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Poetry.

WRITTER FOR THE VERMORT PRODUCE At Rest. Fold now the weary hands.

Across the peaceful breast; The mother's work is done at hat, Her fears are o'er, her trials just And now she is at rest,

Yes, close the kindly eye, And smooth her care-worn brow She 's standing now in gind surprise Within the gates of Paradiar, Life's toil all over new. How calm, how sweetly calm?

Heat after weariness.
The burning pain, the stinging smart And weary throbbing of the heart Are over; all is peace.

Farewell! Thy work is o'er, And grief and sorrow nevertuo Are known upon that brighter above.

Living on a Farm. How brightly through the mist of yours, My quiet country home appears! My father, busy all the day In plowing corn, or raking hay; My mother, moving with delight Among her milk-pans, silver-hright; We children, just from school set free Filling the door-yard with our glee; The blood of life was flowing warm

I hear the sweet church-going bell As o'er the fields its music fell, I see the country neighbors round Gathering 'coath the pleasant sound. They stop awhite heside the door, To talk the homely matters o'er-The spinding corn, the ripening grain and "how we need a little rain," "A little sun would do no harm, We want good weather for the farm," When Autumo came, what Joy to see

The gathering of the bushing bee, To hear the voices keeping tune, Of girls and boys beneath the moon. To mark the golden corn-cars bright, More golden in the yellow light! Since I have learned the ways of men, I often turn to these again. And feel life wore its highest charm, When I was living on a farm.

In S'rison. (The following beautiful verses were written by Ma-dame Guton, in the Bastile, where, and in other pris-ons of France, she was confined for ten years.)

A little turd I am, Shut from the fields of air; And in my cage I sit and sing To Him who placed me the Well pleased a prisoner to be, Because, my God, it pleaseth Thee

Naught have I clea to do-And He whom most I love to pleas Doth listen to my song. He caught and bound my wandering wing, But still He bends to hear me sing.

Thou hast an ear to hear... A heart to love and bless; And though my notes were e'er so rude, Thou would'st not hear the less That love, sweet love, impires them a My care confines me round ...

Abroad I cannot fly; But, though my wing inclosely bound, My heart's at liberty. My prison walls cannot centrol The flight, the freedom of my soul. Oh! It is good to see.

boits and bars above To Him whose purpose I adore Whose providence I love; And in His mighty will to find

The Leisure Hour.

AN INSUPERABLE OBSTACLE. How pleasantly those glowing embers bobnob together! How closely they cling, each one reflecting, brightening, and enbancing the flame of the other! Presently one tumbles down, and forthwith its comrade falls stop of it, and around and about the other fagots gather. Cheerfully then spouts out the little flame. But away over there lies a long crooked stick, quite alone, blazing away merrily just now. But it can't last long. In union there is strength, old boy. What! waning already? Come, then, here is a sturdy poker that will shove you back to the magical ring. Now blaze

away with the rest! Ab me! I would that some sturdy poker had been used in my case while there was yet time!

In spite of the light and warmth and luxury about me, I feel out in the cold some how, indubitably out in the cold! Is it my fault, I wonder, or my misfor-

tone? Which? When I was a lad of eighteen I had a comely countenance, a shapely figure, an active brain, and, as a respectable correlative to all these, a fine fortune. Soon after reaching my eighteeth birthday I was, although a clever horseman, tumbled almost upon the spikes of an inclosure that had in my daily rides often seemed to me like the flaming swords that kept intruders out of the gar-

Not that the grounds were more alluring than most ordinary country-seats can boast but at about the hour I passed that way I invariably saw therein a group of children and a young lady apparently attending This latter human creature was the Eve that created the garden of Eden in my imagination, lending a charm to the place that caused me to liken it to Paradise.

