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LIFE AND FIRE INSURANCE AGENT.
Representing Companies whose Assets are over \$75,000,000.

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Office in Thompson & Bangs' Block, next door to Phoenix Office.
BRATTLEBORO, Vt.

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ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Brattleboro, Vt.

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Attorneys and Solicitors, Brattleboro, Vt.
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Physician and Surgeon,
[Late residence of Julius J. Eddy.]

E. GIBNEY & CO., Commission Merchants, and a Wholesale Dealers in FLOUR AND GRAIN, Brattleboro, Vt.

H. D. HOLT, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Brattleboro, Vt. Office at residence, corner of Main and Walnut Sts. At home before 8 A. M., and from 1 P. M. to 5 P. M.

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NEW WOOD YARD, A. E. DOUGLASS, Proprietor, High Street. Stone wood of all kinds and dimensions on reasonable terms. Orders left at C. O. Faxon's Store at my residence, promptly attended to.

Dental Operations

OF ALL KINDS PERFORMED IN THE BEST MANNER

CLARK'S

DENTAL ROOMS,--Crosby Block,

Over Vermont National Bank, Brattleboro, Vt.

FURNITURE OF ALL KINDS

Manufactured in Order.

by

HENKEL, HOLLENDER & STELLMANN,

WEST BRATTLEBORO, VT.

BRATTLEBORO

GRANITE WORKS!

O. BAILEY,

Proprietor.

HAVING established my business in Brattleboro, I am now prepared to fill orders for all kinds of work in my line with promptness and at reasonable prices. Fifteen years experience in the business. Quality of granite equal to any in New England.

SHOP ON OAK STREET.

Brattleboro, April 23, 1872.

STEINWAY PIANOS.

"The Best is the Cheapest."

THE STEINWAY PIANOS, FOR PULVER, CLARK, and other famous makers, are unequalled.

The majority of the leading artists, throughout the world, prefer them for their own use, and concede them the highest degree of excellence.

EDWARD CLARK, High St., Brattleboro.

Also agent for the Behning & Kitz Pianos and the Kitz Cottage Organs.

DR. O. R. POST

HAS MADE THE STUDY AND PRACTICE OF DENTISTRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES A LIFE WORK, AND THE MOST DIFFICULT OPERATIONS ARE PERFORMED BY HIM WITH GREAT CARE AND SKILL.

Prices very Reasonable.

Office and residence, Junction of High & Green Streets, BRATTLEBORO, VT.

A. L. PETTEE,

MAIN STREET, BRATTLEBORO.

LIQUID NITROUS OXIDE GAS,

FOR THE EXTRACTION OF TEETH WITHOUT PAIN.

THE great advantage of Gas in this form is that it is always fresh and pure; it acts quickly, without causing nausea.

DR. PETTEE'S LONG EXPERIENCE

in the use of anesthesia will give confidence to all who wish to take Gas or Ether.

All operations in Dentistry done in the most approved manner.

ESTEY, FROST & CO.,

PROPRIETORS

VALLEY

MILLS.

CORN MEAL IN ANY QUANTITY AT-
TENTION TO THE QUALITY OF THE MEAL.
CORN, RYE, OATS, COARSE &
FINE MIDDINGS.

Our stock of FLOUR will always be large and the trade supplied at lowest rates.

SALT OF ALL GRADES, BY THE

hushel or our load.

CORN, CORN MEAL AND OATS,

delivered at Boston Point without additional freight.

Poetry.

A HYMN.

The river brimmed with living trees
Wound through its meadow green;
A low, blue line of mountains showed
The open plains between.

One sharp, tall peak above them all
Clear into sunlight sprang;
I saw the river's course, and thought
The mountains that I sang!

No cloud of memory laid me on,
Nor well the ways I knew;
A feeling of familiar things
With every footstep grew.

Not otherwise saw its frag
Could find the blessed place;
Not otherwise the magic hold
At its feet I cast.

So up the long and short foot-hills
The mountain road should creep;
So green, and low, the meadow fold
Its red-haired line asleep.

