BRATTLEBORO, VT., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1876.

The Vermont Phænix.

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BRATTLEBORO, VT. HATER OF ADVENTISES and Springer upon the party of the pa

stringes inserted gratis; Obito-tions, Cards of Thanks, &c., 10c ary Notices or Resoluti per line of ten words. O. L. Parson. D. B. STEDMAN.

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BRATTLEBORO

Business Directory.

Name, Business and Location of the leading IF CUT THIS OUT YOR BEFERENCE.

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Clothiers. F. S.BRAC KETT & CO., 4 & 5 Granite Row. PRATT, WRIGHT & CO., 3 Granite Row, Main St. CHAS. J. BOOT, Brooks House corner. Carpets.

C. L. BROWN, Marshall & Esterbrook's block, Main St HOUGHTON, SPENCER & CO., 6 Granite Row. G. J. PRAT'Z, 1 Granite Block. J. HETTING & SON, High St., next Brooks House. Chamber Sets.
C. L. BROWN, Marshall & Esterbrook's block, Main S
J. RETTING & SON, High St., next Brooks House.

F. K. BARROWS, office with P. Barrows. Coffins and Caskets. C. L. BROWN, Marshall & Esterbrook's block, Main St. Contractors and Builders. J. A. CHURCH, Flat St. Crockery and Glass Ware.

FRANK G. HOWE, I door north Main St. bridge.

W. T. V.N. DOORN & SON, 7 Crocks Work.

Dentistry.
DR. C. S. CLAHK, over Vermont National Bank. Dining Rooms. H. L. COOPER, 6 Brooks He Doors, Sush and Blinds. B. A. CLARK, Tyler's Block, C. F. THOMPSON & CO., Williston's Stone Block.

Dressmakers. MRS. J. B. WALKER, over Houghton, Spencer & Co. Druggists. J. W. GREGG, Main Street, opposite High-I. N. THORN & CO., 2 Creaby Block. H. C. WILLARD & CO., 1 Brooks House.

P. BAUROWS, Main St., opposite Brooks House-HOUGHTON, SPENCEE & CO., 6 Granite Row. O. J. PRATT, 1 Granite Block. D. ROSEMBERG, 2 Union Bluck. Pertilizers.
C. F. THOMPSON & CO., Williston's Stone Block.
Furniture.

C. L. BROWN, Marshall & Esterbrook's block, Main St. J. RETTING & SON, High St., next Brooks House. Groceries.

A. C. DAVENPORT, 3 Crosby Block.
J. W. FROST & CO., 8 Crosby Block.
J. W. FROST & CO., 8 Crosby Block.
FRANK G. HOWE, 1 door north Main St. bridge.
C. L. FPER, corner Canal and South Main Sts.
MARTIN SCOTT & SON, Thompson & Ranger's BPL
J. G. TAYLOB & CO., 3 Brooks House.
C. F. THOMPSON & CO., Williston's Stone Block. Mardware, Iron and Steel. Harness Makers.

Ice Cream Booms. E. L. COOPER, 6 Brooks Rouse Insurance Agents. ALBERT BALDWIN, Thompson & Ranger's Block. CUDWORTH & CHILDS, Room No. 10 Creaby Block. B. B. JENNE, Thompson & Ranger's Block. MODDY & HUWE, Savings Bank Block. Jewellers. RANGER & THOMPSON, 7 Granite Row

Machinist. L. H. CHANE, Canal St. Meat Markets.
W. F. BICHARDSON, Market Block, Elliot St. Millinery and Funcy Goods Paints and Otla.

B. A. CLARK, Tyler's Block.
C. F. THOMPSON & CO., Williston's Stone Block. Paper Hangings and Window Shades J. STEEN, opposite Brooks House. M. T. VAN DOORN & SON, 7 Crosby Block. Patterns (Butterick's). HOUGHTON, SPENCER & CO., ag'te, 6 Granite Row Photographers.

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Brattleboro Church Directory.

Finat Barrist.—Main 81.; Bev. Horace Burchard,
Fastor. Sunday services at 10:30 s.m., 7:30
p.m. Sauday School 11:20 s.m. Missionary Concert 1st Sunday evening in each month. Sunday
School Concert last Sunday evening in each month.
Frayer meetings on the other Sunday evenings.
Monday evening, young people's prayer meeting,
Friday evening, prayer meeting, 7:45.
Wast Bartistenous Barrist. Ber. C. A. Viller, No.

WEST BEATTLEBONG RAPTIST.—Rev. C. A. Votey, Pas-tor. Hunday services at 10:30 a. m.; 1:15 and 7:00 p. m. Hunday Behool at 2:15 p. m. Wednesday evening meeting at 7:50. Scats free.

evening meeting at 7:30. Scala free.
ERRING CONGREGATIONAL.—Main St.; Rev. Geo. I.
Walker, D. D., Acting Praior. Sunday services 10:30
a. m., 7:30 p. m.; Sunday School 12 m. Missionsry
and S. S. Concerts take the place of the evening
service on the 1st and 2d Sundays of the mouth, respectively. Young people's meeting Monday evening at 7:30. Prayer meeting, Friday evening at
7:30. Thursday p. m., indics' prayer meeting, at
3 o'clock.

3 o'clock.

ONOURGATIONAL.—West Brattleboro; Rev. C. H. Mer-rill, Pastor. Sunday services—Sermon in morning at 10:39. Missionary concert the first Runday even-ing of each month. Sermon every other Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Seats free. Sabbath school follows murphy services.

follows morning service.

