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at 20 per cent, interest. C. P. THOMPSON & CO. Poetry.

ONLY A WORD. A frivulous word, a sharp retort, A parting in angry haste, The sun that rose on a bower of bliss,

The loving look and the tender ties Has not on a barren waste, Where the pilgrims tread with weary feet Paths destined never more to meet. A frivolous word, a sharp retort, A moment that blots out years,

Two lives are wrecked on a stormy shore Where billows of passion surge and roar To break in a spray of tears... Tears shed to blind the severed pair. Drifted seaward, and drowning there A frivolous word, a sharp retort,

A flush from a passing cloud, Two hearts are scathed to their inmost core, Are ashes and dust forever more. Two faces turn to the crowd, sked by pride with a lifelong lie, To hide the scars of that agony. A frivolous word, a sharp retort, An arrow at random sped.

That had bound two souls in harmony Sweet love lies bleeding or dead. A poisoned shaft with scarce an aim, Has done a mischief sad as shame. A frivolous word, a sharp retort. Alsa! for the loves and lives Bo little a cause has rent apart, Tearing the fondest heart from heart

As the whirlwind rends and rives,

Never to reunite again,

It has cut in twain the mystic tie

But live and die in secret pain. A frivolous word, a sharp retort-A'an! that it should be so-The petulant speech, the careless tongue, Have wrought more evil and more wrong Have brought to the world more wor, Than all the armies age to age Becord on hist'ry's blood-stained page

### The Leisure Hour.

PEARLS AND DISH-WATER.

BY KATHIE KEENE. "'Oh dreary life!' we cry, 'Oh dreary life!'

And still the generations of the birds ling through our sighing, and the flocks and berds Scarcely live, while we are keeping strife With Heaven's true purpose in us, as a knife Against which we may struggle." "Nine hundred and sixty-three women,

and five thousand seven hundred and forty-one children!" That was all the major said, when he opened the kitchen door, and saw three of his little girls taking a bath in one corner of the room; little Dodle in another, de-Hallie was frying over a very hot stove; while Bessie sliced apples in a very little closet, and Mrs. Major superintended the whole, and darted to and fro so swiftly,

his number. Hallie looked up and caught the look of lubiousness on her father's face. "Why, Papa Major, you're too bad! of an answer to Hallie's indignant appeal there's only mamma, and Bessie, and Do- so she only sang lightly. die, and Lilly, and Jen, and Millie, and myself, and we can get along very comfortably in this dear little place by going sideways." And then papa had to laugh

counted her four or five times to make out

at Hallie's red face and beaded forehead. 'Twas in the middle of July, girls, when you know, every effort costs a perspiration drop, and she did look funny, but her spirit was up, and she went on: "I know it's warm, pa, dear, but I take a spiteful satisfaction in proving to myself, that we girls, that's mamma and I, cannot cook he stove with hand and face as white as 'Mrs. Holabird's,' or cheeks as pink as

Rosamond's. She was obliged to raise her voice at the last, for the three little girls in the bath-tub had kept up deafening screams for papa to 'go 'way! we're washing us-'tis not prop-

er! Oh, go 'way!" After vainly trying to hide behind each other, they had apparently collapsed into the bottom of the tub, but their yellow heads kept bobbing up to see if the coast was clear, and so the major, looking very

much shocked, retired behind the door, and talked through the crack. "You know it's about dinner time?" "Oh, why no! it can't be-we're not near

"But it is, and what's more-" here the door opened a little wider, and bob went the three "Graces" in a state of nudity. "What's more, General Trefethen has com

to dinner." Everybody dropped everything and screamed. Nobody says anything instantly after a thunder-clap, you know; there's second's silence, before the confusion comes. Dode clutched theatrically at her

long-sleeved apron, and spoke first. Good land of Goshen! The butche and the baker haven't been near us to-day and there isn't a scrap of meat for dinner. "Well," frowned the major, "this is the eauty of living in a country village where we have no market. If I was only a farmer independent of meat-men! Anything but a poor lawyer, in a place where I don't

belong! What shall we do?" Then Mrs. Major began to give hurried orders, and Hallie dropped her doughnuts, spattering her bared arms with the boiling fat, and just darted out of the room, and up over the stairs, into her own little chamber, and down on her knees. Please don't laugh at what she said. I insist that 'twas a prayer, only kitchenish, instead of pray-

or-meetingish. 'Oh, dear God, we're in such a fossdown stairs! Nothing for dinner, and he's come! Ob, please do send the meat-man or some thing, and oh, do belp us burry-quick!

