Vermont Phœnix.

VOL. XLVIII. BRATTLEBORO, VT., FRIDAY, JULY 1, 1881. NO. 26.

The Vermont Phœnix
AND
VERMONT RECORD & FARMER,
(United May 1, 1880)
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY
FRENCH & STEDMAN,
Ranger & Thompson's Block, Main St.,
BRATTLEBORO, VT.

TERMS—Two Dollars per year in advance; $2.50if not paid within three months.
RATES OF ADVERTISING furnished on application. Births, Deaths and Marriages published gratis; Obituary Notices, Cards of Thanks, etc., 75c per inch of 12 lines or less.
Entered at the Brattleboro Post Office as second-class mail matter.
O. L. FRENCH. D. B. STEDMAN.

BUSINESS CARDS.

SHERMAN & JENNE, —
General Insurance and Real Estate Agents,
Representing Companies whose Assets are over
$200,000,000.
TENEMENTS TO LET.
Agents for Babcock Fire Extinguishers.
Office in Starr & Estey's New Bank Block, cor. Main and Elliot streets,
BRATTLEBORO, VT.

HENRY TUCKER, M. D., SURGEON AND HOMŒOPATHIST, Office and residence, No. 3 Green Street. Special attention given to chronic diseases.

H. D. HOLTON, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, BRATTLEBORO, VT. Office and residence corner Main and Walnut Sts At home from 1 to 2 and from 6 to 7 o'clock P. M.

CHAS. W. DREW, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, BRATTLEBORO, VT. Office with Dr. Holton, corner Main and Walnut Sts

E. W. STODDARD, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, And Solicitor of Patents, BRATTLEBORO, VT.

E. J. CARPENTER, Market Block, Elliot St. Dealer in Toys, Fancy Goods, Books, Stationery, Newspapers, Magazines & Periodicals. Subscriptions received for the principal newspapers and magazines, and forwarded by mail or otherwise.

W. L. BEMIS, House and Sign Painter, Ornamental and Fresco Painting, Graining, Kalsomining, Paper Hanging, etc. 1y9 Green Street, Brattleboro, Vt.

C. A. GRAY, M. D., Elliot Street, Brattleboro, Vt.

WM. A. DUTTON, Dealer in Marble and Brown Stone and Scotch Granite Monuments and Headstones. Brattleboro, Vt.

J. C. BOLSTER, FIRE INSURANCE AGENT, Office, Putney, Vt.

NEWS FROM THE
People's Store,
WEST BRATTLEBORO.

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.

I HAVE been engaged for the past 15 years in working on or selling

SEWING MACHINES,

And in this way have had opportunities for deciding the question as to what makes are the best; and I want your confidence that I may be able to sell you sewing machines, and have you believe that what I tell you about them is exactly the truth, as I, with my experience, understand it. If you will give me that confidence, I will agree on my part to sell you the best machine that is made. I will also agree that if every machine I sell you does not prove exactly as I represent it, after a thorough and candid trial, I will either refund the money or make it good. I will further promise not to bore you with my presence to that extent that you will feel like setting the dogs on me if you chance to see me go past your house, or crawl under the barn to get out of the way of a sewing machine agent who will try to make you buy a machine when you don't want it. I have no rent or other expenses to pay out of the business, but if I should come and find you I should want pay for my time; if you come and see me, or send to me, you will save that expense in the price of the machine. I may be found at the Brattleboro machine shop. Residence, 34 Canal Street.

HENRY RAWSON.

PATENTS.

R. H. EDDY,
No. 76 State st., opposite Kilby, Boston,
Secures Patents in the United States; also in Great Britain, France, and other foreign countries. Copies of the claims of any Patent furnished by remitting one dollar. Assignments recorded at Washington. *No Agency in the United States possesses superior facilities for obtaining Patents or ascertaining the patentability of inventions.* R. H. EDDY, Solicitor of Patents.
TESTIMONIALS.
"I regard Mr. Eddy as one of the *most capable and successful* practitioners with whom I have had official intercourse. CHAS. MASON, Commissioner of Patents."
"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, 1870.
R. H. EDDY, Esq.—Dear Sir: You procured for me, in 1849, 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

WANTED.—Housekeeper for gentleman and two children—boy 16 and girl 14 years. A nice, convenient house, and a permanent home for one who can do the work and make home pleasant. The best of reference given and required. Address J E. MATHEWSON, Springfield, Mass. 25-26

GREAT BARGAINS
AT THE OLD STAND OF
Pratt, Wright & Co.,
— IN —
SUMMER CLOTHING
FOR
Men, Youths & Boys.

