

# Lamoille Newsdealer.

CHAS. C. MORSE, Publisher.

A Weekly Journal of Local and General News; Devoted to the Interests of Lamoille County.

TERMS: \$1.50 per year if paid in Advance. \$2.00 if not in Advance.

Volume 15.

HYDE PARK, LAMOILLE COUNTY, VERMONT, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1874.

Number 7.

## Lamoille Newsdealer:

### ADVERTISING RATES.

1 column, one year, \$100; six months, \$60; three months, \$40; one month, \$15.  
2 columns, one year, \$200; six months, \$130; three months, \$80; one month, \$30.  
3 columns, one year, \$300; six months, \$190; three months, \$120; one month, \$45.  
Business cards on first page, \$1 per line, a year—no charge less than \$5.  
Special notices, \$1.50 each.  
Legal notices, 10 cents per line for one, two or three insertions.  
Statutory notices five cents per line.

### BUSINESS CARDS.

**Attorneys.**  
W. H. H. KENFIELD, Attorney at Law, Solicitor in Chancery, and Claim Agent. HYDE PARK VT. Office over Hayes Bros. Store.  
ALBERT A. MILES, Attorney at Law, and Master in Chancery, Morrisville, Vt.  
M. A. BIGHAM, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, Essex Junction, Vt.  
BIGHAM & WATERMAN, Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Chancery, Hyde Park, Vt.  
C. W. HEWDELL, Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Chancery, Morrisville, Vt.  
R. G. HEATH, Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Chancery, Johnson, Vt. Also an Claims Agent.  
**Physicians.**  
DR. C. A. JACKMAN, HOMEOPATHIST, Morrisville, Vt. Office at the residence of Wm. B. Oatman, Jr.  
DR. M. L. POWERS, HOMEOPATHIST, Johnson, Vt. Office at the residence of Mrs. H. M. Parmelee.  
DR. D. G. GROUT, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Winoch, Vt.  
DR. DAVID RANDALL, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Hyde Park, Vt. Office at his residence on Main street. Will practice in Hyde Park and vicinity.  
L. B. GROVER, M. D., ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Hyde Park, Vt. Office at the residence, three doors from the Church.  
C. W. DECK, DENTIST. The first two weeks of every month, I shall be at my rooms in Cambridge Grove, Vt., and the remainder of the month at my office in Hyde Park, Vt. Without extra charge. Give name desired.  
R. G. WILBERT, SURGEON DENTIST, Morrisville, Vermont. Without extra charge. Give name desired.  
F. W. J. PECK, DENTIST, Johnson, Vermont. Natural teeth put in the best state of preservation, diseases of the gums successfully treated, artificial teeth made in every style known to the profession.  
Deputy Sheriffs and Auctioneers.  
D. C. HARDY, Deputy Sheriff, Auctioneer and Livery Keeper. Prompt attention to business guaranteed. (751)  
R. C. LASHBURN, DEPUTY SHERIFF AND AUCTIONEER, Hyde Park, Vermont. Full attention will be paid to all business transactions.  
J. WYNNELL, Deputy Sheriff, Auctioneer and Deed Agent, Hyde Park, Vermont. All calls promptly attended to.  
Hotels.  
JOHNSON HOUSE, G. H. HADY, Proprietor, Johnson, Vt. Stages stop at this house. Strict attention paid to the wants of guests.  
FAIRFAX HOUSE, W. W. FOSTER, Proprietor, Good Livery Connected.  
NEW HOTEL, Lower Village, Vt., DANIEL ISHAM, Proprietor. All who stop at this house are sure of getting comfortable and convenient to any part of the country can be had at short notice, and "Dan" will be glad to please his guests.  
HARDWICK HOTEL, BREXMAN BROS., Proprietors, Hardwick, Vt. This house has been thoroughly refitted. Conspicuous to any part of the country at short notice.  
Miscellaneous.  
DANIEL STONE, BLACKSMITH, Hyde Park, Vt. All work warranted. Especial attention paid to repairing and fitting machinery. Machine Oil for sale. Orders solicited and prompt attention given. J. M. SAFFORD, Cambridge, Vt.