How plainly it comes back to me nowbriers and busbes and slovenly underbrush, around and about it all the spikecrowned fence, through which gazes with his soul in his eyes that ardent lad of eighteen, the little ones a rod or two in the foreground, and Miss Clara Burton-for that is the name of the beautiful governess-walking with proud and stately step after them Her shapely head is inclined, perhaps, over a book, or her luminous eyes gather in the landscape about her, and rest appreciatively upon the light and shadows of yonder wind-blown rock, or wander dreamily to the fleecy clouds hanging athwart the dazzlingly blue sky. How glad and fair is the morning, how fresh and bright the sunshine and the balmy air, and, oh, how beautiful she is! That lad of eighteen tugs at his horse's rein, and can scarce get his breath for looking at her. Only the surly

fence between, and yet how far, how immeasurably, heart-breakingly far! Well, it so happened that this nearness for which he had vainly yearned was thrust upon him, for one spring morning, as he reined in his horse, and prepared to imbibe the usual basis for his dreams that day, the lively animal under him, becoming no doubt disgusted with this ridiculous and extremely monotonous love malady, determined to change the tenor of affairs by throwing him over his head, and nicely polsing him upon a stone pillar that inter-

sected the spikes.

Venus, in the shape of Miss Burton, than whom there could be then no fairer protoresene, losing her own brilliant color in the meanwhile, and clasping her hands in

graceful dismay.

He was carried into the house, and some hours clapsed before he was even aware of this felicity; but when be did at last open those blue eyes, and open them to the consciousness that near him knelt Miss Clara Burton, her inper fingers busy in helping the doctor mend his unfortunate head, which had been radely handled by the jagged edge of the stone pillar-when he found bimself within a hand's breadth of her shining hair-when he could almost feel her fragrant breath upon his cheek, his soul

and actually lost consciousness again. But lov don't kill-in fact, it must have some healing proclivities; for speedily, all too speedily for poor Phil Fairfield, came vigor and strength sgain, and bad it not been for a lucky sprain of the right ankle be would have been compelled to get away from that enchanted palace in the course of the afternoon. How he thanked his presiding star for that comfortable arrain that detained him! To be sure, it brought a few nasty accessories, a severe twings evbeing, a bravy sodden sebe tugging continually at the muscles of his whole right leg; but what were these compared to the unsatistied yearning pangs of an unfed passion? Now at least he was near her. Constantly he heard her clear silvery voice. He could distinguish the rustle of her dress as it floated past the corridor. Twice, three times that day, perhaps even more frequently, she came to the lounge where he lay, and once (it was toward exening) she let ber hand fall lightly on his broken head,

and asked if he were better. Better! Ob, Phil Fairfield, but once in fetime comes that soul-thrilling rapture, the first mingling of the material with an adolescent spiritual | assion. Never again, never again, charm they ever so wisely can all the women you are tated to behold, give you one tithe of that cestasy! It was rambling old country house, inhabited only by an old widow lady and three grandchildren; her only son had lost his young wife here some two years before, and had ten children and mother, home and country, and had gone abroad for redress from

The children's education was intrusted to the care of this young relative of the family-distant, but acknowledged; and although Miss Burton called herself by the somewhat disparaging title of governess, she would have taken great umbrage to have been called thus by another. She was virtually the queen of the household, merely by the presence of the proprietor, old Mrs. Mason, getting rid of the irksome boy, had been sent to a neighboring school, and the two little girls were really taught by the upper nurse. She carefully superintended their wardrobes, and prescribed the course of knowledge which the nurse was able and willing to impart. She also walked in the grounds with her young relatives at a stated bour every morning. So that, although the household seemed to hang upon her control, her life was really an easy and pleasant one. As far as drudgery went, her position was a sinecure, and t should have been-a thousand pities to

have it otherwise. So there was time and opportunity and every adjunct necessary to render her fasclusting. And from loving her outside the gate, Phil fell to adoring her inside the

spiked enclosure. Being really a handsome, well-grown lad, his only drawback that hobbledehoydom that comes with first love, Miss Burton easily forgave that as a natural consequence, and allowed herself, I think, to seriously grow fond of the boy. So did the other members of the household. Mrs. Mason had known his dead mother; he was of that catholically courteous nature that always wins the servants and hangerson of an establishment; and as for the children, the little orphan girls (for their father was the same as dead to them), it became a matter of study to keep them out of the way long enough to put his passion into words. Which he did before his ankle was sufficiently strong to allow him to do

without a cane. Waiking down the familiar road, of the ery dust of which he had been yearningly fond, leaning beavily upon his cane, and lightly but rapturously upon Miss Burton's arm, he suddenly saw the very pillar upon which his body came to grier, but his soul to sestasy. A few discolored streaks thereon Phit declared to be his blood.