FURNISHING GOODS,
LIGHT UNDERWEAR,
TRUNKS AND BAGS.

SUN AND RAIN UMBRELLAS,
From 50c Each to the Finest Silk.

CUSTOM
CLOTHING!
A Large and Fine Stock of
WOOLLENS
For Summer and Dress Suits.

WE HAVE THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK OF CLOTHING, WOOLLENS, FURNISHING GOODS, TRUNKS BAGS AND UMBRELLAS, AND AT LOWER PRICES FOR THE SAME QUALITY OF GOODS, THAN WAS EVER BEFORE OFFERED IN BRATTLEBORO.

Pratt, Wright & Co.,
No. 3 Granite Block.

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.

Spring Millinery.
Latest Styles in Fancy Braids, Chips and Straw Goods, Ribbons, Laces, Satins, Crapes, Jet and Steel Ornaments, Flowers, Feathers, Infants' Bonnets, Lace Caps, will be found at the rooms formerly occupied by Marsh & Ballard, on Main Street, opposite High.
A. M. HALL.

N. T. RYAN,
(Successor to A. H. Ryan,)
Practical Slate Roofer
And dealer in all kinds of Roofing Slate. Plain and fancy slating neatly done at moderate prices. Also, Building, Curb and Walk stone for sale. All kinds repairing neatly done. Sole agent for Brattleboro slate. Office at B. A. Clark's, Brattleboro, Vt. All orders promptly attended to. N. B.—Slating over old shingles a specialty. All work warranted. 13-38

TO RENT.—Two good offices in the new Bank Block, one of them with use of a book vault. Apply at People's National Bank. 17tf

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.

BARNA A. CLARK,
Hardware,
Paints,
& Oils,
PHOSPHATES & FERTILIZERS
OF ALL KINDS,
LIME, PLASTER & CEMENT,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
Iron Vases for Lawns.
EXCELSIOR LAWN MOWERS.
Best in the Market.
BARNA A. CLARK.

PERUVIAN AN IRON TONIC SYRUP
Vitalizes and Enriches the Blood, Tones up the System, Makes the Weak Strong, Builds up the Broken-down, Invigorates the Brain, and
—CURES—
Dyspepsia, Nervous Affections, General Debility, Neuralgia, Fever and Ague, Paralysis, Chronic Diarrhœa, Boils, Dropsy, Humors, Female Complaints, Liver Complaint, Remittent Fever, and
ALL DISEASES ORIGINATING IN A BAD STATE OF THE BLOOD, OR ACCOMPANIED BY DEBILITY OR A LOW STATE OF THE SYSTEM.
PERUVIAN SYRUP
Supplies the blood with its Vital Principle, or Life Element, IRON, infusing Strength, Vigor and New Life into all parts of the system, BEING FREE FROM ALCOHOL, its energizing effects are not followed by corresponding reaction, but are permanent.
SETH W. FOWLE & SONS, Proprietors, 86 Harrison Avenue, Boston. Sold by all Druggists.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell the best Family Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings, with HEEL and TOE complete, in 20 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., 439 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

$72 a week. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address Taue & Co., Augusta, Me

VISITED BY A CYCLONE.

INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF A WESTERN CYCLONE BY A LADY VICTIM.

MILLER, IA., June 21st, 1881.

Editors Vermont Phœnix: Knowing the many conflicting reports in regard to the cyclone which passed through here at 6:30 o'clock on Saturday evening, June 11th, I write, hoping to be able to give you a truthful account of the storm in our immediate vicinity.

