The Vermont Phœnix.

BRATTLEBORO:
FRIDAY EVENING, NOV 19, 1875.

Not A Knickerbocker.

The dinner had reached that point at which it is considered incumbent upon the ladies to retire.

Little Mrs. George Vanderburg, sole representative of her sex at the table, looks doubtfully across to her husband, and, obedient to the glance of approval she sees in his eyes, rises to depart. Jack Raymond, their guest, who completes the small party of three, also starts to his feet, anticipating the ponderous movement of the venerable family retainer, and flings wide open the heavy mahogany doors through which the little lady must make her way into the hall. Mrs. George smiles at him; then blushes, as her small feet entangle themselves in her train, and finally passes through the lofty arch, dragging foamy billows of Valenciennes lace and azure silk in her wake. Mr. Raymond gazes after her with a stare of admiration for which he would never have forgiven himself if it had fallen upon his hostess's fair face instead of her back hair.

"Jack, my boy," drawls George Vanderburgh from his seat at the table, in the softest and laziest of voices, "you shouldn't look at another man's wife with that sort of expression in your countenance. It is expressly forbidden in the tenth commandment."

Jack Raymond resumes his place at the other's right hand.

"I say, George, where did you find her? Who is she?"

"My wife."

"Obviously; but I don't understand. When I went to Europe, two years ago, I left you lying in an attitude of prostrate adoration at the feet of the imperial Judith Delmar, belle of the Avenue and queen at Saratoga, with every prospect of an immediate wedding—"

"My dear fellow, I got up."

"And now I come back and find you married to an—an angel. How on earth did it happen? Who was she?"

Jack's enthusiasm is checked by a warning glance from his host. He looks up, and his eyes meet the sable countenance of the ancient servitor of the Vanderburgh family, and discover there an eager curiosity that even exceeds his own. Poor Jacob! He has lived with the family, man and boy, for nearly eighty years; his reverence for the Knickerbocker blood is as strong as his faith in the New Testament, and now in his old age he is compelled to serve a mistress whose name he does not know. Now perhaps there is a chance that the secret may be disclosed.

Alas! no. George Vanderburgh quenches his African with a glance. "Jacob, attend to your business. Put the cigars on the table, and go."

"I beg your pardon, George," begins Mr. Raymond, as soon as they are alone.

"You need not, Jack. Mrs. George Vanderburgh is—Mrs. George Vanderburgh, and for the quidnuncs of society that is enough. But you, old friend, companion of my boyhood, and truest-hearted of men, shall hear the story if you like."

"Not unless you like."

"But I do." Then the cigars are lighted, and the two young men settle themselves comfortably in their chairs, the one to hear and the other to tell a story.

"Now, Jack, if you have an imagination, fancy how the bones of all my Dutch ancestors must shake when I announce that the last of their line has married a woman whose name was Smith."

"Smith!"

"Either that or none. Do you know anything of New England, Jack?"

"Have heard of the place—a land of wooden nutmegs. There is a small settlement on the coast called Boston, where the people eat Greek roots instead of bread-and-butter, and where they manufacture a transcendental theology quite as remarkable in its way as the Calvanism it replaces."

"Exactly. But New Hampshire is the scene of my small love-story. It was at the foot of one of those glorious granite mountains I picked up my daisy, my Margaret, my pearl. You remember the summer when you sailed for Europe. The same week I received commands from the imperial Judith to follow her to Saratoga, or rather she insinuated that my presence there would give her pleasure. I took the hint and followed, and after the manner of other devotees before the altar of fashion we exchanged the monotonous weariness of fashionable life in New York for a second edition of the same thing at a watering-place. We danced and we rode and we walked. I was the imperial Judith's devoted cavalier. I had quite made up my mind to lay my hand and fortune at the lady's feet; and although I felt it would not do to encumber her with my heart, as she had never displayed the smallest interest in that part of my personality, it nevertheless pleased my fancy to think of the queen-like grace with which she would preside over the hospitalities of the Vanderburgh mansion, and I concluded to be satisfied.

