The Vermont Phœnix.

Published weet in by FRENCH & STEDMAN. Office No. 9 Granite Row, Main Street,

TERMS.—To single subscribers, by mail, \$2.25 per annum in salvance; in circle, \$2.00. When not paid in salvance, for additional, per year, will be charged. Barns or Advertuine made known on application. Births, Deaths and Marriages inverted gratis; Ottos, ary Notices or Resolution, and Cards of Thauks, 10c D. B. STEDMAN.

BUSINESS CARDS.

BENJ. R. JENNE, General Insurance and Beal Estate Agent, esenting Companies whose Assets are over \$100,000,000. TENEMENTS TO LET.

Office in Thompson & Bangor's Block, next door t Phonix Office, BRATTLEBORO, VT.

BRATTLEBORO HOUSE. Brattleboro, Vt.

STRICTLY TEMPERANCE. Located near the depot. Has been thoroughly re-tited, and is now in excellent order. Is heated by steam, and well furnished.

Convenient stable arrangements.

114 H. A. KILBURN, Manager.

E. H. DAVENPORT.
BRATTLEBORO, VT. E. CROSBY & CO., Wholesale Commission L. J. CARPENTER, MarketBlock, Elliot St.
Dealer in Toys, Fancy Goods, Books, Stationery,
Newspapers, Magazines and Periodicels, Subscriptions
received for the principal Newspapers and Magazines,
and forwarded by mail or otherwise.

CHARLES D. NOYES, Grocerand Jobber in FLOUR, OIL & FERTILIZERS. BRATTLEBORO, VT.

DAVENPORT & EDDY.
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Brattlebero, Vt.
J. G. Eddy.

E. W. STODDARD,
AND SOLECTION OF PATRICE,
AND SOLECTION OF PATRICE,
Brattlebore, Vi.

C. ADAMS GRAY, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
ELLIOT SIBEET, BRATTLEBORO, VT.

A. D. PUTNAM, Dentist, CROSSY BLOCK, BRATTLEBOSC, VT. MILON DAVEDSON.
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
PATRITEVILLE, VT.

MARTIN BRUCE, M. D., PRYSICIAN AND SUBGRON, Office with Dr. Holton, corner Main and Walnut Sts., 12-52x Brattleboro, Vt.

CUDWORTH & DAYENPORT, General Insurance Agents, ar. cents for the FARMERS' MUTCAL Fire Insurance Co. for Windham County, and for Chester, Byringfield, Ludlow, Andover and Weston in Windsor Co. Offise in Union B. ck. Brattleboro, Vt. 14

O. J. PRATT

LARGE AND VARIED STOCK OF

Foreign & Domestic

DRYGOODS

AND CARPETS

For the Spring Trade,

Consisting of a great variety of

BLACK AND FANCY SILKS, REAL IRISH POPLINS.

ALPACAS, MOHAIRS, BRILLIANTINES and CASHMERES

of superior make and finish, at popular prices;

All the New Fabrics in French and English Dress Goods,

SHAWLS,

WATESPROOF CLOTHS,
FLANNELS,
COUNTERPANES,
TOWELS,
CRASHES, DLEACHED AND RROWN SHEETING
AND SHIBITINO,
PRINTS,
GINGHAMS,
PERCALES,
&c., &c., &c.

Also an immense stock of

WHITE GOODS,

HAMBURG EDGINGS AND INSERTINGS, WORSTED AND SILK PRINCES, GUIFURE AND YAK LACES, HOSEERY, CORSETS,

STORE ARTICLES AND SMALL WARES, ----

Lowest Prices!! Also are slagaret stock of English and American

Brussels, Tapestry, 3-Ply, Ingrain and Low-Priced

CATPELS,

WHITE AND CHECKED MATTINGS,
COCOA MATTINGS,
CRUMB CLOTHS,
CRUMB CLOTHS,
BOOR MATS,
RUGS, Carpets, CARPET LINING, &c.

all of which will be sold at lowest city prices. IF Early and frequent calls solicited No trouble to show goods?

O. J. PRATT,

No. 1 Granite Block.

FOR SALE.

A Tilton & McFarland Improved

SAFE,

FOR SALE CHEAP, AT THIS OFFICE

Brattleboro Church Directory.

First Baytist.—Main St.; Rev. E. E. Cummings, D. D., Pastor. Sunday services 10:30 a. m., 7:30 p. m. Sunday Schvol II:50 a. m. Missionary Concert 1st Sunday Schvol II:50 a. m. Missionary Concert ist Sunday services in each month. Hunday Schvol Concert ist Sunday evening in each month. Payer meetings in the other Sunday revenings. Monday sevening, young people's prayer meeting. Friday evening, June 10:30 a. m., 1230 p. m.; Sunday Schwol II: Rev. N. Mighill, Pastor. Sunday services 10:30 a. m., 1230 p. m.; Sunday services 10:30 a. m., 1230 p. m.; Sunday service on the 1st and 2d Sundays of the evening service on the 1st and 2d Sundays of the month, respectively. Young people's meeting Monday evening at 1-4 to S. Trayer meeting, Friday evening at 1-4 to S. Trayer day p. m., indice' prayer meeting, 3 o'clock. Estimorat.—Main St.; Rev. W. H. Collins, Sector. Sinday services: Morning prayer and sermon 1:30 p. m.; Sunday School 12:15 p. m. Huly days, 10:20 a. m. Huly Communion 1st Sunday in the month, and on all great festivals. The children of the parish are catches on the 1st Hunday in tever month at 2 p. m.