Amen. Then down stairs again went the brown calico and flushed face, and reached the foot just in time to answer a knock at the porch-door. Of course we knew it was the outcher, and we should have done the proper thing, but Hallie, in her excitement held out both hands to bim, and, with a beaming countenance, told him, she was so glad to see him! Why didn't he com before? Sit right down. She would take ten pounds of nice steak !" and then climaxed the poor man's astonishment, by bringing a chair for the dripping slices.

The kitchen looked encouraging. Children and doughnuts had been expelled. and mother was preparing the fresh vegetables, with a little amused smile on her ace, which Hallie's extravagant order for beefsteak had produced. Hallie began to stir up one of her favorite puddings, exclaiming "Mother Nell, you're the wonderfullest woman for an emergency ! I believe you would be perfectly at home in an earthquake," when she found that Bess was entertaining the general in the parlor, and Dode was arranging the china on the table in the great, cool hall, "Thank Heaven for one shady place in this dove-cote."

she said. That pudding was beaten feverishly. Hallie fairly ran with it to the oven. Then she turned round, and seeing there was no

more to do till the potatoes were soft, deliberately sat down and began to cry. Mrs. Just parted—for she was a little out of breath. Darton smoothed the little fluffy curls off with her run up stairs, a little sweep of the her daughter's broad, white forehead, a brush over her braid, and a little dash of very fair forehead, too, notwithstanding its 'steaminess" a little while ago.

"Is my Hallie so very much agitated by a late dinner?' "Wait a minute, till I've weeped my little weep, Mother Nell, then I shall make some remarks," said Hallie choked with a great sob, that wanted to be a laugh.

"Mother, this is the way we shall tell o it: We had unexpected company to dinner, and because the hall clock was slow, and the meatman late, we were very much hurried when we learned the time. Now, won't that be a mean way of expressing bow much I've suffered in this little while? Wasn't it the whole world to me whether the butcher came or not? Didn't I feel terribly guilty because dinner wasn't ready, and experience just as deep emotions of despair, joy, anxiety, and the reaction, as any girl who had accidentally murdered somebody, and then found that her victim wasn't dead after all ! Vet she would think she had cause to have hysterics for a week -and-and-what I mean to say, is, that we Bridgets, Lady Bridgets, like you and me, ms, who take an interest in things, find the most of our hard work in anxiety -the 'for fear,' the hurrying one minute, and waiting the next. Some people may do housework like automatons-maybe that is what they mean by taking things easy but we go heart deep into it, you see, and carry all our emotions and reasoning into making pies, or settling the children's You provoking woman! You shouldn't laugh when an experienced woman like me, discourses to an innocent like you! You've only done housework for forty years, you know! Now, if it had been anybody but you, your education and accomplishments would have got crowded out. How did you keep them up? How Father's given me every advantage, and Mrs. Grundy says Hallie Darton is an accomplished young lady, and has fin-lahed her education. But I know better; for I am deep in the "art culinary" now, and I confess that it does seem a little absurd for us to try and keep up our music and literature in the midst of so much dish water! Don't you think there's danger that our struggles for Mrs. Browning and

hill, where we cannot get help, we shall vouring the doughnuts which rosy-faced submit to be flooded with dish-water; ir short, dish-water will beat." Hallie's eyes were big and shining now. They had shot out her idea, before her hyperbolic little sentence could half convey that I think that the major must have it. Mrs. Darton was an experienced lady. She herself had dreamed dreams, and sigh ed for a life to which she was fitted, and at last learned to be content with what she had. But now there was no time for much

Shakspeare will grow fainter and fainter,

and-and-oh! here's a striking figure

Mother Nell, entirely original, and our sel-

ence and poetry will get so diluted with

dish-water, that, way up on this Vermont

"Do you think that Katie guessed Half the wisdom she expressed and began to peel the potatoes.