"But one morning as we were walking toward the springs, the fair hand of royal Judith lying on my arm, a sense of the importance of the step I was about to take began to oppress me. I felt a longing for a few weeks of perfect peace and quiet before I undertook the manifold responsibilities of a married man. Business became my excuse, and in the afternoon I fled toward the East, only a couple of hundred miles, and found myself in a little New England town lying at the base of a great peaceful-looking mountain. The landlord of the cozy little hotel, a small building all white paint and green blinds, received me very graciously; and I liked the old man immensely in spite of the fact that his hair stood on end when I asked him for a sherry-cobbler. I spent the night there, and in the morning the old gentleman offered me his horse and his fishing rods to help me pass away the time, and then suggested that perhaps I would like to visit the mills.

"By the end of the first day I had exhausted the horse and the fish, and bored myself pretty thoroughly, and on the next morning I determined to try the mills. Did you ever see a cotton mill, Jack, one of those enormous red brick structures reeking with steam and heat and dampness and horrible noises? I saw the proprietor, and he took me through the building. I looked at the great looms, the whizzing spindles, and all the ingenious machinery which man has devised to supply the necessity for clothing brought about by the transgression of Eve; but what most attracted my attention was the pale faces of the operatives standing about those terrible machines, the children, prematurely old and haggard, breathing that terrible dust and sweltering in that awful heat. Ah, Jack, New England has freed the slaves in the cotton fields; now let her look to the slaves in the cotton mills!

"I passed through the files of languid children and weary women on my way to the office, where the proprietor offered me a chair. As I sat down I saw in one corner of the room a small figure bending over a great pile of heavy business-like books. She turned her head as her employer spoke, and I saw another pale face—so pale, so gentle, with great violet eyes that seemed to ask everything they rested upon, 'Why am I so unhappy?' The same eyes, Jack, my boy, that smiled at you so brightly over your dinner half an hour ago."

"Not a factory girl!"

"Not exactly; one of those girls you find so often in New England, thoroughly educated and lady-like, but impelled by necessity to work. She was employed as assistant book-keeper by the great firm of Watson & Co., that owned the mills. All at once, Jack, I became interested in cotton. I used to haunt that great shrieking bedlam of a mill. I investigated all the processes the plant went through from the time it enters the mill in great fluffy bales till it goes out in smooth white muslin. I think the proprietors took me for a dry-goods clerk or a politician. I became so learned that I knew all the grades from paper cambric to sheeting, and I discoursed upon the tariff and the necessity of protecting American manufactures like a member of Congress. I even made researches into the art of book-keeping. And all, Jack, for the sake of a pale little factory girl with blue eyes—I, the last of the Vanderburghs! How I used to lean over that great gawky ink-stained desk and watch the small figure in the shabby alpaca frock! How I used to intercept the little girl on her way back and forth to the great mill, and watch her blush when her great blue eyes met mine!"

"Had you made up your mind to marry her?"

"God forgive me, I had not thought about it."

"You scoundrel!"

"Ask Pearlie if I am a scoundrel, Jack?"

"I have no doubt she worships you, you most unworthy wretch. She looks like just such a sweet, foolish little darling."

"Don't force me to call your attention to the tenth commandment again."

"Go on."

"I am ashamed to confess it, Jack, but for two hours in my life I was a villain—only two, though, and I am thirty-five years old: the proportion isn't so bad, is it? One morning it dawned upon me all at once the mischief I had been doing. And that very hour I told little Pearlie I was going away, and bade her good-by."

"What did she say?"

"Not a word; only put her little hand in mine for a moment, and turned back to her great ledger with a brave look, like the true New England girl she is. Then, Jack, I knew myself to be a scoundrel. But there was the imperial Judith waiting at Saratoga, worthy mate for the heir of all the Vanderburgs.

