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EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS

— IN —

Colored Dress Silks, 50c a Yard.

Black Dress Silk, $1.00 a Yard.

Cannot be duplicated!

IN

SPRING AND SUMMER

DRESS FABRICS

Are now ready to show the most attractive and comprehensive assortment I have ever offered in Brattleboro. Elegant line of novelties in Ladies' Skirts at $2.50, 2.25, 2.00, 1.75 and 1.50. Special value in Skirts at 50 cts., 75c., 95c., $1, 1.25, 1.40. Big bargains in Lace Buntings and Nun's Vellings. More novelties in Roman, Venetian and Ombra Stripes, for combinations, than is usually found outside New York or Boston.

Handsome new things now in Outside Garments of latest design---"Haverlocks," Ulsters, Dolmans, Walking Jackets. Also, one line Children's Jackets.

Lot of new Curtain Laces at 62, 45, 35, 30, 25, 20, 15, and three patterns at 12 1-2 cents a yard.

New designs in Cretonnes.

New things opening all the time.

N. I. HAWLEY.

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"Inventors cannot employ a person more trustworthy, or more capable of securing for them an early and favorable consideration at the Patent Office. EDMUND BURKE, late Commissioner of Patents."

Boston, Oct. 19, 1876.

R. 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, GEORGE DRAPER

Boston, Jan. 1, 1881. 1

"The Milk Problem."

THE subscriber, having a large stock of the best Jersey cows that can be found in Windham county, and can therefore furnish the best milk that is put upon the market, will supply all responsible customers for the old price of 8 cents per quart. Skim milk from the Cooley Creamer, having all the keeping qualities of new milk, and buttermilk, delivered at 2 cents per quart. I will also deliver milk to my customers morning or evening, or both, as they prefer.

5tf F. C. NEWTON

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GRAND OPENING — OF — SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES.

FRESH STOCK OF CROCKERY JUST ARRIVING.

BEST LINE OF BOOTS & SHOES Ever kept in stock, both Ladies' and Gents'.

PAINTS AND OILS—GRASS SEED—FORKS, HOES AND SHOVELS.

Large Sales of Paper Hangings.

PALMLEAF BUSINESS STEADILY INCREASING.

☞Goods not in stock furnished at short notice.

EATON & NEWELL.

O. L. MINER TO THE FARMERS.

SOLUBLE Pacific Guano.

Second to none. I sold upwards of seventy tons last year, and everybody satisfied. Company's sales for 1880, **43,000 Tons.** Always proves the most reliable. Send for pamphlets containing directions for use and testimonials from all parts of New England and New York. It is also in the hands of reliable agents about the county.

ALSO THE

The best implement yet invented for preparing the soil for seeding and planting. Also

HAKE'S SWIVEL PLOW,

The new BOSS HORSE HOE, CULTIVATOR AND WEEDER.

The BUCKEYE MOWER and ITHACA and YANKEE HORSE-RAKE.

O. L. MINER.

14-21

Sewing Machines.

THE NEW HOME

Has no equal for family work, and is so simple a child can use it.

THE WHITE MACHINE

Is the quietest running machine made.

We are also Agents for all the Leading Machines.

And if you are in want of a machine, do not fail to give us a call and examine the several makes before buying elsewhere.

We keep **NEEDLES, OIL, ATTACHMENTS** and **PARTS** of all machines constantly on hand.

Repairing a specialty. All work warranted.

DUNKLEE & FAY.

J. A. CHURCH, MANUFACTURER OF

Doors, Sash & Blinds, WINDOW AND DOOR FRAMES, MOULDINGS, Inside Finish & Stair Rails.

PLANING, JOINTING AND MATCHING, *SCROLL SAWING & TURNING* DONE TO ORDER.

SHINGLES, LATH, . . CLAPBOARDS, Building and Finishing Lumber, SPRUCE KAVE SLOTS,

Wood Fitted for the Stove, KINDLINGS, ETC., Constantly on hand.

Shop and Yard on Flat Street, opposite Brattleboro Manufacturing Co. ☞Office at Shop. Orders by mail or otherwise promptly attended to. J. A. CHURCH.

Brattleboro, Nov. 21, 1877. 6m47

INTERNATIONAL Pavement Co. First Mortgage Bonds, WITH A BONUS OF STOCK.

The pavement made by this company has met with the highest favor, both in this country and in Europe, and it is considered to approach perfection more nearly than any other.

