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Literary Department. THE POWER OF PRAYER; Or. The First Steambout Up the Ala-

bigmest. BY SIDERT AND CLIFFORD LANGES. You, Dinah! Come and set me whar de ribber-reads

De Lord, He made dese black-jack routs to twis' into a Umph, dar! De Lord have mussy on dis blin' ole nigger's feet.

It 'pear to me dis mornin' I kin smell de fust o' June. I 'clar', I b'lices dat mockin'-bird' could play de fiddle Dem youder town-bells sounds like day was ringin' in Well, of dis nigger is been blind for fo'ty year or mo'.

Dess cars, dey sees the world, like th's' de cracks dat's in de do', For de Lord has built dis body wid de windows hind

know my front once is stopped up, and things is But den, th'u' dem temptation's rain wen't leak in on

De buck ones shows me surth enough, aldo' dey's mons'ous situs. Dut shines in all de corners of dis ca. in jes' de same

you byar Somebody holl'in' "hee, Jon, Acc"? My Sarah died. is dat black angel done come back to call ole Jim form

As of dat calon hadn't nar's plank upon de frame!

My stars, dat cain't be Sarah, shuh! Jes listen, Diush, now1 What are be comin' up dat bend, a-makin' sich a row?
Fus' belierin' like like a pawin' bull, den squealin' like
a sow?

De Lord 'a' maney sakes alive, jes' hear, -ker-woof, De Debble's comin' round dat bend, he's comin', shuh A-splashin' up do water wid his fail and wid his boof !

I'se powerful skeered; but neversomeless I am't gwine I'm gwine to stand stiff-legged for de Lord dis blessed You wreech, and bowl, and swish de water, Satur!

O hebbenly Maliwr, what thee willest, dat mus' be jos'so, And of then hast bespoke de word, some nigger's

sound to go, Den, Lord, please take do Jim, and lef young Dinah hyar below? Scuse Dinah, scuse her, Mah'er, for she's sich a little

She hardly jew begin to scramble up de home-yard

De rhenmatia done bit my bonce; you hear 'em erack and crack? I cain't sit down 'dont gruntin' like 'twas breakin' o my back, What use do wheat, when hub and spokes is warped

and split, and rotten?
What use dis dried-up cetton-stalk, when Life done picked my cutton ? I've like a word dat somebody done said, and den for-

But Dinah! Shuh dat gal jes' like die little hick'ry De sap'e jes' risin' in her ; she do grow owdae ord, of you's clarin' de underbrush, don't out her down, cut me! I would not proud persume—but yet I'll boldly make

Since Jacob had dat wraetlip-match, I too, gwine do When Jacob got all underheit, de Lord he answered

Jes' for to strength dose idle hands to scratch dis ole build head? Tjak of de 'conomy, Mah'er, ef dis ole Jim was dead!

ton :-- of I don't believe de Debbie's gone on un de Jee' now he squeated down dar; -- hush; dat's a migh-Yas, sir, he's gone, he's gone :- he snort way off, like

De Debble's fairly skeered to def, he done gone flyin' know'd he couldn' stand dat pra'r, I felt my Mah'er

stairs, candle in hand. trust to grace? I heard you thrashin' th'u' de bushes when he showed

You feel, you think de Debble couldn't best you to a tell you, Dinah, jes' as sure as you is standin' dar, ben folks starts prayin', answer-angels drops down ica, Dinah, whar 'ould you be now, exceptin' for dat The Heritage. BY VAMES BUSIELL LOWELL.

