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rest also, if you can." lostled anywhere on your way home?" "No, I felt nothing and did not miss the

I began to fear it had left London and the

But a little before ten o'clock next mornhis eyes all red and swelled with crying, and asked if this was the detective's office We all stared around and gazed at the little intruder. The strangest thing about the boy was his "shyness"-he was a mere shadow of a boy, though be had a prepos-

He was choking and shaking all over as blinding rush of tears came to his eyes and the beavy purse dropped at his feet. There was a strange silence in the room. Nobody rushed forward with a pair of handcuffs, or grasped him by the collar to hustle off to the cell. He was so small, so forlorn and pitiful looking.

I touched him gently on the shoulder. was not prepared for the change which this question produced. His face flushed up and tears burst out of his eyes, as he said :

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B. H. Eddy, Esq.—Dear Sir: You procured for me in 1840 my first patent. Since then you have acted for and advised me in hundreds of cases, and procured many patents, reissues and extensions. I have occasionally employed the best agencies in New York, Philadelphia and Washington, but I still give you almost the whole of my business, in your line, and advise others to employ you.

Yours truly,
Boston, Jan. 1, 1871.

Level 19. me 'Little Jinks' now. That's why I ran away from the 'House.' But I pitched into them before I left-not for that, but for something else." And the recollection seemed to afford the little fellow a kind of fierce pleasure.

I suppose your mother was pretty poor, Willie-not well off-eb ?" "That's it, sir," he cried with a sudden

"That's how she died-I'm sure of it-

Miscellany.

The Boy Abraham

A LEGEND.

The sire of Abraham. Tersh by name,
Made idols for his tribe, selling the same
To whomsoever wasted. Now, one sky,
Having work other where, he went sway
Leaving the lad in charge. The first to call
Was an old man, who gravely priced them all,
And picked one out to buy. "Old man, tell me
Thine age," asked abraham. "Three score," said he
"Art thou three-score, and yet no while shaused
In half a dozen hours? I marvel much
That one should bend his hoary head to such
A baby god!" At this, abler's cunning framed
In half a dozen hours? I marvel much
The man in demne banshment left him. Next
Came in a woman, serious-fased, to bring
Of siesh and loaves and frait an offering.
"Freed them thyself," laughed Abraham, "and see
How fast they est!" Whereat right joyrally
She parcelled each its chare. Then did he take
A cline of atone, and, eleverly saming, brake
In myriad places e-u; indo but
The inspeat, in whose fat he shyly put
The weapon. Terrified, the woman fied;
And when Terah returned and saw, he said:
"What implients thing is here? Go get me rods
To accurge who thus hath dared alasas the gods!"
"Nay, father," spake the youth, "while thou wast gone
A woman brought them victuals; whereupon
The younger gods began to eat, and se
Eurraged the eldest, with one beavy blow
He smashed their heads," "Out on thee for a liar!"
Cried Terah angrily. "Willi mock by sire?
Du I not know these neither eat not drink,
Hear not with ears, nor see with eyes, not think T'
"And yet," urged Abraham, "expectes thou
That I to such mere dummine mean to bow?
Then Terah for his crime had Asraham cunt
Forthwith before the Judge for punishment.
And Siarrid asked the youth: "Hat thou wuch ire
Against thy father's gods? Then worship fire."
"Way may I not to water pray," said he,
"Chai quenched fire?" "Well, then, so left it be;
Fray to the water. "Tet why not, instead,
Unto the clouds that water held?" he said.
"Well, then, to them." "Hut to the wind, why not.
That sways the clouds as sweyeth the my did.
Before a Mightier than they I fall—
Him only wi

They loved and laughed, they kissed and chaffed, They threw the happy boars away; That's the way the world goes round— That's the story of Yesterday. They talk of fate, and calculate, And keep accounts, and measure, and weigh; That's the way the world gues round— That's the story of To-day.

They'll see on high, in yonder sky.
The God whose power destroyeth sorrow;
That's the way the world gees round.
That's the story of To-morrow.

LITTLE JINKS.