"Shed willingly for you, Miss Burton," he said aloud to her. "For me!" she exclaimed; "why, what попиение !"

"For you," he repeated, "always for you. If it were my life-blood, and every drop wrung from me by the direst agony, I would shed it all for you !"

Then he dropped into a garden-seat, and she stood irresolutely by, while he poured out his soul in a rhapsody of madness that at last had its way with her. "You foolish boy," she cried, looking

down upon him careasingly, "you will make yourself ill again. Get up this moment. I command you-I-I entrest you -do get off your knees, Phil, I beg of you "Not till you give me your hand-your

"Well, take my hand and help yourself up with it this moment! I'm so afraid "And you do love me-just a little ?" "I love you a great deal, you silly lad-

ever so much. Of course I do!" "And you will marry me when-when "When you are old enough ?" Here she laughed long and merrily. "That was what you were going to say; you know it was. Now think for yourself what mad-ness it is on your part. Your are a mere boy yet, Phil dear; and I-why, I am al-

So Miss Burton ridiculed the depth and intensity of this passion which her young lover declared was not a matter of time, but eternity !

ready almost an old woman; I am twenty-

Nevertheless she granted Phil many hap py hours, which to this day he is grateful for, and she encouraged him to that degree that the lad's head was filled with scheme and aspirations of a domestic character which would have done credit to a wiser head and more practical judgment. He began to look into affairs, to balance accounts, and take inventories, which were also encouraging in their way, for he was not badly off in the world, as I said before. There he lay like young Adonis in the In the midst of all this Gerald Mason came

and all pale his rounded cheeks, the light | the orphans. He burst in upon them suddeply one November night. Phil had little Jessie Mason on his knee, telling her a fairy story, in which the beautiful princess type for the goddess, went quickly to the was so accurately and vividly described that Jessie cried out, "Why, that's like

cousin Clara?" "So it is cousin Clars," said Phil. And thes little Jessie began to pout, for cousin Clara was alive and before her, a practical, humdrum reality, while the little one wanted food for imagination.

But soon she was on papa's knee, listening to wonderful adventures by ses and land. Facts became brighter and stranger than fiction. All the little household, Phil included, listened spell-bound, bour after bour, to the tales of the traveler,

Clara's walks with the children became extended; but instead of Phil, Gerald Mabecame so completely surcharged with son was her companion. Phil joined them rapture that he closed his eyes with a sign, at first, but presently staid behind. He had grown a little tired of bearing about foreign lands, and preferred the more domestic felicity of wandering off by himself where he could weave undisturbed those fanciful dreams of the future which now seemed so much nearer realization. For since the father of the orphans had come home, and the son of the widow, he was their natural protector, and they would no longer need the care or protection of Clara. Phil had a great reverence and respect for this fine, sun-imbrowned, bardy man. He would, of course, recognize Phil's claim upon his young relative, and relieve her of

her present duties.

After months of impatient waiting Phil was compelled to make an opportunity to

speak. Almost a score of years ago, and yet how clearly that evening in March stands out in the retrospect! There had been a softness and languor in the air all day, and an undefined promise of spring, to which nature gladly responded. The frogs down by the little lake croaked in discordant gles. Migratory birds screamed and chuckled over Phil's head as he waited in the under brushwor Clara to go by. She had passed fully an hour ago with Mr. Mason and the children. The shadows began to lengthen; the sun went down, and with it all promise of early warmth or verdore. Phil stamped his feet, and wished that "ancient mariner," as he was wont at times to call him, would bring Clara and the children me. A hoary old owl in the tree above Phil found the darkness gathering about the gnarted old branches, and shook his wings briskly, preparatory to flying off for

his nightly dissipation. "Wait awhite," said Phil, glancing upward, "and you'll hear something nice, old bird; hold on a bit, till Clara comes; she is worth waiting for and listening to,

