Literary Department.

Birney,
Against twenty thousand he railled the field.

No charge like Phil Kearny's along the whole line.

ground, He rode down the length of the withering column, And his heart at our war-cry leaped up wit

fow he strode his brown steed! How we saw his

'Ob, anywhere? Forward! Tis all the same, Colo-

You'll find lovely fighting along the whole line!"

dream that he still, -in that shadowy region,

Where the dead form their ranks at the wan drun

And the word still is Forward! along the whole lin [E. C. Biedman in Scribner for July.

Moss.

On viewies looms, aloof from sun, And spread through lonely nouls and grots Where shadows reign, and leafy rest,—

Or when you wrap, in woodland glooms, The great prone pine-trunks, rotted red? Or when you dim, on sombre tombs,

With conchs that mildewed Tritons blow, While yonder, through the poplars prim,

And woodbines break in fragrant foam, And children laugh, and you can hear The heatings of the heart of Home.

No Black for Me.

No black for me, dear love, when I am dead

As fits a saintly woman growing old.

No black for me; why, when eternal day

Has burst in glory on my darsled sight,

As feeling one more pilgrim safe at rest;

One changed from dying clay to deathless life, Whose head has often lain upon your breast

One roaming 'mid an Eden's flowers and trees,

And God's own angels bear my soul away, Should my twin spirit how in woe and night f

There may be tears, but let them fall, sweet wife,

Shroud not that precious face in funeral fold. But wear a soft white veil upon your head,

(Edgar Fawcett in July Atlantic

O moss, of all your dwelling-spots,

Is it when near grim roots that coll

Their snuky black through humid soil?

The requiescals of the dead ?

On some gray, crumbled basin's brim

Looms up the turreted chateau?

Nay, levelicat are you when time weaves Your emerald films on low, tark caves,

Above where pink perch-roses peer,

Or is it when your lot is cast

In some quaint garden of the past

In which one are you lovelted?

Strange lapestry, by Nature spon

Dides on as of old, down the length of his legion.

On will the black shroud of night at Chantilly

mer's sign, -

The Vermont Phœnix. Published weekly, by

PRENCH & STEDMAN. Office No. 9 Granite Row, Main Street,

BRATTLEBORO, VT. TERME.—To single subscribers, by mail, \$2.25 per annun in advance; in clube, \$2.00. When not paid in advance, she additional, per year, will be charged. Barms or ADVARTHEM made known on application. Births, Deaths and Martiages inserted grain; Obligary Notices or Resolutions, and Cards of Thanks, 10c per line of ten words.

D. B. STRUMAN.

D. B. STRUMAN.

BUSINESS CARDS.

BENJ. R. JENNE, General Insurance and Real Estate Agent, Representing Companies whose Assets are over

TENEMENTS TO LET. Thompson & Ranger's Block, next door to Phoenix Office, BRATTLEBORO, VT.

BRATTLEBORO HOUSE. Brattleboro, Vt. STRICTLY TEMPERANCE.

Located near the depot. Has been thoroughly re-nited, and is now in exactlent order. Is heated by Price \$2.00 per day. Convenient stable arrangements.

174 H. A. KILBURN, Manager

E. H. DAVENPORT.

E. Dealer in Teys, Fancy Goods, Books, Stationery, Newspapers, Magazines and Periodicals. Subscriptions received for the principal Newspapers and Magazines, and forwarded by mail or otherwise.

CHARLES D. NOYES, Grocerand Jobber in FLOUR, OIL & FERTILIZERS. BRATTLEBORO, VT.

DAVENPORT & EDDY,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Brattleboro, VL
C. N. DAVENPORT.
J. G. EDDY. E. W. STODDARD.
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
AND SOLICITOR OF PAYERFS,
Brattlebore, Vt.

C. ADAMS GRAY, M. D.,

ELLIOT BIREET, A. D. PUTNAM, Dentist, CROSDY BLOCK, BRATTLEBORG, VT.

MILON BAVIDSON.
ATTOENEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW PAYETTEVILLE, VY.

MARTIN BRUCE, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office with Dr. Holton, corner Main and Walnut Sts., 12-52x Brattleboro, Vt.

CUDWORTH A DAVENPORT, General Insurance Cagonta, are weents for the Fanageme Mouval First Insurance Co. for Windham County, and for Chester, Springsfeld, Ludlow, Andrew and Weston in Windsor Co. Office in Union B. St. Brattlebore, Vt. 14

O. J. PRATT

LARGE AND VARIED STOCK OF

Foreign & Domestic

DRYGOODS

AND CARPETS

For the Spring Trade, F. H. FARR, Birge Street.

BLACK AND FANCT SILES, REAL IRISH POPLINS, ALPACAS, MOHAIRS, BRILLIANTINES and CASHMERES

of superior make and finish, at popular prices;

All the New Fabrics in French and English Dress Goods,

SHAWLS.

WATERPROOF CLOTHS,
FLANNELS,
TABLE LINENS,
COUNTERPANES,
TOWELS, BLEACHED AND BROWN SHEETING
AND SHIRTING,
FRINTS,
GINGHAMS,
PERCALES,
&c., &c., &c.