An Experience of a London Detective. I never could be barsh with any one havng a real love for his mother; more, the moment that I saw his case was a deservng one, I was ready to exert myself to the utmost to help him out of the mire. My own mother had a hard struggle to keep her harum-scarum boy in order; but soonor than cause a tear to gather in her eye, ! would have chopped off my right hand, bis hole and not come in among gentleshe was my idol whom I used to worship men?"

nolds, here—stop—if you say another word about pressing the case, as you call it, I'll in secret; and many a time when she thought me fast asleep, I have been peeping out from the blankets, watching her sewing, and wishing that I were strong enough and big enough to work for her myself. But let me explain. I received the following note one morning as I entered the

"I missed my purse when I reached home, so my pocket must have been picked somewhere between the Mansion House

and Finsbury Square." and Finsbury Square."

This brief communication was signed by a well-known banker, a jolly old bachelor living in Finsbury Square. He was a little man and inclined to be fat; but he had a large warm heart-as I had discovered long before-and seemed to live in a kind of genial atmosphere, marked by everybody and envied by none. I soon felt a nomentary surprise that a thief had found it in his heart to victimize such a man.

Calling at his house, the following en-"It is not so much the money that concerus me," he said; "though the loss of the inner pocket I had stowed away some papers and an old memorandum which I shall miss very much. If you just get me

them, you can let the poor wretch keep the This proposal was against all law and orler, and he must have known it; but I had

to remind him of the fact. "Ab, yes, I know," he said in his quick way with a merry smile. It's against the law of course, but you detectives can easily stretch a point when you have a mind o; and besides, I only throw out the hint.

Get the contents of the inner pocket-the "You did not feel yourself tugged or

purse till I came." After eliciting all the facts I could in conncction with the matter I returned to the office, determined to work with a will to trace his purse and its content. But I did not even hear of it. No one among my numerous acquintances seemed particular ly flush of money; the empty purse was not picked upanywhereor brought in; and

ing, while we were chatting away, a slim morsel of a boy made his appearance, with sessing little face, in spite of the blearing

effect of the crying.

Being answered in the affirmative he renained a moment silent, during which I could see, by the quivering of his lip, that he was struggling hard to appear manly and firm, while making his next speech; be then sudddenly produced the purse of Mr. S-, the banker, and hastily got out

"If you please, I'm a thief-and mother is dead, and I've come for you to put me in

"What's your name?" I asked; but I

"My name is Willie Bell, but they call

"Oh, so you ran away from the 'House,'

intelligence flashing out of his tearful

because sile hadn't enough to cat. I tried to save her by stealing the purse after I ran away from the home; but when I got bome-she couldn't est-and she died with-

He appeared so anglous for a negative that I was forced to say:
"I don't think they will, Willie, because hat would be sure to make her unhappy-

rouldn't it?" This brought a fresh burst of sobbing and then be said: "I hope I'll be hanged. I want to die

now. It's no use living without mother, and everybody else is cruel. There's nobody to put their arms around me when I am hungry. I-I-I'm trying not to cry-I made it all up before I came that I wouldn't cry-but somehow I can't help it. It seems very hard that God should take her away, for I loved her so, and I'm such a

small boy."

I could not get out an answer, and no body else seemed ready to speak. I picked up the purse and motioned him to follow me into another room, and there poor Willie told me his mother's history, and a sad, ad history it was, It was the old story-a garret, pinching

want, and a hard struggle for bare life, which finally drove the mother into delirate health and the boy into one of the 'Homes" of London. But here poor Willie's troubles increased,

The boys of the "Home" crowded around the strange little arrival, and dubbed him 'Little Jinks." No rudeness or unkindness was meant-it was their custom, and he had to give up asking them to call him Willie, for "Little Jinks" they would have him, and nothing else. The first day pass-ed all well enough—be made one or two and unbroken, I told him little Jinks's stoacquaintances, and at night, when all were asleep, and the cold mosulight stole into the reader. As I have already indicated, the dormitory, he had a good cry, keeping he was of that decided class called soft his head muffled in the bedelothes to stifle

But fresh troubles were in store for him. In an evil hour he had confided to some of his new acquintances some particulars of his own life and history; and the next day, when he found them torturing one of their umber, a mute named Johnnie, he horritied them, releasing the sufferer, and daring them to touch him again.

An excited circle instantly formed around "It's Jinks, the beggar, the starved brat," spitefully answered the floored boy, gathering bimself up and wiping the blood from his nose, "Why couldn't he stay in

"Stuck up for Johnnie." "Ob, my! Ha! ha! ha!" and the jeerng laugh ran round all. "I don't care what you say," chokingly

"What's be done?"

returned Jinks, blushing to the ears, and then turning dangerously white. "You're pack of cruel brutes!" "Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the boys-'What a pity his mother isn't here. Ho!

