MISCELLANY.

"The Days of April."

"The days of April" they are sweet, so sweet, Finshing with tender gives the needlow ways, Where June will dance with her gay, guidsome

- To make of a thousand warriers' praise.

 The days of April' they are fair, so fair.

 With precious promise in the building flowers.

 Promise of days all radiant, fresh and rare.

 Mellowed by gratte dews and fleeting showers. "The days of April" they are green, so green And maple bods grow inclinant in the sun-Gidden the brookside with the cowsings sheem. And fragule wind howers steal out one by one
- "The days of April" they are dear, so dear. To braits grown weary of the winter cold Longing for sunny skees all folio and clear. For brue to pipe, and be ssous to unfold. The days of April' they are bright and coy.
 But one glad April, years and years ago,
 Held more of charmed hope and love and Joy
 Than all my life again can ever know

 Isabel Gordon, in April Lappencoff.

OF THE BLOOD ROYAL.

When I received my degree of Bachelos of Laws, I was sure that all that was left for me to do to secure a fucrative practice was to hire an office and hang out my sign. Six months afterward my office door was opened by a well-dressed, middle-aged man, and I immediately jumped to the conclusion that, at last, I was discovered; that my first client had arrived. The first words my visitor uttered dashed my hopes. "Can you tell me where Mr. -- "s office

is in this building? Mr. - was (is now, for that matter) a eclidrated member of the bar, whose office was several floors below. With not a lit-tle effort I managed to assume an air of cheerful politeness and to set Mr. -- s client on the right track. The following week I gave up my practice to become the private secretary of Mr. Andrew Cutter. the well-known trustee, whose son had been

my room-mate at Cambridge.

Among Mr. Cutter's cestuls (or rather. clients, for this person enjoyed his income by the provisions of no will) was an old Irishman named O'Connor. Years before he had been man-of-all-work for Mr. Cutter, and he possessed a faith in that gentleman's judgment and integrity as firm as was his belief in his own descent from

Roger O'Connor, the last king of Ireland. After leaving Mr. Cutter's employment, O'Connor invested his savings in junk Again and again be turned his capital, always with the shrewdness of a man of small beginnings, until he found himself the lessee of a small building on one of the wharves, and an established buyer and seller of second-hand ship-chandlery. In time he added a branch to his business. He leased the ground-floor of the building adjoining, and opened a saloon where he supplied the roustabouts, stevedores, and in the supplied the roustabouts, stevedores, and

sallors with fair whiskey at regular prices. After a while the profits from both enterprises became burdensome to the de-descendant of King Roger ("Connor. The ss of the throne was followed by rather hard times among the succeeding generations of O'Connors, and the trader in shipchandlery had been allowed to grow up without even the rudiments of an education. But he had interited-probably from some of his plebian progenitors. The had a few that were not or royal blood -- a good stock of common-sense. This led him to entrust his savings, year by year, to his old friend, Mr. Cutter, who invested

them in real estate for the thrifty trader. One morning in June, soon after 1 had begun to assume my duties as private secretary, the door opened slowly and silently, and a small man in black, wearing a tall hat, stepped softly into the office. He was clean-shaven, save for a fringe of irongray beard which followed the line of laws and chin, and extended from ear to ear. His short, turned-up nose, flat at the bridge and wide at the nostrils, combined with his long, thick upper lip, loudly proclaimed his royal blood. It was O'Connor.

He closed the door without a sound, removed his tall hat, placing it carefully on the carpet, smoothed his hair nervously, and coughed slightly behind his knobby hand, At Mr. Cutter's cheery "Ah, O'Connor! How are you?" he walked gingerly on tiptoe across the office and seated himself beside his trustee. Then followed a short confidential appeal to a husky though fluent whisper, through which I could distinctly hear the brogue withou being able to catch a word, until at the end, when O'Connor placed a bundle of banknotes on the desk before Mr. Cutter and immediately leaned back in his chair with a tremuious sigh of relief that also supplied breath for the words, "An' you may count ut yourself, sor, av you plase

Mr. Cutter hastily counted the money and then calling to me to come and see what I made it, tossed the pile of notes toward the edge of the desk. The pile and tens, that exhaled a ripe perfume of salt fish with an undertone of tar. As I straightened up after finishing the count, Mr. Cutter asked me, with a suspicion of

