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c. w Granita Row, Main St., Brattlebore, V. RMs. To single subscribers, by mad, \$2.25 per min is advanced; in cinits, \$2.00. When my paid in a strength of the property will be charged in the part of the par

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Poetry.

No Mortgage on the Farm.

For the last dreadful mortuage on the farm is wiped away; I have got the papers with me, they are right as right Let us laugh and sing together, for the dear old farm

Because twee then that Freedom's sun lit up the nation's way ? Why shouldn't we then colebrate, and this day ne'er Where is there any freedom like being out of debt?

I've rix up many a morning an bour before the sun, And night has overlaken me before the task was done. When weary with my labor t'was this thought that nerved my arm; Each day will help to pay the mortgage on the farm. And Mary, you have done your part in rowin' to the

By takin' eggs and butter to the sittle village store.
You did not spend the money in dressing up for show,
But totled from morn till evening in your faded called. And Bessie, our sweet daughter-God bless her loving

She's gone without plane, her lonely hours to charm, To have a hand in payin' off the mortgage I'll buy a good plane to go with Bessie's votes;

The last that gots her for a wife must be by natur

For I'll go this very day and buy the finest pater And get yourself and Heusie a new and shining gown

You shall not make your builter with that up and down

Low prices for our produce need not give us now Sprace up a little, Mary! there's no mortgage on the

Thile our hearts are now so joyful, let us, Mary, not forget To thank the God of Heaven for being out of debt; For He gave the rain and sonshine, and put strength into my arm, And lengthened out our days to see no mortgage of

The Mountain and the Squirrel The Mountain and the Squirrel Had a quarrel. And the former called the latter "Little Prig." Bun replied...
"You are doubtless very big; But all sorts of things and weather Most be taken in together To make up the year, And a sphere; And I think it no disgrace To occupy my place. If I'm not se large se you, You are not so small as I, And not half so spry; I'll not deny you make A very pretty squircel-track. Talents differ; all is well and wisely put; If I cannot carry forests on my back, Neither can you crack a nut."

The Leisure Hour.

"OUR BOY,"

And What Became of Him. Our boy ! Now perhaps some people of philopro genitive proclivities may be led to imagine that a tender gush of paternity is to follow just here. Not a bit of it. Three years ago, when I first clapped eyes on "our boy," I suppose he was fully 12 years old. Who ight have been Clarence's father I have not the least idea about. I suppose some one cared for the boy, because occasionally I had noticed a pale young woman, in a dingy black gown, come furtively to the ont of the office, and passed in to "our boy" a package done up in a bit of old newspaper, and from the fact that the parcel was greasy, I was sure it contained food for our boy. But who the woman was, was no business of mine, nor of the office Clarence got \$3 a week, and was the errand boy. When he was not running about the streets, he sat in the darkest part of the dingy office, before a ramshackle table, on

which stood a copying press, for making his functions. I wish I could make the boy an object of sympathy, but if I tried my very best I could not. When it was bitter cold, some three winters ago, and our boy had on a miserably thin jacket, a size too small for him, and when the snow was knee deep, and his shoes were out at heel and toe, I never committed a greater piece of stupidity in the world than when I lent him my overcost and arctics. Such rank ingrati tude on the part of the boy! Would any one have believed it? In the side pocket I found a bit of cheese, and of course a

grease spot came from it, and my shoe were run down at the heel. Of course I rarely exchanged any words with our boy. Between the fourth elerk in our office and an errand boy, the gulf of lemarkation in the social scale could not be too strongly accentuated. Of course I was forced, from time to time, to point out to Clarence his line of duty, and had to explain to him that a tendency to whistle surreptiously in the office or even on the landing, or to wet the leaves of his copying-book too much, or to blur the correspondence, or to put a three cent stamp on a foreign letter, would inevitably end by