"Don't speak of my mother; I warn you, don't I" said Jinks, with a strange flashing of the eyes. "Ho! ho! ho! Do you hear him? His

mother is a beggar, too,"
"Of course she is. He told me so, and my uncle threw her a farthing on the street one day. Ho! ho!" The last speaker didn't get his laugh out, for though he towered up tall and strong, Jinks had flashed through the air at his throat like a bloodhound. They fought long and fiercely, and small as he was

Jinks seemed to be getting the best of it, when one of the assistant masters suddenthat would be serious to a poor man, but in | ly appeared on the scene and put an end to And now Jinks experienced the danger of going against the majority. The small boy and himself gave the true version of

the story; the other boys, one and all gave quite a different one, and the majority carried the day. Jinks and Johnnie were taken in and caned till every bone in their body ached,

and then shut up in separate little rooms on the ground floor with a lunch of dry bread and a mug of water each. Poor Jinks thought it kigh time to make his escape from a place where he was miserable, and get back to his mother. In getting through the window of the room in which he was confined he fell to the ground and was considerably shaken. Before he could rise to his feet, his terror was

Increased by a policeman arriving on the "Oh, sir," be managed to gasp out, "I'm only little Jinks, you won't stop me? They beat me all over for nothing. But I didn't mind that, but they called my mother a beggar, and I'm running away from them. Mother will be glad if you will let me off,

The policeman looked down at the little atom with the torn shirt and stains of blood coming through, his pitiful face and wildly pleading eyes. He didn't shake him or grasp him roughly. No, he took the boy up in his arms. He tried to speak to him, but for a long time the words stuck in his throat, and when he did get them out they were strangely husky, and not at all harsh or unkind.

"Poor little fellow!" The unexpected words went straight to 'Little Jinks' " heart. If the man had kicked him, he would have been stone; but the kind words drew from him a convulsive sob, and must have sent his brain reeling, for the next thing he was conscious of was the policemon putting a sort of fiery stuff into his mouth out of a flask, and telling him to keep up a good heart for he

wouldn't let anybody touch him. They were friends in a moment. It ended, however, by the kind police nan carrying "Little Jinks" to his mothhe got the words out, but it was no use. A er; and the poor woman, when she heard the account, received him with open arms, and there he remained with ber until the day of her death, and the day, indeed, on which he stole the purse to keep her from starving.

> ing conversation took piace between them : 'Who gave it to you?" she managed to ask, and then a guilty, fearful remorse began to gnaw at "Little Jinks" heart. "A woman down there," he got out "But could you not get up and walk about, mother? You would look better then, and perhaps you could est."

When he brought the stolen purse io, he

found his mother dying. But the follow-

"No, Willie, dear. I'm afraid-" "Little Jinks seemed to see the words that were coming, and a great wail burst from him as he placed his little band on body fund does not help the country "Oh, mother don't say that or I'll die!"

how fast I'll go-and you'll be well tomorrow, won't you?" But she only strained him closer to her

"Pray after me Willie," she faintly whis pered, and then choking with grief and burning with a sense of shame, he repeated after her a little prayer that God w out knowing what I had done. Do you think they'll tell her in heaven that I stole have no mother to look after him, and

make him grow up to be a great and good After speaking the prayer "Little Jinks" had but one thought-how could be let his mother die without confessing his crime. Every moment it was at the tip of his tongue, but then be thought the awful news would strike her dead in his arms. He let her sleep on while he watched her

breathing. Toward morning she stirred slightly and opened her eyes.
"Klss me, Willie," she said.

It was only a whisper, but he heard every word. "Now put your arms around me-tighter, tighter.'

These were her last words. Her breathing got fainter and slower, and then ber eyelids drooped. Willie's screams brought in some of the neighbors.

They took him gently from the room and were kind and good to him, poor though they were; but when they fold him that his mother was away somewhere and would not be back for a white, he had such a wild burst of gricf that they were afraid of his slender ite. But he was calm at last, and then be insisted on going out-no, be would not tell where, but he would go. He slipped out when they were in the next room, and found his way to Scotland

Yard, and this ended his story. I didn't take him away and lock him in a cell. No. I took him home to my wife and then paid a visit to the banker. After ry pretty much as I have now put it before hearted, and long before I had finished be was blowing his nose, and wiping his eyes, and finally crying and sobbing like a child, But when I stopped and asked him if he wished to press the case, he started right back in his chair and looked perfectly

"Mr. Reynolds," he cried, "do you take me for a monster ?" "No," be added, after a minute. "I will not press it-nor will I let you press it. Do you hear me? I am determined. I will see Willie-you'll let me see him, won't you? I think I shall like Willie, and perhaps Willie might like me. This is a big house, too; he wouldn't fill up much space in it; and besides, he'd mebody to talk to, But, Mr. Reykill you on the spot!"