Also an immense stock of

WHITE GOODS,

HAMBURG EDGINGS AND INSERTINGS, WORSTED AND SILE FRINGES, GUIPURE AND YAK LACES, HOSIERY, HOSIEBY, GLOYES, CORNETS, HOOP SKIETS, ZEPMYE WORSTEDS, THREAD,

STORE ARTICLES AND SMALL WARES, ----

Lowest Prices!! Also an elegant stock of Euglish and American

Brussels, Tapestry, 3-Ply, Ingrain and Low-Priced

Carpels,

WHITE AND CHECKED MATTINGS,
COCOA MATTINGS,
OIL CLOTHS,
CRUMB CLOTHS,
DOOR MATS,
MIGGS CARPET LINING, &c. all of which will be sold at lowest city prices

IF Early and frequent calls solicite No trouble to show goods!

O. J. PRATT,

No. 1 Granite Block.

FOR SALE.

A Tilton & McFarland Improved

SAFE

FOR SALE CHEAP, AT THIS OFFICE

Brattleboro Church Directory.

Finer Barrier.—Main St.; Rev. E. E. Commings, D. D., Pastor. Sunday services 10:30 s. m., 7:30 p. m. Sunday school 11:50 s. m. Missionskey Con-cert 1st Sunday evening in cack month. Sunday School Concert last Sunday evening in cack month. Prayer meetings on the other Sunday evening. Monday evening, young people's prayer meeting, Friday evening, prayer meeting, 7:45.

France county, prayer meeting, 7:35.

ENVIRE COMMENSIONAL—Main St.; Hev. N. Migh
III, Pastor. Sunday services 10:30 a. m., 7:30 p. m.
Sunday School 13 m. Massionary and S. N. Concert
take the place of the evening service on the 1st and
24 Sundays of the month, respectively. Yours
people's meeting Monday evening at 1-4 to 8
Frayer meeting, Friday evening at 1-4 to 8. Thurs
day p. m., ladies' prayer meeting, 3 o'clock.

day p. m., hadies' prayer meeting, 3 o'clock, priscoral.—Main 8t; Bev. W. H. Collins, Bector Sunday services: Morning prayer and sermon 10:35 a. m.; evening prayer and sermon 7:30 p. m.; Sun-day School 17:13 p. m. Hely days, 10:20 a. m. Holy Communion 1st Sunday in the month, and on all great festivals. The children of the parish are cat echiesd on the 1st Sunday in every mooth at 3 p. m. echised on the 1st Sunday in every month at 3 p. m.
Mermonier Episcova. Meetings in lower town hall
Bev. N. F. Peirry, Paster. Presching Sunday
at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday School 12 m.; Prayer
meeting in the evening. S. S. Concert 4th Sunday
of every month. Clare meeting Tuesday evening;
prayer meeting Friday evening. Seats free.

ROMASS CATHOLIC.—Walnut St.; Rev. Henry Lane,
Paster. Sunday services—High mass 10:30 a. m.;
Vespors and Benediction 7:30 p. m.
Ustranias—Main St.; Rev. M. I. Jenkins, Paster.
Services discontinued until further notice.

FIRST UNIVERSALIST, Canal St.; Rev. M. H. Harris, Pastor, residence foot of High St. Sunday sermon 10:30 a.m. Services Monday and Friday evenings at 7:30.

BRATTLEBORO

Business Directory.

Name, Business and Location of the leading Business Houses in Brattleboro, Agricultural Emplements.

C. F. THOMPSON & CO., Williston's Stone Block. WOOD & MARSHALL, Exchange Block, Main Stre B. A. CLARK, Tyler's Block. Booksellers and Stationers. CHENEY & CLAPP, 6 Crosby Block.

J. STEEN, Fisher's Block, Main St.
F. C. EDWARDS, 1 door north American House. Boots and Shoes.

A.F. BOYNTON, Marshall & Esterbrook's block, M.st. T. A. STEVENS, Flak's block, Main street, up stairs Clothlers.

F. S. BRACKETT & CO., 4 & 3 Granite Row.

PRATT, WRIGHT & CO., 5 Granite Row. Main Stree
BOOT & MCKEAND, corner Main and High sts.

H. E. TAYLOB, 3 Union Block.

L. BROWN, Marshall & Esterbrook's block Main-et. BETTING & SON, High-et., next Brooks House. J. PRATT, I Granite Block. O. J. PRATT, I Granue Block.
Chamber Sets.
C. L. BROWN, Marshall & Esterbrock's block, Main-et
J. RETTING & SON, High-st., next Brooks House.

F. K. BARROWS, office with P. Barrows. C. L. BROWN, Marshall & Esterbrook - BFk, Main St. ALONZO CHURCH, Elliot Street Crockery and Glass Ware, M. T. VAN DOORN, 7 Crosby Block

Dining Rooms.
E. L. COOPER 6 Brooks House. Doors, Sash and Blinds.
C. F. THOMPSON & CO., Williston's Stone Block
B. A. CLARK, Tyler's Block. I. N. THORN & CO., 2 Crosby Block.
H. C. WILLARD & CO., 1 Broaks House.
NEWTON & BOSE, Main St., oppposite High St.

Bry Goods.
P. BARROWS, Main Street, opposite Brooks House.
O. J. FRATT, 1 Granite Block.

Pertilizers.
C. F. THOMPSON & CO., Williston's Stone Block.
C. D. NOYES, Thompson & Ranger's Block. Flour and Grain.

Furniture.
C. L. BBOWN, Marshall & Esterbrook's Block, Mainst.
J. BETTING & SON, High-st., next Brooks House.

J. HETTING & SON, High-st., next Brooks House.
Groceries.
A. C. DAYENPORT, S Croaby Block.
J. W. FROST & CO. S Croaby Block.
FRANK G. HOWE, Marshall & Esterbrook, Main-st.
C. D. NOYES, Thompson & Ranger's Block.
C. L. PIPERI, corner Canal and South Main sts.
J. G. TAYLOR, S Brooks House.
C. F. THOMPSON & CO., Willishus's Stone Block.
Guns, Pistols and Ammunition.
C. D. NOYES, Thompson & Ranger's Block.