The works of the company are at Providence, R. I., and Hastings, N. Y., and the needs of its business will soon require additional ones at Chicago and other large cities.

Negotiations are now pending with capitalists in London and Paris for the right to manufacture and use the pavement in those cities.

Few enterprises now on the market promise as profitable business as this one.

The company require additional means to extend their facilities for manufacturing, and offer for sale the second $100,000 of their 6 per cent. bonds (convertible into stock) at par and interest. These bonds carry a bonus of stock, which is fixed for the present at FIFTY PER CENT.

Pamphlets and full information furnished, and subscriptions received, by

THE CORBIN BANKING COMPANY, 43 Milk Street, Boston. tfil

Castoria—35 Doses 35 cents. A Mothers' remedy for sleepless and irritable Children. The Recipe of Old Dr. Pitcher, Free from Morphine, and not Narcotic. Formula published with each bottle. For Flatulency, assimilating the food, Sour Stomach, Feverishness, Worms, and Disordered Bowels, Castoria has the largest sale of any article dispensed by Druggists.

ASH-TONIC

A Perfected Purifier of the System

Tonic.—"Increasing the strength, obviating the effects of debility, and restoring healthy functions." —WEBSTER.

For **Indigestion,** and Dyspepsia, the many forms of **Liver Complaint,** Impure and Impoverished **Blood,** and Functional Derangements attendant upon Debility, and for **Building up** the weak, **Ash-Tonic** is doubtless the most prompt and certain remedy yet devised. In **1-2 lb.** bottles, **75** cents; Six bottles, $4. Accredited Physicians and Clergymen, who may desire to test the Tonic, will be supplied with not exceeding six bottles, at **one-half** the retail price, money to accompany the order. Sold by Druggists, and by D. B. Dewey & Co., 46 Dey St., N. Y.

CENTAUR Liniment.

The most **Powerful, Penetrating** and **Pain-relieving** remedy ever devised by man. It soothes Pain, it allays inflammation, it heals Wounds, and it cures

RHEUMATISM,

Sciatica, Lumbago, Scalds, Burns, Stiff Joints, Cuts, Swellings, Frost bites, Quinsey, Salt Rheum, Itch, Sprains, Galls, and **Lameness from any cause.** Sufferers from

PAIN IN THE BACK, Fever Sores, Eruptions, Broken Breasts, contracted Cords, Neuralgia, Palsy or dislocated limbs; and owners of **horses,** planters, mechanics, merchants and professional men everywhere, unite in saying, that

CENTAUR LINIMENT

brings relief when all other Liniments, Oils, Extracts and Embrocations have failed.

The Undersigned

Having taken possession of the Store lately occupied by

A. J. SIMONDS,

Would say to the citizens of Brattleboro and vicinity that we can be found at

No. 49 Main Street,

Six days each week (extraordinaries excepted,) where we will show our goods and quote prices that we think will give you satisfaction.

We expect to take in exchange for goods most kinds of Farmers' Produce at the very best price the market affords.

We are receiving a fresh line of JAPAN TEAS, both colored and uncolored. Also OOLONGS that we think are hard to beat.

A full line of goods usually kept in a first-class Grocery store.

☞Come and See Us.☜

WALKER & HOWE.

ONE OF THE OLDEST AND MOST RELIABLE REMEDIES IN THE WORLD FOR THE CURE OF

Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Influenza, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Croup, and

Every affection of the THROAT, LUNGS AND CHEST, including CONSUMPTION.

A WELL-KNOWN PHYSICIAN WRITES:

"It does not dry up a cough, and leave the cause behind, as is the case with most preparations, but loosens it, cleanses the lungs and allays irritation, thus removing the cause of complaint."

DO NOT BE DECEIVED by articles bearing similar names. Be sure you get

DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY,

with the signature of "I. BUTTS" on the wrapper.

50 Cents and $1.00 a Bottle.

Prepared by SETH W. FOWLE & SONS, Boston, Mass. Sold by druggists and dealers generally.

AGENTS WANTED everywhere to sell the best **Family Knitting Machine** ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings, with **HEEL** and **TOE complete,** in 30 minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy work for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the **Twombly Knitting Machine Co.,** 63 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

FROM WASHINGTON.

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL IN ITS GLORY—UNVEILING OF THE FARRAGUT STATUE—LARKIN G. MEAD AND HIS NATIVE TOWN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 4th, 1881.