Singing for a Wife. Early in the spring we had put up a ren-house on our tall evergreen. It was a miniature house, only it had no windows, and had no roof to the plazzs; and for a door it had a round hole, just exactly big enough for a wren, and no bigger, else the bluebirds would have taken it for theirs. Now they could not get in, and only a dear wee brown wren could have it. Our Gretchen was delighted, and danced up and down before it most of the time. She was afraid she could not see the birds take possession By the middle of June the wrens were in town, flitting around old mossy apple trees and singing everywhere. "Will they nev-er come here?" said impatient Gretchen. Very early one morning there was a new song among the robins and finches. Gretchen rushed down, in her nightgown. Yes, there he sat on the ten of the bird-house. pouring out a flood of song. He broke off the dearest house. How happy my wife and I will be here!" This reminded him

that he had no wife yet; so he flew to the tree-top, haply to call her. Perched among the sweet-smelling boughs, up against the sky, he sang as if he would split his very throat, "Come, my dearie; O come to me !" Across the fields floated the song and netrated the thick shade of the orchard. But she did not hear, dld not come. Again he inspected his house, and again he sang with a courageous heart. Jenny came not. He flew to the orchard, and from every tree-top we could hear his song long and fond. The second day the merry bachelor prepared for his bride by bringing sticks and arranging them carefully within the tenement. "Oh!" said he, "I have the snuggest house, high up above the reach of the cats. Come, wifey-come, Jenny!" Thus day by day the little fellow called nd entreated with a stout heart. Gretchen fidgeted and wondered where the Jennies could keep themselves, when such a charming companion was to be had. The days grew long and dry and hot. Blue mists hung over the mountains, but no rain fell. Swallows swam the air in two and threes. The fatherly robin flew back and forth at his happy work. The blackbirds taunched their young brood into life with great ado. Only the wren had no mate. We fancied a sudness crept into the notes, and he seemed to sing wearily, waiting and calling all day long for a companion that came not. Those two weeks mus-

have been as long to him as two years to One day we were all gone for a walk except Gretchen, who sat on the front doorstep in sight of the bird-house. We were away for a long time, strolling on the river banks. Presently we saw Gretchen running toward us. She came up flushed and happy, her very heart in her mouth. She caught hold of her father, pulled his head lown and whispered something in his ear. He laughed, turned, and whispered the same aloud to us:

"Wrenny's wife has come," We hastened home to see; and there she truly was, as quiet as a mouse, listening while he in rapture expatiated on all the delightful qualities of the house, and laid himself and possessions at her feet. She graciously accepted him, in proof thereof taking out every stick he had put in, throwing them away as so much trash, throwing them away as so much trash. Her manner said, "What do you bachelors know of housekeeping?" So she built her own nest and raised her brood of six, and brought them out in good order without a single mishap, And Gretchen saw it all.—Rural New Yorker.

The Bev. D. D. Dodge, formerly of New Hampshire, but for six years at work among the colored people of North Carolins as an agent of the American Missionary Association, tells the Nashua Telegraph that the freed people are not so enthusiastic for education as they were, that the Peas hools which most need its help, that the whites really recognize the importance of he wildly said. "Pil run for a doctor-oh, educating all classes, that everybody is poorer than we at the North bave any conception of, and that the intelligent colored bost thing for their race.

STRANGE STORY CONNECTED WITH THE FINDING OF A DEAD BODY NEAR PHILA-

On the 22d of February last the remains of a man were discovered under a heap of rubbish near the Granger Centennial cucampment on the Pennsylvania railroad in the vicinity of Philadelphia. There was no evidence that murder had been done, but the authorities commenced an investigation, with no other clews than the suspicious circumstances under which the body was found, and a mark upon the shirt in dicating that it had been made in Bleffield, Prussia. A letter addressed to the town authorities there elicited the fact that a man

authorities there elicited the fact that a man named Holle of that town had been missing since the Centennial. Holle, however, about missing since the Centennial. Holle, however, about missing since the Centennial. Holle, however, about missing the teletectives of his identity.