Eviscopal, —Main St.; Rev. W. H. Gollins, Rector,
Sunday services: Morning prayer and sermen 10:30
a.m.; Evening prayer and sermen 10:30
a.m.; Evening prayer and sermen 10:30 n.m.; Stinday School 12:15 p. Hely days, 11:00 a.m. Hely
Gommunion 1st Kunday in the month, and on all
great festivals. The children of the parsist are catechised on 1st a Sunday in every month at 3 p. m.
Marmonusz Eriscopal.—Meetings in lower town hall;
Hov. N. F. Foirg, Pastor. Presching Sunday
at 10:30 a.m.; Sunday School 12 m.; prayer
meeting in the evening. B. S. Concert all Sunday
of every month. Class meeting Tuesday evening;
prayer meeting Friday evening. Scats free.

BOMAN CATROLLE.—Walnut St.; Rev. Henry Lane,

prayer meeting friday evening. scatsfree.

Oshan Carmonic.—Mahut St.; Rev. Henry Lane,
Pastor. Sauday services.—High mass 10:30 s. m.;

Vespers and Bouedletton 7:30 p. m.
Strahtzar Faste Carmon.—Main St.; Rev. Wm. L.
Jenkins, Pastor. Services Sanday a. m., at 10:30;
Sunday School and Bible Class after the morning
service. Seats free.

Piner Universality.—Canal St.; Rev. M. H. Harris, Pastor, residence on North St. Sunday sermon 10:30 a. m. Services Monday and Friday evenings at 7:30.

SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE For CATARRH

MEETS THE WANTS OF THOUSANDS. Gentlemen,—We have sold BANFORD'S RADICAL URE for nearly one year, and can say candidly that we never soil a similar preparation that gave such uni-cersal satisfaction. We have to learn the first com-

versal satisfaction. We have to learn the first com-plaint yet.

We are not in the liabit of recommending patent medicines, but your preparation meets the wants of thousands, and we think those afflicted should be con-vinced of its great merit, so that their suffering will be colleved. We have been in the drag luatiness for the past twelve years constantly, and soid everything for Catarrh, but yours leads all the rest. If you see proper you can use this letter or any part of it that you wish. Very truly yours,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Drugs, Books and Biationery, Washington, Ind., Feb. 23, 1876.

6,000 FEET ABOVE THE SEA.

The following testimonials are from Massas, J. O. Boswonth & Co., Denver, Col., large and influential druggists. They report unprecedentedly large sales and universal satisfaction. No other disease is so alarmingly prevalent in that region. They speak of the following gentlemen as among their best citizens:

SORELY AFFLICTED.

J. O. Beswerth & Co., Denver, Col.: Gentlemen,—
Prompted by a fellow-feeling for those afflicted with
Catarris, I wish to add my testimony in behalf of RANFORD'S RADICAL CURE FOR CATARINI. I have
been sorely afflicted with this fearful disease for four
years, and have tried every known remedy without
avail, until I bought a bottle of the above CURE from
you, which gave me almost instant relief. It being a
constitutional as well as a local remedy, I believe it to
be all that is claimed for it, a Radical Cure for Catarria.
Very truly yours,
WM. AMETIVE,
Denver, Sept. 23, 1875. With Jenson, Bliss & Co.

GREATLY AFFLICTED. Mesars, J. O. Borworth & Co., Denver: Gentlemen.—
I take pleasure in recommending BANFORD'S RADICAL CURE FOR CATARILR to all who are afflicted
with this disease. I was greatly afficied with if for a
long time, and cured it with two bottles of the above
CURE. About a year afterwards I was again taken
with Catarrh quite severely, and immediately sent for
another bottle, which fixed me all right, giving me relief from the first dose. I am confident that this remedy will do all that is claimed for it, and more, too.
Wishing you success in its lutroduction, I am, very
truly yours. attroduction, I am, very
A. W. SMITH,
of Smith & Doll,

Denver, Oct. 4, 1875. TRIED EVERYTHING.

Messes, J. O. Borworth & Co., Denney, Col.: Gentle-men,—I have used BANFORD'S RADICAL CURE FOR CATARRH, and it has given perfect satisfaction. I have tried sincest everything, and it is the only hing that has given merchief. I therefore the collisions of recommending its one to all afficient of the course of any kind, and offer this as my testimony to its benefits. Very truly, was Denver, Oct. 1, 1875.

SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE For CATARRH.

LAME BACK

RHEUMATISM CURED BY

COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTERS

Means, Weeks & Potter: Gentiemen,—One year ago I was seized with a severe stack of Rheumatism in my right hip, to which I was subject. I tried the various liminents and rheumatic zures, but without the least benefit, when my sets, a druggist, suggested one of your Collaths' Vortate Plassrams. The effect was almost immediately well again, and was able to work upon my farm as unual, whereas, before the application of the Plaster, I could do nothing, and every step gave me pain. A few weeks since, one year from the first attack, the disease returned, but I am happy to say the second Plaster proved as efficacious as the first, and I am now well. My wife wishes me to add that one Plaster has corred her of a very lams back. We think there is nothing in the world of reundies that can compare with the Collating Voltanc Plastrams for Rheumatism and Lame Back, and cheerfully recommend them to the suffering. Yours very respectfully, Orland, Me., June 5, 1878. BORKER COTTON.

NOT A QUACK NOSTRUM.