Never was Washington more glorious than to-day. The weather is perfectly heavenly, and all nature evidently happy. Trees are budding, flowers are blooming, birds are singing, children are playing, and all humanity (except the Senate), are smiling, and things generally look and act springy. The cold, dreary, long winter—never a winter like it in Washington—now seems a sorrow of long ago. Truly Washington is a beautiful and picturesque city; a city that all true-hearted Americans can feel a just pride in. Now and then comes a grumble from some quarter, saying that Congress is spending too much of the public funds for useless improvements. Much has been done in Washington in the last ten years, and there is much more that should be done. We cannot have too many improvements; we must have our national capital the most beautiful and cultured city in all the world. Why not? Are we not the grandest people to be found on this globe? So if there are any grumblers in or about Brattleboro, hang them! But I am unwilling to believe there are any. There seems to be a rush in real estate sales, which, of course, betokens that a fine class of people, outside of politics and politicians—these are an uncertain class—are building and buying lovely homes. Cultured and gifted men and women from all parts of our country are making homes here. By and by Washington will be the literary and art centre of America. We have a great deal of quackery in art here; but art quacks, like quack doctors, will have to advertise in small towns out West.

The great event of the past week was the unveiling of the Farragut statue in Farragut square. Surely it was a day long to be remembered by the sculptor, Mrs. Vinnie Ream-Hoxie. She has toiled long and well to achieve success and fully deserved the glory she was crowned with. The day was one of April's best. She played no fickle pranks of smiles and tears upon us that morning. The display was as brilliant and imposing as blue and gold, grey and silver, shot and shell, cannon and sword of the army and navy could make it, and the scene made enchanting by beautiful women clad in red, yellow and black, looking like a bouquet of variegated tulips; and our noble statesmen and young department clerks, in their new light spring suits, looked like a nosegay of sweet-williams to be laid at the feet of the fair artist who had not only immortalized the brave old admiral, but her own self. But to think of all this crowd sitting and standing for four mortal hours listening to long speeches, and could not hear at that! But the vanity of our public men must be gratified, even if delicate naval cadets do faint with fatigue and lovely women perish with endurance. Mrs. Vinnie Ream-Hoxie is a pretty, vivacious, brilliant-eyed little woman, with accomplished manners and very pleasant ways; and she seems to understand the art of using her gifts and powers to the very best advantage. All honor to the American girl who merits the success she has won.

And this reminds me that I must beg the pardon of "Justice," from Chesterfield, N. H., for kidnapping the gifted sculptor, Larkin G. Mead. I was perfectly honest in claiming him, for I supposed, as I had never heard to the contrary, that he was born and educated in Brattleboro, and in fact he is spoken of all over the world as the "Vermont sculptor." Kidnapping is dangerous business, and especially hazardous for a Green Mountain girl to attempt to carry off a "Granite state-ed" man! I return him to Chesterfield, N. H., with many regrets. I don't know why Mr. Mead should be ashamed of his birthplace or youthful playmates. My father was born in Chesterfield, and many of his kindred are buried there, and I believe some are living there still. And I used to have youthful playmates there, too, who used to sit on the bank of that lovely lake and try to teach me how to fish. Now, may be "Justice" is that selfsame youth. And I well remember the gallant boatman, George—well, no matter what his other name was—who used to row us across the lake. I thought of this boatman, of his perfect skill, as I saw Hanlan rowing that easy glide down the Potomac last June. I should like to see Hanlan attempt to cross Spafford lake on a wager with the Chesterfield boatman! I should bet on George ——. M. C. S.

The Khios Earthquake.

The United States steamer Galena, James O'Kane, commander, reached Kastro, Island of Khios, from Constantinople, on the 7th of last month, and those upon her were at once engaged in the work of relieving the sufferers by the earthquake. A hospital tent with two surgeons was at once established on shore, and two days later another was set up, the first having been filled with the wounded, many of whom had been brought from remote parts of the island by the launch of the steamer. A private gentleman on board the Galena writes:

"I could not begin to give you an idea of the destruction here. Not a house in this town of 20,000 is inhabited or habitable. The streets are barricaded with débris, in some places ten feet high. The smell from human and brute bodies buried in the ruins is sickening. All the relief work is being done by foreign vessels of war, the Smyrna relief committee and seven Sisters of Charity—grand women they are, too! The wounds of these people are something horrible. I have a kind of ghastly feeling all the time. The destructive shock was on a feast-day, just as every one was at dinner, which accounts for the loss of one-fifth of the population. In one village there *is not a child left!* The shocks continue, but are mild. We feel them very plainly—there is a shake and tremor like blowing down the boilers, and a bang like a distant rock-blast. As I wrote the above sentence there was a bang, but no shake perceptible on board. The people of the town are very apathetic, and are doing nothing to disinter the bodies from the ruins and bury them—nor do the Turkish authorities, who have 500 regulars here. Last night, April 12, there was quite a severe shock, which shook the vessel like the veering of a very large chain in a very small vessel, and this was followed by a tremendous one that lasted about five seconds. I heard the falling of walls in the town, followed by a roar of human voices; then a great white dust rose over the town and gradually settled again. I suppose there was some loss of life, but not so much as there would have been earlier in the day, when people were breaking out stores from the ruined buildings. The greatest suffering is now in the outlying villages, and there is the greatest need of surgical attendance. A vast number of people will lose arms, legs, and even life, from mortifying wounds too long neglected. The conduct of the people of Kalamassa, in the kindness and sympathy of the well for the wounded there displayed, is in pleasing contrast to the selfishness and brutality of the people nearer to and in this town, and the lamentable inefficiency and apathy of the Turkish officials."

THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY for May opens with the Story of a Salmon, by Prof. David S. Jordan, which is written in a bright and readable style, and affords a good illustration of the popularization of scientific truths. Dr. Oswald has a paper on gymnastics, in his series on Physical Education; there is a paper by Prof. Tyndall on the Action of Radiant Heat in Gaseous Matter; and an illustrated account of the Origin and Structure of Volcanic Cones is given by H. S. Johnston Lavis. A chapter on Some Prehistoric Vessels describes and illustrates some interesting archæological discoveries recently made in Norway. Other subjects discussed are Eyes and School Books; Deep-Sea Investigation; The Will-o'-the-Wisp and its Folk-Lore; The Horace Mann School for the Deaf; Color-Blindness; Influence of the Post and Telegraph on International Relations; Mineral Springs of Saratoga, etc. There is a sketch of Prof. Edward D. Cope, with a portrait, and the editorial departments contain many short articles on scientific subjects. D. Appleton & Co., publishers.

VERMONT NEWS.

—Judge Veazey will deliver the address at Ludlow on Decoration day.

—Fairbanks & Co. of St. Johnsbury and the Fall Mountain paper company of Bellows Falls received awards at the Melbourne international exhibition.

—E. A. Stewart has sold out his interest in the Newport Express and Standard to D. M. Camp & Co., and retires from the editorial chair.

—There are now 71 prisoners in the house of correction. Of this number 65 are males and six females.

—The Richford personal valuation has increased from $20,805 last year to $128,926—over 400 per cent.

—Louis Shangras of West Rutland, who sustained a compound fracture of the spine about two months ago, is still alive, though suffering intensely.

—Mr. Elliot Sherrill, one of the oldest citizens of Vergennes, died May 2, aged 86. He was for a long time engaged in the wool-carding business; had been mayor of the city and member of the state legislature.

—The nominations have been confirmed of George Hammond as postmaster at Middlebury and James H. Murdock at Woodstock.

—Two children at Beebe Plain, aged 4 and 6 respectively, were recently given a revolver to play with. Of course it was thought to be unloaded, and of course it went off, killing the younger child, a little girl, almost instantly.

—The report that Bradley Barlow has disposed of all his interest in the St. Johnsbury & Lake Champlain road to the Fairbankses is denied.

—W. H. DuBois heads the list of Randolph taxpayers with an assessed property valuation of $45,896. Loren Griswold pays on $20,000. James Hutchinson, Jr., on $15,000, John W. Rowell on $18,600, Tewksbury & Sons on $18,526, Col. John B. Mead, $5,525, Ephraim Thayer (doubled), $20,000.

—Among the nominations confirmed by the senate on Thursday of last week was that of John C. Stearns of Bradford to be internal revenue collector for the district of Vermont.

—At Bradford, on Thursday of last week, Gov. Farnham refused the petition of Theodore Hutchinson of Hardwick for a pardon. He was convicted of incest in Caledonia county two years ago, and sentenced to five years in the state prison.

—Orris Ballard, Sr., one of Georgia's oldest and most respected citizens, committed suicide on Wednesday morning, 4th inst., by hanging. He was in infirm health, having symptoms of consumption.