Hallie peeped into the oven. "Oh, my pudding looks like a great gold puff ball! Mamma, isn't General Trefethen that man with the curly mustache, who used to call me 'Nellie's blue leyed baby, when he came to see you and papa? and wasn't he the nice boy you've told me a-

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Darton, poising s potate on her fork, and standing still, with a happy, far-away look on her worn face, these two. "I am proud to claim Irving Trefethen as an old friend. He was a frank, generous boy, and is a brave, noble gentleman. I wonder if there'll be any silver in that

brown mustache of his?" "Hadn't I better put on my white mus lin before dinner?" asked Hallie blush

Mrs. Darton looked her over, as mothers will, in their kindly "What can make you

prettier?" way. "That dark calleo suits your rosy fac daughter," was all she said, but Hallie knew by the look that her face was not too rosy, nor her dress too dark, and by a sudden impulse mother and daughter turned and kissed each other. Oh, you mothers and daughters who talk of "proving your love by deeds," and "be-

ing sickened by sentiment over a cookstove," can you think of this klas, this con fiding, impulsive love-kiss, without a tender throb in your hearts? Oh, mothers, these girls would love you all, where now they love you half, if you were not ashamed of any interest in their girlish sentimer talism! Oh, girls, these mothers are not staid and sober matrons, caring only for your dress and your manners! They have warm, girlish impulses, and sometimes great yearning to have you girls talk love

While they were taking up dinner, Maor Darton brought the general out into the dining-room. Mrs. Darton wiped her hands and went forward to greet him, say ing cordially, "Irving, I am very glad t

see you here.' "Thank you, Nellie," he said, and she oticed that his mustache was as brown as ever, and his face only a little paler and thinner than it used to be. "I have wished for a long time to visit your home in

the mountains." Here little Dode came in, with the three children following. She had made a great effort on this extraordinary occasion to exercise some motherly care over her little sisters, and they really looked very sleek and demure; but the poor child had forgotten herself, with her uncombed hair, and long-sleeved spron, and as she march ed in with such an important look on her little tanned face, Mrs. Darton laughedshe couldn't belp it. She hadn't intended to present the little ones until after dinner, and this move of Dode's amused her. But the general kissed them, and said something pretty about them, and Dode found confidence to blurt out one of her dreadful lit tle speeches, as Hallie knew she would for the child was irrepressible on all occa-

"Why, Mr. Trefethen, I thought you were a soldier, but you haven't got any gun or any pantalets on !"

"Epaulettes, you mean, Dode; now take the children in the other room, until we are through dinner," and Mrs. Darton, who had learned that wise lesson-never to be surprised-smiled again at her daughter's smothered "Hush, Dode!"

Hallie was bringing in the feather pudding-she held it bign over the children's heads, as she stood still to let them pass her. General Trefethen thought he had never seen a more beautiful face than Hallie Darton's was then. Her cheeks were ter-mother "thought golden much pret- now it just-just-jibes in, and I'm very just flushed; her eyes were large and clear tier;" and they pinned each other's hows, and blue, and turned full on him for an ea-

ger little instant; ber ripe red lips were cold water over her face. This same braid of yellow, glittering hair wound crosswise round her head, and the little fluffy curls

ell out from under, and shaded her forehead. It was such a pure open face ! He thought instantly of these lines, "My Kate :" ple and gold above it all !"

"And when you had once seen her forehea The general looked down at her. Her You saw distinctly her soul and her truth." He turned from her to Mrs. Darton. She is yourself at sixteen, Nellie.

lear, pleased, girlish voice, and came forward to be introduced. In the midst of the bright flow of dinner talk, Hallie touched her father's arm and said in a little "aside," "Isn't it enchanting lightly the floating gauze. to hear them? Mother looks twenty years

younger to-day. It's like-why, as if a pearl had been dropped into our dish-water, isn't it ?" The general heard her, and turned quick-