his becoming a forger or a murderer. If Clarence had even been good-looking might have expatiated on that. I am not, I suppose, much of a judge of beauty, and suppose that some lads have curly hair and blue even; but Clarence way not so favored. His eyes were dull and heavy and in a chronic state of redness, and the hair on his head always looked to me like mildewed bay. One thing that was commendable was his punctuality as to luncheon. Exactly at 12 o'clock, when not running about, he commenced his repast. His food was, invariably, dry bread and a lump of puttylike cheese. What the boy ate or did not eat made, of course, no difference to me, though the monotony of Clarence's midday meal irritated me. From the zest with which he ate it, I was led to suppose that it was breakfast and dinner. Of course, to a growing boy, with plenty of exercise, it made little difference how, when, or what he ate. I am no Spartan myself, and a sandwich and a piece of pie suffices me any day in the year, but I must acknowledge to be singular as to pies, and vary that por-tion of my luncheon with the season. Ten cents, for a fourth clerk of an economical turn of mind, who despises waste, is a sum of money not to be carelessly thrown away. I knew it was a weakness of mine, when I once gave our boy the above mentioned amount, and I ordered him in the most positive terms to lay out the whole affiount in cakes. Separated as we were from one another by a sheet of ground glass, as I used to be busy over my books I could not

some fifteen years ago, and, I suppose, was | quite as hearty as I might be. It's awful | business as would have made it one of the | executor de son tort, and would thereby an annoyance to the cierk who used to occupy my present desk, just as Clarence and not be able to refleve her. I hope I was to me. Over the errand boy's table won't be discharged, sir, Mr. Culpepper, there hangs, bi-day, just as there had, I you have been kind of rough to meat times suppose, for the last flity years, a colored but I haven't sort of minded you. Poor print of a brig, with all sails set, skimming | sls, when she was well-she's not quite 21 over the seas, bound for Functial, in the yet-for a joke used to call me Mr. Cul-Madeiras, that port being visible in the pepper's forger and murderer. She knows distance. You can't see the picture very you, sir. Poor Mary! I am sometimes distinctly now, owing to a storm of dust, very down in the mouth about her fearing dirt, and cobwebs which have obscured it she will never get well again. All ready as long as I can remember. I sometimes with that order, sir ?" wondered whether Clarence ever was in Of course the business of the house had imagination on the deck of that brig, as I to be attended to. Two hundred and six have been a hundred times when I was a bales of South American hides to be shipboy, careering over the bright seas, and ped to Boston could not be neglected, and whether the whole thing ever became to | Clarence went on his errand. him, as it was to nie, a kind of pictorial flying Dutchman. When I wanted Clar- and I missed him. Not a soul in the office ence I had hardly ever to rap on the glass knew his address. Next morning, Clarfor him. The boy seemed to anticipate ence did not come to the office, nor the my wishes, and would jump up when next day. All that night and the next I even moved my finger. This alacrity on | night, I had to bunt that miserable boy up his part was a sign of servility which I de- and a precions needle-in-the-hay-stack I should have liked to have seen myself when I was in that boy's place try-log to be quick and obliging. Of course I was fast going to her last rest. We helped did my duty thoroughly when I was our to bury her. Confound the office! I was boy. If I was treated then with contempt absent from it for the only day in twenty perhaps it was best for me, and as I al- years which was not a holiday. ways have had plenty of spirit, I returned exactly what I received. I do not think I again. Mother overruled me, Mother is have altered much as to temper since the time I was our boy -nor as a clerk do I see | that, since I had been brought up like a the necessity for any change. Seventy five | dog in the office, (a term by no means comdollars a month, and I am 35, with an old nother to keep-after twenty years' service in the house-is not a sum calculated | canine experiences. o engender much kindly feeling, though I suppose it is about as much as I am worth,