—Asa T. Barron, surviving partner of the late firm of A. T. & O. F. Barron, proprietors of Twin Mountain, Fabyan and Crawford (White Mountain) hotels, has been taken to a private retreat for the insane at Winchendon, Mass., for treatment.

—A Coventry man lost a turkey and after 44 days found it under a pile of straw, where it had been imprisoned for that length of time. The bird was rather weak at first but is now as good as new.

—In a carload of Clydesdale horses which passed through Island Pond, recently, en route from Scotland to Illinois, was one 94 inches in girth and weighing 2200 lbs. The animal would require a collar 75 inches in the inside circumference.

—The prison commissioners have decided to build an addition of forty feet to the workshop of the house of correction. This has been found necessary on account of the increase of the business of the contractors, M. R. Brown & Co.

—It is announced that Dr. J. L. M. Curry of Richmond, Va., the agent of the Peabody fund, Julia Ward Howe, ex-Senator J. W. Patterson of New Hampshire, state commissioner of public schools, and other distinguished persons prominent in educational affairs, will be present at the meeting of the American teachers' institute association at St. Albans in July.

—About 50 refrigerator cars are daily passing over the Central loaded with fresh meat for Europe. The time from Chicago to Boston is about four days. The cars are iced at St. Albans and at White River Junction, carrying the meat through without any loss. The cars are returned empty, no other freight being allowed in them.

—It is now regarded as almost certain that the president, and perhaps some of his cabinet, will attend the American Institute meetings at St. Albans in July. In a recent letter he said: "It is my earnest purpose to go, and perhaps to take with me, in addition to Mrs. Garfield, some members of the cabinet." One of the speakers will be Judge Albion W. Tourgee, the famous author of "The Fool's Errand."

—A public library has been established at Sutherland Falls by ex-Gov. Proctor, in a large, well-lighted, well-furnished room in the upper story of the storeroom for finished work. The library has been placed by Gov. Proctor in the hands of seven trustees, and is to be open to all residents at the Falls on the payment of a slight fee. There are now about 1000 volumes on the shelves, and Gov. Proctor proposes at once to increase the number to 3000.

—A notable old lady is Mrs. Lawrence of Craftsbury. She is 71 years old, and for six years past has been totally blind. During the past two years, nevertheless, she has spun, doubled, twisted and knit 1,400 knots of yarn, making everything from a man's cap to a syrup strainer. One of these years she took care of the butter of ten cows, with the assistance of a girl ten years old, and also assisted about the cooking and general housework. She has never but once during these years made a misstep, at that time falling from the piazza into the road, breaking one wrist and spraining one ankle, from which injury she has never fully recovered.

—Following is a list of some of the heavy property owners in Rutland and the amount which they are assessed: Redfield Proctor, real and personal, $278,000; Vermont marble company, personal, $450,000; W. Y. Ripley's estate, personal, $91,000; J. M. Haven, personal, $82,000; Ripley Sons, personal, $85,000; W. Y. W. Ripley, personal, $33,000; Mrs. William Y. Ripley, personal, $31,000; William Gilmore, personal, $101,000; Charles Clement, personal, $257,000; John W. Cramton, real and personal, $150,000; H. H. Baxter, real and personal, $191,000; H. H. Dyer, real and personal, $110,000; Edward H. Ripley, real and personal, $32,000; E. Pierpoint, personal, $49,000.

A great hardship—An iron steamer.

What is always in fashion? The letter F.

The new moon has two horns, and then it gets full.

An Arkansas girl refused to marry her lover unless he performed some heroic deed. He eloped with her mother.

Never address your conversation to a person engaged in footing up a column of figures. There's nothing so deaf as an adder.

A New York engraver recently made this mistake: "Mr. and Mrs. —— respectfully request your presence at the marriage of their daughter."

While visiting the Louvre in Paris a lady shows the Venus of Milo to her little daughter. "But tell me, mamma," remarked the child, "what did they cut her arms off for?" "Because she was always sucking her thumb, my child."

A Boston paper says that May is one of the unlucky months for marriage, and another exchange furnishes the information that the other unlucky months are June, July, August, September, October November, December, January, February, March and April.

A tramp was being escorted down Galveston avenue by one of the most stylish policemen on the force. "I hate to walk along arm in arm with a policeman," said the tramp. "You ought to be used to it by this time," replied the policeman. "I can't get used to hearing people on the streets say, 'Just look at that vagabond!' when I know they must mean one of us."