The day was one of continued showers from early morning till night, and after the cyclone the night was perfectly clear, giving those who were able a chance to watch the total eclipse of the moon. The cyclone was preceded by a heavy shower from the southwest, with a high wind; this was scarcely over when the final blow came, finding most of the people in its track totally unconscious of danger. Some five or six buildings were destroyed before it reached us, the last being simply unroofed, while the one before it was lifted from its foundation, carried over tall trees, and finally dropped to the ground and crushed as easily as though it were but an egg-shell. There were six persons in the house. One young man, seeing the danger, rushed out of doors just in time to escape going with the rest. He grasped a tree and clung to it, and came out without a scratch. The rest were more or less injured, except a boy of five years. Mrs. Gould, the wife of the farmer, was terribly injured about the head and back, but still lives, and hope for her speedy recovery is now entertained. Mr. Edwin Miller, formerly of Brattleboro, with another gentleman, was riding near by, in a heavy lumber wagon drawn by two horses. The horses, frightened at the storm, became almost unmanageable, and it required the united efforts of the men to stop them. Mr. Miller then jumped from the wagon, thinking to reach the horses' heads and take them by the bits; but he had barely left the wagon when his companion was thrown to the ground, the wagon lifted high in the air and carried away, together with the horses. Both men escaped unhurt, and, leaving the team to its fate, rushed to the rescue of the suffering family near them. The horses were found later in a slough at some distance, with fragments of the wagon. One wheel was found buried out of sight in the mud; all the burrs were removed from the wheels as nicely as it could have been done by human hands, and were found near by, while the heavy wagon-box was not to be found. Another team, carrying a gentleman and lady, was struck half a mile to the northeast, and scattered about in the same manner. No serious injury was sustained by either the teams or the occupants of the wagon, but the wagon-box is still missing.

Then came our turn. My husband had just come in, drenched by the preceding shower. We were busy getting his dry clothing together, and did not know our danger until a few seconds before we were struck; even then did not anticipate any serious damage. Our log house tumbled down over our heads like a cob-house, our stables were demolished, and the debris was scattered in every direction. One horse, a valuable animal, was fearfully hurt, but the family escaped with a few slight bruises. My husband crossed the room to the east side just in time to be carried out at the north end of the building and away from the ruins. He dropped upon the ground and staid there safe until the storm passed. Our ten-years-old daughter was up stairs. Seeing the walls crumbling, she clung to the bed near her, and was carried out of the house and some three rods away, striking upon a bag of rags. Two heavy logs rolled to her, one of them holding her by her clothes. Her escape from death was simply miraculous. Mother Clark, myself and little son were near the southwest corner of the room, and were all thrown to the floor by the pressure of the air and the dense volume of rain at the first break in the walls. Three logs were left standing; the rest rolled over us, but were prevented from hitting us by the sewing-machine, lounge and stove left standing in their places. The furniture in the lower rooms was mostly left uninjured; a table was badly broken, and a very heavy bureau was carried out of doors and badly broken up. The partitions were carried, no one knows where; and everything in the upper part of the house was scattered to the four winds, articles of clothing and portions of furniture being found more than a mile away. Heavy logs went more than a quarter of a mile. Our clock, an old family friend, fell from its high shelf to the ground and escaped without even a broken glass.

I might cover many pages in recording the curious freaks of the storm. After it left us it did a great deal more damage, killing one man and injuring several others. In the timber the strength of the storm can be seen to greater advantage. Oak trees two or three feet in diameter are twisted and broken. Among other strange incidents, we learn of a well being completely cleared of all its contents, two buckets and a dipper lost some time before being brought to the surface of the earth and left, and all the water in the well carried away. I might keep on, and not be able to tell the whole in a day. I can simply say that the scene after the storm is much easier imagined than described.

We were drenched with rain and mud, and chilled through, but the sun came out and shone upon us as though nothing had happened. Kind friends came to our assistance and took us to a place of safety, gave us warm, dry, clothing, and cared for all our wants. Although our loss is a heavy one, we cannot complain, but thank God we are all alive and uninjured and among kind and sympathizing friends, who will not see us suffer and who have already aided us in procuring material for a new house and will assist in building it. If the weather permits, in a week we will be once more under a roof of our own. I tell you, friends, there are not found on this broad earth kinder hearts or more willing hands than we find here in this newly-settled country. We have tried them, and they are not found wanting. The crops in this section are still uninjured, and look very promising; what the harvest will be remains to be seen. MRS. C. A. CLARK.

