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GEN. GARFIELD'S SPEECH To the "Boys in Blue." was nominated on the floor of the convention, while he was endeavoring to secure the nomination of a distinguished citizen from Ohio.

as follows, after the applause, which lasted over ten minutes, had subsided:

Convades of the Boys in Bine and Fellow Citizens of New York: I cannot look upon this great assemblage and these old veterans that have marched past us, and listen to the welcome from our comrade who has just apoken, without remembering how great a thing it is to live in this Union and be a part of it. (Applause.) This is New York, and yonder toward the Battery more than a hundred years ago a young student of Columbia college was arguing the ideas of the American Revolution and the American Union against the un-American loyalty to monarchy of his college president and professors. By and by he went into the patriot army, and was placed on the staff of Washington (cheers) to fight the battles of his country (cheers); and while in camp, before he was 21 years old, upon a drum-head he wrote a letter which contained every germ of the constitution of the United States. (Applause.) That student, soldier, statesuma and great leader of thought, Alexander Hamilton of New York, and left his lasting impress opon New York, the foremost State of the Union. (Applause.) And here on this island, the seems of the early triumphs, we gather to-night, soldiers of the monument that Hamilton and Washington and the heroes of the revolution reared.

Gentlemen, ideas outlive men. Ideas outlive all things, and you who fought in the war for the Union fought for immortal ideas, and by their night you erroward our war with victory. (Great applause.) But victory was worth nothing except for the fruits that were under it, in it and above it. We meet to-night as veterans and courades to stand sacred guard around the truths for which we fought flow and prolonged cheering), and while we have life to meet and grasp the hand of a comrade, we will stand by the great truths of the war. ("Good," "Good," and loud cheers.) And, comrades, among the convictions of that war which have sunk deep in our hearts there are some that we can never forget. Think of the great elevating s

there are some that we can never forget. Think of the great elevating spirit of the war itself. We gathered the boys from all our farms, and shops, and stores, and schools, and homes, from all over the republic, and they went forth unknown to fame, but returned and they went forth unknown to fame, but returned to the store of the control of the store of the control of the store o ed enrolled on the roster of immortal heroes. Great spiplause.) They went in the spirit of those soldiers of Henry Agincourt, of whom be said: "Who this day sheds his blood with me, to-day shall be my brother. Were he ne er so vile, this day shall gentle his condition." And it did gentle the condition and slevate the heart of every working soldier who fought in it (applause), and he shall be

our brother forevermore.

We will remember our allies who fought with us. Soon after the great struggle began, we looked behind the army of white rebels and saw 4,000,000 of black people condemned there is all the beneficence of eternal justice, and by this we will stand forever. (Great applause.) The great poet has said that in individual life we rise "on the stepping stones of our dead selves to higher things," and the republic rises on the glorious achievements of its dead and living heroes to a higher and no-bler national life. (Applause.) We must stand guard over our post as soldiers—as patriots; and over our country as the common

the greatness of manbood and nobleness of character, the republic finds its security and glory. (Applause.) I do not enter upon controverted questions. The time, the place, the situation, forbid it. I respect the tradi-tions that require me to speak only of these themes that elevate us all. Again I thank you for the kindness and enthusiasm of your greet-ing. (Tremendous cheering.)

Since 1873 there has been no year when so nany miles of railroad were built in this ountry as last year. Advance sheets of Mr. Poor's "Manual of the Railroads of the United States" show that the total mileage at the and of last year was 86,497, an increase of 1,721. It appears from this report that the effects of the panic have been mostly cleared away and that almost all the lines in the country are being operated on a healthy basis. One of the significant features of the report is that which sets forth the gross earnngs in the four sections of the country, leav-New England States, \$41,320,825; Middle States, \$170,310,846; Southern States, \$43,917,284; Western States, 379,646; Pacific Coast States, \$10,721 157. It will be seen that the entire South but slightly exceeds New England in the extent of railroad business transacted.