MERHODIET EFFICOPAL. Meetings is lower town hall;
Rev. N. F. Perry, Pastor. Preaching Sunday
at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday School 12 m.; prayer
meeting in the evening. S. S. Concert ath Sunday
of every mouth. Class meeting Tuesday evening;
prayer meeting Friday evening. Scale free. ROMAN CATHOLIC.—Walnut SL; Rev. Henry Lane, Pastor. Sunday services—High mass 10:30 a, m; Vespers and Benediction 7:30 p. Menkins, Pastor, Services discontinued until traither notice. First Universalist.—Canal St.; Rev. M. H. Harris, Pastor, residence foot of High St. Bunday sermon 10:10 a. m. Services Monday and Friday evenings at 7:20.

BRATTLEBORO

Business Birectory.

Name, Business and Location of the leading Business Houses in Brattleboro.

IN CUT THIS OUT FOR REPERENCE. Agricultural Emplements. C. F. THOMPSON & CO., Williston's Stone Block, WOOD & MARSHALL, Exchange Block, Main Street B. A. CLARK, Tyler's Block,

B. A. CLARK, TJEFF BIOGE,

Booksellers and Stationers.

CHENEY & CLAPP, 6 Crosby Block,

J. STEEN, Fisher's Block, Main St.

F. C. EDWARDS, 1 door north American House. A. F. BOYNTON, Marshall & Esterbrook's block, M. st. C. A. STEVENS, Fisk's block, Main street, up stairs.

F. S. BRACKETT & CO., 4 & 5 Granite Row.
PRATT, WRIGHT & CO., 3 Granite Row. Main Street.
ROOT & MCKEAND, corner Main and High sts.
H. E. TAYLOB, 3 Union Block. C. L. HEOWN, Marshall & Esterbrook's block Main-st J. RETTING & SON, High-st., next Brooks House. O. J. PRATT, 1 Granite Block.

Chamber Sets. C. L. BROWN, Marshall & Esterbrook's block, Main-st. L. RETTING & SON, High-st., next Brooks House. F. K. BARBOWS, office with P. Barrows. C. L. BROWN, Marshall & Esterbrook's Birk, Main St.

Contractors and Builders. ALONZO CHURCH, Elliot Street. M. T. VAN DOORN, 7 Crosby Block. Dining Rooms.
E. L. COOPER 6 Brooks Heuse. C. F. THOMPSON & CO., Williston's Stone Block B. A. CLARK, Tyler's Block

I. N. THORN & CO., 2 Crosby Block.
I. C. WILLARD & CO., 1 Brooks House,
NEWTON & BOSE, Main St., oppposite High St. Dry Goods.

P. BARROWS, Main Street, opposite Brooks House.

O. J. PRATT, I Granite Block.

C. P. THOMPSON & CO., Williston's Stone Block.
C. D. NOYES, Thompson & Banger's Block.
Flour and Grain.
ESTEY, FROST & CO., Bridge St.

ESTEY, FROST & CO., Bridge st.

Purstiture.
C. L. BROWN, Marshall & Esterbrook's Block, Main st.
J. BETTING & SON, High-st., next Brooks House.

Greceries.
A. C. DAVENPORT, 3 Crosby Block.
J. W. FROST & CO. S Crosby Block.
FRANK G. HOWE, Marshall & Esterbrook, Main-st.
C. D. NOYES, Thompson & Hanger's Block.
C. L. PIPER, corner Canal and South Main sts.
J. G. TAYLOR, 3 Brooks House.
C. F. THOMPSON & CO., Williston's Stone Block. Guns, Pistols and Ammunition. C. D. NOYES, Thompson & Banger's Block. Hardware, Iron and Steel.

B. A. CLARK, Tyler's Block. C. F. THOMPSON & CO., Williston's Stone Block. HEUSTIS & BUENAP, Main Street. H. E. TAYLOR, 3 Union Block. E. L. COOPER, 5 Brooks House.

Insurance Agents.

GUDWORTH & DAVENPORT, Union Block.

RENJ. R. JENNE & CO., Thompson & Ranger's Block.

MOODY & HOWE, Savings Blank Block.

Jewellers.

THOMPSON & RANGER, 7 Grunts Bow.

Livery and Feeding Stables. F. H. FARR, Birge Street, J. W. SMITH, rear Crosby Block. I. H. CRANE, Canal Street.
Marble Works.

Marble Works.

DUTTON & KATHAN, Bridge St., near R. R. Depot.

Mean Markets.

W. P. RICHARDSON, Market block, Elliot-st.

H. HADLEY, Main Street.

Millinery and Fancy Goeds.

MRS. E. M. FARNSWORTH, I Crosby Block, 2d door.
MISSES MARSH & BALLARD, over Steen's Store.

O. J. PHATT, I Granite Block.

Paints and Otls. Paper Haugings and Window Shades

J. STEEN, Fisher's Block, Main Street. M. T. VAN DOORN, 7 Crossly Block Photographers. D. A. HENRY, Catler's Block, Main Street. C. L. HOWE, Union Block.

C. L. HOWE, Union Block.

Picture Frauding.

A. F. WILDER, Harmony Block.

Seedsman and Floriat.

C. E. ALLEN, Cand St. (Cut Flowers to order.)

Steacils and Steel Stamps. E. M. DOUGLAS, No. 9 Harmony Block. Stoves and Tin Ware.