HEUSTIS & BURNAP, Main Street.

C. F. THOMPSON & CO., Williston's Stone Block. B. A. OLARK, Tyler's Block. Paper Hangings and Window Shudes.

J. STEEN, Fisher's Block, Main Street, M. T. VAN DOORN, 7 Crosby Block

Photographers.

D. A. HENRY, Cutler's Block, Main Street,
C. L. HOWE, Union Block.

C. L. HOWE, Union Block.

Picture Framing.

A. F. WILDER, Harmony Block.

C. E. ALLEN, Canal St. (Cut Flowers to order.)

Stencils and Steel Stamps. E. M. DOUGLAS, No. 9 Harmony Block. Stoves and Tin Ware.

OF ALL RINDS PERFORMED IN THE BEST MANNED

CLARK'S

DENTAL ROOMS, --- Crosby Block,

ECHOS

Beneath the Stars & Stripes.

'THE LION OF THE TIMES!"

The Remedy for a Tight Money Market.

A MONEY-MAKING BUSINESS ANY TIME,

For Mea or Women, at home or on the road. Usefu Honorable, Permanent.

Particulars sent free by mail to any applicant, and "THE MIRHOR," a forty-page paper containing much inheresting and valuable matter. Send ab cuce.

Name in what paper you saw this notice.

Address MARTIN CO.,
46 Hindale, New Hampehire.

A T the HRATTLEBORO DYFING AND CLEANS-ING HOUSE. Coats, Pants, Vests, Shawis, and Sacques, cleaned and dyed without ripping. Dress Goods, etc., dyed and reminished. E. Z., HODGMAN, Brattleboro, Vt., May 1, 1873. 6-2

F. S. BRACKETT'S

Clothing and Tailoring Establishmen

As you are going by, and cave your order for nice

A victim of youthful imprudence, causing premature decay, nervous debility, etc., having tried in vain ev-ery known remedy, has found a simple self-cure, which he will send free to his follow sufferers. Ad-dress J. H. REEVED, 78 Nassau Bt., New York. F. O. Box 5163.

fitting SHIRTS, or a pattern cut from measure. If

Cleansed and Repaired,

Have Your Summer Clothing

STEP INTO

Whose weary, wasting feet no walks could share; One drinking heaven's breath with rapturous case, Who scarce could breathe a blessing or a prayer. H. E. TAYLOR, 3 Union Block. E. L. COOPER, 6 Brooks House. Let me be carried from my theerful home Like sunshine out of sunshine, flowers from flowers Let maids in white, and little children come. Insurance Agents. CUDWORTH & DAVENPORT, Union Block. BENJ. R. JENNE & CO., Thompson & Ranger's Block. MOODY & HOWE, Savings East Block.

And cheer with tender songs your lonesome hours. this area will make the thoront misses with force bear May lead straight from my glury to your heart; and I may come, like Jacob's angels, given THOMPSON & HANGER 7 Grynite Row Livery and Feeding Stables.

Some thrill some Joyous message to impart o keep the light about you; death is light, L. H. CRANE, Canal Street

And death is only dark to doubt, and sight Marble Works.
DUTTON & KATHAN, Bridge St., Bear R. E. Depot No black for me when I am gone, dear love; Ment Markets. W. F. RICHARDSON, Market block, Elliot-st.

Shroud not that precious face in funeral fold But wear a soft white veil upon your head, Millisery and Fancy Goods.

MRS. E. M. FARNSWORTH, I Crosby Block, 2d Soot
MISSES MARSH & BALLARD, over Steen's Store.
O, J. FRATT, I Grants Block. As fits a saintly woman growing old.

A GREAT COWARD.

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON. Whether Henry Finlay was brave

owardly, was the conundrum to which the boys of Mr. Green's Latin Grammar school could find no answer. He had allowed himself to be "backed

down" by Dick Corson, a stout and slumpy Kentucky boy, who was given to bullying. And a fellow who could be "backed down" must be a coward, so the boys said. Corson had dared him to cross a certain

ne drawn in the sand, and Finlay, though the equal of the Kentuckian in size and strength, had turned on his beel and walked away. Besides he had violated all those respect so highly, by appealing to the school-

the boys, was accustomed to "whip hard" when he had occasion to flog; and so when the master proposed to Corson that he should pay for the broken slate or "take off his coat," the valiant Kentuckian pre-ferred to pay for the slate. But this "ruuboys called it, convinced them that Finlay

was a coward. And yet, on the other hand, he did no. eem much afraid of them. He did not get in anybody's way; he interfered now and then in favor of smaller boys; but he ontented himself with declaring that if anybody troubled him, he would not make a bully of himself by fighting, but that he would just appeal to the "law" of the chool for protection. If that were not ufficient, he would take the case before a

This was a most unheard-of course, and one that disappointed the boys of seeing a trial of strength between the new boy Finlay and Corson. Some of the boys had nade bets on the day of Pinlay's advent, that he could "lamm" Dick Corson, who had been "King" of the school. Now they

were to be disappointed of a trial.

But Corson grew bold in proportion as be hought he saw cowardice in Finlay. He told the boys he would have a fight out of Finlay somehow.

Corson had to cross the Oblo river every day to reach the school. During most of the year he came over in a skiff, but there had been unusually cold weather, and the river was frozen, so that large wagons, even, could cross on the ice.