The owl suddenly burst into a harsh laugh; it was cold, sardonic, bitter. It would have jarred upon Phil if be had not beard a brushing in the path and the dead leaves scattered by children's feet. A man's tread and and the rustle of Clara's part of domestic cares. The eldest child, a silken drapery fell upon his ear. She smiled upon him, her bright, magnetic smile, but would have passed on without a word if Phil had not put out his band and detained

> "Stay Clara" he said: "I must detain you a moment. Mr. Mason will excuse

Mr. Mason looked inquiringly, rather haughtily, upon Phil, but raised his hat courteously and walked on.
"The night grows chill," he said, turning again to Clara; "you had better come

in-doors." hand held her firmly.
"Stay," he said; "I will be heard;" for there was something in Clara's face that smote him to the core. Phil took both her

nds in his, and looked in Clara's with an agony of entreaty. "Clara," he cried, "what is this? Oh. me to me. You know how I love you. Let this man take care of his own, and do you come to me! Your duty is no longer ere; it is at my place yonder; or if not there, any where, so long as it is with me. If you do not like it here, we'll travel, Claa. You know I have enough and to spare. You shall see for yourself all these wonlers and scenes that seem to fascinate you io. Clara, oh, Clara, why don't you speak? why do you turn your head away from

She turned her beautiful head, and tears were really in her eyes. Yes, she wept for me, and well she might. I knew it was all over. I dropped her hands, and raised mine to heaven in despair. I knew not what I did; it makes me faint now to think of it. The poor desperate lad, how I pity

him!

She clung to me with both her cold white hands. "Phil, Phil," she said, "listen to me You break my heart. Oh, what shall I do? I am so sorry for you, so bitterly sorry. 1 wish I had died before I had given you this misery. But listen, Phil. You suffer now. I know: but it's only a boyish fancy: it will pass, dear-pass quite away. I am

too old, entirely too old for you, Phil. It is an insuperable obstacle !" And this man-this Gerald Mason," I stammered..."is there no disparity there?"
"It is on the man's side, Phil, and that

s every thing." I turned away and dashed like a madman through the underbrush; the owl screamed and hooted jeeringly after me he liked it just as well, that cynical old

owl, as if it had all gone the other way. God alone knows what kept Phil alive that wild March night. He wandered frantically, mile after mile, drenched to the skin, chilled to the marrow of his bones. the wind howling after him, and not a ray of comfort in the black infinite sky or the

storm-tossed, misery-laden earth. A month or two later his friends got him abroad. In his turn be wandered through foreign lands, in the hope to forget. I don't think he succeeded very well; he remembered it all bitterly enough; but he gained a sort of grim philosophy that helped him through. Then he was amused, certainly, with the strange scenes about him, took a lively interest therein, and had no outward emblance of a heart-break in a year or two. He looked old for his years, folks said, old and worn, somehow, and at twenty-five was bearded as a pard, and grave and cynical as the ancient owl in his tive woods. Where he wandered and what he saw would fill many a volume, if Phil were fool enough to write about it; but fortunately for you and for me, he never

has attempted the ungrateful task. For fifteen years he was a wanderer the face of the earth, and only returned a short while since, because there were no

new fields he cared to explore. His soul was not so dead when he reached his native land that he was altogether remiss in the required enthusiasm. For the first time since he left it Phil felt glad that he was alive, and when he gained his ancestral wood, he looked even jocularly wood, his fair locks bedabbled with blood, | home, the son of the widow, the father of | for his cynical old friend the owl.