WOOD & MARSHALL, Exchange Block, Main Street Teaming.
CHARLES T. WHEELER, Centreville. P. O. Box. #26
Undertakers. C. L. BROWN, Marshall & Esterbrook's Block, Main st I. BROWN, Marshall & Esterbrook's block, Main at HETTING & SON, High st., next Brooks' Bouse.

Dental Operations

OF ALL RINDS PERFORMED IN THE DESTMANSED

CLARK'S

DENTAL ROOMS, --- Crosby Block, Over Fermant National Bank, Brattlebors, F1

ECHOS Beneath the Stars & Stripes. "THE LION OF THE TIMES!" The Remedy for a Tight Money Market. A MONEY-MAKING BUSINESS ANY TIME.

For Mea or Women, at home or on the road. Useful,
Honorable, Permanent.

Particulars sent free by mail to any applicant, and
"THE MIRROB," a forty-page paper containing much
interesting and valuable matter. Eard at once.

Name in what paper you saw this notice.

Address MARTIN & CO.,

46 Hinadale, New Hampshire.

Have Your Summer Clothing Cleansed and Repaired,

A Tibe BRATTLEBORG DYEING AND CLEANS-ING HOUSE. Coats, Fants, Vests, Shawis, and Sacques, cleaned and dyed without ripping. Dress Goods, etc., dyed and refinished. E. L. HODGMAN, So, Main St., opposite Brattleboro House. Brattleboro, Vt., May 1, 1875. 4-3

F. S. BRACKETT'S Clothing and Tailoring Establish As you are going by, and cave your order for nice

fitting SHIRTS, or a pattern cut from measure. If

Pasturage. CAN furnish good Pasturage for atock at reason able rates. West Brattleboro, Nov. 16, 1975.

Literary Department.

The Sea-Fog. Upon the cliff's steep edge I stand; The meaning sea I hear; But gray mists hang o'er sea and land, The mists that sailors fear.

The lichened rocks, the mosses red, With silver drops are sown; Each crimson forglove hange its head

Amid the old gray stone. The fearful rock within the bay, Where gallant ships go down, Shows but a faint white line of spray,

A glimmering mass of brown A broken boat, a spot of black, Is tossed on sullen waves, Their crests all dark with rifted wrack,

Now sails my love on sea to-day: Heaven shield his boat from harm!

Oh, would be sat beside our store. Where mother turns her wheel; I know too soon, for you, my love, What wives of sailors feel

Oh, that within the wood-fire's glo He told us tales of yore, Of perils over long ago,

The fog has hid the foam ; The surf that shall his boat o'erwhelm Re thinks the beach at home. He sees a lamp amid the dark,

He thinks our pane alight; and haply on some storm-bound bark He founders in the night. Now God be with you; He who gave

Where'er your oar may dip the wave, You bear the hearts of both Through storm and mist God keep my love, That I may bear once more

Your boat upon the shingled cove, Your step upon the shore. (Chambers' Jonesal

Pre-Extstence. While sauntering through the crowded street, Some half-remembered face I meet, Albeit upon no mortal shore That face, methinks, has smiled before Lost in a gay and festal throng.

Set to an air whose golden bars In sacred aisles I pause to share The blessings of a pricetly prayer-When the whole scene which greets mine eyes In some strange mode I recognize As one whose every mystic part I feel prefigured in my heart.

Familiar as my childhood's home Seems the long stretch of wave and foam One sails toward me o'er the bay, I can forstell. A prescient love O swift, instinctive, startling gleams Of deep soul knowledge! not as dreams For aye ye vaguely dawn and die, but oft with lightning certainty

At sunset, as I calmly stand,

Pierce through the dark, oblivious brain Thoughts which perchance must travel back; Across the wild, bewildering track Of countless mons: memories far

High-reaching as you pallid star. Unknown, scarce seen, whose flickering grace Faints on the outmost rings of space! [Paul H. Hayne. This Baby of Ours

There's not a blossom of beautiful Lay, Silver of daisy or daffodil gay, Nor the rosy bloom of apple tree flowers. Fair as the face of this baby of ours. You can never find on a bright June day A bit of fair sky so cheery and gay, Nor the haze on the hills, in noonday hours,

Blue as the eyes of this baby of ours. The clearest, sweetest that ever was heard In the tender hush of the dawn's still he Soft as the lauch of this baby of ours.

There's no gossamer silk of tasselled corn, No filmsiest thread of the shy wood-fern, Not even the cobweb spread over the flowers, Fine as the hair of this baby of ours. There's no fairy shell by the sounding ses No wild rose that nods on the windy lea, No blush of the sun through April's soft show

Pink as the palms of this baby of ours. Msy the dear Lord spare her to us, we pray, For many a long and sunshiny day, Ere he takes to bloom in Paradise bowers This wee bit durling, this baby of ours.

An Epigastric Epic. Twas in a restaurant we met, -I still recall the glance she gave, And how enthralled I was, as if That glance had made my soul her slave.

and hung her head, and went to work

How quick she turned and deeply blushed. Upon a plate of chicken-pic How more and more confused she grew

Until, with such despatch she ate, A chicken bone stuck in her throat. How then she started, choked, and gagged

I never, never can forget, And dropped her teeth.-I think they were At least a fifty dollar set. So paled my hopes as pales the light That Fancy lends her Fairy see She grabbed her ivories up and fied, And I resumed my pork and beans.

"GREAT TREES FROM LITTLE ACORNS."