## Poetry.

### MOUNT TABOR.

BY JOHN BAY.  
On Tabor's bright a glory came,  
And, shrouded in clouds of lambent flame,  
The awe-struck, hushed disciples saw  
Christ and the prophets of the law;  
Moses, whose grand and awful face  
Of Sinai's thunder bore the trace,  
And wise Elias, in his eyes  
The shade of Israel's prophecies,  
Stood in that vast mysterious light  
Than Syrian noons more purely bright.  
One on each hand—and high between  
Shone forth the godlike Nazarene.  
They bowed their heads in holy fright,  
No mortal eyes could bear the sight,  
And when they looked again, behold!  
The fiery clouds had backward rolled,  
And borne aloft, in grander glory,  
Nothing was left, "save Jesus only."  
Resplendent type of things to be!  
We read its mystic symbols  
With clearer eyes than even they,  
The fisher saints of Galilee.  
We see the Christ stand out between  
The ancient law and faith serene,  
Spirit and letter—both above  
Spirit and letter both was Love.  
Led by the hand of Jacob's God  
Through wastes of old a path was trod  
By which the message would come  
Upward through law and faith to love.  
And there in Tabor's harmless flame  
The crowning revelation came.  
The old world knelt in homage due,  
The prophets near in reverence drew,  
Law ceased its mission to fulfill  
And Love was lord on Tabor's hill.  
So now, while crowds perplex the mind  
And wrangle loud the weary wind,  
When all the strife is with words  
And texts that ring like clashing swords,  
Behold, as for refuge, we may turn  
Where Tabor's shining glory burn—  
The soul of antique Israel gone—  
And nothing left but Christ alone.  
—Scribner for January.

## Miscellany.

### The Maid of Killeena.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.  
Author of "The Princess of Thule," "A Daughter of Heth," etc.

#### CHAPTER VII. (Continued.)

Ailasa turned to him with terror in her face.  
"And where do you go to now? You were saying you would put me in a boat to take me back."  
He shrugged his shoulders; she had been speaking too quickly for him.  
"Can not you take me back?" the girl cried, wildly. "There is many a cue that will pay you for the time; or if you will take me only to the Lewis, and I will get back to Killeena. My friends they will all think I am dead now; and it was only yesterday that they came to the wedding. And my husband, Alister, he will think that I am dead now."  
But these urgent protestations were lost on him. He shook his head. He could not understand her when she spoke like that.  
"Listen," he said to her. And then he began, in a slow and careful fashion, to deliver the speech that he had, word by word, prepared while she lay asleep in the cabin. "This boat is the *Priz Pour Moi*. *S'il Vous Plait*; we, captain. We go, we go, we go, you see? For we'll. You rest here; we see the ship you desire; you go wis her to English place—good?"  
"Are you going to Iceland?" she said.  
"Was there any English ships there?"  
He shook his head.  
"No, not many English—perhaps. But here on the sea many English ships—ve shall look—then you go back. But why you are in grand distress?"  
"I hef no right to be," she said, sadly, and almost to herself. "You are ferry kind to me—kinder than my own kith and kin, that tried to murder me. And what hef I done that any one would try to murder me?"  
And so the small vessel sailed away to the north, and the girl sat and watched for the ship that was to take her back to her own country. That day they saw no fewer than five; but all of these the sailors told her would be of no use to her. When she looked disappointed, the small captain would ask her if she would rather go to America than to Iceland.  
Bit by bit, as she found out how to make him understand her, she told him her story; and the man's face grew dark.  
"He try to kill you!"  
"I do not know," she said. "hef wished not to believe that; but I can not help it. And he was my own husband's brother. It was a fearful night that night. And what are they all doing now? All going round the shore looking for me; or hef they go away to the farms, thinking that I was drowned, and Alister only he will be looking for me out by the shores

of Killeena, where I was hearing him cry to me, 'Ailasa! Ailasa!'"

The further north they got the more rarely they caught a glimpse of any distant vessel near the horizon, and by-and-by Ailasa resigned herself to going on with them to Iceland. Captain and crew were alike exceedingly kind and attentive to her. The cabin into which she had been at first ushered was reserved for her exclusive use. Such delicacies as the ship's stores afforded were prepared for her—indeed, she had been accustomed to considerably rougher fare in the rude islands of the Hebrides. And again and again she besought the captain—sometimes with tears in her eyes—to express to the men her gratitude to them for their kindness; and as for himself, she would leave it to her husband, Alister Lewis, to take the proper means of thanking him when she got back to her own home.