mansion yonder. Gerald and his mother were both dead, and Clara lived in the old bouse with her step-daughters. She had no children of her own, but report said she was happy with those of her hosband. The boy had died at school, but the girls had grown to womanhood, and Jessie, Phil's

little favorite, was reported to be beautiful. How clear the atmosphere seemed to Phil! Since he had left Syris he had found no such vivid sunshine. One could see for miles and miles-be almost thought be could discern the spikes in the old Mason feace. Phil found he was getting in the habit of wondering about the people youder, and be determined to cure that at once. He would go see his old friend Clara and

the girls. So cutting a sturdy slip from one of his own blekory saplings, he resolved to walk over to the old place and see what fifteen years had done by the way. One land-mark after another was passed. Phil began to think that either the world had stood quite still, or that time had dealt very tenderly with this bit of land, over which

years, agone, he had traveled so joyously. Yonder comes another pedestrian. She is a woman, tail and graceful, but her step is slow, and there is a sadness about her fig ure, somehow, that frets Phil; it seems to jar with the glad, bright landscape about him. In the distance he can see that she is pale too, and, alas! yes, she is no longer young. But from out a neighboring copthere springs another figure, and catches up with the tall pale lady. Her hands are fall of wild flowers. Phil can see the glow on her cheek; and now he is close enough to find that this one is young and beautiful and that her presence is in tone with the

sweet summer day. With the slight courieous inclination that s exchanged on a country road between strangers, Phil passes on, but is stopped suddenly by a voice that is strangely, sad-

ly, wonderfully familiar. "It is he," said the tall pale lady; "I am certain of it; but as he has forgotten me,

let us go on, Jessie." "I knew your voice, Clars," cried Phil, "but I had forgotten your face." Then he joined them and they walked on home ward. He talked to his old favorite, little Jessie Mason, now a woman, winsome, bright, and lovely. He told her how little changed he had found the neighborhood about his old home, and what a delight it was to him.

"That you owe to mamma," said Jessie. She won't have a tree cut down or a new one planted, and if even one of the old rusty spikes in our old ugly fence gives way, she has another one in its place immediately.

Phil looked over at Clara. How strange was to see her so changed, and every thing else so familiar! He felt a keen pang when he found blmself within the Mason nelosure. It seemed to him as if he had been dead a long time, and his spirit had suddenly taken a fancy to stalk about the old torture place. But this wore away after a visit or two,

was not very strong, and the younger daughter was away; but Jessie was always ready to walk or drive or ride with Phil. He declared that he must make nilgrimages to all the favorite nooks of his boyhood; that he had neglected them for foreign shrines, and must make amends. Weeks merged into months, and sum-

mer was on the wane, when at last Phil

and Phil made many visits there. Clara

made up his mind to wander abroad no more, but to settle down under his native sky, and marry, and be happy--reasonably happy, not madly or rapturously; that was ery thing be lost? reasoned Phil. derness to bloom and blossom as

some, in form and feature, young, very all his energies. He spent several months young; but that mattered little, so long as this time the years were on the right side. Jessie was fond of him evidently-Phil felt certain of that-and would in time smooth all these creases out of his life. They would be happy, reasonably happy, without a doubt. He would cherish her with that fostering care that is born of mature and deliberative love-not that mad,

unreasoning idolatry that yonder pale matron bad so ruthlessly squandered. Phil began to feel that he held the future in his own hands, and was reverently glad and thankful for the privilege thus held

out to him. He resolved to grasp it, and have it safe at It was only the other day they had been

overtaken by a storm, and Jessie in the drive homeward, crept close to Phil. He sbeltered her for many a mile, holding tight and warm about her the carriage wrap What mortal man could hold this winsome creature to his heart and not feel electrified, for the time being, at least, with positive joy? Phil felt the dregs of his lost youth stirring within him; the faint skele-ton of the wild sweet rapture seized him-

that youth he thought gone from him for ever. "My sweet Jessie," he whispered, "my own little girl, would that I were taking you to my own hearth stone, there to be

berished forever!" Whereupon she struggled out of the carriage wrap, and out of his arms, looking up in his face with sore affright. 'Why, Jessie," said Phil, "you surely mean to be my little wife some day, don't

crimson fading out of her face, and her eyes filled with terror. "Oh, no; that is npossible; never-never!" Phil made one little struggle to catch at this phantom of joy fast fading away from