Miscellany.

The Woods.

In the woods we return to Reason and Faith.—*Emerson.*

In the woods, on an April day,
When the bluebirds whistle low,
And song-sparrows trill
Their quaint little ditty,
'Mid moss-covered trees,
Over last year's leaves,
I stroll, and my heart
Leaps up and sings
Like a bird in the early spring.
The little wind-flower peeps up to greet me,
Seeming to laugh in the April sun;
The hepatica opens its pale blue eye,
And trustingly looks at the deep blue heavens.
I look up, too—I cannot say why,
For the tide of joy and the spring of hope
Flow from the earth as from the sky.
Below, as above, one Presence shines;
Below, as above, one promise glows.

In the woods, in early June,
The oriole pipes so clear;
From the meadows below
The bobolink pours
His frolicsome lay;
And ever we sing
The catbird and thrush,
To whose jubilant notes
My heart keeps beating time.
The promise now fulfilment grown,
The Presence in dear summer glows;
Its beauty is more than heart can hold.
The leafy ocean overhead,
The flower-girt shore on which I stand,
Alike are infinite in forms
Of change; its beauty infinite.
In vain I strive to drink all in;
In vain to utter all I feel.

To the woods October calls
My willing feet, to find,
'Mid the golden-rod
And the falling leaves
Of the maple tree,
With their varied hues,
Or of scarlet oaks,
Or the crimson gum,
The crown of the beauteous year.
In the rich, ripe leaves of the autumn woods,
After the summer's pride is o'er,
A glory glows like a sunset sky.
All change is glorious; in the work
Of the world's Builder naught turns back;
Each change brings to new excellence.
The sunset of the year foretells
To the trusting heart a sunrise glad
In the woods, when the bluebirds come again.

To the woods, to the woods I go,
Whate'er my frame of mind,
And find my heart
Is there attuned
To holy thought.
In woods I see,
And forests wild,
A husbandry rare,
And the husbandman is God.
In the Presence there my soul awakes,
Each passion cools, while faith grows strong.
My little plans of life forgot,
I live for the time in the life of God.
With Him I tread each tree and plant,
Each creature feed, all nature fill;
Thee, strong in energy divine,
Back to my little sphere return.
Lo! He comes with me—makes it His.

—*Thomas Hill.*

PRINGLE'S FLAT.

"You will have a beautiful day, my dear," said Mrs. Hope, as she looked admiringly first at her son Dick, who was driving up to the door in his new buggy, then at her daughter-in-law, Mary Hope, whose honeymoon was at its full.

"I am so glad!" said the young wife. "What lovely weather we have had ever since I came here! not at all like what some of friends predicted when they said we ought to spend our honeymoon in the East."

Dick Hope at that moment sprang out of his buggy lightly, and gallantly extended a hand to his wife.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mary Hope. "I am not such a helpless creature that I can't get in myself;" and she stepped lightly into the buggy with a merry laugh.

Mrs. Hope the elder gave an approving nod: "It's just as well to let Dick know you can help yourself. These Western men—"

"Need managing like other men," interrupted her daughter-in-law with another laugh.

Old Mr. Hope, coming down from the stables at that moment, eyed the horse, buggy, and harness (Dick had expended seven hundred dollars on that turn-out), then stood patting the horse's neck kindly. He was an admirer of fine horses, and his judgment was sought far and wide on all points of horseflesh: "There's fine mettle here, Dick."

"I know it," said Dick proudly.

"Cheap at four hundred," said Mr. Hope. "Have you tried her yet?"

"I think she's good for two-twenty-one without much of an effort."

"Why, isn't that a fast horse, Dick?" asked his wife, whose curiosity was aroused.

"Just middling," answered the husband. "We have them out here faster than that."

"It is fast," said his father. "We used to think it impossible, but we have got so far on now there's no telling what's in a horse. I like this mare very much. If it was anybody else's, I'd—"

"Come now, what would you give, father?" said Dick banteringly.

"I'ts all in the family, so I'm saved a hundred dollars at least."

"A hundred more wouldn't buy her, father. Just say to anybody that covets my new mare I wont take a cent less than seven hundred dollars. Why, she goes like the wind."

"That reminds me, Dick; you'd best take the road round by Drake's."

"And lose a good half-hour," said the elder Mrs. Hope.

"You take my advice," said her husband. "I mean coming back. It doesn't matter going. If it should blow you will find it safest."