"Hallie said : "Oh, thank you, sir," in a

y. "Do you often find them, Miss Hallie, me pearls in the dish-water? "No sir," very bluntly; and then seeing the smile in his brown eyes, she spoke slowly and thoughtfully, "Maybe-it's-

because-I never look for them there." And she stopped eating to think of it. It was a new idea, so, after all the little ones had been fed, she drove every one out of the kitchen, saying playfully, that she didn't know why, but she wanted to wash the dishes "all sole alone" this afternoon. There was a large pile of china for one pair of hands, but you see, she wanted to think So she opened the south window over the portico, and filling the dish pan with steam ing suds, she bared her round, dimpled arms, and began bravely and cheerfully. The dripping goblets were just ready fo the dry towel, when Hallie felt somebody looking at her through the south window. "It don't look so dreadful, this washing

"No, sir." Hallie was blushing under his steady,

lishes," he said.

rown eves. "It's nice when one forgets that one is ctually washing dishes. But we always peak of this life, sir, this cooking and learing away, and sitting down, only to look at the clock and find that it's time for the truth-these things happen every day, the next meal, this fussing for the 'wherewithal,' that's never done, because you can't gain on it any-that's what we call ur 'dish-water life.' If it's all I'm good for, then I'll make the best of it, but it will

never satisfy me, never, never." Then, fremembering who her listener was, she looked very much embarrassed and prettier than ever, and General Trefet hen said something which sounded funny very funny for such a proper, cavaller ooking general as he.

"May I wipe those dishes for you, Mis-Hallie ?" Hallie laughed a little ripple of a laugh, "Of all things in the world !" she began ben, with an air of offended dignity, "I

didn't intend to grumble so that mamma's

visitor should feel obliged to offer his assistance." He just swung himself in at the low winlow, and began to wipe those dishes in a charmingly off-hand manner. With demure gravity, Hallie handed him an apron, and with an air of perfect solemnity he tied | tains would expect him that night; he had it round his neck. She laughed, and they began to chat more easily and sensibly bout, who used to play 'little brother' to than they could possibly have done in a for coming; and a great many other pleasyour 'sistering,' when you was his teacher drawing-room, and never did a tall man ant things. At last: "I shall come again, with an apron round his neck, and a smiling lassle with a dish-mop in her hands, make a more delightful tableau vivant than

She looked up at last, like a surprised

"We're all done! Why I think it's per fectly beautiful to wash dishes!" "Let's wash them all over again," said the general, putting two plates back into the dish-water; but the twinkle in his brown eyes sobered a little, as he looked down into hers, and said gravely: "My little girl, you are half right, it does seem | that sunset, which lighted your face so, just wrong that your lady-mother and her 'blue eyed daughter,' should be obliged to do all this. But if you must, and Major Darton tells me that 'tis a necessity, until be can remove his business to the city, if you must, wont you let it do you good? I need not ask you to do it cheerfully, for I see ou have given your own father the imression that you rather enjoy it, but I do not want to go away, my little dish-water, and think it's hurting you. I want you to ake comfort in doing it lovingly. I think God would like to see you wash this pretty china with a heart full of love to Him who spares the life in all these bodies you are eding, and gives you strength to do so

much." "So much !" said Hallie, "why, I always and a vague idea that when God's little girls were washing dishes, he was looking the other way, and answering other folk'

erayers !" He smiled, and answered : "Our worship of him is not all praying, you know. The most of it is the glorifying; and won't it help you in the drudgery work here, Miss Hallie, to think that this is your part of the glorifying, just for a little while, and wont the love make the labor light?"

At the end of that hour these two we very good friends. I shan't tell how Hallie hid the greasiest dishes under the sink, out of his sight, the same to be washed tomorrow morning, nor how two little teacups lay all shattered, because his big man's hands couldn't manage the wee, slippery things; for this talk had done them a world of good. The weary sickness and bitterness against the vanity and frivolity of the world went out of Irving Trefethen's heart, as he stood by the side of this sapphireeyed malden in brown calleo, wiping the dishes which she washed; and she was all aglow with the earnestness of the thought sits darning stockings by the west window e was making clear, and with another thought, by which she was almost frightened-that this brown-eyed man was gradually assuming the look, and speaking the words of her ideal hero whom she had worshipped all her life, as some girls do worship their ideal heroes. And it is a good thing for them, too, Sir Doubtful, for the high hero-worship sometimes carries them through their romantic girlhood without any of this imaginary falling in love with what Timothy Titcomb calls "posts with

caps stuck on their heads." As General Trefethen was going away that night, Mrs. Darton and Hallie shut their eyes to what they would otherwise | good enough to have a lover!" have thought absolutely necessary to do, and went up stairs to dress, together. It was a pleasure to watch them. They made such pretty work of "beautifying each other," as they called it.