"At four that afternoon I jumped aboard the train bound westward. The mills were two miles below the station, and we must pass them on our way. My heart ached terribly when I thought of the sweet little girl I was leaving behind me, and I chose my seat in the car so that I could see the great building when we passed it, and perhaps catch a glimpse of her.

"As we neared it there seemed to be a great bustle and confusion—people running hither and thither, women screaming, and the clouds of steam and of smoke that usually floated around the building seemed increased a hundredfold. A curve in the road brought us full in front of the mills, and in a moment I saw that the largest of them, the one where my little Pearlie spent her weary days, was on fire. Dense clouds of smoke, mingled with tiny tongues of flame, were issuing from the windows, frightened operatives were rushing from the burning building, trampling each other under foot in their mad haste, and the whole scene was one of unutterable horror and dismay.

"The train was stopped. In a moment we were all on our way to the burning mill, I among the first. Ah! Jack, think what I felt when I heard a terror-stricken group of men crying out, 'Where is Miss Smith? She is nowhere to be found!' She was known to have been in the office when the alarm of fire was given, and had not been seen since. One prayer for safety from lips all too unaccustomed to such exercise, and I was in the midst of the burning building. Up the stairs I rushed like a madman, burst through the door of the office, and there, with her hands clasped and her head lying on the open page of her ledger, lay the girl I loved. In a moment I had my coat off, wrapped it over her head, and clasping her as closely as I could, lest those demoniac darting tongues of flame and falling cinders should touch her, I carried her down the burning, crackling stair-case safe into the fresh air. What a cheer they gave us, Jack! Then there was a dull rumbling sound, a crash, and myriads of sparks went shooting up like stars into the smoke-clouded air. One of the walls had fallen.

"But I do not remember anything further until I woke up and found myself in bed, with a little blue-eyed nurse bending over me with tender hands, one of which I kissed and captured and never lost sight of until I had decorated it with a wedding-ring. One day, Jack, when we were first engaged, I asked her why she made no attempt to get out of the mill when she heard the cry of 'Fire!' What do you suppose she told me? That I had gone away, and she thought it would be easier to die there in the fire than to live her life without me. Think of it, Jack. Just fancy the fair Judith allowing herself to be burned to death because her lover had left her! Ah, my little wife, my country daisy! I wish you could have seen her when I brought her home, so frightened at my magnificence, so over-awed by the grim-visaged Dutchmen looking down from their perches on the drawing-room walls. I was obliged to re-assure her by telling her that if she persisted in being so frightened, I should have to dispose of my ancestors as Charles Surface did. Fancy the first settlers knocked down at auction, so much per head!"

"But the imperial Judith?"

"The fire had burned all recollection of her out of my head. The pride of the Knickerbockers had also disappeared in the flames, and when I learned my little Pearlie's sad and simple history I think I loved her all the better for her humble, nameless birth. Her mother was a farmer's daughter, who married a strolling vagabond by the name of Smith. She afterward had reason to think the name was assumed, but she clung to him faithfully until he was found drowned under the mill one day; and then she died herself in giving birth to Pearlie, or Margaret, as they called her. Judith, friend Jack, still retains her maiden estate, though she replaced me in two weeks by a French count. Now if you are looking out for a wife—"

"Don't, my boy. Are there no more burning mills in New England? Those blue eyes haunt me. I want to see them again."

"I don't know whether I'll let you."

"Hark! isn't that a baby's cry?"

"Of course it is; a bouncing youngster, the honor of whose paternity I claim."

"Let's go and take a look at him."

"All right. I don't mind your admiring the child."

Arm in arm they go up stairs, where a little woman who is not a Knickerbocker kneels in maternal adoration before the cradle of a young tyrant who is.

—To the blessed eternity itself there is no other handle than this instant.

Comfort of the Cow.