But another bitter disappointment was in store for her. After the long and tedious voyage, that seemed to be carrying her beyond the confines of the known world, they saw land at last; and when in course of time they sailed into the small port of Reykjavik, she looked forward with great joy to meeting some of her own countrymen, who would take her back to Wick, or Stornoway, or even Greenock. There was not a single British vessel of any description in the harbor. She cried silently; but she hid her tears, for she was ashamed to show apparent ingratitude to those who had done so much for her.  
"You rest here—small time," said the captain, cheerfully. "We get the fresh, then we sail. Then you shall find many English ships, much more English ships, when we go back—hundreds English ships that go to Glasgow."

"To Glasgow?" she repeated, mechanically. Should she have to go to that distant city of which she had heard, of which she had dreamed many a time in reading Alister's letters to her? All that she knew of the place was the address of the shop in the Gallowgate to which she had sent her letters in reply.

"Haf you money?" said her friend the small captain.  
"No, not any," she said.  
"You want money, oh yes," he said, when you go to Glasgow, Greenock, or the other harbor, for you to go home. Here some money. Pay me back in a letter."  
He took out a well-worn leather purse, and the outside of which were large initials worked in gold beads.

"My wife," he said, with a proud smile—"my wife do that. Yes. Here some money for you." He offered her three Napoleons, which she took. But meanwhile she had quickly undone from round her neck the chain to which was attached a small and pretty silver watch that Nicol Lewis had bought for her in Stornoway. Both of these while she was too much confused to speak, she offered to him.

"What is that?" he said with a sudden frown. "It is a present," she said, timidly. "You hef been very kind to me."  
"Non!" the French captain said, with angry vehemence. "Take away! No present for me!"

He looked at the young girl, at her frightened and imploring face; then he shrugged his shoulders, and laughed.  
"Be not afraid!" he said, motioning back her hand. "It is no matter. I am not angry. You are only a child."  
CHAPTER VIII.  
"AS WE RODE IN BY GLASGOW TOWN."

In due course of time the small French schooner had taken in her cargo of salt fish the period of waiting having seemed innumerable ages to the young Highland girl. Then they set sail once more, and there was not any one of the seamen kept a better look-out than she did. And they were more fortunate on their voyage south; for before long they fell in with a homeward-bound steamer, the captain of which willingly took Ailasa on board. He would carry her to Glasgow, where she would take steamer for Stornoway. That was the best he could do for her.

"You hef been a very good friend to me," said Ailasa to the captain of the French schooner, while tears were running down her face, "and I will not know at all how to thank you; but it is my husband who will write to you. And if you was coming any day into Stornoway, or to Yateray, or to Borva, and you was sending a message to Carn-Sleann in Killeena, or to Darroch, or to the school-house at Maol-beg, there is many and many a one that would be glad to go a long way to see you. Yes, and there will be many and many a one will be a friend to you, if they was never to see you, and I will say

that it is a good friend you hef been to me."

Ailasa stood on the deck of the big steamer as it went throbbing on its way. She did not know that she was an object of great curiosity to the passengers on board, for she was still regarding the small vessel that was left behind, and waving her handkerchief to the good friends whom she was little likely to see again. Then she turned to find herself among a new set of strangers.

The captain of the steamer was a tall, burly, white-haired Scotchman, who talked in a bluff fashion that rather frightened her, but who was very kind to her all the same. And when on the next afternoon they sailed up the Clyde and got near to Glasgow—the girl was quite bewildered by the din of the dock-yards and the sight of such great crowds of people—he said to her.

"Now, my lass, it wina do for ye to gang about the streets o' a big town; and I'm telled that the Stornoway steamer doesna sail the morn's mornin', but the day after. Hae ye got any siller about ye?"

She showed him the three gold pieces, which he regarded with much contempt.  
"Gie them to me," he said, "and I'll get you something mair servicable. Now take heed o' what I'm saying. I'll send one o' my men to put ye into a cab, and ye'll drive to that shop in the Gallowgate—do ye understand? Then ye'll tell Mr. Macilwham—and God forgie him for having such a name—what ye are and your belongings, and he'll pat ye in the way o' getting a comfortable lodging. And I'll lend ye a bag to put the bits o' things in that the laddies have given ye; but mind ye let me have the bag back again, for it doesna belong to me."

It was as one in a dream that Ailasa found herself in the great city of which Alister Lewis had often written to her. Surely there was nothing here of all that she imagined. When she stepped on to the quay at Broomielaw the noise of the place terrified her, and she could only stare in a frightened fashion at the enormous masses of houses and the wonderful streams of men and women and the strange vehicles in the streets. The sailor who was in charge of her treated her as if she was a child. He took her hand to lead her to the cab, seeing that she almost shrank from venturing out into the street. Then he got on the box with the driver, and they drove away.