And piles of brick, and stone, and gold; And be inherits soft, white hands, And tender fiesh that fears the cold. Nor dares to wear a garment old; A heritage, it seems to me, One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares; The bank may break, the factory burn. A breath may burst his bubble shares, And soft white hands could scarcely earn ran thus: A living that would serve his turn; A haritage, it seems to me, One would not wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit? Stout muscles and a sinewy heart, A hardy frame, a hardier spirit; King of two hands, he does his part In every useful totland art;

The rich man's son inherits lands,

A heritage, it seems to me, A king might wish to hold in fee. What doth the poor man's son inherit ' A rank adjudged by toil-wen merit,

Content that from enjoyment springs, A heart that in his labor sings; A king might wish to hold in fee-What doth the poor man's son inherit? A patience learned by being poor; Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it;
A fellow-feeling that is sure

To make the outrast bless his door

A heritage, it seems to me, A king might wish to hold in fee. O zich man's son! there is a toil Large charity doth never soil, But only whiten soft white hands— This is the best crop from thy lands

A heritage, it seems to me, Worth being rich to hold in fee. O poor man's son! scorn not thy state; There is worse weariness than thine, In merely being rich and great; Toil only gives the soul to shine, And makes rest fragrant and benign

A heritage, it seem to me

Worth being poor to hold in fee. Are equal in the earth at last; Both, children of the same dear God, Prove title to your heirship vast By record of a well-filled past; A heritage, it seems to me, Well worth a life to hold in fee-

her up stairs to where their children slept, to give their little sleeping faces a farewell -It is estimated by the Boston Transcript that Daniel Webster, during his pub-lic life, received over \$1,000,000 in gifts from his friends and admirers.

CAUGHT IN A TRAP.

Some few nutumns ago the rector of a ittle seaside parish sat conning his books

n the quiet of his own study. It was a wild October evening, the wind twirling and rushing up the short drive that lay between the front door of the house and the gate in the shrubbery which divided the grounds from the high road.

Mr. Fergusson was puzzled over his work, bothered by it, in fact; finally he sought assistance of the inferior order of creation, to wit, his wife, who sat opposite bim, busily knitting children's socks. "Rate!" be ejaculated in an injured tone,

"These accounts are a frightful nuisance. I wish I had never undertakên such a piece if business; it's no end of work for me, and not half a dozen of the people will

thank me for it after all." Mr. Fergusson perfectly reveiled in all orts of parish work; but he was a man who delighted in a good hearty grumble now and then, and his wife understanding such moods well, always found it an excellent plan to treat them homospathically.

"Suppose you shut the books up, John, and let us chat for an hour. The people won't be coming up for the money before Thursday or Friday, and this is only Mon-"The people will be coming up for their

money, you most procrastinating woman," you are longing for afterwards. Now, then, who is Simon Green-the one on the Common? And did he have his money out in April to buy a pig? Now we shall tet on perhaps ?"

The keliting vanished, and the pair were soon immersed in accounts, Mrs. Fergusson's capital memory supplementing the rector's rather carelessly kept accounts admirably. An bour's work brought them to the end of their labors; and Mr. Fergusson, on going to a large old-fashioned desk, and drawing therefrom three canvasabags full of gold and silver, had the satisfaction of finding the sum they contained tallied exactly with what was required to pay all the depositors in the club their prop-

"I shall be glad when we get rid of it," be said as he replaced the bags, "I am so unused to having such a sum as \$70 in the house that I don't feel quite safe with it. It's to be hoped we shall never be rich, Kate. I've been accustomed to £200 a year so long now, that I should feel out of my element with a larger income."

"By the bye, was not Sarah to ec home to-night?" asked the husband. "Not till to-morrow. She wanted one nore day to see a sailor brother who was coming home. I think, if you don't mind, John, I shall not keep Sarah longer than Christmas. I don't like some of her ways." "Then, my dear it's your duty to try and improve them. You took the girl out of

charity; don't give her up in a hurry." "I'm not in a hurry, indeed. It is quite two months since I found her reading a letter of mine, which I had left open on the table; and that's not a pleasant habit for a servant to have, is it? I talked to ber kindly, but I believe she does the same sort of .bing still, when she has the chance."