They braided each other's hair, and Hallie "wished her's was brown," and her ais-

each other's skirts, and then came down stairs, with their arms around each other, ready for a twilight stroll with the gentle-

They all stopped on the west balcony, to look at the sunset. Hallie spoke softly, in a voice that seemed husbed with admiration, "Oh, wont somebody make a poem of it? That shimmery green border, just billowing into those crimson heaps, and pur-

dress was white, with rose-colored streamers, a pale, pink, gauzy thing floated over her shoulders, and a little white hat, rosebud wreathed, was tucked down upon the ripples of her hair which shope like spun

"You look as if you were a pink cloud yourself, Miss Hallie, and belonged to the sunset? Who did it?" he said, and touched

Hallie smiled brightly. "Mother is my dressing-maid, and I am hers," she said simply, without taking her eyes away from

the west. Mr. and Mrs. Darton had started down the street, and called to them to come. "Yes," Hallie said, and lingered to catch the fading glory. Meanwhile her father and mother turned the corner, and were

out of sight. Just then Dode came running from behind the house followed by the three little ones, crying dismally. They were covered vith mud and dripping.

Hallie colored with vexation, and set her ed to curl her hair up on papers, if I wood, but I wunt, because I had rather have you teeth hard. "You will have to go with father and nother, Mr. Trefethen, and excuse me. These children have been in the bog, and I must stay and change all their clothes!" She said the last words wearily, and the lip quivered that tried to smile, and she

nouse, a little harder than she meant. Honest Dode jerked back indignantly. "I knew you'd scold and cry, because you always do, Hallie Darton, when we fall into anything, but I didn't s'pose you'd pinch me 'fore that man, when you've been dressing all up and neglecting us, or

purpose for him !" Poor Hallie was scarlet, but she acted on a sudden impulse, and stood the children up in a row, and said, hurriedly: "Please look sir; they are disgusting! Dode said and I am naughty and angry with them. I thank you for what you said about making ugly tasks pleasant, but it won't do for me. I'm too wicked -I shall just go on doing my duty every day, and hating it, and hating it !"

So she went in, and did it all, with a con vulsive flerceness; and her fingers tore the fastenings nervously, and sharp little words kept spattering out, and the little wretches would persist in saying they "didn't get into the bog a purpose," and they "spised such a crosspatch as she was;" and when she asked why they called her cross, when she hadn't scolded them yet, they answered, provokingly: "Well, we know you're awful mad!' and so on; and you can imagine how highly delectable was the state of Hallie's mind when she walked out on the plazza, to get cooled off. General Trefethen stood talking with her father and mother at the gate. He was saying "Goodbye," he must go, for the party with which he was travelling over the Green Mounstarted to Allan Hill very hastily, finding he was so near; he had been fully repaid e, as you tell me I may, when I com

back from over the seas." Then he left them, and came and stood by Hallie. "They're pretty little things, your sis ters," he said, softly, as if to himself.

"Didn't they remind you of weeping little

mermaids? "Not in the least; I saw nothing but muddy children.' "I wonder, Miss Hallie, if you couldn't bave found as much poetry and beauty in that scene, if you had looked for it, as in now! Did you notice how wistful and pleading their eyes were? Wouldn't a single little love-word have won them at once. and made such repentant singers of them. that one hour more of grace, and tenderness, and beauty would have come to you life?" Then seeing the regretful flush of pair on her 'face, he added: "We all wade through the dish-water part of our lives

with eyes looking away from it, and hand stretched out to 'better and nobler things, which we cannot reach, while there are pearls right at our feet, if we would stop to gather them." "You mean that if I love them, and lov it, this clayey sort of a life, I shall find the

pearls in it, and that it won't drag me

down, after all ?" The sheer clearness and wideness of her yes told him that she understood. For answer, he took her trembling hand and held it in his, and told her that he should think of her as his little heroine a way up on these Vermont hills, not buried here but placed here-as his little heroine, who would not fall, because she was to brave, and who had power to make a per