Gentlemen,—I hereby certify that for several years past I have used the Voltrate Plastress in my practice, and have never known them to fail in affording speedy relief in those cases for which they are recommended. They are not a quack nostrum, but a remedial agent of great value. Very truly yours,

Bucksport, Me., May 27, 1874. Sold overywhere at 25 cents. Sent by mail, carefull, wrapped, on receipt of price, 25 cents for one, \$1.25 for six, or \$2.25 for twelve, by WEERS & POTTER, Proprietors, Boston, Mass.

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General Insurance Agency,

Offers RELIABLE indemnity in FIRST-CLASS Stock Sompasies, such as the ETNA. HARTFORD, PHENIX S NATIONAL, of Hariford, HOME of New York, HPELVOFIELD FIRE S MARINE, ROYAL of Liverpool, Sc.

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Ladisa/we can dye Dresses, Shawls, Cloaks fashionable
es, Shawls, Cloaks fashionable
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market. Genis, we can cleanas,
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POR SARE-PAST-DUE CERTIFICATE OF DEPOSIT, executed by S. M. WAITE, Cashier of 1st National Bank of Brattleboro. Will discount 25 per cunt. A. GOODBICH, All'y at Law, 124 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ili. 4441

Miscellany.

Late October. How peacefully the sunlight fell

Across the woodland's pleasant reaches, And like a shower of gilded rain. The tenvee dropped from the golden beeches. Far down the abadowy sistes I heard. An undertone of plaintive sighing, As if the waning Summer wept For all her glories dead and dying.

The golden-rod, with drooping plume, Had lost its anywole of gladness The starless mullein by the road Dropped down its seeds like tears of sadness ;

The far-off hill, veiled like a bride, Seemed wedded to the sky immortal, And through the sunset's golden gate, There flashed the gleam of heaven's portal O peaceful hour, O falth renewed. That touched the fading earth with sweetness

And lifted up my heart in thanks For life's glad measure of completeness Though dead leaves rustle at my feet, And all the fields are brown and soler, The beart may blossom with new hope Beneath the gray skies of October.

-D. M. Jordan, in Cincinnati Commercial

WAITTER FOR THE VERMONT PRIMEIR.

Autumn. The Autumn leaves once more are falling, And by the wayside withered lie, And Autumn winds once more are calling, Calling to us, that winter is nigh. And summer's gone, so lately teeming

With many a flower and shaded grove, And gone at morn, the birds sweet singing, And moonlit walks where oft we roved Then fare-thes well sweet shady bowers Farewell to summer's golden hue, Farewell to all her vines and flowers,

To all her charms a last adien And like the leaves, we too are fading Our sutumn is passing away,

But other summers yet shall woo us, After the winter's night is o'er, A bright new life shall come unto us, Where summers blocm to fade no more. Oct. 1976.

A PROVIDENCE.

The Phelps family were seated at the tea able. Mr. Phelps sat at the head and Mrs. Phelps at the foot, or rather, let us call it he other head. His bald forehead, the gray streaks in his long silky beard, the rows'-feet about his kindly gray eyes; the wrinkles in her yet plump cheeks, her features suffused by that soft radiant baze which often mellows aging faces to a grace of harmony surpassing the sharp-cut beauty of youth, respectively justified their claim to be called father and mother by the

four children around their table.

Next his mother, sat Bill-his mother nd sister called him Will-coming or eighteen, a promising hobbledehoy; awk-ward, mostly legs, but good natured and always the first to laugh at the unexpected transitions of his voice from bass to treble. Like other youths of his age, his conversation was mostly concerning what he called his muscle, and an incipient shadow on his upper lip, which his sister Kate saw or was unable to see, merely according to his bebavior. She sat now beside him, and next her father, whose favorite she was because she favored her mother in face and figure. She had the same brown eyes and auburn brown hair, which Will did not scruple to call red, on days when she could not see his mustache. She was a bright fun-loying girl, and her father used often to say after her sallies of wit, that she reminded him of her Aunt Kate; so that finally, by oue of those odd processes by which soubriquets are affixed, she came to be called

by her brothers "Aunt Kate," On the other side, next his mother, sat Each package contains Sanford's Improved Inhaling
Etc., with full directions for use in all cases. Price
Etc., with full directions for use in all cases. Price
Etc., with full directions for use in all cases. Price
Etc., with full directions for use in all cases. Price
Etc., with full directions for use in all cases. Price
Etc., with a student of law and of billiards,
who was beginning to feel rather too big
for the family circle, with a good many
Boston. Ask for and insist on having
"engagements" with "fellows" of Little Tot, the five-years-old, com-

pleted the circle. The lively chatter and scattering fire of lest and repartee going on around the teatable is interrupted by the sound of the door-bell. The one domestic of the house hold is busy in the kitchen, and Reginald sitting nearest the hall door, rises to an swer the bell. As he returns, the eyes of

the group turn expectantly upon him. "Little imps, I'd like to lay my hands on one of them. I'd pull his ears till he was sick of pulling bells," he said.

"What was it, Reginald?" asked bis mother. "A little brat who rang the bell for far and then run. I saw him scudding as tight

as be could round the corner." "They've been bothering the neighbor for several nights, and I supposed it would be our turn soon. But I'll catch the next boy who tries it," said Bill. At this juncture the attention of the

young people was attracted to the singular demeanor of their parents. They were gaz ing at each other, and through each other into the vacancy of introspection, with an expression of great amusement, mingled with that tender, pensive look that fills the face when the laughter of lips long silent is echoing in the ears. "I haven't thought of it in twenty years

Ada," exclaimed Mr. Phelps, "but it is as fresh in my mind as if it were yesterday." His wife laughed till the tears came, and seemed fairly rejuvenated by the influence of a train of recollections. And both then and afterward during the evening they stole frequent glances at each other of a loving but most keen curiosity, animated by the impulse we always feel when a portrait of the memory comes out brightly, to compare it with the original as now pre served, and note the changes. Often, indeed, does it prove a severe test, and one to be feared in its moral as well as its physical

Mr. and Mrs. Phelps were apparently as blivious of the children as if they had been alone. But the latter, who had observed their behavior with the utmost astonishment, now broke in simultaneously; "What is it? Do tell us quick!" cried

"What on earth is the matter?" inquired Reginald with a petulant curiosity.