[Brooklyn Argus

A little boy was carrying a bottle of ginger-pop down King street the other day, when suddenly the cork popped out and popped him in the north eye. When he had sufficiently recovered from his asionishment he yelled so vigorously that a small crowd soon collected around him to ascertain the matter. Two carpenters at ping ?" work on the next block around the corner, in their auxiety to see what the excitement was about, fell out of the second story window on to a peanut stand beneath. Then two women fainted, one of whom immediately disappeared in an adjacent coal-cellar. Three small boys shouted "fire!" and a man with a long ladder on his shoulder, hearing their cries, turned around suddenly, and after overturning an apple woman

amidst the demoralizing rain of her wares, the end of the ladder demolished a plateglass window, and finally settled itself on an old gentleman's worst corn. Then a fat old lady had one eye gouged out by an umbrells, and a Dutchman and Irishman, after excitedly endeavoring to explain to each other the cause of it all, got into a fight and rolled recklessly into the gutter. By this time seven policemen, headed by two fire engines, came upon the scene, and arrested nine innocent lookers-on. This had the effect of dispersing the crowd, most of whom to this hour haven't the remotest idea what it was all about anyhow. -Lockport Union.

LOVE BY TELEGRAPH. Miss Pearl Silvery was telegraph opera or at Jones's Station, and Lucy Lorillard operator at Ninevel, the next point of communication, with nothing but the distance to prevent their Intimacy. They had never met, however, except electrically, and were total strangers to each other till one New Year's morning, when it occurred to Miss Pearl to send the following telegram to her nearest neighbor and fellow-laborer: "To Lucy Lorillard-A happy New Year: Pearl Silverly -- partly be cause she was idle, as hers was a branch route, with very little business and less pay, and partly because she was in need of a friend and a friendly word. She had been lately in the habit of amusing berself wondering if this Lucy Lorillard found life pleasant, bad father, mother, lovers and friends, and was like herself in nothing but in being a telegraph operator. The answer returned promptly: "Thanks.

The same to you, and more also. If wishes were horses, etc." "Rather slangy," thought Pearl, "but good-natured. I guess she has a brother at home." And so the ice once thawed, had no chance to stiffen again after this. There was little business, as I said, going over the lines from Jones's Station to Nineveb, and as the operator at the last named place seemed to have unlimited leisure on hand, the two held frequent electrical tetea-tetes, and Pearl began to feel as if she had known Lucy Lorillard from infancyas if they had gone to school arm in arm, and learned their lessons from the same Pearl's home, if it deserved the name,

was in her uncle's family, where there were three cousins and an aunt, but no uncle now; a home where she hardly felt at home, where she enjoyed no companionship, where she was perpetually barassed and annoyed, where her opinions were ridlculed, and her sentiments and tastes received no sympathy; a home where there was no room for expansion except in the way of "long-suffering and bearing all hings." She always had a dread of returning to this roof-tree at night, a sort of ecstasy at leaving it in the morning, especially after this new friendship had begun to coruscate across her days. To be sure, she ate her daily bread and slept the sleep of the just at Auut Hidden's, but she hope and aspired and lived at the telegraph office, since friendship is as much a necessity to the human being as good dinners and soft couches. She could never exactly tell how it came about, but gradually, from exchanging pretty civilities and pleasantrics and the news of the day across the wires, she found herself presently telling this Lucy Lorillard, upon whom she had never set eyes, almost everything she knew and felt and suffered or enjoyed, and receiving experiences and confidences and words of comfort in return from said Lucy Lorillard. Nothing was too trivial and nothing too great for the two to discuss across the lines between Jones's Station and Nineveb, which had suddenly sprung into remarkable activity, and which at one time caused Lucy to remark, telegraphic ally, "Our lines have fallen in pleasant places;" while Pearl answered, "When I am here at the office, and can rap out message to you. I forget who I am, and feel no longer homesick for a home that doesn't exist, and alone in the world. You are in my thoughts, sleeping or waking. If it weren't for you, dear Lucy, I think my heart would break. No one can tell

ow grateful I am for your friendship." Lucy : "You silly puss! grateful to me, indeed! I receive a great deal more than I give. I am so happy that you think of me sometimes. Keep thinking. To live in

your thoughts is a kind of immortality." would think we were lovers." Lucy : "So we are, aren't we? I wonder I we should know each other if we were

to meet by accident," "I should know you, of course-see if wouldn't. You've got great dark liquid eyes, such as poets rave over, with dark curling lashes, and a flickering color on your chees, and thick waves of light

brown hair; you're tall and slender and have a fatal dimple in your chip. There! "You've omitted my principal feature; otherwise you flatter my poor face and fig-

"Oh, an aquiline nose; and, let me add, you are fond of perfumes and jewels." "I am foud of one Pearl, certainly." "Now it is your turn to portray." Lucy; "Well, your eyes are large and

olue, like forget-me-nots." "Aunt Hidden says they're like burned holes in a blanket. Don't deceive your-"Your nose is Greeian." "It has earned me the name of Pog at

home, however-not willing to contradict such a Daniel as yourself." "Your complexion is like the lily." "Pad, by your leave." "Your bair is a skein of yellow floss."