Dick Corson had for three weeks walked across on this natural bridge. He now proposed to the boys that they should conceal themselves the next morning behind

his arrival near the drift pile as to intercept Finlay, who had to walk two miles down the shore to reach the school. As Finlay

would not know there were any witnesses, So that soldierly legend is still on its journey, — That story of Kearny who knew not to yield! Twas the day when with Jameson, fierce Berry, and he would not be able to prosecute Dick for assault, and Corson could tell his own story to the master.

about engaging in this conspiracy, but they were overborne by the others, who declar-Where the dead lay in clumps through the dwarf ed that such a coward ought to be taught to oak and pine; Where the sim from the thicket was surest and nighfight. Of course, there were some boys in the school who were not let into the secret at all. Their disapproval of the scheme

When the battle went ill, and the bravest were solemn, was assured beforehand. The weather had been warm for two or Near the dark Seven Pines, where we still held our three days, and the schoolmaster began to feel uneasy about the ice, knowing that some of the boys were accustomed to cross on it. A sudden rise in the river during He snuffed, like his charger, the wind of the powder, the night had been reported to him by His sword waved us on, and we answered the sign; Lond our cheer as we rushed, but his laugh rang the fisherman who lived on the bank, and Mr. Green thought best to go down and exam-"There's the devil's own fun, boys, along the whole

He walked along the shore until he was topped by an old pile of lodged driftwood. blade brighten In the one hand still left—and the refus in his teeth? In the open spaces beneath this great, loose heap of trunks of trees, boughs and boards, In the one hand still left—and the refus in his teeth.)
He laughed like a buy when the holidays heighten,
But a soldier's glance shot from his vicer beneath.
Up came the reserves to the mellay infernal,
Asking where to go in—through the clearing or heard smothered voices, and he soon saw several of his own pupils hidden here, so intent on watching something beyond that they did not see him.

He turned up the bank till he reached a place where he could see over the top of the drift. There stood Corson, with his cont off, confronting Finlay, "You've got to fight now, dog on you!"

That hid him from sight of his brave men sod tried? Foul, foul sped the bullet that clipped the white hily, The flower of our knightheed, the whole army's said Corson, "You can't tell the master. for my story will be as good as your's." "You mean to whip me first, and then lie about it," said Henry Finlay, quietly, But what do you want to fight for ? What

harm have I done you?" You're a coward and a tell-tale. Get ready now, for you've got to stand your

Finlay onletly laid down his books and he state which Corson had been obliged to buy in place of the old one, and stood prepared to defend himself, with his back to the bank. This gave him a little the advantage of ground, Why don't you come down here, you

oward and fight on a level ?" cried Dick. "If you don't like my way, what do you fight for?" retorted Finlay. I am a peaceable fellow. You are a bully. You have picked this lonesome place to attack me, I do not want to fight, and I won't stand out and fight like a rocster, or a bull-dog, or a prize-fighter. If I had a stick or a stone, I would not besitate to use it to defend myself. I shall not fight you as a man, but as I would a bad dog. I shall stand here. If you walk away, I shall go on. If you attack me like a highwayman, I shall knock you down, if there is strength enough under my roundabout, and I think there is." This was more than Dick Corson had bargained for. He saw that Finlay utterly rejected his code, and took all the advantage of his offensive position. And Finlay

had never seemed to him quite so strong as at this moment. The fellow was not exactly a coward, after all. He was as cool as he could be, and it gradually dawned on Dick that if he struck at Finlay once, he might give the boys under the drift-heap the pleasure of

seeing his own defeat. For the present, therefore, he contented himself with taunts, which did not seem to disturb his big, good-natured antagonist Finlay sat down on a log near by, while Corson continued to exhaust his breath, clous all the time that the boys under the drift-pile must begin to lose patience

Suddenly Henry Finlay arose and started forward, saying, "Get out of the way, Dick, the ice is moving!"

thing! You just want to get away, and I

won't let you.
"I tell you it is moving and there's your brother Tom half-way over! He'il be drowned to "You don't come that gum-game over

me!" cried Corson, whose courage revived at what he thought the first symptoms of returning cowardice on the part of Pinlay. In truth, the great mass of ice, nearly mile in width, had begun to move slightly and Dick's younger brother, on his way to school, was walking at his usual pace, unconscious that the ice was affont. It must soon break up, and then the lad would perhaps be drowned.

Finlay sprang forward, but Dick caught him by the collar and stopped him; upon which Finlay, with an impatient and powerful shove, sent the bully backward headong into the gravel and sand.

The boys in the drift, who had not see the moving ice, but who had lost all admiration for Dick, began to cheer, But in a moment everybody was looking

at the ice which now began to grind against the shore, with a crashing and thunderous sound. A large flat-boat, nearly a hundred feet long, was torn from its moerings and ervshed by the slow, but irresistible me tion of the ice, which ground the timbers to splinters.

Powerful as was this slow, smooth ava of Tom Corson

The poor lad was now thoroughly frightned, and rap in terror towards the shore, him, for the fee on which he stood was be

made by the first rift, and called to Dick to get in with him. Dick refused, declaring that a skiff could not live two minutes in the ice.

of the skiff.

to the shore with their lives. Both had held to their ours, and Finlay seized the one carried by the schoolmaster, and with the two in his hands, leaping upon this roof contact, and reached the terrified Tom.