At a late Dairy Convention at Elgin, Ill., President Faville made the following remarks on taking care of cows:

"I am not going into the detail of the care of dairy cows, but will lay down one general principle. This, I think, if carried out in the minutiæ, will secure the desired end. The principle is this: In everything consult, so far as possible, the comfort of the cow. Let all the arrangements that appertain to her keeping, such as food, drink, sheltert treatment, and general management, be such as shall tend to her comfort and quiet; then, and not till then, can we reasonably look for the best results. The question of feed for the dairy-cow is so important that I trust you will pardon me for taking time to urge it upon your attention. Breed is important but feed much more so. Persons about engaging in dairying look over the reports from this Association, or read the reports from some dairy in the agricultural papers. They see so many cows, kept, and from them so much money made, and they seem to forget all the rest. They go on and get the required number of cows, and when the end of the year comes they are obliged to divide the profits by two, for the reason that they have not well considered the business in all its detail. Many men (I will not say dairymen) seem to think anything is good enough for a cow. The warm side of a rail fence good enough shelter, a chance to feed at the straw-stack, with an occasional dressing of marsh-hay and a chance to run in the standing corn-stalks, good enough care and feed for the cow.

They seem to feel that grain fed to cows is almost thrown away. The horses and hogs must have all the grain, and leave the cows to take care of themselves. These are, in my opinion, very mistaken notions, for it costs only a little more to keep a cow well than in the manner I have described. Indeed, it costs only a little more to keep a cow upon grain than upon hay. Example: It will take one acre of good grass to furnish winter food for a cow. The same acre, if planted to corn and properly cultivated, will not only furnish winter fodder, but will furnish grain enough, if fed with the stalks in winter and the pasturage in summer, to give us a good flow of milk during the entire milking season, while the hay would have done little more than sustain the animal life.

The difference of cost, then, in the two methods of feeding, is the difference of expense in raising an acre of grass and an acre of corn. We have the same investment for land, and it is only the difference in labor, and when we strike the balance between the cost and profit, we shall find a large balance in favor of the grain.

THE YANKEE FARMER AND HIS WIFE.—But if they are silent they are not surly, give them time and they are amiable enough, and they are first and last honest. They do not ask too much for board, and they show some slow willingness to act upon a boarder's suggestions for his greater comfort. But otherwise they remain unaffected by the contact. They learn no greater glibness of tongue, or liveliness of mind, or grace of manner; if their city guests bring with them the vices of wine or beer at dinner and tobacco after it, the farmers keep themselves uncontaminate. The only pipe you smell is that of the neighboring Irishman as he passes with his ox-team; the gypsying French Canadians, as they wander southward, tipsy by whole families, in their rickety open buggies, lend the sole bacchanal charm to the prospect that it knows. These are of a race whose indomitable light-heartedness no rigor of climate has appalled, whereas our Anglo-Saxon stock in many country neighborhoods of New England seems weather-beaten in mind as in face; and this may account for the greater quick-wittedness of the women, whose in-door life is more protected from the inclemency of our skies. It is certain that they are far readier than the men, more intelligent, gracious, and graceful, and with their able connivance the farmer stays the adversity creeping upon his class, if he does not retrieve its old prosperity. In the winter his daughters teach school and in the summer they help their mother through her enterprise of taking boarders. The farm feeds them all, but from the woman's labor comes thrice the ready money that the land ever yields, and it is they who keep alive the sense of all higher and finer things, Heaven knows with what heroic patience and devoted endeavor. The house shines, through them, with fresh paper and paint; year by year they add to those comforts and meek aspirations towards luxury which the summer guest accepts so lightly when he comes, smiling askance at the parlor organ in the corner, and the black-walnut-framed chromo-lithographs on the walls.—W. D. HOWELLS, *in November Atlantic*.