"Then don't give her the chance, Kate. You never find me leaving my letters about." ("Ob. John!") "or if I do they are such as are of the least consequ "I did not know so well when I engaged Sarah what a had character her family that she had slept so long that morning laid the key.

girl safe from evil influence. You should not be too hasty, Kate; you are are a dear little son!, but, like all women, you judge

too impulsively, and-Who's that I won-A heavy step passed the window, followed by a ring at the hall bell. Mrs. Fergusson opened the study door as Jane, their

steady older servant, passed down the "I wonder if that's Sarah, come home

o-night instead of to-morrow?" said her

"Lawk, no, ma'am, not likely," answer and pulling away the chain from the door. she opened it, disclosing a man's figure without. He was dripping wet, and had to hold his hat on with one hand, or the wind would have carried it far away; the other hand he extended with a large damp vellow envelope therein. "A telegraft!" eried Jane, taking the missive from him and passing it on to her mistress, who in turn carried it to her husband, and watched his face anxiously as he opened and read it. A grave, perplexed look came over his

features as he handed it back. The message was from his brother at Fordham, a place forty miles distant, and

"Come immediately-a third bad fit-my father anxiously expects you." "No help for it, Kate," said Mr. Fergus son, answering his wife's appealing look. "So much may depend upon my seeing him once more that I dare not choose but to go. How am I to get to the station in It's nearly nine now, and five miles on such a night as this would take me more

than an hour to walk." "Walk you cannot, John," answered his wife. "I know," she added quickly, "the man who brought this message must go back past Mr. Holland's: I will write a note asking him to send Arnold and their dog-cart up for you. Anything is better than walking. I know he will do it for

Mrs. Fergusson wrote her note hurrledly, while her husband spoke to the telegraph official, who promise! to go to Mr. Holiand's at oney. When he was gone, Jane stood looking

to become of us.' "Become of you! Why, you will stop and take care of the house, to be sure," said her master, rather shortly. Then, closing the sindy door upon himself and his wife, he added, "But I don't half like leaving you at such a time, and with only one servant, too, and all that money in the house. How awkwardly things happen

He was so heartily concerned, so evidently uneasy, that as a matter of course, his wife cheered him up by assuming a bright courage that she was far from feeling. She lighted a candle and held out her hand. He understood the gesture. "God bless them?" he said and followed

As he stood by their bed he beard the some coming up to the door-the half hour the room to Rose-Rosie, whose cries were

night, Kate; put it in my dressing room; | don't." And clasping one wrist like a vice.

the message. If I'm not back to-morrow, | tar's face-a wide hat, a thick reddish

Another moment and he was good, and all she saw.

her mistress at last, wiping some rain drops her. "O my God!" she panted, and lookand drops of another nature from her face. | ed up wildly. "Let us see that all the doors and win-

last half-hour.

he relent at lest, and let her husband share for a woman, but I can't waste all the night his proper y with his other children? Dif-talking to your" and then he gave her a ferences arising out of John Fergusson's look that made her shiver from head to marriage with a dowerless woman, forments faot anew. "Bundle those two brats of ed by petty family jealousies, strengthened yours into one bed and come and get us by the independent attitude the young what we want? man had assumed-such differences had been, after all, the heaviest grief of Mrs. soul fainted within her as she crept after answered the husband. "Suppose you Pergusson's married life. And now she were to help me now instead of going on wondered and pondered on them, till the Roslo's room with that eternal knitting; we might man-clock on the chimney-piece struck the

meditations. "This is the night," she thought, "for | beavy grasp of a taller, darker man than her winding that time-piece up," and she own cuptor sought among the ornaments for the key, In her search she found something she had not expected-this letter, not in an envelikely, as soon as read:

"Dear Sir-The sun; you name in your effect of the 6th, that is £70, will be remitted to you in the form you request on Monday, the 16th inst. The receipt of Mr. Holland will be quite sufficient. We beg to remain, yours obediently.

remain, yours obsciently,
William and Frence, Matures.
Managers of the Fordham Savings bank. "On, John, you careless man!" murmured his wife; "and yet you say you never | recely said, was parily overhung with a curleave anything about? This is the 10th, so | tain. This door opened into a room which that's been lying here for three days, I had been used by Mr. Fergusson's predesuppose, I'm very glad Sarah has been cessor as an oratory. The rectory had been ut most of the time!"