A REMARKABLE ROMANCE is related by a Morehead City (N. C.) correspondent. About 50 years ago a prepossessing young woman suddenly appeared in a small mountain village near Asheville, and obtained work in a farmer's family. She called herself Mary Burt, but gave no further clue to her origin. Her tasks were so skillfully performed, and she could sing a song, dance a reel and tell a story so well, that she became a village favorite. Fifteen years later the mystery surrounding her was forgotten. Having declined more than one good offer of marriage, she settled down as a good-natured old maid, became the beneficent "aunt" of the neighborhood, and was finally persuaded to take charge of a country school near by. After several years of teaching, her whole character seemed to change. She became moody, melancholy, and fond of solitude. Purchasing a lonely and lovely spot among the mountains, she had a rude log hut built, and there she lived without any companionship but that of her dog, cat, cow and chickens. Her only book was the Bible, and this she nearly learned by heart. The publication of this woman-hermit's story in the Asheville Citizen not long ago brought a solution of the mystery. The article was copied into a Vermont paper, and attracted the notice of Robert Fletcher, a prominent citizen of that state, who soon after visited Asheville, sought the editor of the Citizen, and together they visited Miss Burt's house. The hermit did not recognize the Vermonter, but she soon learned that he was her old lover. A mistake had kept them apart for half a century, but when Fletcher left Asheville, a few days later, Mary Burt Howe (for that was the hermit's full name) accompanied him as his wife. When Miss Howe and Fletcher were young, they were engaged to be married. The young woman fancied her lover was attached to another girl, however, and suddenly left her home in Maine. Going to Boston, she shipped as stewardess on a ship bound for Liverpool. The vessel was wrecked off the North Carolina coast, and, after many adventures at sea in an open boat and among friendly Indians on land, Miss Howe found her way to civilization. Robert Fletcher traced his runaway sweetheart to the ship on which she sailed, and, hearing of the loss of the vessel, always mourned her as dead till the North Carolina paper gave him a happy surprise.

The Press and the Public.

SOME PLAIN WORDS ABOUT SO-CALLED NEWSPAPERS THAT WALLOW IN THE MIRE, AND THE PEOPLE WHO SUPPORT THEM.

(From the Rutland Herald.)

A man who will denounce a newspaper as both systematically indecent and untruthful and yet always subscribe for it had better close his mouth on the subject of higher methods of journalism. A man who takes a newspaper because he is weak or wicked enough to fear its gun and wish to spike it by secretly supporting the very form of journalism that he pretends to despise, is a very poor creature, but he is to our certain knowledge a very common creature. The press owes much to the public, and yet that part of the public that deem themselves the representatives of advanced thought and intelligence, who are in favor of nobler manners and purer laws, owe something to the press and to themselves. They owe it to the press when they ask with owlish solemnity the question, why is not the press loftier in its aim and more decent in its conduct, to stop supporting newspapers whose spirit they pretend to spurn, to defy the denunciation and hostility of those whose methods they describe as outrageous, libellous, untruthful and obscene. Does any man suppose a newspaper will rise above the dialect of the ditch, the gossip of the gutter, the politics of a police gazette, when it finds that these things tickle those who think they stand at the top of society just as keenly as those whom we know wallow at the bottom? No; your ribald newspaper will always be ribald just so long as it finds that even the righteous, who feel fit to call sinners to repentance, sneer at it on the sidewalk and subscribe for it in secret. The public that bellows for a purer press can always make the press what it chooses; it can always make its choice between journals of good report and evil report; it can choose whether to encourage an editor to act up to the best that is in him or to live forever on the lowest levels of his calling, but when this public has made its choice let it be manly enough to stand by its flag; let it stop snuffling over the servility of a press that it has helped to make servile; let it stop pretending to be in a passion over the quality of a paper that it has elected to support in secret while it sneers at it upon the sidewalk, saying it cannot afford to be abused by it. The honest man, who cannot afford to be abused by a disreputable newspaper, had best review his honesty, for his action casts suspicion on his conscience; the innocent man, who fears a gutter-snipe armed with a rotten egg, is suggestive of the slinking life and motion of a serpent and the painted innocence of a soiled dove. Let no man pretend that he cannot afford to have a bad newspaper abuse him as an excuse for supporting it, for a man who really cannot afford to have a bad newspaper abuse him is worthy of all the abuse he avoids; his very moral cowardice indicts his conscience and impugns his conduct. If he takes a wicked paper it is either because he likes it, because he is as vulgar and coarse as the paper, or because he fears it, lest it drag to light some dark passage of his history and place him in pillory by publishing his shame. No honest man, no innocent man need pay "moral blackmail" by subscribing for an immoral paper. The only persons that need be afraid of such papers are those who have lost their heads through the cowardice that a guilty conscience brings home to all. Nasty, corrupt papers live upon the suffrages of those who sincerely relish ribaldry and falsehood, or upon those who are cowardly because they are corrupt; it is nothing but the pickpocket's dread of the detective, who has himself the temperament of a thief.