THE CHINESE AT HOME.—The domestic and social life of the Chinese has perhaps, more features in common with Western nations than that of other Oriental peoples. Although polygamy exists among the wealthier classes, and their women generally live in seclusion, family life is much esteemed and cultivated among them. The first wife has the full control of the household, while the concubines are little more than servants and housemaids. The Chinese illustrate the relation by comparing the wife to the moon and the concubines to the stars, both of which, in their appropriate spheres, revolve around the sun. The utmost respect and obedience to the behests of their parents are enjoined to children. The betrothment of the children is entirely in the hands of the parents, and the obligation of the former to fulfill the contract made by the latter is enforced by law, even to the annulling of the agreement made by a son himself in ignorance of the arrangement of of his parents.

Cleanliness is not among the virtues of the Chinese, either in regard to their habitations or their persons. The poorest people do not change their garments until they are worn out. Their dress is neither so uniform nor so unchanging as is generally supposed. Fashions alter there as well as elsewhere, but not so rapidly as among European nations. If it were not for the shaven crown and braided tail of the men, and the crippled feet of the women, little fault could be found with their costume, combining, as it does, warmth and ease. The garments of the sexes differ more by their colors than by their shape and cut. The diet of the Chinese is sufficient in variety, wholesome and well cooked, though many of their dishes would appear insipid to the taste of Europeans and Americans. The proportion of animal food is smaller among them than among any other race in the same latitudes. Cooking is almost esteemed as a science in China. The Chinaman considers the Englishman's mode of feeding the nearest approach to that of the savages of Formosa; "for," says he, "the Englishman does the chief work of the slaughter-house upon his dinner-table, and he remits the principal work of the kitchen to his stomach."

HOW IT FEELS TO BE HANGED.—A Paris newspaper gives this extract from the notes of a young fellow who tried to commit suicide and was cut down before suffocation was complete. He was delighted to return to life, and it is noted that would-be suicides who are rescued from their self-sought fate rarely renew their attempts to shuffle off this mortal coil: "When I stood on the chair the mirror on the mantelpiece involuntarily attracted me, and I looked at myself as I fastened the slip knot around my neck. Blood flowed to my head, for my face was very red; something took place at the same time in my optic nerves, for it seemed to me that my face suddenly began to make grimaces. My eyes and nose changed places incessantly, like the pieces of a kaleidoscope. I kicked the chair from under me and fell with the sensation that I had been struck on the top of my head with a hammer. I did not at first feel the rope around my neck. The only very clear impression which followed the blow with the hammer on my skull was that of great heaviness in the head. It seemed to me that my head was larger and heavier on my shoulders than the great bell of Notre Dame. At the same time I felt an immense night falling in and around me. Then I felt extremely cold at my lower extremities, and at the same time an acute, terrible pain in my neck, which was produced by the rope, which cut my skin and sawed my veins. Then I felt nothing. Evidently this was the moment when my good Aunt Cecil entered the room and cut me down."

PACKED FOR THE OTHER WORLD.—A defunct Celestial was recently packed and ticketed through to China heaven by Mr. Wilson, the undertaker. The receptacle for the body was a costly casket, for that pendant pigtail had swung from a "way up" head during life. Around the body was packed an abundance of little pieces of paper, all spotted with gold, such as are seen scattered along the way when the defunct Mongolians are carried to the grave. These pretties are very glittering, and easily blown about by the wind, and are to attract the attention of the Chinese devils and give the deceased an opportunity to escape while his tormentors are in pursuit of them. The remaining emptiness of the casket was filled with pork, rice, chickens, candies, etc., upon which the dear departed is expected to feed while journeying to the unknown. He was also abundantly supplied with Chinese coins, with which to defray the expenses of the journey. In his mouth was placed a United States 10-cent piece, to show that he came from a land of civilization, and as a passport to better seats and society over there. Lastly, he had a fan placed in his hand with which to cool his heated brow, and as a badge of high rank in the land of his early nativity. With all this preparation he is expected to make a rapid and safe journey to the "Land of the Leal," and a triumphant entry into Kingdom Come.—*Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise.*