"If you please, 'm, I'm going up-strirs | built consequently very much to suit his now as soon as I've cleared these things fastes and fancies. away," said Jane, entering with a respect-It lly aggrieved air, "and glad I shall be to get to bed; for what with the night being with a spring on being pushed to, and so rough, and master his goin' off so sud-could only be re-opened by a hand accusdint, I feel all queer-like, and as if I had the cold shivers runnin' down the spine of nished with heavy bolts on the outside; my back."

When the servant left the room Mrs. Fergueson remembered her hasband's instruction, took the bags of money from the desk, and carried them to the room he had desired, there locking them secarely in a small closet or safe. This done, she went and stole her youngest born, Ruth, from her little cot and carried her off to her own bed. A lingering

good night over her darling Rosie, the sixyear-old daughter, whose sweet, tender young face looked wonderfully like her mother's and soon Kate Fergusson was sleeping by her child, with her husband's likeness under her pillow, and a prayer for this business preity quick. his quick return filling even her sleeping thoughts.

It seemed to the mistress of the house bore, one brother has been in prison twice." | most be near, when she a woke with an in-"All the more reason for keeping the explicable feeling of fright-a feeling of something, or some one mar her.

"What is it?" she cried, starting up it the bed, and instinctively catching the particular about making a noise, and bade sleeping caild in her arms. No answer. Only a distinct sound of breathing, and then a movement like a hand feeling along the wall-towards her.

She began to trea ble violently; nothing but the presence of the child on her panting bosom saved her from fainting. "Who is it?" she cried, her voice so shak ing and hollow, that it awakened Roth,

the clung to her, sleepy and scared. This time she had answer. "We will do you no harm," a voice speke out of the darkness, "if you give up that money you've got it and then, before Mrs Fergusson could muster courage and breath to speak, another voice, out of the room apparently, added in a rough undertone, 'And tell her to look sharp about it, too!' "Two of them! O God, help me?" she

whispered to herself, and Ruth began to break into screams and sobs. "Keep that brat quiet," angrify muttered the voice on the landing, "and don't keep

as here all night." Now surely if ever a woman was in a miserable plight, Mrs. Fergusson was that woman. Not a house nearer than the Helland's a full quarter of a mile off; no soul near to help her, for Jane, who worked hard by day, slept hard by night, and slept moreover in a queer little room at the very top of the house; all alone-worse than alone, utterly helpless, and a woman

who confessed to the usual feminine share Still, she drew her breath, and there flashed from her heart a cry for help; and then, for a few brief moments, she thought -thought with all her mind and soul-Was

there any way for her out of this? And her reason told her there was none "Cone," said the voice in her own room. "I'm a good tempered chap enough, but my mate's in a harry; don't provoke him. Look alive, and tell us where to find the swag-money !"

She groaned and shook, and all her limbs turned cold as the voice grew nearer and nearer; and at the last words a heavy hand was laid upon the bed. Then, further to rment her came the thought that once this money were gone there would be none blankly from master to mistress, and then to meet the people with-the people who had she said doiefully, "And please, sir, what's saved it week by week, day by day, all the past year! Heavy drops ran down her shaking form; her hands turned numb and her Hips clammy and cold, while the beating of her heart was like the quick tolling of a be!1-louder, louder-till it deafened her. "I'll find a way to make her speak, growled the second voice : "there's anoth-

> ing, and the next-"Mother, mother, mother !" shrieked Rosig's voice; and at that sound Ruth redoubled her cries, and the unhappy mother sprang up, claspleg one child, mad to protect the other. "Silence, you fool !" said the man by her,

a thin streak of light shot across the land-

speaking barshly for the first time. "You'll drive that fellow youder to do the child a mischief, if you won't do as I tell you. Keep down, won't you?" For she was struggling wildly to pass him, to get across