The next fact that transpired was in a letter from the proprietor of a coffee house in Berlin, Prussia, stating that his son Max Hochne had enigrated to New York last September, and giving a foll description of his person. This description agreed with that of the corpse, which had been supposed to be that of Holle. The letter also stated that young Max had a cousin to New York whom he had visited prior to visiting the Centennial, and that since be had been missing the father had received letters, evidently not in his son's handwriting, asking him to remit blim some money. With the aid of this cousin and a decoy letter the police were not long to getting their hands upon one Heinrich Whaten, who was an inmate of the Kings county penitentlary. upon one Heinrich Whalen, who was an in-mate of the Kings county penitentiary, Brooklyn, N. Y. Wahlen is described as a smart young fellow, a native of Germany and about 27 years of sge. When charged with the crime he denied all knowledge of Hoehne, but when confronted with the proofs against him he admitted that he had met him upon several occasions. Then the mardered man's effects were discovered, which latter had evidently suggested and gided the forgery of the letter to the father, sided the forgery of the letter to the father, whereby with great adroitness the writer had assumed the victim's name.

whereby with great adroliness the writer had assumed the victim's name.

It happens very rarely that a case of returder is more plainly made out from circumstantial evidence than this, but yet there are great doubts entertained by those who have seen the man charged with the crime and heard his story. He says he met the murdered man last November in New York, being attracted to him by hearing him speak of familiar places in Germany; and some conversation was had at that time. Subsequently he met him at a German saloon in Philadelphia, and while drinking beer together the murdered man informed him that he had no money and was going to write home for some, but must have some to live upon in the meanime. Wablen says he then lent him \$5 or \$6, and took the check of the Pennsylvania railroad company for security. He came to New York a few days afterwards, bringing the trunk with him, and says he never ing the trunk with him, and says he never saw Hoehne again. As he did not redeen the trunk Wahlen soid the clothing, which consisted of shirts marked "M. H.," being

the trunk Wahlen sold the clothing, which consisted of shirts marked "M. H.," being hard up for money, and retained the other trifles, which were a diary, album, passport, and some letters and papers of no value. He does not deny that he wrote to the father of the mordered man, impersonating his son, at the same time not knowing the son was dead; but when confronted with the question why should be take such a fearful risk, as, if fiving, the son would have written himself, and the fraud could not have succeeded, his only reply was, "I was hard up and took the risk."

The theory of the detectives is that Whalen committed the murder; that he had an accomplice, who culied Hochne to the spot where the body was found, and killed him to obtain his money and clothes, and then to extract money from his family by personating the victim; but the presistency of the man's denial and the ingenuity of his story throw around all the circumstances of the case shadows of doubt as to the guilt or innocence of the man which it is to be hoped an impartial trial will disnet.

or innocence of the man which it is to be hoped an impartial trial will dispel. Malarial Fevers in the Connecticut Val-

Dr. Barrows of Hartford, president of the Connecticut medical society, read a paper fore it at Thursday's niecting, upon the pouring out a flood of song. He broke off increasing prevalence of malarial or ty-auddenly and popped in the round hole; phoidal fevers in the Connecticut valley, a then came out and sat on the plazza and subject which has a practical interest for sang again. "Out" he was saying, "this the people of this vicinity. From historical records, Dr. Barrows concludes that malarial fevers were generally prevalent at the time of the first settlement of the valley, as is the general rule with new coun- for him to reappear, she slowly sauntered tries. Subsequently, as the country became peopled, they largely disappeared, came peopled, they largely disappeared, remaining sporadic in localities subject to specially malarial influences. During the first haif of the present century, they had pretty nearly disappeared, as an indigenous disease, from the region. But within the last twenty years, and especially within the present decade, they have become again so prevalent the whole length of the valley as to excite the most serious attention among the faculty, and at times to cause a popular panic in afflicted localities. Dr. Barrows expresses the belief that this return and increasing prevalence of malarial disease is owing to what the faculty call a change in the diathesis of the population of the valley, which in plain Eaglish means a change in the human constitution which readers. lish means a change in the human consti-tution, which renders it more susceptible tution, which renders it more susceptible to certain sorts of disease. That such a change, inclining the inhabitants of the Connecticut Valley to debilitating fevers, has been gradually taking place during the early part of this century, is a well established fact, and it appears to Dr. Barrows fully to account for the increasing spread of typhoidal, neuralgic, dysenterial, and other material diseases. One striking indication of this increased malarial tendency is seen in the recognized fact that quincy is seen in the recognized fact that quin ine may now be given in doses which would have been called beroic a generation lue may now be given in doses which would have been called heroic a generation ago. From this theory of the cause he thinks it safe to make the uncomfortable prediction that towns and cities which have heretofore suffered from malarial fevers must expect to be yet more severely visited in the future. But while the change of constitutional tendency on the part of the people cannot be arrested, much may be done by a more careful attention to sanitary measures to prevent it from being excited to active manifestation. Among the precautions against malaria which he recommends are that all decaying refuse should be cleared from cities and from near houses, that clay boltomed lands should be drained, that the waters of streams and ponds should be so enclosed as not to leave broad expanses of mud bottom at low water, also that such malaria absorbing frees as the pine, be planted on the windward side of ponds and rivers. He especially recommends the common sun-flower as one of the best absorbents of malaria in the world, and arges that it be extensively planted in malarial districts. The union. world, and urges that it be extensively planted in malarial districts. The upturn-ing of soil is hot weather, by excavations in streets or lots, has been found to be an almost certain producer of malaria, and Dr. Barrows would have city governments prevent the disturbance of the soil by pub-lic works during hot dry weather.