"Your wife!" she stammered, all the

"Didn't you know that I hoped for this, Jessie? Had you no thought of it your-"Oh no, Mr. Fairfield-no, no; I never dreamed you cared for me in that way. I -I thought you liked me as-as an uncle would, or-or a father. I haven't any father, you know; and-and I suppose it was wrong. I-I led you to believe, perhaps;

"An insuperable obstacle sgain," I repeated bitterly. "Once I was too young; now I am too old!" Jessie burst into a passion of sobs. The poor child felt terribly. I was compelled to soothe her, and to declars to her that it ouldn't matter at all-not to let the sub-

but I couldn't; it-it is not to be thought

But would I be her friend? Would I please not get angry and queer, and be their funcies as a fair knight-errant, brave nothing to ber? "I will be a father to you, Jessie," I asseverated solemuly; for, in truth, I was glad to have her cease sobbing. "I will be your uncle, grandfather, any thing you like, child, I declare to you?"

ject give her the slightest uneasiness.

Then I took her home, and from thence

I have been ever since, pondering it all over, and wondering how it all comes about, and whether it is my fault or my

The Story of Carl Schurz Betold. The story of Mr. Schurz's career in 1849 and 1850, after the failure of the German revolution of 1848 -of his beir-breadth es. capes while fleeing from Prussis, and of his return, disguised, into the very heart of the kingdom, to rescue one of his companions imprisoned there-matches the romantic tales of the middle ages; and at the time the rumor of the chivarric deeds of the young hero rang through balf of Europe. Born near Cologne, in 1829, he was nine-

teen years old when the revolution broke

out. He was then a student at Bonn,

young, enthusiastic and courageous. He

became editor of a liberal paper, and then joined with his sword in the defence of Rastadt. When the town fell he was thrown into prison and sentenced to death.

During the night preceding the day on under difficulties—these are lessons far which he was to be put to death he and his servant, who had been imprisoned with him, excavated a passage through the floor of their prison into the sewer of the town. There they remained all night, up to their waists in water. In the morning they found their way to a man-trap in one of the streets, but there stood a sentinel armed and watchful, for it was then known that two prisoners had escaped. Their only way of exit from their living tomb seemed to be cut off. There they stood for hours weak and trembling, hoping that the sentlnel would be withdrawn. They could not sit down, for the water was too deep, and once one of them became so weary that be let fall a weapon he had with him, which, splashing in the water, attracted the guard's attention, who thrust his bayonet several times into the sewer, passing it within a few inches of their bodies. At last there occurred a fortunate disturbance a short distance from the trap, and the watchman for a moment forsook his post. This was their only opportunity, and they profited by it without delay. They had barely time o leap from the sewer and to throw themselves into a ditch near by when the guard returned. They lay in the ditch, motion lest, the rest of the day, and at nightfall they crawled away and fied across the fields. Faint and hungry, they ventured o approach the house of a farmer, and to trust to his compassion to afford them food and shelter. He permitted them to hide in the loft of his barn, but even there they were forbidden the boon of sleep; for, no sooner were they concealed, than a party The head is the center of all sensibility. of soldiers took possession of the lower portion of the barn, preparatory to spendng the night in revelry. They did not dare to sleep lest they should move about or snore and thus attract the attention of those below. Each kept the other awake until it was nearly morning, when, the revellers having fallen into heavy slumber, they stole forth and renewed their flight.