beth R. Tilton and her mother, Mrs. Joanua Morse, continue to live together at 181 Macon street, Brooklyn. Mrs. Tilton is provided for by her husband, Theodore Tilton, who continues to live apart from her, and Mrs. Morse receives a support from her husband, N. B. Morse, president of the Union ferry company, from whom she has been separated for a number of years. Mrs. Tilton's two sons, Carroll and Halph, continue to live with her. The former is studying for the ministry, and the latter is just about to begin school life. Misses Florence and Alice Tilton remain in Stuttgart, Germany, where they are studying music and art. Their father sailed a few days since to pay his annual visit to them.—N. Y. Mas. Morse, continue to live together at 381 Ma-

A few weeks since a smooth-tongued indime a model spring bed, which he proposed to I could gather nothing from his conversation of having an agent here, and for my trouble he would give me a bed and four dollars on each bed sold. Said they could better afford to pay me this than to employ an agent. I thought this a very liberal offer, but as I did

the unwary. Westminster West, Aug. 2d, 1880.

-Prof. Greene Smith, only son of Gerrit Smith, the great philanthropist, is dead from

Bets have been made in Russia that the Czar would not live a year, and the chaps who made the bets are now living in Siberia. —Mr. Web Hayes, son of the President, is soon to become a member of the law firm of Swayne & Swayne, in Toledo. These gen-tlemen are sons of Associate Justice Swayne.

in ancient graveyards.

—The rails of the only railroad ever built in China arrived at New York recently. They were laid from Shanghai to Woo Lung, on a permit given to Charles E. Hill of Bridgeport, Conn., but strong opposition forced their removal.

is described by "Gath" as thirty-two years old. It is added that Mr. Bell "received a large round sum for his invention, besides shares in the company as consolidated, and he has a salary of \$25,000 a year as an elec-

now brought a steady how of water from the river through most of the streets.

— Pietro Ballo, the Italian wife-murderer, was hanged in the Toombs at New York last Friday morning. The condemned man spent the last half of his last night miserably. On the way to the gallows he was perfectly cool in manner, although his face was very role. in manner, although his face was very pale.

been paid. She called on the undertaker and paid the bill of \$60 from her own earnings with evident satisfaction.

—The statue of Robert Burns, to be erect-

Herald from Boston that there is no just cause of apprehension for the safety of the Jeannette, and that he believes her voyage to the North Pole will be successful and furnish

—James Gordon Bennett of the New York Herald is said to look old and gray. He wan-ders over Europe, spending his money laviah-ly, but with little satisfaction. He hunts with it with little satisfaction. He hunts with the sporting men, and bets with the betting men. He tries his hand at other exciting amusements, and finding them equally unsat-isfactory, returns to America. He exhausts yachting, polo, and other sports, but the re-sult is the same. He has pursued pleasure for twenty years; but finds it not.

The Russian Prince Develops letter had -The Russian Prince Demidoff lately lost

once decreed that Schouvaloff ahould return seven-eighths of his winnings to the luckless prince, reducing his loss to something like \$409.000. This is probably the biggest gam-hling transaction or record.

hling transaction on record.

—Two thousand people witnessed a "Spanish buil fight" in New York on Saturday.

Mr. Bergh was present with eighty officers prepared, if called upon, to aid him in the prevention of any cruelty to the Texan steers. Eight buils in all were introduced, but nothing approaching a fight was witnessed. The most exciting event of the exhibition was caused by abull, which cleared the fence surrounding the arena five times. The men were not armed, and the steers were made comparatively harmiess by having the tips of their horns padded. Neither men nor steers were harmed.

Hamoore are very popular at this season, and the following directions relative to hanging them should be observed. If intended for reclining in, one end of the hammoore should be tied say six feet from the ground, and the other end not over four feet. Again, the upper end should be tied with a short rope, say two feet or less. The other end may be tied with a much longer one, say four feet. In this way the head will be higher than the feet, and the swing of the hammoore will be alight and gentle where the head is, and principally at the lower part of the body.