A DEVOTED ENTOMOLOGIST is Schelpert, an Atlanta (Ga.) barber, who was a lieutenant with Carl Schurz and Gen. Sigel in a Prussian regiment in 1848. He was wounded, captured and sentenced to death in the insurrection of that year, while Schurz, Sigel and other rebels escaped. Just before the day of his execution, however, he also got away and came to America. He drifted to Madison, Ga., and opened a barber shop. The business proved profitable and gave him plenty of time for pursuing entomological studies for which he had a passion. When the war broke out he raised a company and marched out of Madison with the first confederate flag that left that place. Before the war closed he became a colonel. He then moved to Atlanta and resumed his old trade. Having received a fine education in Germany, he is a scholar of thorough culture. The walls of his shops are covered with cases of butterflies, bugs and insects of all kinds, arranged exquisitely. For one of these cases he has been offered $2500, and his entire collection is worth over $6000.

Germany is ahead of England and this country in the matter of a spelling reform. In our own country a little, though it is but very little, has been done by popular consent, and we have completely discarded the letter "u" in the spelling of such words as "color," "labor," and all of that class. There is a growing tendency also to discard double letters when it can be done, and we find such words as "councilor," "traveling," and so forth, almost as frequently as we find "councillor," "travelling," and the like. Such reforms here, however, are the result of popular opinion, while the reform in Germany is a Government idea and will be speedily accomplished. The principle underlying it is the discarding of all useless letters, and the method of forwarding it is to require the reformed spelling to be used in the preparation of public documents and to be taught in the public schools. As a result the old method of spelling will pass away as the present and succeeding generations come to the front.

A few days ago Frederick Douglass visited the estate of Edmund Lloyd in Maryland, whence he departed as a slave fifty-six years ago. He was received with the greatest courtesy and kindness by the great-grandsons of his former owner, and on entering the old hall where he had often played as a slave-boy he was invited to partake of the hospitalities of the house. Mr. Douglass was visibly affected at the great kindness and consideration shown him, and drank the health of the family. It became noised about among the colored people that Mr. Douglass had arrived, and on his return to the boat he was met by a number of the descendants of the old slaves with whom he had been acquainted when a boy. In conversation with them he revived many of the early incidents of his life. Mr. Edmund Lloyd and his two brothers accompanied Mr. Douglass back to the cutter, and after an expression of his gratitude to them, and a "God bless him," for their father, he departed.

The revised New Testament puts an extra *e* in the word "judgment" (spelling it "judgement") contrary to all modern usage, the King James version included. The general rule is that in derivations formed from words ending with silent *e*, the *e* is retained when the termination begins with a consonant, to which rule the word "judgment" has been generally reckoned as an exception, the others being "abridgment," "lodgment," "acknowledgment." The weight of ancient and modern usage has been in favor of "judgment." Webster spells it "judgment," but adds that many authors write it "judgement;" and Worcester says: "The omission of the *e* has hitherto and still continues to be the prevailing usage; but it is perhaps not very improbable that the more consistant orthography may yet be generally adopted."

The July number of the POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY begins with a very comprehensive abridgement of the views of Edward B. Tylor, the author of "Anthropology." The article is entitled "The races of mankind," and is profusely illustrated. N. H. Eggleston follows up his June paper on forests by another on "European schools of forestry;" Prof. Bell continues his consideration of "The production of sound by radiant energy;" Herbert Spencer discusses "Consulative bodies in the development of political institutions;" Sir John Lubbock treats of "Fruits and seeds;" Dr. Oswald dwells upon "Sleep," and there are several other interesting papers.

Miscellany.

PRIEST, LAWYER AND DOCTOR.

By Oliver Wendell Holmes.

(Read at the centennial anniversary dinner of the Massachusetts Medical Society.)

Of all the guests at life's perennial feast,
Who of her children sits above the Priest?
For him the 'broidered robe, the carven seat,
Pride at his beck, and beauty at his feet;
For him the incense fumes, the wine is poured,
Himself a god, adoring and adored!
His the first welcome when our hearts rejoice,
His in our dying ear the latest voice,
Font, altar, grave, his steps on all attend,
Our staff, our stay, our all but Heavenly friend!
Where is the meddling hand that dares to probe
The secret grief beneath his sable robe?
How grave his port! how every gesture tells,
Here truth abides, here peace forever dwells;
Yet not his lofty soul with comments vain;
Faith asks no questions; silence, ye profane!
Alas! too oft while all is calm without
The stormy spirit wars with endless doubt;
This is the mocking spectre, scarce concealed
Behind tradition's bruised and battered shield.
He sees the sleepless critic, age by age,
Scrawl his new readings on the hallowed page,
The wondrous deeds that priests and prophets saw
Dissolved in legend, crystallized in law,
And on the soil where saints and martyrs trod
Allars new builded to the Unknown God;
His shrines imperiled, his evangels torn—
He dares not limp, but ah! how sharp his thorn!
Yet while God's herald questions as he reads
The outworn dogmas of his ancient creeds,
Drops from his ritual the exploded verse,
Blots from his page the Athanasian curse,
Though by the critic's dangerous art perplexed,
His holy life in Heaven's unquestioned text;
That shining guidance doubt can never mar—
The pillar's flame, the light of Bethlehem's star!