ENGLISH IVY.—The use of English ivies for the purpose of decorating living rooms is more extensive every year, and cannot be too highly commended. Being very strong they will live through any treatment; study their peculiarities, and manifest willingness to gratify them, and they will grow without stint. Most houses are too hot for them, as, indeed, they are for their owners. Neither plants nor people should have the temperature over sixty-five degrees Fahrenheit. Take care not to enfeeble your ivies by excessive watering or undue heat, and you will see they will not seem to mind whether the sun shines on them or not, or in what position or direction you train them. Indeed, so much will they do themselves to make a room charming, that we would rather have an unlimited number of them to draw upon than anything else in nature or art.

The English ivy growing over the walls of a building, instead of promoting dampness, as many persons would suppose, is said to be a remedy for it; and it is mentioned as a fact that in a room where damp had prevailed for a length of time, the affected parts inside had become dry when ivy had grown up to cover up the opposite side. The close, overhanging pendant leaves prevent the rain or moisture from penetrating the wall. Beauty and utility, in this case go hand in hand.—*Sanitarian.*

A Want Supplied.

The American mind is active. It has given us books of fiction for the sentimentalist, learned books for the scholar and professional student, but *few books for the people.* A book *for the people* must relate to a subject of universal interest. Such a subject is the physical man, and such a book "THE PEOPLE'S COMMON SENSE MEDICAL ADVISER," a copy of which has been recently laid on our table. The high professional attainments of its author—Dr. R. V. PIERCE, of Buffalo, N. Y.,—and the advantages derived by him from an extensive practice, would alone insure for his work a cordial reception. But these are not the merits for which it claims our attention. The Author is *a man of the people.* He sympathizes with them in all their afflictions, efforts, and attainments. He perceives their want—*a knowledge of themselves*—and believing that all truth should be made as universal as God's own sunlight, from his fund of learning and experience he has produced a work in which he gives them the benefits of his labors. In it he considers man in every phase of his existence, from the moment he emerges "from a rayless atom, too diminutive for the sight, until he gradually evolves to the maturity of those *Conscious Powers*, the exercise of which furnishes subjective evidence of our immortality." Proceeding upon the theory that every fact of mind has a physical antecedent, he has given an admirable treatise on Cerebral Physiology, and shown the bearings of the facts thus established upon individual and social welfare. The Author believes with Spencer, that "as vigorous health and its accompanying high spirits are larger elements of happiness than any other things whatever, the teaching how to maintain them is a teaching that yields to no other whatever," and accordingly has introduced an extensive discussion of the methods by which we may preserve the integrity of the system and oftimes prevent the onset of disease. Domestic Remedies—their preparation, uses, and effects—form a prominent feature of the work. The hygienic treatment, or nursing of the sick, is an important subject, and receives attention commensurate with its importance. Nearly all diseases "to which flesh is heir" are described, their symptoms and causes explained, and proper domestic treatment suggested. To reciprocate the many favors bestowed upon him by a generous public, the author offers his book at a price ($1.50) little exceeding the cost of publication. Our readers can obtain this practical and valuable work by addressing the author.—*From the New York Tribune.*

Remember This.

Now is the time of the year for Pneumonia, Lung Fever, Coughs, Colds, and fatal results of predisposition to Consumption and other Throat and Lung Disease. BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP has been used in this neighborhood for the past two or three years without a single failure to cure. If you have not used this medicine yourself, go to your Druggist, H. C. Willard & Co., and ask him of its wonderful success among his customers. Two doses will relieve the worst case. If you have no faith in any medicine, just buy a Sample Bottle of Boschee's German Syrup for 10 cents and try it. Regular size bottle 75 cents. Don't neglect a cough to save 75 cents.

FENN'S COMPOUND EXTRACT *of Barks and Roots for making Beer.*—This is just what your system needs at this season of the year, and will make a beverage that will be agreeable to the taste. Directions to make ten gallons of beer:—Add to this nine gallons of blood warm water, one gallon of Porto Rico molasses (other kinds will do but not as good) one pint of yeast, mix all well together, and fill the keg. Let it stand five or six hours, or until thoroughly fermented, then bung up, and in two hours it is fit for use. Try it. Only 25 cents per bottle.