"What larks !" said the irreverent Bill. It was a singular expression with which Mr. and Mrs. Phelps, roused by these im portunate inquiries, turned their eyes from each other to meet the eager young faces about them. It was as if they had just awakened to the fact of their children's ex-

Children regard it quite as a matter o ourse that they should forget their parents, but resent with surprise and a quite genu ine sense of grievance the least sign of even a temporary obliviousness of themselves on their parents' part. The theory they go on is that what is theirs is their own, and what is their parents' is their too. The feeling of these young people was some astontshment, and a slight shock to their sense of propriety, that there should

pletely sequestrated to their use, and held | ting redder and redder.

Mr. Phelps looking suddenly at the children, with eyes focused for half a life time before, actually failed for a moment to rec-ognize them. They impressed him, just an instant, as interlopers.

"Won't you tell us?" asked Kate of her father, in a more subdued tone. "Some day, perhaps. It is rather too

long a story for the tea-table," "Bill, he continued, "do you think you could catch me a boy to-morrow night if they try that trick again? Don't burt him, but just bring him in to me, and I'll teach him a lesson he will remember."

"Why, George, you are not going to burt the poor little fellow," said Mrs. Phelps, quite as much in surplse as in protest, for her husband was not generally given to harsh methods of discipline. The following evening was moonless and rather cool. There is something in such

ovenings that rouses the imp of mischief in the juvenile bosom. Boys, not having any entimental nature, feel the thrill and stimplus of spring exclusively in an accession of activity, and a zest for out-of-door life, which boils over in every sort of mischlef against in-door folks.

On such evenings as this, bands of urchins race about the streets, playing "I spy" and "Bankalilla," while others tie strings across the sidewalk in shady spots, and from behind trees watch with costasy and irrepressible laughter, which too often betrays them, the trips and falls of unwary pedestrians. Still others are ringing doorbells and glosting from secure coverts over the exasperation of the householder, whose company smile can be seen by the light of his lamp suddenly changing to an expression of disgust, as he finds himself the victim of a familiar trick. Some more cautious lads tie a string to the knob and thus ring the bell from across the street. The chances are that the one who answers the bell will not detect the string, and the con-trivance can be worked till the family is half discreeted. This is a rare night for mischlef, and there will be bells pulled be-

This little chap in roundsbouts, for instance, is evidently brimful of impishness. See him stealing along the dusky street like an Indian scout, his bright eyes peering on every side for opportunities for pranks. Now, just for the sensation of it, be hides behind a bush as a pedestrian passes, and then, pretending to himself that he is scouting him, be glides stealthily along behind the unconscious object of his espionage with an immense affectation of caution, till the latter turns in at some gate. Now he sees another lad approaching, and, tingling with excitement, puts bimself in ambush. See him quivering like a cat' about to spring. Now he jumps out; there is a little scrimmage, and shortly the two fall to comparing notes as to their exploits of the evening, and plotting new ones. Oh,

it is rare fun to be a boy on such evenings as this in a village where policemen are unknown! Mr. Phelps was reading his paper before the cheerful grate fire which the cool evenings yet made comfortable, Mrs. Phelps was sitting opposite, her chubby person completely filling an easy chair, ber small gaiters resting on the fender, and serving her eyes as poitis d'appui for a complacent revery. Kate could be seen through the open door fitting about the table for preparations for tea. Reginald stood tooking out of the window, absently drumming with his fingers on the pane. At this moment there was a ring at the door, a short acufile in the hall and an instant later Tot dress that I remember distinctly." came running into the parlor, crying out

with much agitation and immense eyes: Freddy Patterson, and, oh! I'm afraid he's | yet," said Katie. whimper.

"What on earth ails the child I" exclaimed her father. "What is she talking about?" "It's those everlasting boys at the bell again! I hope Bill will shake him well,"

answered Reginald. "Bless me, I had forgotten all about it,"

said Mr. Phelps, Jumping up. "He must bring him right in." "Now, George, don't do anything dreadful," protested Mrs. Pholps.
"They're coming now," said Reginald;

resumed his paper. A moment after Bill hustled a little feltle fellow about twelve years old into the parlor by the shoulders, and stood in the door barring his escape. He was a bright, sturdy, spirited looking lad, as, panting rom the resistance he had made to his captor, he stood fingering his cap, and looking crest failen, frightened, and yet half-defiant. (It is the very same little imp who was playing those pranks on the street a mo nent ago. He has played one too many.) Tot stood in front of him, her hands on her hips, staring at him, expecting something tragical, and ready to cry. Kate peered in to the room over Bill's shoulder as he stood tu the door, to see what was the matter. Reginald was nonchalently looking on. Mrs. Phelps's motherly heart at once warmed toward the pretty little rogue, and she turned toward her husband, ready to

intercede. But there was no need. Bill began: "Here's the little-;" but his father, without giving him a chance to finish his speech, put down his paper with an air of smiling patronage, and welcomed the small

prisoner with the words: 'Why, Freddy! how do you do? Glad to see you. It's good of you to make us a call. Sit down, my boy."