"Well, what do you make it?" "One thousand, sir," I answered, and O'Connor, who had leaned forward and was watching me intently, again sank back with a long sigh, and a "Thrue for you Soon he rose nervously and started toward the door. Mr. Cutter said:

"I'm glad business is so good with you. " O'Connor stopped, then tip-

toed back to the desk.
"Thank you, sor. But whispher!" and with a furtive glance about the office, followed by a confidential wink at me, he continued speaking behind the back of his hand: "I do be afther hirin one o' thin type-writer ladies a week most, now, to worruk for me. Well, well," said Mr. Cutter, much as

one might sympathize with a child that was pleased, "you'll be president of a bank пект, I вирров

O'Connor allowed the beginning of a loud laugh to escape him, but immediately after, clapping a hand over his month doubled up and wheezily forced the remainder of his mirth back into his system. Then he straightened up, and slowly drawrested among his fringe of beard, said, with an air of reverence:

"Oh, my! but it's a high-toned lady she An' smart. An' eddicayted!" He finished with an upward and outward gesture that plainly said that the subject was beyond his powers of expression.

"How old is she?" I asked.
"Look at that, now." said O'Connor. turning quickly to Mr. Cutter, with a quaint pretence of shocked propriety at my question. "Shure, I niver asked her—but she do look to be a shilp of a gurral." "And what does Mrs. O'Connor say to

your having a young lady in your office, Michael^{act} asked Mr. Cutter. O'Connor dismissed the subject with a toss of the head in one direction and an outward wave of his open hand in the oth

er, merely adding, as he reached the office-door, "I never bodther the ould woman wid me business matthers." Then he left the office as quietly as he had entered it. It may have been an hour after this--1 was about to leave the office to deposit O'Connor's money, together with what oth-

er funds had come in during the day-when there came a timid knock on the glass of the office-door, and a young girl entered. She handed Mr. Cutter a letter, and then sat down near the window. She could not have been more than seventeen. very delicate. There was about her an ai of shy, almost childlike appeal.

While I was observing these particulars, Mr. Cutter called me to him, and said to

me in an undertone, as I stood by his desk: then at Mr. Cutter. At last his gaze met "That ward in chamilery of mine"—a favorite name with him for O'Connor— Her face was drawn with entreaty. "wants to open a bank account in his own name. I suppose that girl is his new type-

was characteristic. "Sir: I do be thinking I would like to bank, South Boston, in the name of yours with respect, M. O'CONNON."

As I thished reading the letter Mr. Cur- and bowed her head. As I finished reading the letter Mr. Cutter told the girl to tell Mr. O Connor that the matter would be attended to. She then went out, blushing slightly as she crossed the room. Before long I left the office to make my deposits, not very well pleased that I was obliged to take the crossed the room. Before long I left the office to make my deposits, not very well pleased that I was obliged to take the additional journey to the bank in South

As I rode in the open horse-car a fresh breeze was coming from the water and my thin flannel coat was blown back, showing the ends of O'Connor's bank-notes protruding from my breast-pocket. To avoid any possibility of loss, I took them from my coat and put them carefully in the in-ner pocket of my waistcoat. I then be-came interested in a newspaper I had bought on the way, and before long was, without knowing it, carried a block or two

beyond my destination I was walking back when I noticed a man and a girl standing near a doorway ahead of me, not far from the bank. The ahead of me, not far from the bank. The grace, grace grace girl's figure seemed familiar, and as I drew grace. "O'Connor," said Mr. Cutter, after a nearer I recognized her. She was O'Connor's type-writer.

She and her companion were talking earnestly while they anxiously watched the approach of the horse-car following the one I had just let: Every look, ev-ery garment of the man bespoke the sharp-

As the car drew nearer he stepped back into the doorway, and the girl after a hurried word of parting, walked quickly to the entrance of the bank. She stood there, waiting, until the car had passed. Meantime I had approached; when she turned to go back to her companion she

came face to face with my-She started violently and turned very pale. Her attempt to conceat her confus-ion produced only a very forced smale, which showed her a novice at disamula-

You are from Mr. Cutter's office, aren't you? Do you remember me."
"Yes," I replied: "I remember you perfectly. You are Mr. O'Connor's type-writer." With a painfully strained little

Yes-that is it-and Mr. O'Connor sent me over here to meet you. He has changed -and will you please give it to me?" held out her hand, and I saw that it was

She had spoken breathlessly, like a child who has learned a message by heart. As she finished I instinctively put my hand in

my breast-pocket.
While she was talking my mind had been unconsciously recalling the appearance of the man, their behavior, her evifrom an unexpected direction. Now it ocfumbled in one pocket after another, as-

I followed her I looked back over my shoulder, but the man was not in sight I said little to her on our ride back to the city, and she seemed quite content to be left to berself. Now and then I felt that she was furtively glancing at my face while I pretended to read my paper.