I had noticed that Clarence, generally a silent boy, had a disposition toward expansiveness with me which was disgusting. I he lasting and not inclined to warp or think it was a May-day, some two years spring, but if you try to linck at us with an since, when looking through the window on Gold street, our boy happened to see some lad or other, with a base-ball bat under his arm, walking gayly slong. I think the remark Clarence made was, "Wouldn't he like to be that boy? It looked so jolly, and did Mr. Culpepper (that is my name) ever play "base-ball?" I, of course, utterly aquelched the boy at once and for all ime, as he fully deserved. Still Clarence would not remain put down. I remember once when it was raining he offered to go and bring me my luncheon, remarking, "As it was raining hard, and I had no umbrella, and that I seemed to have a bad old, he would just go and fetch it." Now, I am and was the last person in the world to appreciate this kind of thing. Everybody in the world, in the street, and in the office—and in the office is an epitome of the world-is for bimse!" and such presumpion on the part of our boy, who ste cheese, every day, for his breakfast and dinner, was as much out of place as if I, with my thread bare coat on, had dared to offer my arm to the dashing wife of our junior partner, when she comes into the office. I did not mean to be exactly rough with the boy, nor to eat his head off, but I ask any one, what right had an errand-boy to have feelings? Bless you! boys should not be sensitive. When I think of the lots of snubbing I received, and how bravely I got over it all ! There is our junior, the son of the old gentleman, the founder of the house. The old man when he was alive knew his me when he came in and once a month shout would exchange a word with me. I de not believe the junior even knows my name, and as to recognizing me, I fancy it would be as great a condescension on his part as if he was to take off his hat to a street-sweeper. But it is not about myself I am writing, but about Clarence. This lunch episode ended by my opening my window with a sudden jar and dropping the money on Clarence's table without a word. The mean-spirited fellow absolute-

ly smiled, and went out with alscrity. If I would have let the money stay there forever, or thrown it at the fourth clerk's head. But boys have not now the pluck that distinguished them in our time. Presently he came back and handed me my luncheon. I never thanked him. I put it on the cover of the ledger, and let it stay there. I had no appetite for it. I sat furtively watching Clarence. Presently he opened his old drawer and took out his miserable dinner. This time it was a minute crust and no cheese. Why hadn't the

boy cheese? I opened my glass window and dropped my sandwich and pie before "Where's your cheese, boy?" I saked.

"Ain't got any, sir."

"Why?" No answer. What was it my business! did not want any of his confidence. "Eat that sandwich, you little wretch, and the pie, and don't bother me :" and I snapped to my window in a rage and went te adding up my columns of figures; but somehow they wouldn't add. I must needs watch Clarence, He was munching his bread, with his back turned to me, and my luncheon was on the table, untouched, me boys are exasperating. Clarence was specially so. I rapped at my window. The boy was by my side. "You will go ver to Martin's stores in Brooklyn and take this order; and go quickly. Don't dawdie. You are wanted here back in an hour to go over to the Conard steamer wharf. What makes you shake so, you lit-

tle wretch? Why don't you est your luncheon ?" "Because I ain't bungry, Fancy I sin't well. Afraid I could not be back in an hour; legs kind of weak, sir," Clarence

"Spend your money at the Bowery or Tony Pastor's, I suppose, and sit up late, so that you are good for nothing in the day-We will have to get another boy.' "May-be you will," was Clarence's ean-spirited reply.
"Where is that girl that used to call and

ring you luncheon?" I asked. "My sister? Working in a tobacco facory has ruined her health. I am afraid she has some complaint of the lungs. Been ill for two weeks; and I am such a poor nurse." "Where is your cheese you used to eat

with that confounded luncheon of yours, which you seemed so fond of?" "Have not had anything but bread for a week. You see there are but two of us, poor sis and me. She used to make \$3 a week and together the \$6 helped to keep us; but now that she is too ill for work, the \$3 I make, when room-rent is paid-a room and a closet you know-which costs \$5 a est something. It don't amount to much, this trouble of ours, sir. I suppose we will used to be busy over my books I could not help watching the boy, as the shadow of his head came in my way, obscuring the dim light. I sat at exactly the same table

It was dosk before our boy came back business was it. Mother and I found him

Clarence never came back to the store not exactly a hard wo nan, but she said plimentary either to me or to the firm,) Charence should be free from the same