"Don't leave that money down stairs all Lord, he'll knock you on the head, if I found numerement. to a door parily overloung with a curtain - turned on the light from a small lantern iny father had had snother fit?" that's the salest room in the house. Good- slung at his side. She lifted her eyes slowbye, my darling; I will tolograph in the ly, as fearing whom she might see; but morning, in time for the postmin to bring there was little enough visible of the burg-

got Allen and his wife to sleep in the bagd, and a loose, rough gray cost, were house. God bless you, good bye?" all she saw." "Hush, bush," she murmured to Ruth. Jane and her mistress looked two very "Mother will send them away; don't look lonely and descried females, indeed, as at him." And she turned the taby's face they stood peering out into the darkness towards herself; then raising her tremb-ling voice, "Roste, my darling, your moth-"Come, Jane, this will never do," sold | er is coming!" but Resig did not answer

"Mate," said ber captor, loud enough for dows are fast. Get your supper and come and tell me when you are ready for bed." that child's mouth it you aren't in a hurry Then she herself re-entered the study to be strong up." The strange muffled and sat down to collect her thoughts some sounds upon this broke cut again into the what after the harry and turnell of the oldery, "Oh, mother, mother!

"Now," said the man, "one good turn This Illness of her father-in-law; would | deserves another, You're plucky enough She seemed powerless now, and her very

the fall dark figure over the harding lute "Oh, my child?" cried the poor woman, age this between us, and have the gossip | hour of ten, and startled her out of her | and essayed to run to the little hed where lay the small figure, pluloned down by the

> "Hands off, missus," growled the failer, ' Hands off, now! Just put that other me in here along of this one, and PH tope, slipped behind the time piece, most | take and turn the key on 'em both, while in' after."

> > sionate kisses and a low "God keep you?" and between the two men she was marched ram the room, followed by the children's shiful cross, their wild frightened soles, She led them down the first short flight of stairs to the door which, as we have al-

built in the time of the late rector, and

One more peculiarity of the room to note tomed to the task, and they also were furone door opened on the landing; the other, a smaller one, in one side of the recess at the fur her end, led into a bedroom which had been Mr. Fergusson's predecessor's, and whence he could go in and out of his

favorite oratory at any hour of the day or night, as it pleased him. Here, as the kitchen clock below struck the hour of three, stood the strange trio-the muffled disguised men, the trembling white-fixed woman.

had left his lantern outside. "Now," said the darker of the men 'here's the room, you say; we can finish The small safe, let into the wall, was directly before them; below it four drawers reached down to the floor; in the lowest of

these, at the back of it, Mr. Fergusson bad She pointed silently to the drawer, which they at once drugged out, with too much strength, for they jerked it quite out on the floor. One of them suddenly turned their unwilling helper "shut the door," As she felt the spring eatch securely beneath her hand there suddenly flashed upon her a thought-a hope-a way of escape for herself, a way of saving yet that fatal

From the look the men had east around ne room Mrs. Fergusson was sure they knew nothing of their whereabouts.

"Shut that door," the man had said, and iever so much as cast alook towards where was the other door, so completely conceald in the shadow of the recess! Every pulse beating wildly, she glanced urrively across the room; through the tall, arrow, church-like window yonder she

onld see the moon struggling through

thick clouds, and she could see-her sight

quickened by the peril of the moment-

she could see a faint thread of light on one side which told her that the farther door tood unlatched. "O, heaven help me, and give me time!" she prayed; but her hand shock so that it could scarcely obey her swift thought. Anther moment, and she took in her exact osition; the men stooping over the keys, be lamp on the floor, and the next she had flung her shawl over the lamp, darted

cross the floor, out into the room beyond, and flung to the door with force. Yet more to be done. She drew the boll sith frenzied speed, above, below-that way was safe; then, with the passionate strength of the moment, she sped through the room, out on the landing to the curtained door, and made that fast from without, while the furious captives beat at it from within; and then-sh then, poor thing, her fortitude forecok her, and a thou sand fears she had not counted on most cruelly beset her. She slid down a few stairs, clinging to the rail; then losing her hold, fell heavily on the stone floor of the