"Pardon me; they call it unmitigated red at Jones's station; but no doubt they Sometimes they conversed in this nove manner about the books they had read, and the journeys they would take when their

ships came in; about the music they thirsted to hear; about Now and Hereaf "It struck me oddly the other day," tel egraphed Pearl, "that I had never heard your voice. Wonder if I should recognize t. When I listen to the 'Traumerei,' which somebody plays next door, I seem

to hear you speaking to me." Lucy : "You shall hear me some day-to me purpose. "I hope so. Would any one believe that companionship between two who have never seen each other could be so sweet? sometimes fear that it's too good to last.' "Dou't you ever come to Nineveh, shop-

"No; I'm too poor. I don't mind telling it, because I suspect you of the same infirmity. Don't you ever come to Jones's "Often-in spirit." "I used to be miserable before I knew you. I used to think there couldn't be anybody so unhappy. The beggar-woman had her child, the old crones at the work-

house were friendly with each other, the humpbacked girl in the alley had a sister; and now I-have a friend !" " 'Friendship is love without the wings,' the poet says. Wouldn't you rather say, "Now you're teasing. There's no love

worth having without friendship for a fonn-

"Amen."

"I'm goifig to confide to you how foolish I've been. I was invited to a ball-a country ball. Cousins Liz, Belle, and Fan accepted. I made their gowns-such beauties! pink and blue and sea-green tarlatans, like sweet clouds. I felt like Cinder-

ella, and sat down and had a good enjoyable cryafter they were gone. I had noth-ing but my old brown alpaca to wear. I "You might have seen

mazy quadrilles ! though of course I would have been a wall-dower!" "The flower that all are praising."

"No; nobody but you." "No! I fancy you resemble the woman I heard a clergyman praise in his sermon last Sunday, with whom he said it was pleasanter to meet than a poem of Browning's, Paul's Epistle, or a chapter of Epict

"I shan't listen to such flattery. Our meeting will be one of disillusions, Sometimes the telegrams were after this

"Pearl: "What are the latest things out n suits at Nineveh?"

Lucy : "The young men." "No triffing. How are over-skirts !" "Very much puffed up." "Perhaps you can tell how they dress the

air now ?" "With brush and comb still." "I mean is it worn off the forehead now?"
"It is very muck worn off the foreheads of the young ladies who crimp, and off the rowns of the men who live in their bats." 'How do you wear your own, pray?"

"Splendid! Have you such a thing as a "I have one devoted lover for a surety."

"Splendid! I've sometimes thoughtout no; you'll tell him." "You won't mind when I assure yo that my lover is only myself, Lucy Lorillard. Now you've sometimes thought-7"

"It would be delightful to be first lu somebody's heart." "No matter whose?" "What a plague you are! It seems to me t would be so delightful to love somebody better than yourself-so well you could die

for him !" "He would be a fine 'figger of a man' to let you die for him." "You do know how to put an extinguish

Later.

"Pearl: "I've got something dreadful to than me,"

"Tecold not love you, dear so well,

Loved I not honor more." "I've got a lover."

"I knew that before. What's dreadful about it?" "Oh, I don't want him; he's old. He might be my grandfather." "Saints and ministers of grace defend

"And Aunt Hidden say's it's my duty to narry him." "And I say you shan't." "He walks with a crutch, but Aunt Hidden says I can ride in my carriage. He is deaf, but she reminds me that I am no

me that 'scratch' is only masculine for "Did I understand that you were willing dle for him?"

"I'd sooner die than marry him." "Good. But you won't do either," "But I must decide to queen it at Gable Hall or be turned out of house and home." "My arms are open to you, as well as my

"How well that would sound, dear Lu-

ey, if you were only a nice young man whom I might love! I hope you don't think I'm improper." "I think you are an angel, and the pink of propriety." "Squire Gable brought down the family

jewels to dazzle me. Liz tried them all on. I couldn't touch one. I felt that the dead woman who had shone in them would rise | ly wrote a message, and made way for the up and curse me if I should purchase them gentleman who had entered behind her-a "Come! who's silly new? Anybody at such a price, and so cheapen love and all somewhat short and thickly built man, mankind. Squire Gable has a grand nephew who will come into his property if he marries no one, but he takes no notice ried against the squire's wish. This is all hearsay, however; it may not be true. But in the mean-time the nephew is quite poor.

they say. I pity him." "And pity is akin to love." "Yes-love's poor relation."

Still later. Pearl: "Advise me, dear Lucy. Aunt Hidden warns me that if I refuse Squire Gable, she will wash her hands of me. So I temporize, like a fool." "And the woman who hesitates is lost."

"I demand a month for reflection. But when the month is ended, what am I to do? My salary here as an operator wouldn't buy my salt. I don't know how to do anything else; notody would give me board as a cook, sewing-girls are a drug in the market, and to beg I am ashamed."
"If you marry him, I'll forbid the banns.

All that I have is yours." "But the trouble is, you haven't got any thing to speak of, you dear old goose." "Not much, to be sure; but enough for us two."

"I can't take even your bounty. You know the old story-poor and proud."
"You would rather take my heart and ake no return ?" "To tell the truth, I'm afraid to meet you Now you can believe me everything that s beautiful: then there'll be no more illu-

sion, and you may not like the result. And should die if you turned against me." "Then promise not to marry the squire take his poor grandnephew instead." "If you'll forward the young man. They ay he lives in Nineveb, and that he's on of nature's noblemen. Do you know him?" "I doubt if you'd agree to the description if you knew him as well as I do. Howev-

er you might prefer him to his grandon-"I should prefer the King of the Cannibal Islands. "Then why reflect so long?"

"To waste it, I should say."

"To gain time."

