORS OF THE ARCTIC.

The Acts of Cannibalism by the Greely Survivors Talked of Freely.

[From the New York World.]

It was late in the afternoon when the news from Rochester reached the Arctic fleet. Commander Schley, with Lieutenants Enock and Colville, were enjoying themselves at a reception given by Commodore Filshie; and the Thetis, the Bear and Alert were left in charge of junior officers. The decks were alive with gaily dressed young ladies gossiping and flirting with the handsome officers. The shrill treble of their laughter and the joyous sounds of convivial merry-making forebode a night of merriment.

The forecastle was equally given over to jollification, and the bronzed sailors were seen to be drinking their health to the survivors who were not present.

For a moment they were dismayed by the suddenness of the attack; but they soon recovered themselves, and being joined by their comrades, a battle raged, that for fierceness was not exceeded by any in all the Indian war. The result for a time appeared uncertain, but at last the survivors were victorious, and half their number were slain.

A few moments later, as the whites were busy in caring for some of their wounded comrades, they were startled by a faint sound that appeared to come from the burning pile near them.

The laughter grew silent, the sounds of merriment in the cabin died away. The officers turned from their fair companions to listen to the tale and the sailor's cry dropped over the side.

There was no need for further concealment. The world was known and the officers felt at greater liberty to talk. The visitors spoke in whispers, and touched with reverence awe the relics of the Arctic heroes. They felt instinctively that the men who had been so long in the snow were not to be trifled with.

Under the awning on the quarterdeck the junior officer told in low tones the story of the eating of the bodies as they had been told to the public.

The facts had been permitted to molder into forgetfulness looked up in the archives of the War Department, but now that all was known, he held that the survivors were to be honored and that the lengths they had gone to keep alive.

"Do you think that it was from choice these wretched men brought themselves to feed upon such food?" he asked.

"Can you imagine anything more loathsome to the men themselves than their food?" he asked.

"But their duty to their country forbade their dying and like noble men, they kept the feeble spark of life alive at the cost of everything but life itself. I honor them for it. It is the very essence of heroism. When all the stories of Arctic suffering have been written and the songs of Arctic heroism sung, above them all shall stand the record of these men who ate their comrades that they might live to give to the world the fruits of their discovery."

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