The little chap was more put out by this mode of address than if he had been trounced. He looked wild. Mrs. Phelps and Kate took the cue at once. The forms asked him how his mamma was, and Kate took his cap and got him into a chair in the middle of the room, sitting in which his feet barely touched the floor, an attitude which completed his embarrass:

"Let's see. Do you go to school now, Freddy ?" asked Mrs. Phelps, with an ap-"Yes, ma'am," he replied in a frightenes whimper.

"Who is your teacher?" she asked, "Miss Smith, sir-I mean ma'am." "What do you study, Freddy?" asked Kate. "Rifmetic, jogrify an' readin'," he an-

swered, falling into the school-boy sing-"Do you like to go to school?" asked Mrs. Phelps. "Pretty well, thank you, sir."

And then they saked him what he liked best of his studies and whether he liked his teacher, how old he was, and a great many more questions of that class, and all with an air of so much affability and interest, that he became entirely bewildered, Did they know, or didn't they? Were be any such things assecrets from them in I nature has very little faculty for adapting

Finally summoning up all his resolution,

he slid off his chair, and muttered out that he guessed he must go home. "Must you go so soon! I'm so sorry!" mid Mrs. Phelps graciously. "You have

made us ever so nice a call." He stood a moment, getting very red, and then blurted out indistinctly : "Mr. Phelps, I rang your bell for fun, but I'm sorry," and with that he alld out of

"I fancy be won't trouble us again," said Reginald, "If that's what you call coals of fire, it is tolerably effective treatment." "I soppose it's called coals of tire because it scorches one's cheeks so. I thought

be would burn up," said Kate. "I'm afraid it wasn't exactly coals of fire in the apostle's sense," said Mrs. Phelps, for Freddy thought we misunderstood him all the white." "It was a much more effective kind than

the apostlo's, for that very reason." "Why, Reginald I' said his mother, for t was he who had spoken. "There's no 'why Reginald' about it," answered he, "When you act as if you didn't know a person had intended to harm you and do a kindness to him, it makes him five times as ashamed as if he thought

you knew what he had intended, and were seing good to him in order to shame him," "The boy's right enough there," remarked his father. "In fact, for my part, I think nothing is more impertinent than be-ing good in an ostentations way to your enimies. Returning good for evil is fine when you don't seem to know you are doing it, either as a point of manners or mor-als, for I believe coals of fire are capable of being used as offensively as any carnal weapons. I have often answered an ugly speech in a sharper tone than I otherwise would, because I thought I should less anger somebody that way, than by assuming

to be better than be." "Ob, by the way, what was that joke between mother and you last night?" asked Bill, lounging on the sofa.

"Oh, yes, to be sure; you know you said you would tell us," said Kate, "and now Reginald is at bome, it would be a good time. Please do." "Would you tell them, Ada?"

"I suppose they will not give us any rest till we do," Mrs. Phelps replied, with a smile of resignation. "If you really don't want to tell us, I

wouldn't," said Reginald. "Why, no, of course!" said Kate. "I didn't mean to tease," "Oh, it isn't so serious a matter as all that," remarked Mr. Phelps. "It's no secret, really. I don't believe in secrets. The only really secret things about people are the things they don't know themselves. We needn't be afraid of telling too much about ourselves, if we only tell all we know, for that's mighty little, and generally mis-

taken at that." "I'm not at all sure that I remember enough of the story to tell it all," he pursued, collecting his thoughts; "you should have heard your Aunt Kate. I never knew anybody who loved a Joke as she did, poor girl. Well, it happened in this wise; Your grandfather was living in Physfield then, a half grown city, one of those hobbledeboy communities that combine the disadvantages of city and village. Kate and I were the two oldest children, as old about as Reginald there, and you Kate. One evening, it couldn't have been much later in the yearthan now-she and I were coming home from evening meeting, it be-

dress that I remember distinctly." "Then it must have been considerably later in the year than this, father, because "Ob, papa, Will has got him, and its girls don't put on white for a month or two

"Very likely; I'm not particular about the season," he replied. "The dress was white, anyhow. Well, Kate and I were walking along in the bright moonlight, laughing and talking, and having a high time. She was always full of fun when coming home from meeting or any other place where she had been obliged to be sober. Such places never damped her spirits as they do some people's but only bottled them up, and when she got ont you might expect an explosion. She was mimicking some of the personal peculiarities of the at which Mr. Phelps took his seat again and good brethren who had participated in the neeting. She was an excellent mimic, but so tender-hearted that when she had been

taking anybody off, she always ended with saying, 'I'm sorry for him.' "Some little scamps were around ringing door bells just as they are to-night, and Katie, having exhausted the material of the prayer meeting, took a crazy notion into her head that it would be good fun for us to try it just for once, and dared me to ring somebody's bell. It was in vain I argued with her, and showed her how seriously it would compromise persons of our age and responsibilities to be caught in such a rank. She would not listen to reason, The risk, she said, made it all the more fun. There is nothing crazier, I tell you, Reginaid, than a girl who is bent on a prank. She actually scares a man by her foolbard-

"All my efforts to reason Kate out of her freak," continued Mr. Phelps, "were useess, and she finally declared that unless I would take my life in my hand and ring somebody's door-bell, she would and she meant it, too; for, suddenly dropping my arm, she was half way up the walk to the stoop of a house before I saw what she was bent on. Then I whispered: 'Come back,

Kate, come back. Pil do it.' "How well I remember just how she looked under the bright moon as she paused and glanced back at me! I can see her black eyes dance now. She was standing on the grass by the brick walk, daintily holding her dress up from the dew. For a moment she seemed irresolute whether or not to keep on, but finally came back to

" Not this house,' said I, auxious to gain time, and inventing a fib for the purpose. 'There's somebody sick here.'