The Russian war has not prevented the Turkish authorities at Constantinople from issuing an edict with reference to woman's apparel. The head of the police at Constantinopie sees "with regret that certain Turkish women, unmindful of their dignity, walk about the streets and bazaars attired in a manner not at all in keeping with the established usages and regulations. Their feredjes, instead of being of a sombre and uniform tlut, are dyed with the most varied and fantastic colors. Their yashmaks, instead of forming a veil of thick material, are made of light gauze. Their feet, instead of being shod in the ancient and simple yellow slipper, are confined in rididulous and uncomfortable boots of Frankish origin. All this must at once disappear." In consequence, the Minister of Police announces that he has the Sulmen feel that the President's policy is the best thing for their race. tan's orders to put an end to a speciacie by nature, shortening results and the dewhich is described as being "offensive in formity no longer exists.

| Interest | Inter

"Murder Will Out."

the eyes of respectable people;" and he has appointed a number of muffetichs, or secret police, to keep watch in the street and bezasts. Any Turkish lady found wearing either of the srticles of attire prohibited will be followed by one of these agents, whose duty it will be to obtain her name and address, whereupon the Minister of Police will notify her family that she is not to be allowed to go out in future unless she is properly dressed. In the event of her transgressing a second time, she will be condemned to pay a fine. Simultaneously with this order appears another, in which the Minister of Police complains that the Prophet's orders to say prayers five times a day were habitually neglected. When the mnezz'ns call the faithful to prayers many remain in the courtyard of the mosque playing cards, backgammon, etc., to the great scandal of the faith. Such

> ardly men, who tried to cover up the cold-blooded desertion of their families by makng it appear that they were murdered or dead, have lately been identified in Louisville, Ky. One of them is Farmer Buckhorst of Lawrenceburg, Ind., who five years ago sold his farm for cash and then bined, and the life of Honson furnished was suddenly missing. On a neighboring oad was found the farmer's coat and shirt torn to shreds along with evidences of a fearful struggle. Of course the theory was that the farmer had been tourdered for his money, and an old man living in the vicinity, who happened to have a suspicious tist telegraphed an agent to purchase it, amount of ready cash, came near being lyached by an excited vigilance committee as the murderer. But the mystery remained and the man was mourned as dead by his poverty-stricken wife and children, until a few days ago Buckhorst was discovered by an old neighbor driving back in Louisville, where he is now living with | will have 6200 pipes, or 1000 more pipes another woman, and talks about his old than the famous Boston Music ball organ, scapade as a good joke. The other case of which is at present the largest in America. desertion is that of Mat Schott, who a few years since ran away from Yorkville, Ind., eaving a wife and five children and \$1000 ly ruined the growing grain that the n bad debts. He made it appear to all ground had to be replowed and planted in in bad debts. He made it appear to all concerned that he was drowned. His family was thrown upon the town, and finally drifted to the county poor-house, from which they have just been rescued by the death of Schott's father, who left them over \$15,000. Learning of this fact, Schott Junor's cupidity has induced him to come out of his hiding-place near Louisville, where he has been living with another woman, and put in his claim to his father's estate.

are some of the internal complications

which attend the attack of the Muscovite

DEAD MEN COME TO LIFE,-Two cow-

and unnerve the hands of the authorities.

ecently pushing an iron lawn roller around a yard on Weodward avenue, when an old lady came along, leaned up against the fence and watched him for awhile, and then called out-

"Say, mister, what are you pushing that "T rol panors To roll the lawn," he answered. "What do you want to roll the lawn for?"