Mother's second cousin is from Salem. He has the reputation of being a hard man, too. In fact, we all come from a peculiar hard-grained and knotty stock. We may ax or a hatchet, why, bless you! the edge captain. That brig is in the wine trade.

of your tool gots turned in a moment, Well mother's cousin sails a brig from Boston as Our foreign mail is just in and here is a letter from Clarence, who is nothing more than a sailor on board of the brig ; may-be be will remain one all his life, for there really ain't much in the boy that I can see, save that he has a soft heart, which don't count for anything, you know, in this world. He calls me Uncle Culpepper, which is rather of a liberty, and mother, grandnother, which is a peculiar kind of a relationship, but the boy has some very curious and absurd traits of character. He writes, inclosing a draft on Boston for \$25, "to put a modest tembatone over Mary's grave." Was there ever such an idiot of a boy! Just as if mother had not had it all done, with an iron railing round it, fully six menths ago. This is the way that stupid Clarence's letter ends: "It is ever so jolly sailing over the summer sea, and dear old Uncle Culpepper, just look at the picture over my old desk in the office. Funchal is on the lee-bow, and the picture is as true as true can be. Once, when you were not watching me I cleaned off the old thing, and, when I used to be eating my erust of bread, watching that picture gave a flavor of grapes to the dry mouthfuls. If poor Mary were only alive, etc., etc." I might take, perhaps, a fancy to Clarence if it was not for this girlish sentimentality of his. What is the use of it, I should like to know, in an office or on board of ship? I am so thankful that I never had an atom of it in my composition,-New York Sunday

NEWFANE CENTENNIAL. Abstract of Charles K. Field's Address Newfane, the shire town of Windham County, is situated eleven miles west of Connecticut river, and is bounded north by Townshend, cast by Dummerston, Putney and Brookline, west by Wardshoro and Dover, and south by Marlboro, The had been in his place fifteen years ago, I township contained originally within its chartered limits 36 square miles; but, in 1820, that part of the town lying northeast of West river was annexed to Brookline, which materially reduced the chartered area of the town. The original charter of the town was granted in 1753, by Bonning Wentworth, governor of New Hampshire, to Abner Sawyer and others, by the name of Fane. There was a current tradition, 70 years ago, that it was called Fane after Thomas Fane, one of the "men of Kent" who were engaged in an insurrectionary movement under Sir Thomas Wyst, in to the throne in consequence of the odious Spanish match which Mary had formed with Philip 2d. Abner Sawyer and 65 others were the original grantee of Fane. Wentworth, and a new one issued to Luke Brown and his associates, containing the original charter. The 11th day of May, 1772, the governor of New York made a grant of this township, by the name of Newfane, to Walter Franklin and twenty others, most of whom resided in the city of New York. This New York charter is literal copy of the original charter granted by Goy, Wentworth. The 12th of May, 1772, Walter Franklin and his associates, the grantees named in the New York charter, assigned and conveyed all their right

in said township to Luke Knowlton and John Taylor, Esqrs., of Worcester County, Mass. The titles to the lands in said township are derived directly from the New York charter. The township was surveyed 1772, and duly organized May 17th, 1774. The town was first settled in 1766, by Jonsthan Park, Nath'l Stedman, and Ebenezer Dyer, who emigrated from Worcester Co., Mass. The first clearing was made by Ebenezer Dyer upon the land occupied at this time by the Windham County Agricultural society for a fair ground, Jonathan Park and Nathaniel Stedman went on to the hill and commenced clearings. In 1774, Judge Knowlton, one of the original proprietors under the New York charter, was allotted some 300 or 400 acres in and about the present site of Fayetteville. Deacon Park's clearing covered the old common on Newfane hill and the Knowlton farm. Judge Knowlton exchanged his lands in and about Fayetteville with Deacon Park for his clearing of 80 acres and a dress abounded in interesting ren log cabin thereon. The de acon went down and cleared up the land in and about Fayetteville. In 1787, the Judge succeeded in removing the shire from Wilmington to Newfane hill: but in 1824-thirty-seven years thereafter-the shire was removed from the hill to Fayetteville. Had Judge mouth, what's left over bardly keeps the Knowlton made his pitch upon the lots the town remember this occasion very distinctly. The speaker also gave an account you wouldn't mind, I'll take home your Brook, and contributed as liberally towards of a decidedly unique marriage ceremony. luncheon to her. She might be tempted to the growth and prosperity of a village changed materially the destiny of Newwith no rival villages near, it would have self of any property or thing purchased by secured such a concentration of wealth and the deceased husband, would become an