'So be it. I'll refuse him to-morrow, "Never put off till to morrow what can e done to day." "I feel so wicked! I shall not refuse the quire, and I shall not marry him. He was found in his library chair stiff and cold last night. Aunt Hidden says no

and if he hasn't it's a justice upon me. I shall never accept an icts. It belongs to his poor nephew, and would only be legalized bighway robbery." "You have the nephew's prospects very such at heart; he ought to feel flattered."

doubt he has left me something handsome,

Later still. "Liz and Aunt Hidden went to Squire Gable's funeral. I had a nervous headache, and so escaped. Liz came home raying over the squire's grandnephew, the only mourner--she had eyes for little else. But how foolish I am! Wust do you care about Squire Gable's nephew ?"

own, alas!" "Ah, sits the wind in that quarter? They | glycerine factory.

sent for me to be present at the reading of

"You might have seen the grandnephew, couldn't sleep half the night, thinking of "I wouldn't have gone to see the Grand what I had lost—such glddy galops, such | Lama. But I saw him at church, and thought it wouldn't be so difficult to fall in love with him as with the squire, upon my word-now don't laugh-though he isn't

my beau ideal."

"Let those laugh who who." Miss Liz was wondering if the squire's nephew would settle down in the old place, go skylarking over the world, and if Parson Longmetre would bring him to call, or how she should contrive to make his acquaintance, and whether green or blue became her complexion best, like the foolish milkmaid in the story; while Aunt Hidden's mouth was watering on account of the old china and silver ware at Gable Hall, "that might as well have been in the family as not," she grumbled. "And there wasn't a track in the carpets nor a scratch on the farniture, and I've no doubt there's silks that would stand alone folded away

in the attle, and nobody the better." And while she bewaited Pearl's folly, Lawyer Verdict dropped in to say that the squire had left his money to Pearl, and cut the poor nephew with a paltry five bundred dollars !"

Pearl bastened to telegraph the news to "Now I fear you will not wish to share my cottage, gentle maid?"

the filthy lucre?" answered Pearl. "I certainly do." "I wouldn't touch a copper of it for the world."

You don't suppose I'm going to keep

"If you don't keep every cent, I'll have othing more to say to you." "You're joking of course." "I was never more serious in my life." "I can't believe it of you."

"Then dearest friends must part; you are not the one I took you for." "I'm your best friend, however," "I couldn't follow your advice and satis-

"If you give up the money, you will give

"Then you love your conscience better "Let me persuade you to keep it."

"You can not; the woman doesn't live

"With Lizat the key-hole and Belle at

who could." "Let me come and talk to you?" "You may come and talk till the heavens fail."
"Shall our interview take place at your

auni's ?"

the closet-slide? No; here at the office The messages are too infrequent to signify only you and I have kept the wires from "But all that is at an end. To-morrow. dumb. He wears a veratch, but she assures then, at the office. Ain't I a disinterested mortal to travel to Jones's Station just to

"Excuse me if I call it a fool's errand."

persuade you to keep a fortune?"

"Philanthropists are always called names. Au revoir." Pearl waited at the office next day in a fever of expectation. What would this friend be like, whom she was about to deny herself, this friend whom she had once longed and now dreaded to see-persuasive, and difficult to resist, with soft dove eyes? Every step upon the stairs sent : quickened pulsation through her being; yet she was already absorbed in her rev eries when the door awang open and admitted a dark-browed woman. In an in stant the color flamed and flickered in Pearl's cheeks, her eves diluted, her bands trembled; but the dark-browed lade calmwith large grav eyes and curling blone bair and mustache, whom Pearl instantly Again the warm flosh stained check and forehead. Had be come to upbraid ber? Had he come to demand his own, to appeal to her sense of instice? What if Lucy Lorillard should meet him, then? Why not steal a march upon Lucy, and put

utterly beyond her power to be persuaded?-not that she doubted herself. Why not, before he could demand it or reproach "Excuse me," she faltered, "if I take this time to speak to you about a matter that troubles me. You are Squire Gable's nephew. I merely wish to say, as I may not meet you elsewhere, that I do not mean to accept the fortune left me in his will. I shall restore it to the rightful owner as soon as the lawyers can arrange it." "Your motives are commendable : but do not disquiet yourself," returned the squire's nephew. "Another and later will has been unearthed, which renders your somewhat Quixotic design unnecessary, as the bequests are now reversed: I have the fortune, and you the five hundred dollars. Pardon: but I have a message to write. Which he scratched hastily off, and gave to Pearl, who presently dropped in a heap into the nearest chair and burst into tears, at

The telegram read, "Let me persuade you to accept not only Squire Gable's money, but his graceless nephow, "LUCY LOBILLAND." "It was perfectly inexcusable, I allow," Lorillard averred, later; "but what can i man do when a pretty girl wishes him a happy New Year! I took pains to satisfy my eyes many a time and oft, and found she was more than fancy painted her. And as for the rest, I have my maternal grand-father, one John Lucy—peace to his ashes! to thank for the legacy of his name, which I always despised till I found out that Pearl Silverly loved nobody so well as Lucy Lorillard."

And so, you see, Pearl was persuaded af-

ter all .- Harper's Weekly.

The coolness of some men in certain trying emergencies is beyond praise. He was a cool man, if he was a poor carver, who having at a dinner party deposited by his unskillfulness the furkey on a lady's lap, courteously inquired, "Madam, may I trouble you for that turkey?" But even this exhibition of a temper which no mishap could ruffle is eclipsed by the coolness of an English curate-we are indebted to the Christian Register for the incident-in managing his sleepy congregation. Having tried, without success, many plans t keep alive the attention of drowsy people, he, on one hot summer's afternoon, just as the people had roused themselves at the end of the sermon, quietly said, "Well, my friends, that sermon doesn't seem to have interested you; I am very sorry for it; but there is a remedy for all things, and I have another in my pocket which you will perhaps like better !" To the dis-may of his wide awake flock he coolly preached a second sermon through from "Perhaps I care more than I'd like to the text to the amen. That curate would lead a forlorn hope or oversee a nitroIn Love with his Father.