What hideous roar and rattle was this that filled her ears? The great gaunt lines of houses seemed to have no end. She saw crowds of people such as she had scarcely imagined to exist in the whole world; and all at once, recollecting that she was alone in this vast multitude, knowing none and known to none, her courage fell away from her. It seemed to her now that she was lost and forlorn as she had been that wild night at sea, and that she should never see Alister Lewis, or her mother, or Killeena any more. The endless streets were blotted out by her tears. She thought no more of the size of the place, except that it seemed to her she was plunging deeper and deeper into an insupportable and terrible wilderness, from which there could be no escape. When at length the vehicle stopped and the sailor came down to ask her to alight, she stepped out on the pavement with a look on her face as of a bird that suddenly finds itself in the hands of a snarer. The very skies and the free light of Heaven seemed shut out in the heart of this fearful city.

"Ay, my good lass, this is the shop," said the Scotch sailor; "dinna ye see the name over the door?"  
She timidly crossed the pavement.  
"Here," said the man, "take your lag wi' ye, and mind what Captain MacIntyre telled ye. And I'll say good-day to ye, and wish ye a quick passage back to Stornoway."

She was so bewildered that she could hardly thank him vaguely; then she went into the shop.  
It was a strange place. There was no one at all in the front portion of it; and behind, in the gloom, she could see another large apartment filled with large frames and sheets of glass and gilded decorations. It seemed hopeless to her to ask here for news of Alister Lewis. She could not believe now that this city in which she found herself was the Glasgow of which she had heard him speak.

But as her eyes got accustomed to the twilight she saw there were two dusky figures coming along through the lumber of window-frames and gilded mirrors, and as they came they spoke.  
"The morn's mornin'?" said the elder

of the two, who was in front. "Weel, I'm sorry to see the last o' ye, lad. But twa or three years will make ye forget what ye've come through. At seven, is it, that ye sail?"

"Yes, indeed," said the younger man.  
The sound of the voice thrilled through her, and she would have run toward him but that the whole place seemed to reel round. She caught at the counter beside her; she vainly stretched out her other hand toward him; she could neither speak nor cry.

And then it seemed to her, before she sank into unconsciousness, that Alister Lewis turned a white and haggard face toward her, and that a wild cry of terror escaped from his lips as he gazed at her, trembling and irresolute. She could not help stretching out both hands to him—she said, "Alister, dinna ye know me?"—and then, as she fell, she knew that his arms were around her, and he was calling to her and caressing her and speaking to her as to one who had come back from the grave to delight and astonish those she had left behind.

"Ailasa! Ailasa!" She heard the words, faintly and distinctly, as she heard them that night off the Skerrowe rocks; and when at last she came to herself that was all he could murmur into her ear as he held her fast, so that the strange vision should not melt away and escape from him.  
"Ailasa, my lass, where hef ye been?" he said. "Where hef you been, Ailasa?" he said. "I was never thinking to see you again in the world. It was the morn's mornin' I was going away to America. Ailasa, why dinna ye speak to me?"

But here Mr. Macilwham, a quiet, little, gray-faced old man, who frowned because that his eyes were wet, came forward and interposed in a rough manner.  
"Alister," said he, "have ye no sense, man? Let the lass alone! Ye'll have plenty o' time to ask her questions afterward, and jist now, why, bring the lass into the back shop, and we will get her some tea, and Mrs. Macilwham will come over and see that she is put to rights. Come along, my girl. Dinna ye bother you head wi' questions. It is a very gran' thing ye are safe and sound, and there's plenty o' time for the askin' o' questions. Alister, my man, jist you run across the street and bid the gudewife mak' haste and step this way. Come along, my lass!"