The cake of ice next the above had by this time drifted away from the mass on which they stood. Finlay easily cleared the gap, but Tom fell in, and Finlay pulled him out by the oar, to which Tom held with a death-grip.

shore of the river. He would then so time out of the water first, and then pull Tom

But now there was no longer any com munication with the shore, and the salvation of the two buys seemed out of the question. They drifted along upon a cake of ice, which ever grew smaller by the wearing away of its edges. The boys and Some of the schoolboys had qualms the schoolmaster ran down the shore, helpless to do anything for the lads who were

Then there was a sound below them of the cracking of lee cakes, such as they had not heard before. It came nearer. The ice before the two boys seemed to be

running back upon their own piece, which reared up in front, broke in two in the middle, and was overwhelmed and sunk by a great piece from above. Finlay and Tom managed to extricate themselves from the ruin of the ice-raft on

which they had stood, and to get upon the piece which had been forced above it. Tuen they saw what it meant. The ice was gorged at the bend of the river. For a minute the great mass was locked in. Quick! It is already trembling, and

about to move. Only swift and agile feet They climb along the ridge, and over the

Hon the Grasshoppers Came

I wish to tell the readers of St. Nicholas a story about the Great American Desert. where the grasshoppers made such a fear-

ping harmlessly about in the grass, you can think of what a power for evil they possess when they gather together in such nies as those which overran our part of the country last year.

The weather was intensely warm here all last season, and for thirty days within the space of six weeks the thermometer ranged from 100° to 116°. It was during this heat in the latter part

she must go home to care for her aged mother. Pete and Polly, our two mules, were harnessed to the express wagon in the early morning, and a pleasant little com-Our read lay up the banks of a clear

"Garden of the Desert," upon which appeared fields of waving grain. ears very contentedly, began to lay them they tossed them higher and higher, we noticed that a grasshopper came at interthized with our restless mules. Se

ers have been doing. We set Selma down at her door, and well as warm, and for that reason the small grain, though very light, was ready for the

reaper, or already cut. Soon after the buryesters had renaired to the field that afternoon, the cry was heard, "The grasshoppers have fallen upon the oun fields " Then we know we had met the scouting party in the morning, and that, by some wonderful insect power, they had telegraphed to the main body the news

of our rich fields. We had a corn-field of twenty acres, that was the pride of our foreman, and promiles up and down the valley. The destroyers were at work upon it, but the men. hoping to save a part, left the barvest and built fires all along the rows. They whip-ped and switched and smoked, running om one part of the field to the other in the heat, but it was all of no avail. The little invaders ate on, and at night nothing

The Indian women had corn and bear

eat what we need. The next day the raiders came to our gardens, and though we covered the plants with barrels and boxes and sheets, though we smoked and whipped and brushed, hoping to save some vegetables, they seem ed to laugh at our dismay, and kept steadlly at work, even eating our onions and red

leaves and gnawed our shrubbery and flowers till there was no green thing loft. to cover the brown earth, and then they mounted our shade trees, and the ground was soon covered with falling leaves. The heat was intensified by the present of such a mass of animal matter, and

our nights, usually so cool, were bot and uncomfortable. The nuwonted sound of the rustling of millions of wings caused the dogs to howl dolefully, and a vague terror began to steal over our hearts. Near nightfall of the third day of the

in any direction, and all about us were pyramidal columns of smoke, as we thought rising toward the heavens. "How is it," we asked, that these great masses of smoke appear simultaneously at every point?" And as we gazed and saw them slowly

Two of our number were out taking a gallop on their ponies. On their return they said, "Did you see the grasshoppers

sand many feet from the earth), but, looking a moment, saw the grasshoppers going up in cloud-like masses, and they passed

off south, "Ab! that was the grasshoppers, and we thought it smoke?' we exclaimed; and not without significance at the present insimmediately the weight was lifted from ment; our hearts. Some grasshoppers were left near our buildings, but they were merely going to rest for the night, and by noon er maranders, and our last hope for corn that season soon vanished.

Our shade-trees were entirely stripped of doors and windows hung in tatters, and | not notice him. He will not forget that the the greedy millions made their way into German is a barbarian, a sort of wild beast, thought hidden from their insatiate little him go to the devil! Let him live as he jaws. They are holes in clothing, in curtains and in pin-cushions, and I beard of one woman who found the draught of her stove clogged with grasshoppers, they having fallen down the pipe in such numbers as to fill it.

The houses and fences were soon black with the millions of these insects. We could not even see the bark on the trees because of the myriads of wings, and we beheld the result of the labor of many hands a blank before us. We sat in awed silence, feeling we were in the presence of that Power which can bar the raging waves of the sea with little grains of sand and send an army of little insects to bring to naught the boasted work of man,

The third day after their arrival, clouds flitted across the sun at intervals, screening us from its intense heat, and toward night a company of us, daughters of these prairies, dragged our really exhausted selves to the river, hoping to find a little refreshment by a bath. We were scarcely n the water before we were startled by a crash, a peal, and then a rushing wind. Beering over the high northern bank, we saw a black cloud driven furiously up toward the zenith, and at the same time the sun burst from under a dark well in the west, revealing to our eyes a scene of wonder. Myriads upon myriads of little wings were flashing like specks of silver in the sunlight, not only as far as the eye could reach, east, west, and south, but as far as we could see into the air above us, and we knew the grasshoppers were driven again before the north wind.