Strong is the moral blister that will draw,
Laid on the conscience of the Man of Law,
Whom blindfold Justice lends her eyes to see
Truth in the scale that holds his promised fee.
What! Has not every lie its truthful side—
Its honest fraction, not to be denied?
Per contra—ask the moralist—in sooth
Has our lie more chance in every truth?
Then what forbids an honest man to try
To find the truth that lurks in every lie,
And just as fairly call on truth to yield
The tying fraction in its mate concealed?
So the worst rogue shall claim a ready friend
His modest virtues boldly to defend.
And he who shows the record of a saint
See himself blacker than the devil could paint.
What struggles to his captive soul belong
Who loves the right, yet combats for the wrong,
Who fights the battle he wishes might fate refuse,
And wins, well knowing that he ought to lose;
Who speaks with glowing lips and look sincere
In spangled words that make the worst appear
The better reason; who, behind his mask,
Hid s his true self, and blushes at the task,—
What quips, what quillets cheat the inward scorn
That mocks sure triumph! Has he not his thorn?
Yet stay thy judgment! were thy life the prize,
Thy death the forfeit, would thy cynic eyes
See fault in him who bravely dares defend
The cause forlorn, the wretch without a friend?
Nay, though the rightful side is wisdom's choice,
Wrong has its rights and claims a champion's voice;
Let the strong arm be lifted for the weak,
For the dumb lips the fluent pleader speak—
When with warm "rebel" blood our street was dyed,
Who took, unawed, the hated hireling's side?
No greater style our death can Adams claim,
No brighter page the youthful Quincy's name!

How blest is he who knows no meaner strife
Than Art's long battle with the foes of life?
No doubt assails him, doing still his best,
And trusting kindly Nature for the rest;
No mocking conscience tears the thin disguise
That wraps his breast, and tells him that he lies.
He comes; the languid sufferer lifts his head,
And smiles a welcome from his weary bed.
He speaks; what music like the tones that tell
"Past is the hour of danger—all is well!"
How can he feel the petty stings of grief
Whose cheering presence always brings relief?
What ugly dreams can trouble his repose
Who yields himself to soothe another's woes?

* * * * * * * * * * *

How sweet his fireside when the day is done
And cares have vanished with the setting sun!
Evening at last its hour of respite brings,
And on his couch his weary length he flings.
Soft be thy pillow, servant of mankind,
Lulled by an opiate could sweeter wind;
Sweet be thy slumber—thou hast earned it well—
Pleasant thy dreams! Clang! goes the midnight bell.
Darkness and storm! The home is far away
That waits the coming are the break of day;
The snow-clad pines their wintry plumage toss—
Doubtful the frozen stream his road must cross;
Deep lie the drifts, the wasted heaps have shut
The hardy woodman in his mountain hut—
Why should thy sotter frame the tempest brave?
Hast thou no life, no health, to lose or save?
Look! read the answer in his patient eyes—
For him no other voice when suffering cries;
Deaf to the gale that all around him blows,
A feeble whisper calls him—and he goes.
Or seek the crowded city—summer's heat
Glares burning, blinding, in the narrow street;
Still, noisome, deadly, sleeps the envenomed air,
Unstirred the yellow flag that says "Beware!"
Tempt not thy fate—one little moment's breath
Bears on its viewless wing the seeds of death;
Thou at whose door the gilded chariots stand,
Where dark-hued sight shall unclasp the miser's hand,
Turn from thy fatal quest, nor cast away
That life so precious; let a meaner prey
Feed the destroyer's hunger; live to bless
Those happier homes that need thy care no less!
Smiling he listens; has he, then, a charm
Whose magic virtues peril can disarm?
No safeguard his; no amulet he wears;
Too well he knows that nature never spares
Her truest servant, powerless to defend
From her own weapons her unshrinking friend;
He dares the fate the bravest well might shun,
Nor asks reward, save only Heaven's "Well done."