Her face, pure and tender now, was rais ed thankfully to him. Her lips said simply and earnestly, "I will be good," and he kissed her hand and mounted his horse and with a low "Good-bye, my little hero ine," was off and away. Three years is a very long time to a little

fect love-palace of her home.

girl. Saturday forenoon, with its dough-nats and children, has just come one hundred and fifty-six times to Hallie. "Th spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak," and Hallie's heart and she are "so tired, tired!" She is thinking it over now, as she and basting patch-work for Dode and the three little yellow-heads. Dode, who is Hallie's devoted slave and especial favor ite now, suddenly exclaims; "Hallie Darton, you're about twice gooder'n you used to be! You never grit your teeth when you wash dishes now, nor pinch us when we are naughty, nor hate to peel potatoes; and you sing when you're doing everything, whether it hurts your hands or not! And you're a real comfortable person to have round-you always look warm when we are cold, and cool when we are roasting; and I heard papa say you were the light of the house, and I don't see why you aren't

As that was the superlative of the adjective "good" to Dode, Hallie appreciated the compliment, and answered sweetly, "Thank you, Dode. My dear little siste you have all helped me. My naughty heart used to hate all these things, you know; but God has been very good, and happy and proud of you all."

They look bright love to her from their

honest, little child-eyes, and Hallie's face is very strong and pure in the quiet and womanliness which three years have brought to it. She is thinking of how much, In this time, God has belped her "to do and bear." Mother Nell has had a long sickness, and is now away on a visit with the Major, whose brow, when rumpled with care, has often been smoothed very tenderly by the little girl, who is learning to do all things for love. The little yellow beads have been carried through innumerable diseases of the measles-species; Dode, freakish as ever, has been cried with, and laughed with, warned and praised, until

verbs, and the proprieties of a young debutante; Hallie herself has been wooed, but not won, by good men, who have all carried away the same answer: "I love my home and will not leave it. I belong to But her head is throbbing, and she feels

> steadily all day, and there has been no mother to kiss away the weariness; and as she sits thus, balf-dreaming, she hears the children's voices rising angrily. Lily, the wee lady in crimps and ear-

strange and restless, for she has worked

Hallie has come to be her very heart-con-

fidante; bashful Bess has been patiently

initiated into the mysteries of French

rings, produces a note from Dode's little boy-champion in school. Dode, with the old, theatrical air, reads indignantly : DEAR LILLIE-I want you to be my gir I have got tired of your sister she prom

Nose is the prettiest shape than hers. P. S. I'll find a place to Hide your rub-Your in life and death. bers in, jest as I used to hers, and bring

-besides she's got a Cold, and I think your

you a lossenger every day. Dode stamps and burns the note, and grasped Dode's arm, to lead her into the shakes her little brown fist at her treacherous sister-treacherous sister, very much frightened, uses the point of her needle in self-defense. Dode, squealing, shakes he in a highly superior way; and Lily, like a revengeful little cat jumps at Dode and pushes her down. This rouses Hallie from ber unusual fit of dreaming, and she starts up with a thoughtless, angry, "You naughty child, Lily Darton! Can't I have a lit

tle peace?" Lily leaves the room and Hallie strangely excited over this child's quarrel, runs after her. A breathless chase follows and the others stand still and watch them. wondering "what can be the matter with Hallie to-day?"

Swiftly they run, Hallie flushed and an gry, Lily rapid and defiant, through the room, up the front stairs, down the back. through the ball, round the table, up stairs | the railroad-track. Almost at the same and down again-and then it strikes Hallie what a foolish thing she is doing; and, turning suddenly on the front stairs, she twists her ankle slightly, and falls in an exhausted heap. The pain brings out the ery, which she has stifled all the day, and she lays her head on the stair-carpet and sobs aloud, and cries as only a tried woman can cry. The children, melted now, of course, all

and, just at this interesting crisis, when five pairs of eyes are raining down tears on the cont-stair carnet, and when a fresh chorus of "ob, oha!" bursts from the doleful quintette, somebody stops at the open hall-door, and General Trefethen's voice, grave and pitving, says: "What a rainy day!" Poor Hallie! the color leaves her face, and starting up with a stifled cry of pain, she never stops till she reaches the farthest sinks.down, and begins to mean niteously.