When we reached the office I opened the door and let her walk in ahead of me. She crossed the room and took the same seat she had had, the one by the window white I went to Mr. Cutter and quietly, a few words, explained the situation. I had barely finished speaking, when the door opened softly and O'Connor entered.

paled in an instant, and sat trembling, returning his stare. "Is your modther worse." asked O'Connor, after a moment, in a hushed, kindly voice. The girl shook her head, and mur-

He stood still and stared at the girl. She

mured that she had not been to see her mother yet. She had rolled her handkerchief into a ball, and was nervously passing it from one hand to the other. "O'Connor," said Mr. Cutter, "have you decided whether you want that money de-

posited or not?" O'Connor looked at him it, Mr. Cutter," he finally answered, simply. Mr. Cutter handed him the letter of instructions about opening the bank ac-

"Did you write that letter, Michael?" O'Connor stared blankly at the letter,

Stone in the Kidney. How It was Removed Without the Aid

of the Surgeon's Knife.

For a long time I suffered with sharp, pame in

And another that I had a stone in my left kidney. Had for years. Oscar Lambert, derice, No. D18.

RENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, DESPONDED TO THE PAYOR TO THE PAYOR TO THE PAYOR TO THE HOUSE TO THE SIX FOR \$2. By all druggress.



writer. Read that," handing me the let-ter the girl had brought. It was type- be muttered something about his eyesight "Read it to me, sir, av you pl'ase;" and written throughout, signature and all, and | Mr. Cutter read the letter aloud to the end, and there was silence.

Slowly O'Connor's expression changed have money in the bank. And if you please, which I mean no offence to you, will you deposit same in the II— national turned his head and looked at the girl. She met his look for a moment, he quivering, then weakly clasped her hands

saw him close his eyes, and offer up a very hurried prayer for divine forgiveness. Without further remark he crossed to the giri, took her gently by the hand, and led her out of the office, softly closing the door behind him.

For five minutes neither Mr. Cutter nor I spoke, while the sound of children soles, mingled with soft but hourse whispering, came in at the transom. Then O'Connor returned alone. He was replacing his wal-let in his pocket as he entered. He was a pitiable object.

As he stood sheepishly giancing from Mr. Cutter to me, his arms hanging listlessly by his sides, he looked like a very amiable, but very ugly, bull-terrier in dis-

long pause, "you know you never dictated "Yis, Sir," whispered O'Connor, hum-

You know that girl meant to be a party "Yis, sir," in a lower whisper

"Do you intend to keep the girl in your uployment?"
"No, sir—the gurrul has gone to her modther." O'Connor was becoming a littie less limp

Does her mother live in the city" "Yis, sir—no, sir—she said she did—1 mane, I thought——"O'Connor suddeny grew defiant: "Niver mind, her modther tives in Cincianerty—so! But I don give a dom if her modifier 'd live in Boolgaria.

the gurrul shud go to her-so! After wiping the perspiration from his face in one quick comprehensive mopping with a large red handkerenief, he placed his tall hat firmly on his head with both

hands and walked out.
"Blood will tell," said Mr. Cutter to mc. "He certainly reflects no discredit on his royal ancestors," and he hurried after his ward in chandlery to shake him by hand before he should leave the building. Seribner's Manuzine.