A WASHERWOMAN'S DAUGHTER.

A little Swiss muslin apron, with ruffles, pockets and ribbons, is a very seductive thing, even when tossed with artless carelessness upon the fancy table of a charity fair; but who can paint its magic power upon an unwary youth when its fluttering ribbons span a slender, dainty waist and the pink-tipped fingers of two plump little hands play at hide-and seek in its apologies for pockets?

Could a mortal man help stopping to speak to Tinie Blair, as she stood behind the great album of photographs, alert and ready to register subscriptions as fast as they were secured?

It must have been the apron that made her so radiantly charming, for no other table made such a stoppage in the line of travel, although the hall was lined with tables, temples and stands, covered with baits for the charitable, and presided over by the beauty and fashion of Offport. So, at least, said the Offport Weekly, and if a newspaper is not to be believed, then what is?

Still, in spite of facts, the young men most did congregate around that little table of Tinie's. She had shed a small shower of tears when it was condescendingly offered to her, but it was that or nothing, and it would not even have been that if the good rector had not been so obsolete in his notions as to suppose that the child of a shiftless drunkard, whose widow took in washing, was fit to associate with the daughters of the upright and solid men who sat in the body of the church and solemnly put their regular contributions into the weekly plate, carefully pushing their alms well under, that their five cents need not be known of men.

However, having seen his little parishioner pointedly left out in all the preparations for the ladies' fair and festival, he did insist and carried his point, that she should have a position among the fair amateur saleswomen.

The richest old woman in the congregation had donated to the charitable enterprise a huge collection of stupendously uninteresting autographs which were not even genuine, but attested *fac similes* of the signature of every man of note, from Moses to Treasurer Spinner, who had ever been rash enough to put his name on paper.

The ladies regarded this gift as a white elephant, and forty wild horses could not have dragged any other girl in Offport to take charge of it.

The amiable first directress of the sewing society was a Tallyrand in petticoats.

She brought the two difficulties together, and let one take care of the other, that is to say, if that low, odious little creature was to be forced upon them, let her undertake the book, which, of course, would never be disposed of, but which must appear, or the offended donor would promptly remove herself and her fortune to the rival church.

After the ecstasy caused by the dear old rector's pledge that she should have a share in the delight of waiting at the fair, it was something of a heart-break when, by request, she presented herself before the committee of arrangements, to find herself appointed to a most unenviable post.

She might not have known, in her innocence, that it was a station so abhorred, but the ill-concealed mirth of the others at her appointment to it made her aware of the small esteem in which it was held.

Then there were other drawbacks, and altogether it was a sad little face that Tinie wore as she swept off the porch of their little tumble-down, black cottage that she called her home.

"There's no use trying," she said, as she bent her lovely, curly head lower and lower to keep the tears out of sight, "no use trying to be like girls who have money and nice houses, and clothes they are not ashamed of. I declare, if it wasn't for mother, I'd wish I was dead."

"What do you say, Tinie?" said her mother, looking up from the ironing-table.

"I don't know; I think I must have been talking to myself," said the girl, looking in, with her forget-me-not blue eyes dewy with tears. "But, mother, after all, I don't think I will go to the fair."

Mrs. Blair finished ironing a collar before she spoke; then, with a pleasant lighting up of her worn face, she said:

"If you want to stay at home because you have nothing to wear, stop worrying dear, for I've thought it all out. I'll press out my old black merino for you—the rustiness wont show at night—and we'll cut up your little old white dress and make a fancy apron like the one I had here to do up for the young lady that boarded at the hotel last summer; and we'll take the ribbons off your hat to put on it; you can put them back before Sunday."

A cloud at the idea of the disreputable old merino, a moment's doubt at the possibility of the fancy apron, then a full burst of sunshine at the quick mental picture of her blessed mother, with:

"Oh, mammy, darling! How good you are!"

Low as the misery of a drunken husband had made Mrs. Blair's position, she was a lady by birth and education, and had brought up her two children with all the refinement possible in their misfortunes.

She was proud of her pretty daughter, and felt most keenly the slighting coldness with which the young ladies of Offport treated her. She was glad now that a taste of pleasure seemed to be thrown in her way.

But, although the plans were made, not a step could be taken toward their execution till a small basket of clothes could be finished and sent off to the hotel; but they were quickly done and despatched by Bobby, Tinie's small but very wide awake brother, and then both mother and daughter gave every thought and energy to preparing the simple costume the latter was to wear.