The river wound as it should wind;
The path the mountain road should take;
The white, low fringe of their clouds
Were no unwelcome look.

Yet never before had river's rim
Washed by the sun's rays, and
New before mine eyes had creased
That broken mountain line.

A presence, strange at times and known,
Walked with me as my guide;
The skirts of some forgotten life
Thrilled noiseless at my side.

Was it a dim remembered dream?
Or glimpse through some old door
The scenes which the mountains kept,
The river never told.

But from the vision ere it passed
A tender glow I drew,
And pleasant as a dawn of spring,
The thought within me grew.

That love would temper every change,
And with its promises and joys,
And with the dreams of earth,
The hills of Heaven arise.

John G. Whittier in February Atlantic.

The Leisure Hour.

BETWIXT TWO STOOLS.

John Bushby, having fallen between two stools and hurt himself, took a desperate resolution and emigrated; just at the time, too, when he appeared to have reached the proverbial turning in the proverbial long lane; so that his friends and acquaintances, such of them at least as were in his secret, wondered greatly. Nor, under ordinary circumstances, would there appear to be any reason why a man should expatriate himself, simply because he had fallen between two stools. Of course spectators laugh, for the sight of a fellow-creature falling and hurting himself is a never-failing source of amusement; but the sufferer, if he is a sensible man, will try to force a smile, rubbing what Latin grammars call the part affected, cursing the two stools, and determining to show more sense for the future. But when the two stools assume the human form, have eyes that speak a silent language, encounter you day after day, and seem always to wear a mocking smile as if in derision, remember of your misadventure, the matter wears a more serious aspect. And in Bushby's case the stools were petticoats, which added to the discomfort of the situation.

THE FIRST STOOL.

"The question is what to do with that horrid Mr. Bushby."

These words were uttered on a certain day, about two years before Bushby's emigration, and the speaker was a particularly amiable-looking lady of some forty-five years of age. She was speaking to herself, as she gazed with a well-satisfied air at an arched doorway which commanded a full view from the open window at which she stood. For it was a lovely day in June, and the weather was eminently suited for the occupation of an interesting couple, who sat upon two wicker-chairs under a shady, leafy roof, in the garden gay with roses. They were, in fact, doing nothing; they were carrying on a conversation in a low tone, but with a certain degree of animation. They both were young and of different sexes. He was about six-and-twenty, and she was five years younger. She had a face and figure which were pleasing rather than pretty; and the former wore an expression such as is frequently the result of recent illness or mental trouble. He who sat by her was not yet her accepted lover; and the lady at the window was her mother. The daughter suddenly rose up in obedience to a sign, and stood before the amiable-looking matron of forty-five.

"Annie, darling," said the latter, "I think your birthday is some day this week."

"Yes, mamma, on Friday."

"And this is only Tuesday. There is plenty of time. That is all I wanted, darling."

Annie went back to her seat in the arbor, and the amiable-looking woman looked more amiable than ever, for she had hit upon a satisfactory plan. She now knew perfectly well "what to do with that horrid Mr. Bushby." She was an excellent mother—means that she had at heart her daughter's comfortable settlement in life, and was ready to do anything short of felony to secure it. She had constantly impressed upon Annie that in matrimonial matters ladies have nothing to do with affections until they have ascertained that he who might be the object of them can make suitable provision for a wife, and afterward they may bestow them freely. She had even gone so far as to maintain that love is all nonsense in these days of civilization; that it was quite enough if the young lady proposed to do, did not actually dislike the proposer; that there was nothing so silly to promote conjugal affection as the possession of a nice little income—which was her way of rendering "aine l'achet et l'achet frigit Venus." She was also fond of inculcating the wisdom of that proverb which says "be third in the hand is worth two in the bush."

It was to the height of madness to refuse a present certainty in the hope of future contingencies; to decline what Tomkins offered on the spot, in the expectation of what Bushby might some day offer.