"To make it level."

due continued. "That's what I was ordered to do," be uswered, as he wiped away the perspira-"But what did they order you to do it

"What do you want to make it level for ?"

"Why, they think a smooth lawn looks the best, I suppose." "Why do they think a smooth lawn looks he best ?" she persisted.

"I haven't time to talk," he said, as he started ap again. "Why haven't you time to talk?" she shouted.

"Go'n ask the boss?" he yelled. "Why shall I go'n ask the boss?" she creamed. He disappeared behind the house to get rld of her, and after waiting tive minutes off, muttering: "Some folks are so smart and stuck up that you can't get within a mile of 'em onless you blaze all over with

diamonds "- Detroit Free Press. A NEW NARROW-GAUGE RAILBOAD,-The Billerica and Bedford twenty-fourinch-gauge railroad, about which so much interest and cariosity is entertained, is now being rapidly constructed, so as to warrant the statement of Manager Mansfield that the rails will all be laid by July 1. The stock is all subscribed for, the town of Billerica taking a quarter part of it, and the citizens of that town the greater part besides giving the right of way. The road Billerica, passes through the central part of the beautifully situated old town and its entire southwestern length near the Bodford and Concord railroad, giving a direct rail communication through Lexington and Arlington to Boston. It has been demonstrated in Wales and pronounced by experts that this narrow gauge, with its road furniture to correspond in size and weight, is just as practicable as one double the width, while the cost of construction and remove access we clean in preparmore than \$20,000,000 from diseases of the reported loss was in Illinois, while Misand running expenses are cheap in propor-tion. This road is the first one of the kind and have nearly as large a percentage of iton. This road is the first one of the kind in this country, and has a special act of the legislature. The cost of the whole 84 miles of road, with all its equipments ready for running, will not exceed the amount of its capital stock of \$50,000. Its auccess will cause a new era in building cheap branch roads in this country, where expensive wide-gauge roads fail to pay the expense.—

Boston Advertiser 20th inst.

At the War Department it is not conidered that any emergency exists in Utah which would require additional troops to be sent to that Territory. Information recived from milliary officers there does not sustain the sensational report recently printed with reference to a threatened upising among the Mormons. It is believed the present force of troops in Utah is amply sufficient to prevent any lawlessness. Gov. Emery has expressed himself to this effect in private letters recently received at Washington. At military head quarters, the urgent appeals made for additional troops are regarded as being prompted more by the desire of sutlers and post traders to increase their business than from any hostility threatened by the Mormons,

-The Dublin Medical Journal commends the following liquid nourishment for sick stomachs: An egg, well beaten up, to which add one pint of good milk, one pint f cold water, and salt to make it palatable; let it then be boiled, and when cold any quantity of it may be taken. If it

turns into curds and whey it is useless. -A novel method has recently been devised for obviating the deformity arising from limbs of unequal length. As it is impossible to make a short limb longer, distinguished surgeons have succeeded in making a long limb shorter. Apparatus has been contrived, by means of which a peculiar fracture of the femur (thigh bone) is produced. When the lujury is repaired

-It takes \$106,000,000 worth of liquors year to assuage the thirst of New York

city. -- Gold which assays \$3000 a too, is ree mine near Dahlonega, Ga. -The fallures of the last year in the Uni-

ed States have been far fewer and smaller in amount than in England or Canada. -Subscriptions have been started for a monument to Cornelia Chisolin, the young Mississippian who lost her life in defend

ing her father.
-The will of William Palm, a prominent German citizen of St. Louis who died at Rome in 1870, bequeaths the bulk of his estate, amounting to about \$100,000, to Wash

-United States officers have destroyed 30 illicit stills, captured 1000 gallons of whisky and arrested nine men in Wilkes

county, N. C., within the past fortnight. -A New York firm has wasted \$100,000 n experiments to find out how to die plush for silk hats. The best that can be produced in America turns brown under a hot iron, bence the high price of silk hats.