to the sympathy of the more humble of the peasants to give them food. In this way they proceeded until they passed the bonndary of Prussia and entered Switzerland. Worn out by this fearful journey Mr. Schurz fell ill; for several months be lay prostrated with fever. Upon his recovery he learned that one of his associates in the revolution, Gottfried Kinkel, like himself condemned to death, had had his sentence commuted to twenty years' imprisonment. The young hero had saved his own life, gone with the past. But why should ev- after the narrowest escapes, and he had the world before him. But he was possessed Here was Jessie, this sweet little wood- of too generous a heart and too chivalrous land flower; she would make yonder wil- a nature selfishly to enjoy his own freedom without making an effort to rescue his the rose. She was bright, loving, win- friend from prison, and to this end be bent at Zurich and Cologne, arranging his plans. and at length he set out on his knightly errand. Spandau was a fortified town, a few miles from Berlin, surrounded by a high wall, having eight guarded gates, and was the stronghold in which state prisoners learned how to bear little pains .- N. Y. were confined. Upon his arrival there he obtained, through his friend's relatives, the entree of the fort, and made the acquaintance of the officers in charge, passing him self off, of course, as being friendly to the throne. Kinkel's friends were wealthy and supplied Schurz plentifully with funds. His plan was to bribe a guard within the fort and a sentinel at one of the other gates. He spent weeks in sounding them, before venturing to make his proposition, know ing that if they declined his offer and betrayed him all would be lost. The bargain was finally concluded, and he communicat ed his plans to Kinkel. Still be could not be certain that the guards, whom he entrusted with his secret, would not betray him at the last, for they had made it a pos-

itive condition of the bargain that they

At length a propitious night arrived

There was to be a great ball within the fort,

should receive their money in advance.

During the next day, and for many suc-

ceeding days, they concealed themselves,

travelling only by night, and, when they

became hungry beyond endurance, trusting

and Schurz was invited to attend. He therefore fixed upon that night for the escape, and did not omit to improve their chances by drugging the liquors which the officers would use. When the revelry was at its height, by the connivance of the fail-or, whom he had bribed, he liberated Kinkel from his cell, when they made their way to the roof of the fort, and descended to the ground by means of a rope-ladder which had been provided. The sentinel at the gate, true to his agreement, passed them without the wall, where their friends were in waiting. Fleet horses were in readiness, and they set off immediately for Hamburg, which was the nearest port. Relays had been provided along the route, and they reached their destination without accident or adventure. They lay concealed several days, when, securing a fishing schooner, they embarked for Scotland. It was then the month of November, and their voyage was most perilous and painful. They reached Edinburgh in course of time and went ashore weary, forlorn and hungry, having hardly tasted food since the night of their departure from the prison. They then proceeded to Lendon; and for the two years following Schurz was engaged, in London and in Paris, as a teacher, and as a correspondent of the German When it became known that Kinkel's

press. deliverance from prison had been effected through the bravery and address of his faithful friend, young Scuurz became a here throughout Western Europe, his fame even reaching England. Men wondered at his prowess and maidens painted him in and handsome as ever was celebrated in ancient tournament. They pictured him as another Cour de Leon, or called to mind the story of Damon and Pythias. At this time (1851) there was a maiden of sixteen in the city of Hamburg, whose parents were preparing to set out with their daugh-

He could see the gables of the old Mason | drove over to my own lonely hearth, where | ter to attend the Great World's Exhibition in London, and the maiden's first thought when she learned that she was going to London was that she might there see the young hero, Carl Schurz. Her wish was realized; and the sequel to this story is that the maid of Hamburg is the Senator's

Mude Treatment of Children, BY HENRY WARD BEECHER,

Boys and girls ought not to be brought ip too tenderly. It is no hardship, but a ife-long blessing to a child, to be obliged to rise early, and to take hold of work, as part of the household-work that brings a steady responsibility upon him. It may seem hard to one over-indulgent to send beys out on cold winter mornings to do chores in the barn, to gather frosty chips to chop and split wood, or to perform any of the hundred things which belong to the family life. But contempt of petty suffering, regular work, pride of being able to nore important than any that can be learned in books or schools. Many a man has sees hindered all his life long because he never learned self-reliance and industry in childhood. So, then, putting children to work early, and with a wise adaptation to

their years, is not a bardship, but a benefaction. But there are practices which ought to be suppressed as refined cruelties. I mean all those petty punishments which are inflicted on children's heads. We have seen teachers, when boys were whispering, steal up and bump their heads together severely. I. la very comman to jerk children by the hair, off from their feet, and it is not uncommon for parents to pull a lock of hair pretty severely as a small punish-