"That was Tomkins of course, who was sitting in the arbor and he did not actually offer his hand, his heart, and eight hundred a year. He was to receive a definite answer in a week; and there was upon his features, as he sat and conversed in desultory fashion with Annie, an expression which might mean either that he considered he had already made a fool of himself, or that he expected to make a fool of the course of a week. In fact he looked uneasy and anything but confident. In the pauses, when there were many and pretty long, between the different portions of the fragmentary dialogue, he took furtive, sidelong glances at Annie, after the fashion of one who is examining an article for

which he has impulsively made a bid and which he half hopes and half fears will be ultimately knocked down to him. As for Annie, she, during those intervals, gazed far away into vacancy with the air of one whose thoughts are occupied with by no means the pleasantest of day-dreams; and she plucked the white leaf after leaf from a rose she held, as if she were silently testing her fate with the well-known alternations of "loves me, loves me not." When the leaf had been lovingly dropped, after it, she rose wearily, and said coldly to her companion:

"My head aches; I shall go in."

"Oh! I thought you were going to ride," rejoined Tomkins in a tone of surprise. "I feel unequal to riding, driving, walking, croquet-playing, talking, laughing, or—crying," said she a little pettishly.

"Crying!" exclaimed Tomkins, with a blank face, as he prepared to walk with her to the door; "what is there to cry about?"

"Nothing that I know of," answered Annie, with a little sigh; and they sauntered into the house without another word.

They found Mrs. Maddox, Annie's mother, in a state of that peaceful serenity which results from the performance of duty. And that duty, to judge from appearances, was performed by means of writing materials and an exquisite little note which lay upon the table before her. Annie gave a quick glance at the superscription, and the gleam of satisfaction which passed with a blush over her face was speedily succeeded by an expression of regret and the paleness of suppressed emotion.

"My dear Annie," said her mother, "you look far from well; you feel the heat, I fear."

"I feel something, mamma," replied Annie drearily; "but I don't know what it can be the heat, for whether you know, always agrees with me."

"Don't you think a little brim and soda," began Tomkins, but he was interrupted by an exclamation from Mrs. Maddox.

Annie had sunk with a moan and a shiver into an easy chair, where she reclined, white, speechless and motionless.

Tomkins stood the picture of horror, and was incapable of anything but a general and emphatic and general prayer for the blessing of his soul, and incoherent remarks about a doctor, which were no doubt an offer to go and fetch one. But Mrs. Maddox, who had been to her daughter's side, was perfectly cool and collected, smiled as pleasantly as ever, and said, in a sharp and decisive but playful manner:

"Don't be silly; give me that seat beside the little table, that's a good man; now go and have your ride, and when you come back you will find her quite well again; she has only fainted that is all; so the man that she gave him a gentle push."

Tomkins went for his solitary ride; and his thoughts were far from cheerful. He appeared to himself to have got into what he called in his phraseology a "jolly mess." If these things were done in the green tree, what would he do in the dry?

In the mean time Annie had recovered from her swoon, and she and Mrs. Maddox were conversing freely.

"If he writes to me as usual," the former said, "I shall feel bound for another year."

"He'll not write," was the confident reply.

Annie looked wistfully at her mother, who smiled in the sweetest possible manner.

"These words were uttered on a certain day, about two years before Bushby's emigration, and the speaker was a particularly amiable-looking lady of some forty-five years of age. She was speaking to herself, as she gazed with a well-satisfied air at an arched doorway which commanded a full view from the open window at which she stood. For it was a lovely day in June, and the weather was eminently suited for the occupation of an interesting couple, who sat upon two wicker-chairs under a shady, leafy roof, in the garden gay with roses. They were, in fact, doing nothing; they were carrying on a conversation in a low tone, but with a certain degree of animation. They both were young and of different sexes. He was about six-and-twenty, and she was five years younger. She had a face and figure which were pleasing rather than pretty; and the former wore an expression such as is frequently the result of recent illness or mental trouble. He who sat by her was not yet her accepted lover; and the lady at the window was her mother. The daughter suddenly rose up in obedience to a sign, and stood before the amiable-looking matron of forty-five."

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creatures, and it is only when they show their infirmity in outward and visible unkindness, and so on, that their idiosyncrasy comes distressing. Mr. Tomkins has nothing of that sort."