-Harriet Beecher Stowe says that neither the Rev. Josiah Henson nor any other man was the original of Uncle Tom. Traits and incidents of various people were comsome of them. The picture is not a por-

iralt.

—A Scotch Bohemian fooled all Great
Britain by writing up an account of the actual capture of the mythical sea-serpent, giving all the dimensions, etc. A scienbut soon got answer that the whole thing

was a boax.

--Hook & Hastings of Boston have secured the contract for building the great organ in the new Springer Music ball at Cincinnati. The instrument will be among the three or four largest in the world, and -A frightful bail storm visited Pendle

ton, S. C., a few days ago, and so complete-

corn or peas. The hall stones varied in size from a buckshot to a hen's egg, and in one locality were so heavy as to instantly kill a horse while attached to a carriage, -Gen, Grant is the first ex-president to ge to foreign parts since the days of Frank Pierce. Of the 19 presidents, Washington Madison, Jackson, Harrison, Tyler, Polk, Taylor, Lincoln and Johnson never cross-

ed the ocean. Those who visited foreign lands were John Adams, Jefferson, Monroe, Quincy Adams, Van Buren, Fillmore, Pierce and Buchanan, -A remarkably cool-headed and fearless weman of Covington, Ky., in order to prevent her dog, which had suddenly gone mad, from running loose and biting anybody, got it into the house and held it down by the throat for more than two

hours until her busband came home. The dog was then taken to the river and drown-One of the stipulations of the postalcard contract is that the manufacture shall be carried on in a perfectly fire-proof building, and a commission finds that the Tribune building in New York, where the American Phototype company propose to print the cards for lour years from July 1,

upon the acceptance of their bid, fills the - A pious ben crawled into a Methodist church in Jefferson City, Mo., a week ago Sunday, and laid an egg in the contribution box. While the minister was making an earnest appeal to his congregation for foreign inissions the ben suddenly left her nest, and, presenting herself in the chancel, cackled most energetically. The descons discovered the egg when they went for-

-His imperial Majesty, Dom Pedro of Brazil, is "doing" Europe in the same manner in which he did this country last year. He is seeking information personally from all quarters, visiting factories and institutions of learning everywhere, and seems to think less of the punctillos of European royalty than of his ewn comfort. He is said to have shocked aristocratic taste by wearing a black cravat at an imperial reception in Berlin.

Moulton of Kittanning, Pa., is the subject of as remarkable rejuevenation as if she had dipped in the fabulous fountain of youth. Within the last two years, her hair, which for a long time had been pure white, has darkened gradually until it has nearly recovered its original color, and not only that, but all her mental faculties have an peared to receive a new impulse, and she can read without the aid of glasses. -The statistician of the department of agriculture reports the destruction of 4,000,-000 animals of all ages, and a money loss of

swine during the past year. One-fifth of

souri and Indiana together lose \$10,000,000;

Florida, Alabama, Mississippi and Louist-

-- The 104-year-old mother of Judge

loss in numbers, aggregating \$1,500,000 but in New England the losses have been very small. -The 56-ton breech-loader shown by Herr Krupp at the centennial exhibition a year ago has been purchased by the Russian government and delivered at Cronstadt. It fires a charged steel shell of 1123 pounds with an initial velocity of 1500 feet a second. The soltan has ordered a comople. When this gun was exhibited in Philadelphia, it was the largest breechloader in the world, but Krupp, anxious to prove that cast-steel guns can be manufac tured on a scale to vie with the heaviest wrought-iron ordnance, is now finishing at Essen an 80-ton gun. This is about the weight of the great Fraser gun with which the British engineers have been for several months experimenting at Woolwich and Shoeburyness. It falls short of the 100-ton Armstrong guns which are being manufactured for the Italian navy. The Prusslan gunmaker is not to be outdone; he is willing to make - 124-ton breech-loader if

It is a funny circumstance, and illus trates the changes as time twirls, that 12 years ago this spring Key surrendered in North Carolina, and actually hired a mula and rented ground and raised a crop that aummer to get money to take his family to Chattanooga. He did not return to east Tennessee until fall, after he had realized from his corn crop. What confederate money he had was, of course, utterly worthless. And after he had sold his crop there was still not money enough to take his family around by rail (which was several hundred miles), so he rigged up a wagon, in conjunction with another family, and in this primitive style the present posttains to east Tennessee .- Tennessee Letter.

some nation will give him a chance