"The next was Deacon Tottle's, whose gift for praying and talking against time was invaluable, when the evening meetings were thinner than usual. Nevertheless Kate had taken a dislike to him because struck an old cow, who stood by the gate. his wife always looked scared, and no story of sickness or guests that I could trump up she ran at the dog; but as she did so, her would do, but that I must ring that bell. "But at that moment steps approached

said with effasion. 'I suppose you've come to labor with me for neglecting the means

"The deacon, as a regular attendant, felt

that he could afford to make this joke. But

of grace according to Scripture rule."

from behind, and Deacon Tuttle himself overtook us. He had not been at prayer meeting that evening for a wonder, and so we had supposed him to be at home. Seeing us pausing at the gate and looking toward the house, he naturally inferred that we were going to make a call. the hen. What a noise they made, to be "'Come is, young folks, come in,' he

did not know how to get out of it, and was afraid we should actually have to accept his invitation and make him a call, which would have been rather a stupid ending of our freak. But Kate never lost her head, whatever happened. She smiled bewitchngly on the deacon, - women are the only strategists who use the same artillers against friends and focs,-and answered

mischievously, nudging me: "We were just debating whether to ring your bell or not, deacon, as you came along, but I'm afraid it is rather late for a call. We shall have to postpone your discipline to another evening.

"And so, with a good-night to the deacon, we went along.
"'Got out of that neatly,' said Kate. 'Isn'

t fun? "The pext bouse showed light in the front windows and we voted it unsafe. But the next was unexceptionable for our pur-poses. The f.ont windows were dark, and the gate was quite near to the stoop, so that retreat would be easy, while a row of shrub

bery along the fence offered still furthe cover to the fugitive. A new comer whom we will call Jones though that was not his name, lived there. I knew him as a bowing acquaintance, but nothing more; and, whether he had a family, or in what it consisted, we had not heard. He was not it our set. "'Do be evreful,' whispered Kate, just as if she she hadn't put me up to it. That little scene with the deacon, though she man aged it so cleverly, had left her rather flut-

ered and nervous, and I believe she would have been willing to let me off. Pretending to be children was funny enough for a few minutes, but it had already palled on us. Still I thought it would be a pity after so much talk and manusavering not to do something, and so, telling Kate to be ready to run, I stepped lightly up by the side the walk to the door. I felt for the handle of the bell, bound to have it over with as soon as possible, and jerked it with that thoroughness one puts into a thing which

he does in spite of himself. "Another moment would have seen m flying up the street dragging Kate by the hand, but, while I was yet in the act of pulling, before I had let go, the door opened; the dark ball, like the mouth of a dragon, gaped upon me, and Mr. Jones sprang out with a vindictive ejaculation. It took only an instant. Instinctively I dodged, just in time to save my collar from bis grasp, and was in the set of taking to my beels in a panie, when he started back, exclaiming with an appearance of great regret and chagrin :

" 'I beg pardon, sir, a thousand times. took you for one of those rascally boys who have been tormenting me all the evening. I had been lying in wait, and thought I had caught one for sure; I cannot sufficiently apologize.' "His profuse regrets gave me time to re

cover a small share of my scattered wits, and I managed to mumble in reply. " 'Certainly, sir, very excusable; odd mistake, and even forced a very feeble 'ha, "'Come in, sir, come in,' said Mr. Jone

with effusion, anxious to make amends for bis rough reception, and evidently ascrib-ing wholly to that, my state of confusion. "I had no choice but to follow him in. As I did so, I heard something that sounded like an hysterical giggle from behind

the shrubbery.
"As I stood under the ball lamp I was conscious that Jones was regarding me rather closely. As I said before, I barely knew him by sight, and could think of no possible excuse of business or politeness for my presence in his ball. No rule of eti quette made it in the least suitable for me to be making a formal call, besides the facts that it was a full hour too late for that purless. I came to a desperate resolve that if he did not recognize me, of which I was quite doubtful, I would ask for some mon

ey and pass myself off as a gentlemanly mendicant. But he did. "'Mr. Phelps I believe,' he said with

slight hesitation, and paused as if to allow me to announce my business. "I stood looking like a perfect fool, red in the face, speechless, abject, not daring to meet his eye. No chicken-thief, caught with chickens' legs sticking out nuder his coat, was ever a more complete picture o conscious guilt. That was what I seemed to myself, but to him I suppose I appeared merely rather embarrassed at being obliged to explain that my call was wholly of a social nature. You see he was himself some what embarrassed at having received guest in so singular a manner, and this made him the less attentive to my demeanor. He thought he was the one who was in the awkward position. So, on seeing that my call was not on business, be said affa-

"'I'm glad you called. Will you walk into the parlor? My daughter and I are quite alone.'
"I followed him belplessly, like a shee

led to the slaughter, and was ushered into a cozy room with but a single occupant. "The prettiest young lady that I ever saw with the brownest eyes, the sunniest hair most tempting bands, daintiest figure and dearest smile that God ever put together, sat demurely reading by the table, "It was your mother," - Edward Bellamy

"I'll Pay You for That!" A hen trod on a duck's foot. She did no mean to do it and it did not burt much But the duck said, "I'll pay you for that !" So the duck flew at the hen; but as she die so, her wing struck an old goose, who stood

close by.