"Oh! he is a fair specimen of the animal," rejoined Annie.

"And he is a quiet, docile animal," said Mrs. Maddox; "and he has eight hundred a year. It will be your fault if you cannot tolerate the husband of one of such a combination."

And mother and daughter retired to rest. While they were slumbering, and Tomkins was dreaming of a fearful monster more appalling than a sea-serpent and in dream-land called a Bushby, the mail-train was whirring carrying Mrs. Maddox's little missive, or, it was as correct to say, miscellany, and a deadly shaft to its miserable mark about ten o'clock the next morning, as Mr. Bushby sat down to a somewhat late breakfast and prepared to whet his appetite by a perusal of his letters. He first took up the delicate little note, and read as follows:

DEAR MR. BUSHBY: The weather is lovely and our cottage is more charming than ever. We heard from Tom the other day, and he inquired particularly after you, and I must tell you to write as soon as ever you could. His address is the same as before. He is getting on pretty well, and is not at all sorry he went to Ceylon. With united kind regards to your mother, I remain, yours very sincerely,

MARY MADDOX.

P. S.—Annie has been seriously ill. Pray don't be alarmed; there is no danger now, but the doctor will not permit her to read anything of any kind. I believe you always write to her on a holiday, and so just write her a line, and it will be better if you omitted to do so this year.

The missile hit Bushby fairly in the left breast, and he felt a sharp pang. Of course he could see there was something wrong, and of course his suspicions were aroused. But what could he do? He reflected for a while, and then he wrote:

DEAR MR. MADDOX: You may be quite sure that I would never neither had nor sent to your daughter's harm. I only depend upon you to let her know why I, this year, omit my usual practice. Yours, very sincerely,

JOHN BUSHBY.

He had no idea that he had begun to be regarded by Mrs. Maddox as "that horrid Mr. Bushby," or his eyes would have been given to the general peace of society that was for the most part wholly unconscious of the epithets applied, in his absence, by our friends to our names.

Friday came and went; Annie's birthday was over, and there had been no letter of congratulation from "that horrid Mr. Bushby." And though Annie had been nervous and peevish and ill all the day, she was quite herself again on Saturday. For it is astonishing how small a quantity of saline will suffice to cure a wounded conscience, especially in the case of a marriageable young woman. Annie felt absolved from her curious, call, long continued, and undisturbed, Bushby, so soon as she understood that she was not to be considered as a disgrace to her family, and seemed to blot them together. He, not she, had broken the spell; and she had that flattering notion to her soul. Had he written, she would have written back and considered herself committed to her singular compact for another year. It may seem strange to those who take extremely high views of matrimony, that she should not have inquired into the means taken for preventing Bushby from writing; but she had great confidence in her mother's tact, and was contented with results. She was now perfectly free, and intended to avail herself of her freedom. Let not sentimental persons cry out indignantly, "It is more than probable that, thus, for they will at once be confuted by this. She actually did behave thus; and so there is an end of it. She was not at all sentimental; she was a practical girl, strongly impressed with the duty of getting advantageously married, to the man she liked best, if it were possible, but, even at the cost of a serious fit of illness, at any rate to secure a husband. It is more than probable that if Bushby had asked her, she would have consented to wait until she was gray-headed, but his sense of justice would not allow him to do so; and consequently his first stool began to slip from him.

He almost felt it slipping; and was already turning his thoughts seriously to his second stool, when he made his remark about "love or luck."

THE SECOND STOOL.

Some months before Bushby had unconsciously become "horrid" in the estimation of the amiable Mrs. Maddox, he had received the following note:

MY DEAR JOHN: Your uncle bids me to say that he has not seen anything of you for a long while, and that he expects you to dine with us at half-past six next Thursday evening.

Your affectionate aunt,

EMMA CARSON.

P. S.—Ellen Parry is staying with us. She seems to have a very pleasant recollection of you.

Bushby appeared to his memory for information about Ellen Parry; but without any immediate response. At last the faithful organ became more communicative, and revealed to him certain facts which he had never known. He executed a crab-like movement, and then he looked on his more than seven years old and was walking