FRANCIS FENN, Prop'r, Rutland, Vt.
Sold by all Dealers in medicines.

Railroads.

CENTRAL VERMONT RAILROAD.

SUMMER
ARRANGEMENT.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH

LEAVE BRATTLEBORO at 4:20 and 8:22 a. m.; 4:25 and 3:22 p. m.

MAIL TRAIN.—Leave St. Albans at 6:20 a. m., Brattleboro at 3:30 p.m.—connecting at New London with steamer for New York.

NIGHT EXPRESS.—Leave Ogdensburg at 12:40 p. m., Montreal at 3:30 p. m., St. Albans at 7:25 p. m., Brattleboro at 4:20 a. m., for Springfield, New York, &c.

MAIL TRAIN.—Leave White River Junction at 5:00 a. m., Brattleboro at 8:25 a. m., arriving at New London at 3:15 p.m.

MIXED TRAIN.—Leave White River Junction at 5:00 p. m., Rutland 2:30 p. m., arriving at Brattleboro at 9:40 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAIN.—Leave Brattleboro at 2:00 p. m.,—reaching Miller's Falls at 2:50 p. m.

GOING NORTH.

LEAVE BRATTLEBORO at 7:15 a. m., 10:30 a. m., 4:55 p. m., 10:20 p. m.

MAIL TRAIN.—Leave New London at 5:00 a. m., Brattleboro at 10:30 a. m., for White River Junction, Rutland, Burlington, St. Albans, Montreal, and Ogdensburg.

MIXED TRAIN.—Leave Brattleboro at 7:00 a. m., for Bellows Falls and White River Junction.

EXPRESS TRAIN.—Leave Miller's Falls at 11:35 a. m., arriving at Brattleboro at 12:24 p. m.

ACCOMMODATION TRAIN.—Leave New London at 6:25 a. m., Brattleboro at 4:55 p. m., for White River Junction.

NIGHT EXPRESS.—Leave Brattleboro at 10:20 p.m., for White River Junction, Rutland, Burlington, St. Albans, Montreal and Ogdensburg.

Pullman's Drawing Room and Sleeping Cars are run on night trains between Springfield and Montreal.

J. W. HOBART, Gen'l Sup't.
St. Albans, Vt., May 29, 1875. 39tf

FITCHBURG RAILROAD.

Vermont & Massachusetts Division.

TRAINS LEAVE BOSTON

(Fitchburg Depot, Causeway Street,) for Hoosac Tunnel at 11:10 a. m.
For Hoosac Tunnel and North Adams, at 11:10 a. m.
For Brattleboro, Greenfield and way stations, at 7:30 and 11:10 a. m., and 4:15 p. m.

LEAVE BRATTLEBORO

For Boston at 4:22 and 8:42 a. m., and 2:00 p. m.
For Hoosac Tunnel, North Adams, Troy and Saratoga, at 8:42 a. m.
For Hoosac Tunnel and North Adams, at 8:42 a. m.
Leave Greenfield for Turner's Falls at 6:25 and 9:50 a. m., 12:00 m., and 4:15 p. m.
Leave Turner's Falls for Greenfield at 8:00 and 10:35 a. m., 1:50 and 5:10 p. m.
The 8:42 a. m. and 2:00 p. m. trains from Brattleboro connect at Fitchburg with trains for Taunton, New Bedford and Providence; and at Gardner with trains for Worcester.

☞Passengers taking the 4:22 a. m. train from Brattleboro can have FIVE HOURS IN BOSTON and return same day.

C. L. HEYWOOD, Sup't.
C. R. COMEE, Ass't Sup't.
ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE,
FITCHBURG, Mass., Oct. 18, 1875.