"I'll pay you for that !" cried the goos and she flew at the duck ; but as she did so, her foot tore the fur of a cut who was just then in the yard. "I'll pay you for that cried I' the cat, and she flew at the goose; but as she did so, her tail brushed the eye of a sheep, who was

"I'll pay you for that !" eried the sheep, and he ran at the cat; but as he did foot hit the foot of a dog that lay in the "I'll pay you for that I" cried he, and he ran at the sheep; but as he did so, his leg

"I'll pay you for that !" cried she, and

horn grazed the skin of a borse, who stood "I'll pay you for that!" cried he and he ran at the cow. What a run there was! The horse flew at the cow, and the cow at the dog, and the dog at the sheep, and the she went on. "I always save up fifty cents sheep at the cat, and the cat at the goose, and the goose at the duck, and the duck at

"Hil bit What is all this?" cried the man who had the care of them; "I cannot have this noise. You may stay here," he said to the hen. But he drove the duck to for old Myers that he will holler murder the pond, and the goose to the field, and the 1 all night long !"-Detroit Free Press.

lives which they supposed to be so com- itself to a false position, and he kept get- he was so urgent to have us come in that I cat to the barn, and the sheep to her fold, The Story of a Bank Robbery that Did. and the dog to the house, and the cow to her yard, and the horse to his stall. "I'll pay you for that !" said the man. Nursery.

Remembered Buys I remember a morn behind the mill, When blackbirds sang, And sheep-bells rang,

Far off, and all things else were still, But the rising bream Is the pictured stream, And the noise of water about the mill. I remember a maid in her sweet youth, Whose gentle days

The light heart glee

In village ways Were passed in simple works of truth ; The Summer's day Sped fast away In a dresm of love, in a time of youth. I remember the Spring in garb of green,

That came to me With the smile of my love at seventeen Her laugh that went Like woodland scent To my soul-that time on the daised green.

And though I know the days are spent, That love was lost When came the frost At Summer's close of my content ; Yet some joy stays In Winter days, And brings its Joyous complement.
—Chambers' Journal.

One of the "Fizzle" Family. There was once a very smart boy, whom begin with, we will call little Fizzle, He was one of those wide-awake boys who poke their noses into almost everything they see, and think they know half as much again as all the rest of the world. He went to school very young, and his mother wanted to have him learn to read and write well before he did anything else; but he preferred to study "geog'fry," grammar and 'rithmetic besides. As he was so very bright, he soon learned to write very badly-spelled words, and could tell you in quite incorrect language what a verb or an adverb was. If he was likely to say Michigan was "bounded" by Connecticut, why, other boys of his age, it may be, never heard of either place. For, young as he was, you see little Fizzle had come to a point where he must choose between two ways. He could half learn a little about a great many things, or he could well learn

mind be would do the first; and that's the way be went on and grew into a big Fizzle. When he wanted to read he never took one nice story and read it every word, but he skimmed over the easy parts of a dozen, and jumbled them altogether in his mind. As soon as he owned a tool-box, he almost made a cart, and began a fine table, and finished a remarkably pretty rocking chair, which tipped over instead of rock ing. But then it was "so stupid" to spend time and trouble in making only one

all about a few things. He made up his

thing, and making it perfect. As he grew older people liked him, be-cause he could talk about all things under the sun, and was really very entertaining if they did not want to get any genuine in formation. He was not worth a last year's

almanae to anybody who was after facts. He thought, when he grew up, he would be a lawyer, but he began by studying medicine. By-and-by he knew more about physic than a lawyer needed to know, and not balf enough about medicine for a doctor; then be had a smattering of other things. He painted big animals whose skins were colored very bandsomely, but whose legs were not shaped like any living beast's. After awhile he began to wonder what ailed him that he failed in everything few things, these, grown up, became great men, rich men, famous dectors, lawyers and ministers, while he was a little Pilot. grown into a big Fizzle. Then folks began to sneer and to sanb him. Each year he grew poorer and more discouraged. At twenty he had thought himself a great genius; at forty he used to hang around a black smith's shop, and wished, he had learned to shoe horses. At sixty be had given up all hopes of being a lawyer, a doctor or an artist, or a blacksmith, and be

kept his soul and body together by cleaning old feather beds, Now, if anybody wants to know how to become such another big Fizzle, let him begin at once to be a little one, to half learn everything he begins, to begin something new as soon as it gets bard to under stand the last thing be undertook. Follow up such a course faithfully and he will not fail of neglect, self-disgust and a poverty wherein he may not even be able to find old feathers to clean .- Church Journal.

Goin' to the Show. Early Monday morning a woman about tifty years old, baving a large bundle under one arm and a satchel with both handles gone under the other, sppeared at the Centennial depot and asked what train

"Going to Philadelphia, eh?" asked one of the depot officials, "That's where I'm bound for, my son," she replied. "Yes; going right down there to see the old hoss pistols, old shoes, big machinery, and Mr. Krupp's cannon." She went aboard the Canada Southern

train, waited patiently until the cars moved

away, and at the lower end of the depot she waved her hand to the expressman, and called out-"Goin' right down to see the bull cars-

About mid afternoon she was seen again in the depot, having just descended from the way car on a freight train. Two or three persons who had seen her rolling away in the morning halted, and as she toiled through the long depot, one of them

"What ! back again?" "I seem to be here, don't I?" she grimly "But I thought you started for the Cen-

tennial. "So I did. Right in this bundle are my Sunday clothes, and right in this satchel are provisions for a hull week. I was all right till the railroad conductor came along to my seat and wanted pay. Pay! Why, I'd see him in Jericho and Jerusha first! What's a Centennial for? Who owns it? Doesn't it belong to all of us? Haven't the papers invited everybody to go?" "But the railroad fares must be paid," he