That evening Ailasa sat in a little parlour in the Gallowgate, made very comfortable by the ministrations of the glazier's wife, and looking pleased and contented amidst all the wonders and novelties of such a place. And Alister Lewis, who could not keep his eyes away from his young wife, who seemed to have come back to him, pale and beautiful, from the very realms of death, showed her a letter which he had just received from Darroch. It was from his brother Nicol, and this was one message of it; "God knows I hef nothing to blame myself, but how was I to speak to him, Alister, when you was telled me that fearful thing at Stornoway. And the people, too, they was not a blind man; and from one day to the other he was seeing that no one would go near to him, and him a ferra proud man whatever. And it was bad, and ferra bad, for us to have this great shame on our family; and Hamish and Donald they would not say one word; but every one he know that the people was thinking more as they would say. This was the ferra strange, too, that wouldna gang down to the sea, although the boat she was wantin' the pentin, and he wouldna gang down to the sea, but he was keepin' about the farm from the mornin' till the night. Well, well, Alister, there was many a one thinking he would go into the water, and it is a bad thing to hef a drowned man in the family when you go to the fishing, and him drowned by his own hand. And it is two of the family gone away now; and Mrs. Macdonald she will be leaving Carn-Sleann—and Ailasa away, too, there will not be much of a song or a dance about Darroch or Killeena for many's the year that is to come."

And so the letter went on, and Ailasa trembled and wept by turns to think of the desolation that had fallen over her home.  
"But it was to be a happier time, Ailasa, when you go back," Alister Lewis said, gladly enough, as he put his hand on the girl's shoulder and patted her; "and it will be a great surprise to all the people when they see us together—as if you were come back from another world to them—and there will be many a good

song and a dance yet in the islands all in good time. And that day will be a good day that you will go over the moor to Carn-Sleann, for there was no one ever thinking you would see Carn-Sleann again. But you were saying, Ailasa, you will rather send them a message by the steamer, and that is very good, that they will not be frightened, and you will stay for a week or two to see the fine sights of Glasgow."

"Oh yes," said Ailasa, with a happy light shining in her blue eyes. "There is many a thing I will like to see in Glasgow that they hef not heard of in Darroch or Killeena; and it will be a proud day the day that I will go back to Killeena and telled them all the fine things that I hef seen. And maybe," said the girl, shyly, remembering her duty as a school-maester's wife—"Maybe I will learn a little of the good English before we go back to Killeena."

Christmas At Farmer Howe's.  
"A Merry Christmas!" Was it the nicely-dressed chicken's exclamation, or was it Josie's the well-to-do farmer's daughter, who brought the gift?  
All the fall "Pet Chicken" had gone through farmer Howe's grounds saying, "cut! cut! I know something nice. cut! cut! Some day, Mrs. Howe will put me into that beautiful house, and I shall have nothing to do but eat and grow fat, she's ag-ging to dress me, and then I'm going to Dear old Mrs. Gunn's, where Minnie and Harry are, and I'm never coming back again. Cut! cut! cut!"  
"Every day," said Mrs. Howe to Mrs. Gunn, one morning last autumn, "Pet goes around saying these very words."  
So, when the cheerful rap and the "Merry Christmas," with milk for a plum pudding and a chicken all nicely dressed, appeared in Mrs. Gunn's neat kitchen, that worthy lady knew that Pet's crowning wish was realized.  
"What a beauty!" said Harry to his grandma. "Will you cook it to-morrow and shall I have a drum-stick and a wee bit of the breast meat?"  
"Fie, Harry," said Minnie, who was twenty months his senior; "any part of that chicken will be nice, and besides, grandma will choose her own time and her own manner of dividing and appropriating it. Come, brother, and help to stone these raisins!"

But Josie has rapped at another door, and this time it is the good pastor's. "Is Mrs. Ainslie in? Mother has sent her this pair of chickens, with her respects. She wishes you a Merry Christmas," as Mrs. Ainslie appeared, "and Mr. Ainslie the same."  
"Thank your mother for us both," said Mrs. Ainslie. "They are perfect beauties. Give my love to her and tell her we shall think of her while eating the delicious birds. Her poultry is always a mystery. It is so nice."  
Josie stopped next at the door of two aged people. She did not wait to rap, for the old gentleman was deaf and the old lady quite lame.  
She stepped into the room, bearing a nicely-roasted fowl, still warm, which she quietly deposited upon the table, while James, her oldest brother, followed with a basket, in which were stowed plum-pudding, biscuit, cooked vegetables, cranberry sauce, apples, and a jug of cream. When all had been placed upon the table and the door closed the aged pair looked at each other with moist eyes. "The good Lord does more than he promises," exclaimed Mr. Woodbridge. "This nice Christmas, and we have not moved a pin. Even to old age will I carry you and to hoar hairs. Why, mother, I can't keep the tears back, no how; I can't keep the words back; and right there he thanked the Lord that he could once more celebrate the Saviour's birthday in a manner befitting in some degree so great an event. He thanked the Lord of light and glory for coming to the earth. He prayed for blessings on the kind heart which had spread such a feast before him, and then he urged the petition, 'May she not fall to sit down and eat at the marriage supper of the Lamb.'"