When our both was finished, very few of hem were left to annoy us as we returned some, and great was our relief and loy to have them gone. But we did not look for ward to the want which has oppressed so many hearts, and to the relief of which so many of the readers of St. Nicholas have, no doubt, contributed .- St. Nicholas for

Romance in Real Life. In New York, in 1796 my store was in Maiden Lane, within three doors of the store of John Mowatt, an extensive dealer in shoes. His foreman was John Peluse who sat behind the counter stitching shoe and waiting on customers as they stepped in. One day a corpse was found in the dock at the foot of the street. The corone took the lurymen from the neighborhood. among them John Mowatt and his foreman John Peluse. The corpse lay on a table in the centre of the room. Some one of the jurymen remarked that as soon as John Peluse looked on the corpse, he started, turned pale, and looked as if going to faint. He rallied, however, but his subsequent movements occasioned some curious remarks. The jury having rendered a verdict of death by drowning, were discharged. Mowatt turned around to look for his foreman, but behold, be was not there. We stepped out of doors and saw him high up the street on a half run, when he quickly turned a corner. All sorts of inquirie were made, but nothing could be heard of bim. This, with his turning pale at the first view of the corpse, occasioned some strange surprise among the Jurors for

many days afterwards. John Mowatt was a bachelor of thirty five, and Peluse had seen about thirty

summers. On a certain day about one month there after, a lady in deep mourning stepped in-to Mowatt's store and asked for a pair of hoes. While John was trying how the the shoes fitted, the lady inquired : "You had a man in your store-John

Peluse by name-what has become or "Yes," said Mowatt, "but what has be me of him I would give a good deal to He then related the story as above stated

"Strange," replied the lady," "And you have not seen him since?" "No," replied Mowatt. "I have not seen

have not seen him to my knowledge." "Well, then," said she, "I am John Peluse; and that subject on whom we held the inquest, was my husband. My family name is Randall; I was born in Philadelphia; I married (against the wishes of my parents) John Corner, a sober, in dustrious man, by trade a shoemaker. He took to drinking, neglected his business, and once he struck me, while in liquor We had no family, so I resolved, while stitching shoes together, to learn his trade shoe, when I assumed male attire, and came to New York, and you gave me work as a journeyman. The rest you know." John told the present narrator, some

lays afterward, that on hearing this he was dumbfounded. "Well, madam," said John, "what are cour plans for the future ?" Says she, "I have not yet formed my

"Well," said John, "I liked you as a ourneyman, and when my foreman I was plea: ed; suppose we go into partnership In forty-eight hours thereafter they were

married. She was a fine-looking woman, and might have passed for twenty-five. This, perhaps, is the first instance record of a woman sitting as a Coroner's juryman on the corpse of her husband. The above is simply a tale of truth,

"Your feet are very stylish," said a man to his friend, whose feet were covered with bunions. No, not stylish, but exceedingly

A French periodical gives the following comparisons from a Russian review between the Frenchman and the German.

"The French and the Germans have buted each other for a long time, but there is no resemblance in the manifestations of next day very few were to be seen. In | their natural haired. It is not a characterjust one week from the day of their first | istic of the Frenchman to hate with endurarrival, a great shower of grasshoppers fell ing, unbroken energy. He hates by fits again, and began to devour what the others and starts, occasionally. When wounded had left. One corn-field which the others to the quick, he loses all self-possession, had left in part, and which still promised goes ahead, strikes, ravages, and kills. a small harvest, was attacked by these lat- But when the first outburst is over, he soon recovers his equinimity and cares no more for the German than if the latter were not of this world. Not that he forbeir feaves, the netting screens in our gets him or his hatred; no; but he does houses to devour plants which we but be does not notice him. He says, Let

Quite different is the hatred of the German. He hates without respite -- systematleally. He is forever anxious to play on the Erbfeind some underhand, wily trick, to oust him from his place, and put himself Into it. The Frenchman's hatred is a flame -that of the German an inextinguishable passion. With a Frenchman it is a gushing stream-with the German relentless

Whence comes his malice, and at what does it aim? He never confesses it. Ask direct education, be led to tastes of a very him why be hates the French, and he will different and of a prejudicial kind. recapitulate the wars of the first empire, the sufferings and humiliations endured by Germany, 'Very well,' you say, 'but you have revenged yourself; you are even, Why do you still hate the Frenchman? Because he wants to steal our Rhenish provinces' the German used to say before the war of 1870. 'If it were not so, what do those tremendous fortresses of Metz, Stras-vices of any kind. Our long winters sugbourg and Belfort mean?' 'But you also have fortresses-Mayence, Rastadt, Ulm. and many others? 'Ah! with us it is quite a different thing, he answered dryly ; we only mean to defend ourselves if attacked.3

To-day the German has taken Alsace, Metz, and Strasbourg; he has secured an cry: 'We only want to defend ourselves in case we are assalled.' In the meantime he thinks: 'If only they would assault us! We would not be as generous as we have been in the first instance. Champaign would then be ours, and we should get a bothold in Burgundy.' It is clear that all the complaints of the Germans about French ambition are so

many fables and falsehoods. It is not the warlike ambition of the French which pow prevents the German from sleeping in peace, any more than it was formerly the tremendous fortresses of Metz, Strasbourg, and Belfort. That is not the source of his hatred. No; it is envy. The German envices the French, and this is what makes him sothoroughly miserable and his hatred so bitter. The Germans have never forgiven France for being crowned with glory in the sight of Europe. They inquire, 'How did

the French come to win an unfounded admanifestly a misunderstanding. Europe does not know the French; let us unmask them.' And on that plea they go on imignorant, frivolous and braggarts-that there is nothing substantial in them. In it is the soil on which all vices are grafted, It is Babylon !