gather round her, sobbing and crying, too,

"Ob, it was cruel, it was cruel, dear God! Why did he come then, why did he come then-and I was weak and naughty-all Oh, I have been good. Dear God, you population of Philadelphia sided with Genknow I have been good; but he will never know-ob, never know !" Then she lay in a kind of apathy, and

suffered, with the thought that all her long

dream had ended; for soon his little girl.

neet "her hero" with these thoughts whirling in her head. "I must do my duty, and entertain him not been a failure-they have been full of pearls! I wonder how God will help me

talk, with this lump in my throat !" She did not know how the hours ever assed; but when the greeting, and the serry-supper, and the children's twilight talk were over, she remembered dimly that it had all been very gay, and they had dl been laughing and chatting very merrily. She had a recollection of a feeling of shame that made her draw back the little hand she had offered to General Trefethen, when she met him; a tingle of shame for the burns, and sears, and rough places which housework had made on the hand she put would be pleasant to take. Then she renembered the sudden resolution which had made her hold it out again, and keer back a blush, and deliberately draw her sleeve back a little and expose the new made sear on the wrist. She was almost

reckless to-night. Her head whirled so ! After she had carried the little ones to ed, and heard them say their good-night to God, she came back and began to play and sing with a wild pathos in her vol and manner, which didn't seem at all like ser old, frank, childish self. Carelessly she took up "The Rainy Day," the sweet sad "Rainy Day," and begun to sing.

Some days must be dark and dreary, he sang, and wondered if hers would ever be bright again. On the last verse her voice grew fainter nd fainter.

"Re still, sad heart, and cease repining ! Rehind the clouds is the sun still shining. Thy fate is the common fate of all. Into-each-life-some-rainnd then the pallor deepened on her face, a whirling faintness took her strength away,

drew her down beside him on the parlor "Hallie, dear, those blue even must ook so grieved. Dode has told me all a-Were the three years any longer to you than to me, my little beroine?" "I'm not your heroine," said Hallie

and she would have fallen had not Genera

don't pinch, nor have red faces, nor cry on the front stairs." "Mine does. Why, you were a perfect Venus suffused in tears,' Hallie !" Then she laughed; and when she was

feebly, trembling in his arms. "Heroines

he said, gently, "Why I loved you all the topher Columbus, for stupidity, time, little Hallie!" And the old love-light shone over her face, and, with the old childish air of won-

der, she asked, "And you will trust me

after all ? "Yes, darling, we will go and bunt for

pearls together.' "Ob, my own, own hero!" she mur mured, and the weary head rested confidingly on his shoulder. Then they looked up and saw Mr. and Mrs. Darton at the door; and when, after Hallie's first rapturous mother-kisses, Irving Trefethen said slowly: "Nellie, I have waited, as you wished. Major Darton, may I take her away? Your little sunbeam?"

They loved her too well to refuse, So, when Dode, gorgeous in her scarlet wrapper, darted in, she comprehended the whole thing at a glance, and exclaimed, in her high-tragle way, "I told you so! Why, it's just like a story-book! Mr. Trefethen, when did you fall in love with her?"

"When she was washing dishes, my lady," laughed the general, holding Dode tightly by the wrists, and glancing at

"Then, besides the little pearls, I found my very biggest one in the dish-waterdidn't I, Dodie, dear?" and Hallie's voice was one low thrill of gladness.

"Well," said Dode, "I mean to write to all these girls, who have so much dishwater, and 'hate it,' and tell them all about how you found your pearls in it, Hallie." "Be sure and give them my receipe for 'Dish-washing made easy,' " snswered Hallie. "It's half the quantity of dutifulness, and twice as much love; and I should ad-

all my heart, that the dear things might find their heroes standing there," she added, generously. Then, for the first time, he stooped and kissed her lips, and after she had stood still by his side for one moment, she left

him, and nestled down by her mother's

vise them, when they wash their dishes,

always to stand at an open window that

looks out on a portico; and I wish, with

chair. There, as she laid her golden head beside the chestnut braids, she whispered softly, 'Isn't it a beautiful world, Mother Nell?"