"I wouldn't have minded fifty cents," for the Fourth of July, and I had over ten shillings in my pocket when I got on the cars. He wouldn't take fifty cents, and now you and the rallroad and this depot and the Centennial can go to Texas! Yes, sir, you can; and I'm just that tired and

amodik tuan o'lkal !

n't Come by Telegraph. A few days ago about dusk a stranger called at the residence of a mak cashler in St. Louis, and introducing himself, said he desired some private conversation on business of importance. The cashier thereupon led him to a private room, gave orders that they were not to be disturbed, seated bimself, folded his arms, and desired his mysterious sequaintance to communicate the object of his visit. The man coughed

once or twice, then said-"Being the cashier of this here financial institution, of course you keep the key of

the safe ?" The cashier said be did.

"And you know about the bank robbers that go round and tie and gag cashlers and their families, and with pistols at their beads compel them to give up the keys?" The cashler said be did.

"And you've heard about the Davenport Brothers and the spiritualists and things?" The cashier said he had.

"Now," said the stranger, "I've been studying up the whole business and I have found out how to overcome them."

"You don't say so," "Yes, sir. For five dollars I will impart to you a secret which may at some future time save your life and the funds intrusted to your care. I will show you how to untle any series of knots, however complicated; to remove a gag from your mouth, and, in fact, to set yourself free. I can release myself in 2.14), and with a week's practice I'll bet that you can show better than three minutes. You see the advantage of my system? There is no need to resist and get shot; all you have to do is to let them ile you up, and, as soon as they've taken the key and gone, why you can just et yourself loose and give the alarm."

The cashier said it was a remarkable in-"You bet it is." said the inventor "and as I never take any money for it till my ustomers are satisfied of my bonesty in dealing with them, I'll tell you what I'll do. Just let me gag and bind you, and then I'll give you simple directions what to do, and if you don't unloose yourself in five minutes and express entire satisfaction

with the process, I'll give you ten dollars. If you find that I am a man of my word, you'll pay me five dollars." The cashier said that nothing could be

"Another thing," continued the visitor;

I'm a poor man, and this secret is my on-

fairer.

y stock in trade; so I'll ask you not to teach any one else how to do it, for that would spoil my business." The cashler consented to the arrange nent. "Take this ten dollor bill," said the othr. "If I fall, you keep it; if you are satisfied, you will return it to me with another five dollars. And now this is how we do

gag from his pockets, and with great dexterity tied that eashier hand and foot, and gagged him so that he could not wink, "Now you are tied pretty firmly, sin't you? You wouldn't think you could ever

it." So saying he took a roll of cord and a

get loose, would you?" The cashier looked the replies he could not speak. "I don't think you could myself," said the inventor; and now let me tell you, my name is Jesse H. James, the notorious train robber, and if you don't fork over the key in three seconds I'll cut your throat from ear to ear. I beg your pardon; you can't, but I i take it myself. And turning that eashier over on his back like a turtle, he took the key. "I won't take the pocket book," he said, "for the \$10 is yours, as I don't think you will be able to get loose in be tried. He grew poorer and poorer, while men who had been boys with him, soony, and with a convicent low him and with a convicent low had been boys with him,

A Chinese Parable. Fohi, in the course of his wanderings, ming to a village, knocked at the door of a rich woman and begged permission to I receive into my house every roving vagabond? No, indeed; it would be unbefitting a respectable woman! Go your way." Then he went to the cottage of a poor woman, who at once kindly begged him to enter. She set before him the only food she had, a little goat's milk, broke a piece of bread into it, and said, "May Fohi bless it, that we may both have enough," She then prepared for him a couch of straw; and, when he fell saleep, perceiving that be had no shirt, she sat up all night and made him one out of some linen she had made by her own hard labor. In the morning she brought it to him, begging be would not despise her poor gift. After breakfast, she accompanied him a little way, and at parting Fohi said, "May the first work you undertake last until eve-

ning." When ste got home she began to ceasure her linen to see how much was left; and she went on measuring, and did not come to the end of it until the evening, when her house and yard were full of linen; in short, she did not know what to do with her wealth. Her rich neighbor, see ing this, was sorely vexed and resolved that such good fortune should not escape her again. After some months the travel er came once more to the village; she went to meet him, pressed him to go to her house, treated him with the best food she had, and in the morning brought him a shirt of fine linen, which she had had made some time before; but all night she kept a caudle burning in her room, that the stranger, if he awoke, might suppose she was making his shirt. After breakfast she accompanied him out of the village, and when they parted he said, "May the first work you undertake last till evening!" She went her way home, thinking the whole time of her linen, and anticipating its wonderful increase; but just then her cows began to low. "Before I measure my linen," said she, "I will quickly fetch my cows some water." But when she poured the water into the trough, her pall never emptied; she went on pouring, the stream increased, and soon her bouse and yard were all under water; the neighbors complained that everything was ruined; the cattle were drowned, and with difficulty she saved her own life, for the water never ceased flowing until the setting of the sun.

The London Lancet directs attention to the value of chloride of lead as a deodorizer. The manner of its use is to dissolve half a drachm of the nitrate in a a plut of boiling water, and pour this solution into a bucket of water in which two druckers of sodic chloride (common salt) have been dissolved. After chemical action has taken place, the clear, supernatant liquid is an odorless, saturated solution of chloride of lead. If this solution be thrown into a sink or vault from time to time, the disagreeable odors will soon be destroyed.