the hardships and privations incident to the actitionent of a new country. Withont roads, or teams, or any of the ordinary reans of transportation, they were under the necessity of conveying, by their own distance of 20 miles,-through an unbroken forest. At that early day there was no road or pathway up the valley of the West river, from Brattlehoro; but they were obliged to cross Wicopee Hill in Dummerston, by marked trees. Lucy, a child of Jonathan Park, was the first child born in own,-August 15, 1769. A Congregational church was organized in 1774, when there were but six families residing in the town ; it consisted of nine members, and Rev. Hezekiah Taylor was ordained and assamed the pasteral charge of it on the day of its organization. Some years after the organization of this church, two others, a Baptist and a Universalist, were established and these three societies have continued their organization since their establish-The early settlers of Newfane were nev-

r molested by Indians, the inroads of sav-

age bordes from the Canadas baving materially ceased upon the settlement of the town. A battle was fought, however, in the south par, of the town, between a par ty of white men and a roving band of Inlians in 1758. One Captain Humphrey Hobbs, with forty men, was ordered from Charlestown, No. 4, through the forest to Fori Shirley, in Heath, one of the frontier towns in Massachusetts. The march was made without interruption until Hobbs, at point twelve miles north-west or Fort Dummer, on a low piece of ground covered with alders, intermixed with larger trees, where he balted to give his men rest, encountered a party of Indians under the command of one Sackett, a half-breed, descendant of a captive taken at Westfield, Massachusetts. Sackett discovered Hobbs' trail, and endeavored to cut him off, Hobbs had carefully posted a guard on his trail, and while his men were refreshing themselves the enemy came up and drove in the guard. Hobbs then arranged his men for action, each man selecting his tree for a cover. The enemy rushed forward, but only to receive a well-directed fire from Hobbs' men, which checked their progress. A severe fight ensued. Sackett and Hobbs were well known to each other, and both were distinguished for intrepidi-ty and courage. Sackett could speak English, and frequently called upon Hobbs to surrender, threatening to sacrifice his men with the tomahawk, if he refused. Hobbs returned a defiaut answer, and dared his enemy to put his threat in execution. The fight lasted several bours, and resulted in a victory for the whites, they losing only three men, while the Indians are supposed to have lost heavily. In all battles the Indians made extraordinary efforts to conceal their loss, and to effect this would incur greater exposure than in actual combat. When one fell, the nearest comrade was accustomed to crawl up, and undercover of trees and brush to fix a tump line to the dead body, and cautiously drag it to the rear. Hobbs' men related that in this action they often saw the dead bodies of the Indians sliding along the ground, as if by chantment. The Indians killed in this fight were buried on "Robinson Flats," socalled, in the south part of the town. In the early settlement of the town a

the courts were removed from Westmin- towers above you as you stand upon the and where, too, the first blood of the Bevolution was shed in the killing of William French, to "Newfane Hill," as it was call-

ed, in Newfane From 1790 to 1820 the village consisted of him as a magnificent being only equalled a court-house, jail, meeting-house, academy-the first academy, by the way, that by a Sultan in the grandeur of his bearing Windham county ever saw-two stores, and the gorgeouaness of his apparel. As two hotels, and a variety of shops, such as were found in all New England villages at the confused pictures of flags, banners, an early day, and about twenty private

residences.