Dick, who was adjusting a strap, looked off east and west, smiled in a satisfied way, and observed, "I don't see any signs of a storm."

"Nor I," said his father; "but no one knows anything about the wind here. I'll never forget the sweep I got twenty years ago coming over Pringle's Flat."

"That is where we are going, isn't it, Dick?" Mrs. Dick Hope looked the least trifle anxious as she turned to her husband. "Was it so bad, Mr. Hope?"

"Bad! Bad's no name for it. Why, it blew my wagon as far as from here to the barn—blew the horses off their feet, tore up trees, and lodged me against a rock that saved my life."

"That must have been terrible," said Mary Hope.

"Don't let him frighten you," said Dick smilingly; "lightning never strikes twice in the same place. I'm all right, you see. The only time I was blown away was when I went East for you. Are we all ready now? Basket in, mother?"

Mrs. Hope nodded gayly, Dick lifted the reins lightly, and away the new buggy with its happy occupants sped over the prairie.

It was early morning. The fingers of the dawn stretched upward, dissolving the shadowy mist that hung over the prairie and the thin line of woodland that lay away off to the west like a fringe on a neatly cut garment. The young wife inhaled the perfumes exhaled from the flowers, filling the atmosphere with rich odors. There were lines upon lines of variegated tints above the horizon. Such a sunrise Mary Hope had never looked on except among the mountains. There were tints of crimson, amber and gold; and above all white pillars rose majestically—palaces more magnificent and stately than any that the human mind could conceive.

"How grand!" she said, as Dick looked smilingly at her.

"The mind of man cannot measure all its beauties," said Dick, as he lighted a cigar and settled himself down for some "solid enjoyment."

As the red and golden glories stretched above the horizon, a light breeze sprang up, fanning Mary Hope's cheeks, caressing her hair lightly, and sighing through the thin selvage of trees which Dick's father had planted along the roadway before his son was born. The god of day wheeled his chariot aloft, radiating, as duly the summer sun can, the rarest tints of amber and crimson and gold, until the purple glories, rolling aloft like great billows, gradually arched themselves into the semblance of a gateway; through which Mary Hope caught, in fancy, glimpses of the celestial city. She did not speak, but sat perfectly quiet, drinking in the beauties of the most beautiful morning Dick Hope had ever witnessed in the West.

"There is Pringle's Flat, said Dick suddenly pointing ahead.

"Surely we have not come seven miles, Dick?"

"Scarcely. How far is that ahead?"

"Is it a mile, Dick?"

Dick laughed loudly. "It's nearer four."

"I don't understand it."

"That's what the smart hunters from the East say when they shoot and miss their game. It's the atmosphere, Mary."

"It's a small place," said his wife, as she looked forward to Pringle's Flat, lying a little below them. Beyond it there was a ribbon of molten gold, made by the sun's slanting rays falling upon the river. "And that is the river."

"We'll be there in twenty minutes," said Dick Hope, "when I want to introduce you to some of the nicest people in this end of the state."

The people Dick referred to received the young couple in a manner that made Mary Hope's cheeks glow with gratification. Her husband was a man universally admired—a fine a specimen of his kind as was ever produced west of Pringle's Flat. The bride, during the two hours they remained in town, created a ripple of talk. There was something about Dick and his wife that made people turn to look at them. When they drove away a score of friends waved good wishes and tossed kisses after them.

"Now for Dan's Rock," said Dick, as he gave his mare the rein and cast a backward glance at Pringle's Flat. "Pretty, isn't it?"

"Pretty!" said his wife. "Why, Dick, it's lovely! See the light on the church windows; it looks as though it were really on fire. The houses are so pretty, too, the streets so wide, and there is such an air of peace and comfort about it! Why, it is so wonderfully clean and neat,—just what a painter would make if he were painting towns to please people."

"I'm glad you like it. That reminds me; do you see that house above the church, to the left?"

"It looks charming—the prettiest house there."

"Glad you like it."

"Why, Dick?"

"It's yours. I bought it before I went East for you. We'll look inside of it when we return, if we have time."

That was Dick Hope's way.

The drive to Dan's Rock occupied an hour. "Now for a trial of your strength," said Dick, as he tied his horse to a tree at the base of the great rock and assisted his wife to the ground where they were to lunch.

"Must I climb up there, Dick?" said Mrs. Hope.

"That's the programme, what we came out for to-day. You've heard so much of the view from Dan's Rock that you want to see for yourself. Do you know you remind me now of Parthenia fetching water from the spring?"