A Young HEROINE.-A young girl named Lottie Dougherty recently died at Millville, N. J., from the effects of a wound sustained by her during a successful effort to save the lives of nearly a thousand people. In August last, according to the Millville Republican, the deceased, while occupying the post of telegraph operator at Eagle Station, on the line of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, was placed in a position of responsibility which might have proved too much for most men. During a fearful thunderstorm, an immense tree was struck by lightning and thrown across moment, the telegraph apparatus was disabled. Finding it impossible to send a message to warn the approaching train of danger, the brave young girl seized a red lamp, and ran up the line swinging it above her head. The engineer saw the signal in time to avoid a fearful disaster. The engine ran against the tree, however, with sufficient force to disconnect a heavy branch, which struck the girl on the shoulder, and inflicted injuries that resulted in her death. The passengers were so grateful for their escape that an attempt was immediately made to reward her; but she firmly declined to accept anything for having done her duty. Such acts of personal heroism should not be allowed to go unrewarded. and the men and women who were on the train on that August night might have now an opportunity to mark their appreciation of poor Lottie's bravery by causing a hand-

some monument to be erected t

THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY SWEARS -The President was, like Othello, "perplexed weak and naughty ! and I've failed-oh, he | in the extreme." If we may believe the exwill think I have—and he trusted me—but | aggerating memory of Mr. John Adams, a he won't any more-never-any-more, vast multitude of the noisier part of the et at this moment. Years after we find him writing to Jefferson of the terror of 1763, when "ten thousand people in the streets Hallie's God must have known what she of Philadelphia day after day, threatened to drag Washington out of his house, and effect a revolution in the government, or looking very pale and heavy-eyed, in a compel it to declare war in favor of the oft-falling, black grenadine, was going to French revolution and against England." The Republican newspapers, too, were all that Genet could have wished. The President was no longer spared, either in prose ill mother comes. These three years have or verse, and there was even a burlesque poem in which he was represented as being brought to the guillotine. At one of these cabinet meetings, irritated by Knox reminding him of this pasquinade, he lost his self-control for a moment. Voltaire wickedly remark that Newton "consoled" mankind for his unapproachable supremacy in the realm of science by coming a last to write on the prophecies. George Washington occasionally solaced the self love of his honest passion, like an ordinary mortal. Bursting into speech, he defied any man to produce a single act of his since he had been in the government which was not done from the purest motives. He de out, and the thought that, of course, all his clared that he had never repented but once friends had soft, pretty white hands, which of having slipped the moment of resigning his office, and that was every moment since. "By God!" he exclaimed, using the familiar oath of the period, "I would rather be in my grave than in my present situation! I would rather be on my farm than be made emperor of the world; and yet they are charging me with wanting to be a king,—James Parton."

> Just eight years ago General John B. Gordon led a strong column of the Confederate army of Northern Virginia in the memorable assault on Fort Steadman, a salient point in the federal line which then half encircled the city of Petersburg. To-day, General Gordon sits in the United States Senate. Then Alexander H. Stephens was the vice-president of the Confederate States; now he is a member of the United States House of Representatives to which now he is a member of the United States House of Representatives, in which he finds seven ex-generals of the Confederate army to keep him in countenance. Thus are the leaders in the lost cause proscribed, and thus does the relentless North keep its heel on the neck of the prostrate South.—Boston Advertiser.

AN OLD ORGANIZATION .- Ex-Governor Berry of New Hampshire built a tannery Trefethen caught ber in his arms. He at Bristol, N. H., in 1826. It took twelve barrels of cider and one barrel of rum to build it and three extra gallons to put the ridgepole on. The result was there was so much spirit infused into the undertaking that it culminated in a fight, and one man had his leg broken. Upon this Governor B. formed a temperance society among the employes of the tanyard, and has kept it up ever since. This is, we think, the first temperance society formed in the State of New Hampshire.—Boston Journal.

The St. Louis Democrat backs the Legislature of Missouri "against any similar juict, with his strong arm around her, and body that has assembled in this country his deep, true eyes looking down into hers, since the discovery of America by Chrislessness, for depravity, and for all qualities which convert hone rogues, and sensible men int