Mr. Fergusson had reached the nearest station in safety, had sent back the wraps his careful wife had guarded him with, and started by the ten o'clock train to The rain best on the windows as the train

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prolonged whistle told him that they he would have to wall some ten minutes or Two or three lamps on the platform by which they drew up showed some few passengers and a couple of sleepy porters. Another train had just come in from the pposite direction, from Fordham, now on-

fifteen miles distant; and some of its

flew along in the darkness, and presently

assengers had alighted and were making helr way past the line of carriages. Looking out upon his fellow-travelers without much curiosity or interest, Mr. Fergusson caught sight of a face which be had little expected to see. Shouting to a porter to open the door of his compartment, man very much like himself-in fact his

"George," he exclaimed, "were you going for me? Is my father worse? "What on earth do you mean, and where-

had passed too quickly; but another sounding strangely stifled. "Look here, ever did you spring from?" was the an- think of it longer, the infinite of that mead-If you don't give up this game, by the swer he got necompanied by a look of pro- ow sweetness, Shakospeare's peculiar joy, "O, George," he said with a gasp, "did have it but in part. Go out, in the spring or, stay, put it in gooder"-and he pointed the man held her fast, while the other hand you not telegraph to me, this evening, that time, among the meadows that slope from "Most certainly I did not." "O, my wife, my wife !" said the clergy-

> his hands. His brother saw that the matwas soon in possession of all the explanation John Fergusson could give. "Porter," he asked, "what time does the

man; and then he staggered up to a heap of luggage and sat down and hid his face in

"1.25, sir," answered the man; "reach Wheelborough 2.15.9 The distance was five-and twenty nilles : be present time a quarter, or, by the time the explanation was ended, half-past elev-

"No help for it, John, we must wait for the down-train; we couldn't pick up a horse, nor yet a pair, that would be ready s start this time of night and get us to Wheelborough before a quarter past two. ome, old feilow, cheer up; it's no use taking for granted everything you dread I' But George Fergusson thought in his

own mind that matters looked black enough to justify any amount of fears, and had hard work to find hopeful talk for the next two hours. He tried family matters-anything to pass away the time-in vain; his The doctor didn't regard the case as danbrother's mind was filled with overwhelming anxlety, his eyes peering up the line to eatch the first glimpse of the approaching

At last the shrill whistle, the glaring lights, creeping nearer and nearer, the minute's stoppage, and then off again homewards-homewards!-and he began to dread the monrent he longed for. At Wheelborough the two brothers struck

out at once from the station on their fivemile walk ; and as they left the forther outskirts of the town, the church clock chimed No choice again but to obey; two pashalf-past two o'clock. George Fergusson could harely keep up with his brother's rapid stride, and thought him half crazy with excitement, when he

> ning across a broken piece of earth. "George," cried the rector, pointing to his own house, not a stone's throw distant, "look at that light?" and through the long narrow windows of the cratory a light

> > "Good God, if we are too late!"

saw him lightly leap a ditch, and start run-

The brothers scarcely knew how they covered the short remaining distance. A blow at the hall window, and their united force at the shutters within, and they made good their entrance to see-Kate Fergusson lying senseless on the floor; to hear the walling and crying of children overhead; and a strange sound of low voices whispering and hands cutting away at woodwork. Late indeed they were, but not too late,

ened to venture from her room alone, busied herself over her unconscious mis-The captives in the oratory fought like cats, and one of them gave George Fergusson a bite in the arm, the mark of which he will carry as long as he lives-that was But one of them carried a light the other "Rough Dick." "Gentleman Jim" turned sullen, and submitted to the force of num-

bers at the last with a better grace. When on their trial two months later, Gentleman Jim" paid Mrs. Fergusson several compliments, and politely assured the judge before whom they were tried, that he esteemed it no disgrace to have been "trapped by such a brick of a woman!" The gang to which the two thieves be-