"Parthenia tamed her husband, didn't she Dick? I'm glad your mother saved me the trouble."

That was a lunch Mary Hope often recalled in after years. Dick persisted in forcing all kinds of dainties upon her. "Irish fashion," as she said afterward. It was the first time she had ever had him to herself in the glad day with no curious eyes to peer on them, and she subjected her lord and master in her turn to such straits that he gladly cried quits as he put his hair out of his eyes and viewed his tormentor.

Then they slowly mounted the massive heap called Dan's Rock. Such a view! A sweep of forty miles in one direction, east, and almost as grand a view to the west.

Dick sat down and handed his wife the glasses as he lighted a fresh cigar. "Do you see that hill away off to the left there?"

"Hasn't it a curious shape?"

"That's where the wind comes from. They manufacture it up there."

"What do you mean, Dick?"

"There's a valley back there that extends fully forty miles northwest, where you come to prairie land like ours back of Pringle's Flat, only there is ten times more of it. The wind rolls down the valley and plays the very deuce with things on the river about the Point. Sometimes it rains, and then you'd think the heavens were emptying; all the water in the valley sweeps down below us here, fills the valley where it narrows there like the neck of a bottle, and then—look out for trouble. I saw it once; that is all I want to see."

"Is it so awful, Dick?"

"It is really awful, Mary."

"And now it looks like—like the plains of Egypt. I can't conceive of anything disturbing the perfect peace of this beautiful scene. See that cloud away off there, Dick."

"About the size of a man's hand? I see it."

"It's the only speck in the sky," said his wife.

"It's not like our sky, then," said Dick, as he kissed her standing on the very top of Dan's Rock. "Do you know it is time we were moving now?"

"We have only been here a little while."

"It's three hours since we stopped at the foot of Dan's Rock."

"My goodness, Dick!"

"That's what I am always saying to myself when I think you took me before all the other fellows."

"It can't be."

"Look for yourself," said Dick, holding out his watch.

"It's the grandest day of my life, Dick. I wouldn't have missed it for anything."

He gave her his hand and helped her down the rough places. Once in a while Mary would stop to gather bits of moss and flowers as mementoes of a red-letter day. At least an hour was consumed in the descent. Then they got into the buggy and turned homeward, but not on the road leading past Drake's.

"We want to see all that can be seen, don't we?" said Dick.

"By all means," answered his wife, as she tied her hat loosely and prepared to enjoy the ride home. "But didn't your father tell you to go home by Drake's?"

"The other is the better road."

"You know best, Dick."

Dick's mare went at a slapping pace. "She smells oats," said Dick.

"Look at Pringle's Flat, Dick."

"Pretty, isn't it?"

"There is not a leaf stirring, one would think. It looks so restful over there. It might be a deserted village."

"It does look unusually quiet now I notice it. But then this sun is terrible. See if you can find our house over there, Mary."

There was a long silence, then the young wife gleefully pointed out the house, and there was another long silence, which was broken by Mrs. Hope saying suddenly, "What is that curious sound I hear?"

"I hear nothing."

"There! Do you hear it now?"

Dick inclined an ear. They were fairly clear of the rough land at the base of Dan's Rock now, and the mare was trotting rapidly. Suddenly her driver's firm hand brought her upon her haunches. Dick listened intently. His wife was right; her ears were keener than his. There was something in the air.

At that instant, Mary's hand clutched his arm convulsively as she cried out, "Oh Dick, what is that back of us?" She was looking back with horror-stricken eyes and pale lips.

Dick turned. A cloud like a black wall was rushing down on them; it seemed to Dick Hope's eyes as black as ink. An awful fear possessed him. There was a hush, a stillness, in the air as chilling as the terrible cloud behind them. "Go 'long!" he exclaimed desperately, cutting the mare fiercely with his whip.

The mare shot out like an arrow, and at that moment another sound smote their ears—a sound that was like the crash of worlds. The mare plunged, reared, then resumed her onward course. Her owner had lost all control over her.

But one thought animated Dick Hope as he clasped his wife with his right arm, while he held fast to the reins with his left hand, shutting his teeth like a vice. That thought was, "Pray God we reach the river-bottom!"

The earth groaned under their feet. A sound like the rush and roar and scream of a million locomotives deafened them. Dick Hope instinctively turned and clasped his young wife in his arms. He did not see the mare, he saw nothing but