The village stood upon the summit of the hill, and afforded a prospect as extensive and picturesque as any in New Fng-From the summit near the meeting-house might be seen no less than fitty townships in Vermont, New Hampshire this awe-inspiring creature to discharge this 1554, during the reign of Queen Mary, for and Massachusetts. On the west, "Hay-the purpose of elevating Lady Jane Grey stack," in Wilmington, and "Manickand Massachusetts. On the west, "Haynung," in Stratton towered above the ridge of the Green Mountains, which formed the western boundary of the county. On the north "Ascutney" was plainly visible to In 1761 the charter was returned to Gov. the naked eye, and on a clear summer day the "White Hills" in New Hampshire could be seen by the aid of a telescope same provisions that are embraced in the | The Highlands of Massachusetts, extending for a distance of more than eighty miles from "Sannapee" to "Holyoke, were distinctly visible on the east, while "Monadnock" and "Wachusett," with their cloud capped summits, seemed to mingle with the heavens. Along the margin of the horizon to the south-east, little was to be seen but a broad sea of mountain-tops, displaying in wild disorder, ridge above ridge, and peak above peak, until the distant view was lost among the louds. Such was the situation of the "old village on the hill," the first village built in Newfans. Not a trace of this village in the shape of a building of any kind remains to-day; indeed, as long ago as 1860, there was not a building left standing

which stood in the old village, In 1825 the site of the public buildings was changed from "Newfane Hill" to what is now called Fayettoville, a village two miles east of the old centre, in the valley of the Wantastiquet river. The present site of the shire is near the geographical centre of Windham county, and also the centre of population, and is easy of access blacks, yellow dogs, advertising wagons, from all parts of the county. Incorporated in Mr. Field's address were

many biographical sketches of prominent

citizens of Newfane, who have been gathered to their fathers. Chief among them were Luke Knowlion, Gen. Martin Field, Roswell M. Field, Ward Eager, Marshall Newton, and Gen. P. T. Kimball. The adces, also, as, for instance, the flogging of old Mother White, on Newfane hill, in 1807. She was the last woman publicly whipped as a punishment for crime in Vermont, the law (for the flogging of women) being repealed soon after she was whipped. Many of the older citizens of By a strange perversion of legal principles, where Fayetteville now is, it would have it was supposed that whoever married a widow who was administratriz upon the fane. Starting, a hundred years ago, a estate of her deceased husband, represented insolvent, and should thereby possess him-

most important villages in the county. For several years the early settlers suffered all and estate of his predecessor. Naj. Moses Joy became enamored of Mrs. Hannah Ward, widow of William Ward, who died in 1785, leaving an insolvent estate, of which Mrs. Ward was administratrix. To avoid the unpleasant penalties of the law, personal efforts, all their provisions and on the morning of her marriage with Major arming tools from Hinsdale, N. H., -a Joy, Mrs. Ward placed herself in a closet, with a tire-woman, who stripped her of all her clothing, and when in a perfectly nude state she thrust her fair, round arm through a diamond hole in the door of the closet the gallant major clasped the hand of the buxom widow, and was married in due form by the jolliest parson in Vermont. At the close of the ceremony, the tirewoman dressed the bride in a complete wardrobe which the major had provided and caused to be deposited in the closet at the commencement of the ceremony. She came out elegantly dressed in silk, satin and face, and there was kissing all around.

Man as a Processionist

The tendency of men to herd themselves nto processions is one of the mysteries of numan nature, which is only equalled by the tendency of those who are not in the berd to stand in the broiling sun and admire the others. Why this should be so, what prculiar satisfaction the man in the procession derives from it, and what object he has in view, are problems yet to be solved; and yet it is probably the height of the ambition of every average man to see the day when he shall go in a procession; happy if us can march on foot; doubly happy if he can carry the Star Spangled Banner or some other banner bearing some strange device; thrice happy if he may ride a horse, terrify the women and children with the caracolings of his flery charger and shout hoarsely at his division of the procession. All of this is more remarkable from the fact that the procession is but a child's sport, with the difference that the paper hats have been changed for beavers with feathers in them; the lath swords for steel ones; the tin pan and whistle for the drum and fife; the red flannel stripe and bit of blue ribbon for a variegated uniform bespangled with jewels and gaudy with tinsel; and the stick which the leader straddled so gracefully for a live horse, which the leader, nine times out of ten, straddles ungracefully.