We have had occarion, of late, to watch the training of a lad who is in love with his father. Not that he admires him, simply and respects and obeys him, but he is in love with him. And the boy is not ashamed to show a tender love for his father. And better still, the father is tenderhearted enough and "foolish" enough to return the lad's manifestations of his love. He is a city official, and tolerably wellworn with the cares of life, but he walks the street hand in hand with his son. Words of affection, and looks of affection, are often exchanged between them. It takes but a moment in their company to detect that they love one another. Not a plan, not a bope, not a desire of that lad's the open window, said "I have nothing life but is laid before that father for his more to say, m.ndam; but give the word, counsel and his wisdom and his advice; and the son has no source of pleasure or of dow." amusement, no habits, companionship or views, with which his father is not intimately acquainted, and in which he does not | Harper's Magazine for August.

enter, sympathize and assist. That the picture is a rare one, and per haps not one to win the response of all parcuis, is why we refer to it. To us it seems exceedingly advisable that parents and children should grow in love as they increase in years. The coddling and fond-ling of parents may be, and often is, excessive. The petting and spolling of children by an over-indulgence of personal attention, is a prevalent weakness. But when the child opens into youth and into blushing maidenhood, and glowing manbood-then we withdraw the special attentions, and leave the hungering, thirsting young spirit to feed upon itself; drive it to thrust back and keep down its rising springs of confiding affection, and teach it to be suspicious, silent and seclusive.

It is all a mistake. A child grows noble and strong who is allowed to be in constant sympathetic contact with his father and mother. The father and the mother keep their strength and youth by living a second boyhood and girlhood with their children. Nothing burts a boy more than to be pushed out of a tender and loving home circle at an early age. He must love somewhere; and the chances are that if he be not loved, and allowed to love, at home, he will not love too wisely away from it. It is a natural thing for youth and age to love one another. Let us not oppose nature. Encourage rather than repress the manifestation of love in your homes. Win and descrive the confidence of your children. Do not have a child of yours go outside of your home sanctuary to speak to strangers about his dearest and most precious interests, because he fears that indifference, not rejection, will meet his desire to unbosom bimself in the parental ear, and nestle himself in the paternal heart.

No possible influence from outside, not the Sunday-school even, not the church, can take the place of a boy's own father, or o! a girl's own mother, at the age when the boy and girl are approaching manhood and womanbood. Too often they are deserted of their parents at just this age. There are few sights more beautiful than to see parents standing by their children, in their growing years, in warm tender affection, accompanied and exhibited by outward manifestations of the same, -Sunday School RESUSCITATION OF PERSONS APPARENT-

LY DROWNED,-It is not improbable that many drowned persons might be resuscitated, who are left to perish for want of intelligent and timely treatment. The rules proper in such cases, which have been tested by long experience, have been so often published that they ought to be generally known. By way of giving a practical illustration of them, we copy, substantially, a case mentioned by the writer of that interesting little work recently published under the title of "The French at Home." In his walk one morning he says he say a man pulled out of the water, apparently drowned. He was laid on the right side the face turned toward the ground, and the jaws gently opened to facilitate the escape of water. Several times the head was placed a little lower than the rest of the body for the same purpose, but only for a few seconds at a time. In the meanwhile there was a regular manipulating process to induce breathing, which consisted in pressing the abdomen, stomach and sides of the chest, but softly. The efforts were without effect; the man looked as if he had seen the last of earth. Then the prostrate figure was carried to the nearest sta tion for rescue of the drowned. Here the man was stripped and wiped dry, and be was laid, turned on the side, between two blankets on a straw mattress. The manipulating process was resumed, with intervals of about a quarter of a minute be tween each pressure of the body, the pressure being repeated tifteen or twenty times, followed by a suspension of ten minutes. Twenty minutes were passed in this way, when a physician employed on this kind of service appeared and took charge of the case. A warming pan filled with bot water was passed over the body outside of the the discovery that Lucy Lorillard was a blanket, particularly over the pit of the stomach and the sides of the chest. This was alternated with a gentle friction of hot woolen mittens and the naked hands, and the soles of the feet and the palms of the hands were vigorously rubbed. An operator breathed into the mouth of the man by means of a tube. These efforts also proving in vain the physician had recourse to the introduction of tobacco smoke into the intestines. In about ten minutes the man gave a feeble sign of life, whereupon all manipulation was discontinued lest it should interfere with the natural movement. Soon he showed a desire to vomit, which was assisted by a feather introduced into the throat. How long the whole proc ess lasted is not stated, but the reader will

> LINCOLN'S BAKER STORY .- Colonel Baker, who was killed at Ball's Bluff during the late rebellion, was well known in Springfield, Illinois, and it was of him Mr. Lincoln used to tell the following story : Colonel Baker was very courteous to ladies, always treating them with great politeness and attention. He was starting on a journey at one time, when a lady was placed in his care by an acquaintance Now the colonel knew nothing whatever of this lady, but she proved to be a pleasant traveling companion, and he made her as comfortable as possible in the old stagecoach. On the next morning they stopped for breakfast in Galens, and while that meal was being prepared they were shown the lady seated berself by an open window looking out on the street, while the colone paced the floor with his hands folded be-hind him, as was his custom, for he always seemed as restless as a caged bear when confined in a room. Other passengers were

> see that it was lengthy. A few days after the writer attended a ball, and among the

most lively dancers he saw the drowned

in the parlor, and they were speaking of some late defaulter, some blaming him, others saying he had done what he could gentlemen appealed to Colonel Baker, ask-ing what he thought of the defaulter.