louged had received all their informat

from Sarah's brother, who was a sort of

whom had been intrusted the sending of the lying telegram which had so comfortably disposed of the master. "Ali's well," they say "that ends well;" and our tale is no exception to the proverb-It was rather a long getting well, though, in the case of Mrs. Fergusson; still she was her own brave-hearted self again by Christmas time; and-take note of this, all wives-never did she show her husband the letter she had found; never did she tell him, or any one else, that his one bit of

carelessness had supplied the "correct time" to the intruders. And, for a piece of happiness to end with, though Mr. Fergusson the elder did not have a fit and die, he did have a fit of an other kind-of repentance for his prejudice against his daughter-in-law; so he made reparation by a very handsome increase to their income. And as for the rector, after the wild joy at baving his wife safe again, he declares his "courting days" have all

What a Blade of Grass Holds.

Gather a single blade of grass, and ex-

amine for a minute, quietly, its parrou

word-shape strip of fluted green. Noth-

ing, as it seems, there of notable goodness or beauty. A very little strength, and a very little taliness, and a few delicate long lines meeting in a point-not a perfect point, eliber, but blunt and unfinishedby no means a creditable or apparently ach-cared-for example of Nature's work manship; made, as it seems, only to be trodden on to-day, and to-morrow to be cast into the oven; and a little pale and hollow stalk, feeble and flaccid, leading down to the dull brown fibers of roots. And yet, think of it well, and indue whether of all the gorgeous flowers that beam in summer air, and of all strong and goodly trees, pleasant to the eyes or good for food -stately palm and pine, strong ash and oak, scented chron, burdened vine-there be any by man so deeply loved, by God so highly graced, as that narrow poi ble grass. And well does it fulfill its mision. Consider what we owe merely to the meadow grass, to the covering of the dark ground by that glorious enamel, by the companies of those soft and countless and peaceful spears. The fields! Follow were approaching a certain junction where | but forth for a little time the thoughts of all that we ought to recognize in these words. All spring and summer is in them the walks by silent scented paths-the rests in moonday heat—the joy of berds and flocks-the power of all shepherd life and meditation-the sunlight upon the world falling in emerald streaks, and falling in soft blue shadows, where else it would have struck upon the dark mold or scorchlng dust-pastures beside the pacing brooks -soft banks and knolls of lowly hillsthymy slopes of down overlooked by the blue line of fifted sea-crisp lawns all dim with early dow or smooth in evening warmth of barred sunshine, dinted by he sprang out and grasped the arm of a happy feet, and softening in their fall the keeping in mind when we choose our sound of loving voices, -- all these are sum- | dresses, for they greatly increase our powmed up in those simple words, the fields; ers of kindness, and, if there be a little reand these are not all. We may not meas- straint as to shape and color, it will probure to the full the depth of this beavenly | ably rather improve than detract from the gift in our own land; though still, as we | general effect. - Charlotte M. Yonge.

would open on us more and more, yet we the shores of the Swiss lakes to the roots of the lower mountains. There, mingled with the talter gentians and the white narcissus, the grass grows deep and free; and as you follow the winding mountain paths, neath srebling boughs all vailed and dim for was actions; so he let his own train | with blossom - paths that forever droop pass on without resuming his journey, and | and rise over the green banks and molds sweeping down in scented undulation, steep to the blue water, studded here and there with new-mown heaps, filling all the night-mail go through to Wheelborough?" | sir with fainler sweetness-look up toward the higher hills, where the waves of everlasting green roll silently into their long inlets among the shadows of the pines; and we may, perhaps, at last know the meaning quiet words of the 147th Psalm -"He maketh grass to grow upon the moun-tains."-John Ruskin.