On to Washington

The Arrangements for the Transports-

tion of the Vermont Grand Army to the National Encampment. Department Commander Henry of the Grand Army has issued his general orders ance of the man, their behavior, her exp. No. 5, which are in reference to the na-dent measuress at seeing me approach tional encampment, to be held at Washingfrom an unexpected direction. Now it oc. ton, D. C., in the week of September 20, curred to me that she could not have had. The railroad rates from all the principal time to go back to O'Connor's since leaving points in Vermont to Washington and reour office. But I asked no questions. I then have been arranged on the basis of turn have been arranged on the basis of suming an expression of great surprise, pected 30-day limit of tickets, the full par-and finally said, with an ejaculation of ex-"I have come way over here for nothing, after all. You will have to go back with me, and I will give you the money at the office." There was not a trace of disbelief in her the Boston & Lowell railroad, leaving face as she stared at me. She was undecided, but not distrustful. She looked anxiously toward the doorway where she anxiously loward the doorway where she had left the man, glanced up and down the street, and after a moment's hesitation ing. on the regular mail train time, over the Rutland division, with a special train above special train at Leicester Junction The above two special trains will join to gether at Bellows Falls, running cars through without change via Brattleboro, leaving there in the afternoon on the regiar mail train time, moving as a specia train without stops, from Brattlebo New London; connecting at the latte point with one of the Norwich Line steam ers, which has been chartered for the exclusive use of the G. A. R. department Vermont, Woman's Relief corps, Sons of Veterans and friends. This charters steamer will leave New London on arriva of train that evening, arriving in New York about 7:00 next morning, landing at pier 40 (old number) North river, which adjoins the Deshrosses street ferry of the Pennsylvania raliroad, crossing this terry to Jersey City, where there will be a specia train of through passenger coaches leaving about 7:30 A. M., making a fast run over the Pennsylvania railroad through to Washington, arriving there about 1 p. M

A special train from Newport will con nect with the train over the Central Ver-mont rairroad at White River Junction and special trains will be run over the Rut Do whatever you think's the best wild and Bennington, and the St. Johnsbury and Lake Champlain railroads, con necting with the other trains at Rutland Sales attended to in New Hampshire. Vermont and St. Johnsbury.

Smoking Out the Tammany Police.

The Rev. Dr. Parkhurst triumphs splendidly in New York, in spite of the threats of Tammany and its desperate efforts to shut his mouth or parry his thrusts. Last friday afternoon the grand jury, which has been sitting during the March term and investigating the evidence presented by Dr. Parkinursi and his agents as to the the lower rant of any howels in the regain of the bladder. I tried a number of decures one said at was bright's Disease, another said it was as well as the general violation of the average of the said of the sa as well as the general violation of the ex-INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER, cise law without interference by the police brought in a sweeping and damaging presentment. This presentment says that-It is apparent to all that gambling house courses of prostitution and salicins are open onses of prostitution and saloons are open i colation of the law and that the policy are full rule provides that the captain of each precinct shall send to todice insadquarters a lost of the gambing and disorderly houses in their respect-ive precincts. Such reports are made and al-though the law gives power to the superinteni-ent to issue histown warrant and have insoftness tream into such places, without going to court, such proceedings are not taken. In fact there is no appearaince of poince interference with gamb-ling feases, houses of productions, or saloon keepers who violate the excise law.

Facts like these lead the grand jury to the inevitable conclusion that the law is not enforced because the police are in corrupt collusion with the rum-sellers and dive-keepers.

As a result of the grand jury's action, last Sunday was what is known as a "dry Sunday" in New York, the police having passed word among the saloons that they must be closed. There was wrath among the thirsty crowd in consequence, and in some places extra policemen were detailed in front of the saloon doors to quiet the

Henry M. Taber, the foreman of the grand jury, expresses the opinion in private that nearly \$10,000,000 is collected annually from the keepers of gambling dens, saloons, concert halls and houses of ll repute in New York city and distributed among the members of the police de-partment as the price for leaving these places unmolested. The lowest and cheapest places pay regularly \$30 a month for this purpose, and the "higher grades" are assessed larger sums in proportion

Piophobia

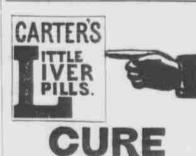
At which " The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table makes merry, has its origin in the unpleasant results which many people experience after eating pie. This discomfort, or distress, is nothing more than the protest of our digestive organs against hog's grease.

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HEAD

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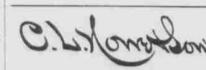
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Are you CONSTIPATED? If so, Sulphur Bitters is just what you need and weary mothers RAISE PUNY, PINDLING children niphur Bitters will make them

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