Europe listens, and while seeming to agree with Germany, continues to subsist as before on the heart and mind of France. Europe reads the brilliant and light French literature, leaving German literature to specialists and scholars. It is Freuch wit which has the lead on every European stage. The modern French Babylon reof fashion, the fountain-head of new ideas. the grand centre of motion, the place where the whole world, without excepting the morial enemies of France, looks for life and pleasure. In this respect the depraved Babylon has always worked miracles. It is said that in 1815 the Duke of Wellington went to Paris with the firm purpose of giving the Parisians some good lessons in morals; but that hard and unbending pronotor of morality spent three millions during six weeks' stay in Paris. Blucher spent four in one mouth, and some of the allies even more.

But some people will ask, how is it that the frivolous, ignorant, and immoral Frenchman exerts such bewitchery on foreigners? The cause of it is obvious. The Frenchman is a man with a soul. He has a loving heart; he is loval, amiable, benevolent, cheerful. Foreigners are involuntarily charmed by qualities which they do not find elsewhere, and, flying from the weariness which weighs them down in other countries of Furope, they go to recruit among the gleeful, jolly, mocking

Flower Shows.

Strawberry and ice-cream festivals are now in order. No village with any preof the present day can well afford to disregard what custom has prescribed in this natter. Accordingly, an epidemic of such festivals is sweeping over the country, taking a course from South to North, with a rapidity that is naturally regulated by the condition of the strawberry beds. Moreover it is quite evident to everybody who has exercised a little observation that these festivals enjoy a great degree of popularity. They are well patronized, and apparently very well enjoyed. This shows at least that the people are quite ready to enter into anything of the kind which promises a little pleasant social union and neighborly intercourse, since a craving for the strawberries and the cream is not the only impulse that draws them together. It seems to be a pity that such festivals frequently have one feature which renders them less popular than they might be. We allude to their secturian character. We have Baptist festivals, Protestant Episcopal festivals, Presbyterian festivals, and so on through the whole list of the denominations which happen to have an organization in any particular village. So long as the fea-tivals are to be regarded simply as a means of raising money, this is all very well. But they have their social aspect as well; and then follows the conjecture whether seives, heart and soul, to the good work of something could not be devised which serving the truth .- Rev. Dr. Furness.

should be free from sectarianism, and offer a common point of interest to the whole of each neighborhood.

Such an object would be attained by the introduction of horticultural shows. There is scarcely a village, in the Eastern States at any rate, so small that the establishment of a society for the purpose would not be possible. Florists and professional horticulturists would find it to their advantage to have them, and amateurs would find it the agreeable rivalries that would be induced a.nong their neighbors and themselves a source of pleasant excitement for the greater part of the year. With a comparatively small expenditure two shows might be held in each village or cluster of villages every year, and with proper management they should be made nearly if not quite to pay their own expenses. Such exhibitions would afford a delightful recreation in themselves, and they would be the means of promoting that social geniality which is always desirable.

This is of no small moment; but their indirect influence would be far greater. There should be no reason why the poorest man in a country village who has control over a plot of ground should not send in something to the shows for exhibition. Encouragement should especially be given to such persons. Prizes should be awarded rather to the results of labor and indus iry than to those of mere money purchase. In this way not only is a taste for the beautiful promoted among all, but it is brought home to many who might, without such in-

Prizes for collections of wild flowers would stimulate a love for these beautiful objects, and create an interest in the works of nature in the minds of children; and taste in the arrangement of flowers and the admixture of colors might be cultivated in like manner by instituting competition for gest also that prizes should be offered for window-gardening, thus keeping up the interest through all seasons; and competition in general garden culture would promote industry and perhaps lessen the re-ceipts of the village bar-room,

But it is not necessary to enumerate all Metz, and Strasbourg; he has secured an open route to Paris, and he continues to the adoption of this method of promoting emulation in a direction where nothing but the most elevating influences can prevail. The suggestion presents few difficulties of any kind. There is ample time now to arrange the necessary preliminaries for the autumn shows, if a few people in each locality should take up the subject in the right spirit. That would make the start for more complete arrangements to be made next year, and the good effects of the movement would, we believe, be immediately felt .-N. Y. Times.

THE POWER OF TRUE PRAYER on the heart and the life is unquestionable. Mathematics are controlled by their own laws; but the moral power and worth of a being are determined by the qualities of the soul of which spiritual prayer is the life and breath. To pray in spirit is to have spiritual life, nobility and peace. This is experience. There were no heaven or angels or God of justice if such results did not suremiration? Are we not more learned than | ly follow all noble action, all sacrifices for they? Have we not a higher moral sense? truth and right, all aspiring of the soul to We are neither a frivolous nor a bragging the Infinite. Each aspiring aigh for strength people-whence does it come that it is not and holiness, each heart-throb for the good we who have the supremacy? All this is and true, does receive fulfilment in added power to do and bear. And this is true prayer-the earnest yearning of our weakness for strength; the sighing of our spirpeaching France and bringing her to trial. its for communion with the Eternal; the The procedure dates from the Empire, and calling down of heaven's beneficent forces they carry it through the whole century. to aid our sympathies and multiply our They logically prove that the French are generosity, is never in vain. Those who may be disappointed; but those who seek morality, that they are the most corrupt the kingdom and righteousness of God people in Europe; as to their capital, that never seek in vain. It is here that faith is involnerable. It is human nature that prays to Him who made it. Man has the an preme right to ask, and the Father who put the asking in the constitution of the soul is ever waiting to answer every true request. True praying is not a thing of the lips but of the life, -not asking in words merely, but in deeds that are thanksgivings and petitions. The soul must carry the body and the life to the Eternal by the force of its trustful outreach to find satisfaction and peace. The truly spiritual ask no earthly trinkets; they want purity, peace, and power, and, seeking these, God continually fills their souls with spiritual blessings and joys the world knows not of. - The Golden Age.