"Think of him !" exclaimed the colonel Why, that he should be hung without

nercy. He is a scoundrel," At this the lady left her seat, and standing in front of the colonel with flashing eyes, said, "Colonel Baker, perhaps it may interest you to know that the gentleman

you so readily condemn is my uncle!" The colonel ceased his walk, and giving one appealing look to his fair friend, he began to draw off his coat, and approaching and I will throw myself from this win-

The sacrifice was not demanded, and they continued their journey in peace.-

The Cultfornia Climate. San Franciscans make a hobby of their climate. They roll it as a sweet morsel under their tongue. It is their piece de resistance in the catalogue of blessings. "The derned place seems shaky on her pine," said a citizen just after the great earthquake of ISSS; "but there's one con solstion, anyhow we've got the best elimate in the world." It is a climate of strong contrasts. It is eccentric; it is tantallzing; it is seductive. We are piqued at its capriciousness, yet it unfits us for living anywhere else. Summer hardens into winter; winter is glorified into aummer. Roses and sunny skies in January; verdureless waste, cold winds, and chill-

ing fogs in July. "Did you ever see such a summer as this?" said one Irishman to another.

"No, be jabers, not since the middle of last winter." We cry for thick blankets while you are sweltering in the dog-day heats; we throw open our doors and windows while you are cowering beneath the sharp stings of winter. Not that all days in summer are cold, and all days in winter warm; but the general rule is, that June, July, and August are detestable, and the rest of the year unequaled for loveliness of weather. There are not only days but weeks, when the skies are indescribably glorious. The Nile Valley is not so sweetly balmy, Southern Italy not so rich in mellow splendor. The golden sunline permeates every pore, quickens every pulse of life. The air has su indefinable softness and sweetness-a tonic quality that braces the nerves to a joyous tension, making the very sense of existence a delight. The contrast of temperature between summer and winter is less apparent than real. The remarkable equability of the climate will appear from the following: In June, 1874, the highest thermometer was 67°, the lowest, 58°; in January of the same year, the highest was 59°, the lowest, 54°. In December, the range was between 60° and 52°; in August it was between 68° and 60° .- Samuel Wil-

liams; Scribner for July.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF TRUE PRAYER lies in the fact that we recognize by our adoration one whom it is impossible for a rational being not to regard with awe and pleasure. Prayer proves that the supplicant can appreciate what is exalted and noble, and shows his kinship with them. We live in a divine atmosphere, but our dull souls are too insensible to the fragrance that exhales like a perfume and a balm from the infinite source of sweetness and health and life. But prayer has more than this symbolic worth. It lifts the soul into living susceptibility to the divine inlarges and purifies its vision, quickens its best sentiments, and inspires its every virtue. And its effect on the person who prays constitutes its real use. It affects the soul and not its surroundings, and by changes wrought in it often alters its lot. As we breathe out netitions to the invisible One we breathe in his Spirit, which purifies and strengthens us for duty, and makes us more bopeful and efficient workers in the world. Prayer in expectation of an external answer is but wasted breath. We pray in vain for miraculous interposition in our behalf. The way in which prayer helps us is as comprehensive as anything of such a nature can be. Heaven qualities its responses to our condition. Prayer neither alters nor contravenes nature. Striking coincidences are explicable on natural grounds. All occurrences are links in a chain of invariability which the wildest heart-cry cannot break. Effects follow causes with a rigid though sometimes intricate regularity, Rain will not full the sooner or more plenteously, nor will seed yield beyond the capacity of soil and elimate because we ask it in urgent tone on bended knee. Our physical energies were given to gain the physical objects that we crave. But if by prayer we are made different, the world will wear a new face to our eyes and yield ampler satisfaction to

OUR NATIONAL SONGS.-The Indianapolis Journal deems it a singular fact that few Americans know the words of our national songs. It particularizes thus: "It is safe to say that a score of parties in this ricinity tried yesterday (the 5th) to sing 'The Star Spangled Banner,' and failed be-cause no one knew the words. All knew the tune, but nobody the text. They could talk about it, give the key, start it, and keep it up for a line or two, but nobody knew the words or could lead off in the beautiful and patriotic song. It is peculiar o the American people, and not specially creditable. Every Frenchman can sing the Marselliaise. Every German knows his national song, and so of other people. Only the Americans are deficient in this respect, who, of all others, ought to be osted. It ought to be made a regular duty in every common school of the land to memorize and sing 'The Star Spangled Banner.' It is good poetry, good music, and good politics. It cannot be learned too soon nor repeated to often. The words are simple, the melody beautiful, and the bistory easily explained. It is the most chareteristic of our national songs, and everybody ought to have it at his tongue's end.

-It is right to say: A covey of partridges; a nide of pheasants; a wisp of snipe; a bovy of qualls; a flight of doves or awallows; a muster of peacocks; a slege of herons; a building of rooks; a broad of grouse; a plump of wild fowl; a stand of plovers; a watch of nightingales; a clatterng of choughs; a flock of geese; a cast of hawks; a trip of dottrell; a herd of swine; a skulk of foxes; a pack of wolves; a drove of oxen; a sounder of hogs; a troop of monkeys; a pride of llons; a sleuth of bears; a swarm of bees; a shoul of her-