The effect of the procession upon the individual hardly has a parallel among natural phenomena. Your butcher or your shoemaker may be, and probably is, a very ordinary man; not blessed with wealth or beauty; baving no soul-cravings or yearning desires for the good, the true and the beautiful; the owner of a brood of rather dirty and promiseuous children; with an intellect capable of the scientific carving of a sheep or skilful cobbling of a boot. There is nothing majestic or awful about him. You would not invite him to your solree as a paragon. Indeed, in the morning call at your house, your servant receives him, and they gossip together in a friendly way. But once array your butcher in a plug bat and white apron; throw an emblazoned crimson scarfabout bis muscular shoulders; put a boiled shirt on him and stick a rose in his button-hole; hang two or three tinsel crosses and other ornaments on his manly breast; and, if he be a large butcher, let him carry a banner stuck in a pouch, looking as if it was rooted in his ample corpus, and he becomes metamorphosed into another creature. As he village grew up on the summit of a hill marches along in his stately manner, keepwhich rose like a cone in the centre of the ling time, time, time, in a sort of Runic town. In 1787 Newfaue was constituted rhyme, to the tintinnabulation of the band, the shire town of Windham county, and he is an awful and majestic being, who ster, where they had previously been held, curbstone, and looks down upon you as one of the sans culottes. Yesterday he would have taken off his hat to you; to day, if he sees you at all, he only sees you as an atom; one of a thousand, admiring you retire to your chamber at night with crosses, swords, aprens, horse-collars, trombones and guns fitting before you, the vision of this majestic creature appears looming up like Mont Blanc among lesser hills. You regret now that only yestdrday you vexed his great soul with complaints about tough beef; that you had threatened awe-inspiring creature and employ another. You regret your duliness in not recognizing the possibilities lying dormant in him, and you mentally resolve to make your respects to him, the Thrice Illustrious Prince, or Most Eminent Grand Seigneur, or High and Top-Lofty Baron, commanding the Most Stunning Knights of Pythagoras,

and request the pleasure of eating tough steak thereafter. There is one man in the procession, however, who does not possess these attributes. He is the last man. It is sad that there must be a last man in a procession; but it must always be so, until some way is discovered of making up the procession in a circle and then giving it motion like a ro-tary shell, turning around his own axis and going straight ahead also. This last man is a weary, worn, pathetic creature, who looks as if life was a burden to him. He is a rusty, seedy biped, without any good clothes. No stars blaze on his breast. No banner shields him from the fiery sun. His ear never hears the inspiring notes of the band. He catches all the dust of the procession. By-standers rush in front of him with impunity. He has no pride at all. There is no pomp about him, no majesty of mien. He always looks sick, tired, dishevelled and forlors. Small boys jeer

at him. Bus drivers contemptuously order him out of the way. Reckless young men make desperate efforts to drive over him. He gets mixed up among newsboys, booting after erratic children and loses the procession, and by the time he regains if he is a poor, harrassed, dejected man and brother, and an object of universal pity. The chances are that if he does not go off with sun-stroke or get run over by an icecart and have to be taken home in an express wagon, he will, as the result of his pathetic situation, get drunk with remarkable despatch before sun-set. So long as there must be a last man in every procession there should be some compens He should be made attractive. Let him be handsomely decorated and caparisoned. Let him have on two aprona. carry a banner and have an American flag in his hat. Let him also have a drawn sword with which to keep off the small boys and yellow dogs, and thus the last man in the procession will cease to be the most wretched object in existence.-Chi-

cago Tribune. -Jesse R. Grant, son of the President, proposes to enter Cornell University.