ment for some misdemeanor. No punishment of any kind ought to be inflicted upon the head of any of the Cauasian stock. It may be handy, but it is nevitably demoralizing. It rouses the temper and every evil feeling in a child, Cuffing the ears, snapping the head, especially with a thimble-armed finger, are

lways demoralizing. If children have any grace, it all flies under such discipline. They burn with anger, they are stung with shame, they inwardly curse their termenter, and we have known many a boy come forth from such misjudged parental bandling livid with rage, and, as soon as be was out of hearing, pour forth a torrent of oaths and blackguardism that well might make one shud

Slapping the mouth, pulling the hair, rapping the scalp, or pinching the ears, are good measures for the development of de-pravity; but, if designed as restraining or reformatory punishment, they are utterly bad, and provocative oftentimes of as many evils as they seek to cure. When children have done wrong and when correction is needed, it ought not to be ignominious. No man or child is ever made to love right conduct by being brutally treated, or by offending, at the same time, both his sense of justice and his proper pride of character. But there is a nursery view of a child's

ufferings, not quite so important, but which I feel impelled to protest against. I mean the unmannerly and inhuman way of washing and combing. Oh, Mr. Bonner, what a sad reminiscence of life does that subject open! Does not my face even yet tingle, as I recall the rude scrubbings which it used to suffer! A great, round, rosy face, with eyes so prominent that soap suds could hardly fail to soak into them, and with a skin that seemed to show the slightest streak or spot-how was it rubbed round and round by the elder sister's hand, as if it made no difference whether it was rubbed up er down! To her it did not. To me it was a matter of unspeakable im portance. Then, to comb one's hair as one would betchel flax-is that to be tolerated in a civilized community? In behalf of ten thousand boys and girls, and in memo-ry of untold grievances of this kind, I beg of you to protest against such inquisitorial ways with little folks, who have not yet

Ledger.

Home for Bestitute Children. The managers of the "Home for Destiute Children" in Burlington, are about to present the claims of that worthy charity to its friends throughout the State, for the purpose of procuring means to enlarge the

institution by erecting an addition to the present building. The number of children in the "Home" during the past year has averaged fifty, and the building is entirely too small to accommodate such a family, besides, it was erected more than twenty years ago, for an entirely different purpose, and contains none of the modern labor-saving convenences so necessary in such an institution. The lowest estimate for the needed enlargement and repairs on the old building is \$20,000, and the managers must look to those whom "God has prospered" for the

In this connection we wish to correct an erronecus impression which seems to prevail to some extent, in relation to the financial condition of the "Home." It is sometimes said that the Home is rich enough without begging any more. This is a mistake. The corporation own the present building and ten acres of land, which oat \$7000 in 1866. It has a "Permanent Furd" of a little over \$40,000; but the entire income of this fund is not sufficient to defray the current expenses, and the deficiency is made up every year by voluntary

A legacy of \$2500 from the late Carlos Baxter, Esq., of this city; also \$500 from one other gentleman here; and the Hon. T. W. Park of Bennington has subscribed \$2500; making a total of \$5500, which is all to be appropriated to the building fund, and with this the ladies are encouraged to

Without claiming to be exact, the above is substantially a correct statement of the finances of the corporation, and we trust it will serve to disabuse the public of the impression that the institution is not in need of more money. On the contrary its needs are imperative and its necessities make us urgent that the present season should not pass without some relief in the way of enpass without some dations. We know it is an unfortunate time to solicit funds for a charushia nurpose when the business of the nnfortunate time to solical tunds for a charitable purpose when the business of the
country is so depressed, but there is money enough for railroads and other enterprises; and should not orphan and destitute children be provided for with equal
liberality? We cannot think that the intelligent and benevolent men of Vermont
will turn a deaf ear to so vital a question as
this.

L. A. Hickor, Pres't.

—A black rhinoceros weighing 9,500 pounds—the largest ever exhibited in the world—was added to the collection of wild beasts in Barnum's Hippodrome at New York last week.