Bobby proceeded on his errand after the usual manner of small boys, who have so much business of their own to attend to that it is with difficulty they can keep their attention fixed on the special mission upon which they are sent.

He found the young gentleman to whom he was to deliver the clothes, and, pitying the benighted ignorance of a stranger to the village, kindly spent half an hour of his valuable time enlightening him concerning its affairs, the fair quite naturally coming in for a large share of attention.

The handsome young stranger listened with flattering attention, and when Bobby was beguiled by his interest into giving an account of his sister's social snubbing by the other girls, and told of the meanness which had assigned the poorest position to her, his sympathy was outspoken in language, which although less pious than energetic, much delighted Bob.

Yes, it must have been the apron that made Tinie so irresistible that customers hung around her vicinity, apparently unconscious that just opposite a black-eyed Rebecca waited to draw lemonade from an unfailing spring for their delectation, or that Flora's temple, just beyond, was crowded with attendant vestals, eager to supply button-hole bouquets at ten cents apiece and pin them on without extra charge.

Tinie was downcast at first, and felt like a weed in a garden-bed when she saw the cold scorn in the eyes of those who thought her pushing and forward. They gave her little thought, however, being busy talking of the expected crowd that evening would bring.

There were strangers in town, stopping while their yacht was being repaired from the shock of a collision; and the hope that the gentlemen would seek to while away the tedious hours by sauntering into the bazar animated the gentle bosoms of the chatterers.

Even if the strangers came, Tinie thought there would be but a dim prospect of their looking at the ponderous volume she presided over, neither would any one else, she said to herself, ruefully, half inclined to give up and run home.

But the dear old face of the rector showed itself at the lower entrance, and he, the first visitor, came in with pleasant words and smiles dispensed upon all sides, but walked straight by all the booths to hers.

His stay was short, but he left her pretty face bright with smiles and flushed with pleasure. She forgot her annoyance, and before she had to encounter any more looks of disdain her attention was claimed by fresh visitors. She had forgotten all about the expected strangers that the others were on pins and needles to see, till her eyes caught a flutter of excitement among the fair sellers of fancy wares at the other stands.

Four young men, with that unmistakable air of cultivation and fashion that makes such fierce havoc in the rural heart, were entering the hall together.

They separated into couples after they came in, and slowly began the tour of the hall; but, like most of the unfair sex who had been in before them, were drawn by some force of attraction to the album table, where Tinie faced a frowning world, as represented by the matrons and maids of Offport.

Murmurs very flattering to his *protege* began to reach the old clergyman's ears, and he dragged a chair to her side, and took his seat behind the table to lend the shield and protection of his presence, just as the diplomatic first directress sailed up to the floral temple, and seraphically suggested to her own mature daughters and the other attendants, that as some people's effrontery was disgusting to all decent people, it might be well for them to take pity on those who were purposely detained at a certain stand and carry them about.

So Flora's fair nymphs came out of their neglected bower, and flitted artlessly hither and thither with an elaborately studied "Who'll buy" expression on their various faces, and full baskets of *boutonniers* in their hands.

Tinie thought her success in getting names had melted the ice, and the girls were gathering about to congratulate her; but they did not even seem to see her, so busily were they pinning the easily sold *boutonniers* to the coats of her patrons.

The "commodore," as the rest of his party called one of their number, was easily ensnared. Not only did he submit to be ornamented, but made anxious inquiries for larger bouquets, and broke off his gay little conversation with Tinie to rush off to the floral temple with one of its nymphs.

Tinie was too unversed in the ways of the world to feel any resentment at his defection; but she was sorry enough for the abrupt break in the merry chat they were having while he insisted upon her turning the leaves of the big album for his inspection.

She tried not to show any feeling, but there was a suspicious little drawing down of the baby mouth, and a grieved look in her wide blue eyes that infuriated him as he dashed back in a moment with a huge arrangement of flowers in his hand, which he begged her to accept.

"He must be a remarkably charitable man," was her little remark aside to the rector, as the commodore proceeded to take unlimited shares in the autograph album.

The rector had been watching the frank, high-bred face of the young fellow and, unworldly as he was, he knew enough to trust him; so he paid no heed to the nods and winks from his wife across the hall, who was being informed by the able first directress of the dangers a girl in Tinie's peculiar position ran from the over-familiarity of the strange young man.

Bobby, the candid young brother, hovered about Tinie's stall, hoping for a recognition from his friend of the day