After a few more visits, Josie and her brother reined up before the old farmhouse, every part of which was illuminated. Merry and glad songs flitted to and fro, glad songs pealed out from happy hearts, for all was mirth and joyfulness.  
"How young grandma looks," said little Fred, the eldest of three grand-children.  
"Grandpa is very happy," said his mamma. "He is happy because we have come, and then he is happy because of the great gift, the wonderful gift of God's

dear Son to this world. I am lost, my dear boy, in admiration that the All Father could give such a ransom,—His darling, his only Son. None but an Omnipotent could have thought out such a redeeming plan."

After supper Josie sat down by her father and inquired about the Carters. "Are they so very poor? Little Bennie was all tatters, and everything in the house looked forlorn. The mother is thin as a shadow, and all the children cold and untidy. I felt perfectly wretched. I handed Mrs. Carter the bundle of clothing and Jamie gave her the chicken pie. She did not thank us as the others did, but sat silent and looked away from us. I never saw such a look of comfort anywhere."

"They are poor, my daughter. Mrs. Carter went to school with your mother, and Mr. Carter was one of my schoolmates when a boy. Mrs. Carter was idle, frivolous and vain when a girl, and after her marriage preferred to lounge about among fast and disorder, and so Mr. Carter grew dissatisfied with his home. He learned to go where he could find better food and neater rooms, until finally he yielded to the attractions of bar-rooms and liquor-saloons. But your mother and I both pity them, and would do something to elevate them if we could. Poor George! Poor George!"

"We found Miss Meekler in," continued Josie. "'Come in, dears,' she said. 'And so your good mother thought of me! What beauties her chickens always are! How white! How plump! Every piece-feather out! Well! well! Christmas is come. I'll be round some day and thank her.'"

There were plenty of turkeys, of chickens, of other pies, of puddings, of cakes, nuts, raisins, etc., all through the holidays at farmer Howe's, and all the more enjoyment that each one had done his utmost to cheer some other and less favored home.

And Mr. Howe was not by and means a man of money. That he was rich I will not deny, but rich only in good works. He is careful to take all his tithes to the great storehouse, and when the pearly gates open to him, he will doubtless find riches and honors before which the gold and titles of earth vanish as a

WHAT AM I GOOD FOR?—Remember the parable of the talents—one had ten, another five, another two, and another one. So it is among men to-day. Our "talents" may be compared with money, with education, acquired art, natural gifts, or with opportunity to do good. If we use our one, two or five talents to the best of our ability, we shall be accepted, and earn the approval of Him who judges righteously. The comforting words, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," will be set opposite our names in the great book, whose records give a complete history of each individual life. Are we so living to-day that we can ask or hope for God's blessing on our course? This is our right, our privilege, our duty. We may court our passing moments as unimportant, as they may appear to be uneventful. But "time flies," and we must fly to keep up, or be left behind; each second, like the tick of a clock, makes its record. We do not realize this until we come into middle life or old age, when, if our life has been frittered away we are punished in a "hell" of regrets, for "lost time, lost opportunity."—*Phrenological Journal*.

—A gentleman who had the curiosity to spend a dime in answering an advertisement which promised valuable advice for that amount, received by mail the following answer: "Friend, for ten cents postage please find enclosed advice which may be of great value to you. As many persons are injured for weeks, months and years by the careless use of a knife, therefore, my advice is, when you use a knife always whittle for you."

A New Bedford clergyman amazed his congregation last Sunday by suddenly leaving his pulpit, trotting down the aisle, and striding off toward home.—The choir sang, and then there was an awkward, fidgety waiting. Soon the pastor shot into church again, sopping perspiration from his forehead with his handkerchief, and read his sermon without explanation. He had forgotten his manuscript—that was all.

"What's the use in these days, trying to be honest?" exclaimed a grumbler.—"Oh, you ought to try it once and see." retorted one of his companions.

The good time coming—dinner time.

U M B E R !  
LARGEST STOCK OF THOROUGHLY SEASONED  
PLANED & ROUGH  
SPRUCE  
HEMLOCK,  
POPLAR,  
PINE, BASS,  
& ASH  
AND  
OSAPBOARDS, LATH  
AND  
CEDAR POSTS!  
CASH PAID FOR LUMBER!