BRAKEMAN'S SHADOWY JOURNEY-THE CALL THAT WAS NOT FINISHED. He had been sick at one of the hotels for three or four weeks, and the boys on the road had dropped in daily to see how he got slong, and to learn if they could render him any kindness. The brakeman was a good fellow, and one and all encouraged him in the hope that he would pull through. gerous, but the other day the patient began sinking, and it was seen that he could not live the night out. A dozen of his friends sat in the room when night came,

but his mind wandered and he did not recogulze them. It was near one of the depots, and after the great trucks and noisy drays had ceased rolling by, the bells and the short, sharp whistles of the yard locomotives sounded painfully aloud. The patient had been very quiet for half an hour, when he suddouly unclosed his eyes and shouted:

"Kal-a-ma-zoo f" One of the men brushed the hair back from the cold forebead, and the brakeman closed his eyes and he was quiet for a time. Then the wind whistled around the depot and banged the blinds on the window of his room, and he litted his hands and cried "Jack-son! Passengers going north by

the Saginaw road change cars !"

"Ann Arbor!"

of life," said a second.

thought he was coming east on the Michigan Central. The effort seemed to have greatly exhausted hins, for he lay like one dead for the next five minutes, and a watcher felt for his pulse to see if the life had gone out. A tug going down the river sounded her whistle loud and long, and the dying brakeman opened his eyes and call-

The men understood. The brakeman

times, but he had made his last trip. Death An outdoor bell, set clanging, soon called had drawn a spectral trail over the old ready help from the village, while Jane, altrack, and he was brakeman, engineer and ready roused by the sounds, but too frightconductor. One of the yard engines started a shrill whistle of warning, as if the glare of the headlight had shown to the engineer some

He had been over the road a thousand

out: "Yp-slanty-charge cars here for the Eel River road." "He's coming in fast, whispered one of

"And the end of his 'run' will be the end

The dampness of death began to collect

stranger in peril, and the brakeman called

on the patient's forehead, and there was that ghastly look on the face which death always brings. The slamming of a door down the ball startled him again, and he moved his head and faintly called "Grand Trunk Junction-passengers go ng east by the Grand Trunk change cars !" He was so quiet after that that all the

that he was dead. His eyes closed, and the brakeman lifted his hands, moved his head and whispered: "De"
Not "Detroit" but Death! He died with the half-uttered whisper on his lins. And the headlight on Death's engine shone full in his face and covered it with such pallor as naught but death can bring .- Detroit

HONESTY AT THE TOILET.-First of all

rules relating to ornament, comes the rule

of truth. All attempts to pretend to beau-

ties that we do not possess are clearly false-

men gathered around the bed, believing

hood, wrong in themselves and injurious to the genuine possessors. It is parting with the true dignity of the virtuous wo man, to try to change bair or complexion ; and it is a strange and sad proof of the evil influences of fashion, that so many good women should deck themselves with borrowed plaits without compunction, "because every one knew it was not their own." Palse pretenses at wealth are nearly as bad as false pretenses at beauty. In the last generation, mock fewelry was the some of vulgarity. Now, love of trinkets has made tinsel in reality more vulgar, because more common. Only the truly reflued will now refuse to wear anything that is not what it pretends to bewill prefer an honest pebble to a sham jewel, and turn away from false coral and glass jet. The person who utterly repu-diates unreal gew-gaws is true and just; and, what is more, she saves a great many small sums for higher purposes. The high er rulers of good taste have shown us that nothing is really graceful that has not a raison d' etre. Ornaments should be beautiful necessary finishes and fastenings The brooch is almost a necessity; and the bracelet is a natural ornament-as are the flowers in the hair, the feather in the hat, Skirts looped up with flowers, where it not seem to me to be good taste; though the associations of a ball-dress are in favor of them, and perhaps the dancer is supposed for the nonce to be in fairy costume. Arthe category of shams, since no one wears them to decieve. Falsehood as to amount of material is bad taste, if no more. The long train gathered up behind became our great-grand-mothers; but the real folds of drapery are ill-replaced by a mechanical cushion standing out like an excressuace, and a flounce with lining alone under it gives a sense of spiteful triumph to those who detect it. And truth in dress loads to charity; not only by avoiding setting had examples, but by making the work dress fit to be given away, or cut up for a is no kindness; but a stout dress, past its

first prime, is no small benefit to a poor

woman, and, if it have not been spoiled in

the making, will last her for years. Such

considerations as these are well worth