> JOB D. ON A STORMY DAY .- It was a half rizzling, half stormy day in the middle of November. Just such a day as puts nervous people in a bad humor with themselves and everybody else. Job D. was brooding over the fire immediately after breakfast. His wife addressed him as follows:-"Mr. D., can't you mend that front door latch to-day?" "No," was the answer. "Well, can't you fix the handle of the mop?" "No." "Well can't you put up some plus for the clothes in your chamber ?" "No." "Well, can't you fix that north window, so that the rain and snow ed the husband sharply. He then took his hat, and was on the point of leaving the house, when his wife, knowing that he was going to the tavern, where he would meet some of his wet-day companions, asked him kindly to wait a moment. She then got her bonnet and cloak, and sald to her husband, "You're going to the tavern; with your leave I will go with you." The husband stared, "Yes," said the wife, "I may as well go as you; if you go and waste the day at the tavern, why shall I not do the same ?" Job felt the reproof. He shut the door; hung up his hat; got the hammer and nails; did all his wife requested and, sat down by the fire at night a better and happier man.

THE MAGIC OF A MARRIAGE FEE,-Not ong ago, a lady of very interesting and lovely appearance called upon me. I had married ber, some years before. I did not remember her, but she recalled the circumstance, and she then said that Heaven had not blessed her with children, and she be lieved the reason was because her husband did not give me any fee! I laughed, of course, and tried to laugh her out of the idea, but she was very serious, very earnest about it, so I had to submit, and accept the honorarium which she offered. Some-time after, I met her father, whom I recollected, in the street, and as we walked along together, I asked him how his daughter was. He said she was very well, and very happy with her little boy! brother ministers, take heart! If Providence looks out so vigilantly for the marrisgs fees, do not concern yourselves about any sublunary matters, but give your-

WOOD & MARSHALL, Exchange Block, Main Street Teaming. CHABLES T. WHEELER, Centreville. P. O. Box. 83 Undertakers. L. BROWN, Marshall & Esterbrook's Block, Main st patches near us, and when they came and principles of "honor" which schoolboys "Yes, you have seen him," replied the Upholsterers. saw their work all destroyed they wept I. BROWN, Marshall & Esterbrook's block, Main st. RETTING & SON, High st., next Brooks' House. and meaned, and said "God is not pleased, master for protection.

Corson, in order to provoke a fight, had "I certainly," said Mowatt, would no or He would not send the grasshoppers to lanche of ice, it was broken in turn by an contradict a lady of your appearance, but I Dental Operations broken Finlay's slate. "Old Green," as immense rift that stretched nearly from the teacher was disrespectfully called by shore to shore, passing within twenty feet

> where stood all the boys and the master, each suggesting a different plan for saving ginning to break up, and he could not get They stripped young fruit-trees of their within a hundred yards of the shore, a great longitudinal fissure having shut him Finlay launched a skiff in the openin

The schoolmaster, however, got in with Henry, and they pushed off. Just then a great, triangular piece which had been luosened by the second fissure, caught against the shore, and being forced down by the mass of ice above, assumed a rotary motion, and soon made kindling wood

The master and Finlay were glad to get tating cake of ice, ran to its outer edge, where it was grinding hoarsely against the vet unbroken mass upon which Tom stood. He sprung clean over the dangerous point "Take this oar," he said, "and follow

The triangle was fast going to pieces, and

rise? We heard a sound like a rushing wind, and thought we were riding into the edge of a whirlwind" (such as are often a certain great pile of driftwood on the at the next leap Finlay had to scramble seen here, carrying pyramids of dust and

hummocks. They are safe ashere at the very instant when the dull roar and smash

sets in again, and the great, grinding mass is on the move. The master had fully intended to punish Dick Corson. But he couldn't. The events of the morning had punished him, His disgrace was so complete that a whipping would almost have been a mercy. But the teacher did write upon the blackboard. "Bullies are not generally brave." And Dick Corson left school, - Youth's Compan-

ful raid last summer.

When you see the little ercatures hop-

of July that our Swede girl, Selma, said

pany of us started out to take Selma home. winding stream, on each side of which our industrious Swede neighbors have settled, and turned over the virgin soil of this We had not ridden far before Pete and Polly, who had been whisking their long back and toss their heads into the nir. As

vais with a bounce into our laps or hit our hands and faces, and the farther we went north the more frequently their whize and elick assailed our ears, or their sharp wings struck our noses, till we sympanoticed the little brown bodies and gray wings lying in piles along the shady side of our track, and that the green leaves of the corn hune like slit ribbons swaving in the breeze; and farther on there was here and there a field that had been planted on the soil where nothing but the stalk was

turned toward home, wondering if the grasshoppers were going to do much harm. The season had been unusually dry, as

was left of our boasted corn-field but the tall bare stalks, looking like bean-poles.

pepper-stalks down to the ground.

presence of the foe, a brisk breeze blow from the north. Our neighbor Keturah came to our door, and said, "Do you see how the smoke is rising on every side of We could see from ten to twenty miles

grow blacker and rise higher, an indefina ble dread of some fearful coming took posamaion of us.

"What will not a woman do for the mar she loves?" asks a writer. She will not est onions just before going to a party, no matter how much she loves bim.

nobby," was the good natured reply.