#### Miscellany.

Give them Now. If you have gentle words and looks, my friends, To spare for me, if you have tears to shed, That I have suffered—keep them sed, I pray, Until I hear not, see not, being dead.

If you have flowers to give—fair illy boils, While roses, daistes (meadow-stars that be Mine own dust canceskee)—let them emis and mal The sir, while yet I breatle it, sweet for me.

## TAKEN BY STORM.

"Mailemoiselle, we are obliged to ask your hospitality. Believe me, we will encroach upon it as little as possible."

The speaker, a young Prussian officer in full uniform, bent low before the beautiful girl whom he addressed.

But Marie Moreau saw neither the courtly grace of manner, nor noted the young haudsome face and form. She only knew that the enemy of her country stood before her, that the tri-color of France had been dragged down from its standard where it floated protectingly over the little French town, and the hated banner of Prussia put in its stend; that the very privacy of their hearths and homes had been introded upon—in many instances ruthlessly—and that the nam before her was but a representative of all that the disaster entailed.

all that the disaster entailed.

"Sir," she answered, her lip curling in undisquised scorn as she spoke, "we are women and defenceless. It fits you well that you should make a pretence of asking, through courtesy, that which you have aircady obtained through force. The only request we can make of our guests"—emphasizing the latter word with supreme irony—"is that we may be permitted to see as lattic of them as possible. Unless your regretful consideration described in the lower consideration described in the lower consideration described.

may be permitted to see as little of them as possible. Unless your regretful consideration demands all the house, leave us any portion, however small, that shall be ours, not only in word but in deed."

"Mademoiselle, your wishes are commands," answered the young officer, though a flash had risen to his check at her hot words of scorn. "My advice to you would be to take the upper floor, where there would be no excuse for intrusion. I wish most to take the upper floor, where there would be no excuse for intrusion. I wish most carnestly that I might withdraw my men-from the house, but it is impossible. The town is small, and the troops are many. They are quartered everywhere, and even should I withdraw them, you might be sub-jected to fresh annoyance, from which it will ever be my earnest endeavor to shield you. Permit me madenciselle to hard you me Permit me, mademoiselle, to hand you my card, and to beg you to command my ser-vices, and to report to me any incivility which you may encounter."

So speaking, he placed on the table beside

er a slip of pasteboard, and making a low low withdraw.

ognition of his courtesy.

"Really, Marie," said her aunt, stretching out her hand for the card, "the young man was very polite. It would have been better policy, my dear, had your manner not been so repellant."

so repellant."

"Repellant!" exclaimed the young girl, rising from her seat in excitement, and pacing up and down the room. "I wish I could have croshed him with my scorn. Does he not know that a true Frenchwoman will bear not know that a true Frenchwoman will bear
any insult rather than the humiliation of
Prussian magnanimity? How I bate him!
I hate them all! How shall I ever draw a
free breath, knowing that they live on the
same air that sustains me? Ah! France, be
patient: it is but for a little longer."
"Hugh Von Trenck," read the elder lady
aloud from the card. "We must not lose
this. The young man may really be of future service to a."

ture service to us "Aunt, how can you? Give me the card or tear it up yourself. Do you think I would ask a favor at his hands—aye, or accept one? Never, never:" and the bright eyes flashed. But madame quietly slipped the piece of pasteboard within the reticule she were at her belt, determining, if necessary to take the young officer at his word.

'Madame will pardon a stranger's interfer

anomic will particle a stranger's interference, but I must beg that neither she nor made moiselle venture into the streets to day. The soldiers are in a state of revely and riot which might subject them to insult. Any commands I should be happy to fulfil.

Respectfully, Hvan von Terrer. Madame Moreau, some three days later, end aloud the above from a card just slipped

neath her door. Her niece stood before the glass, tying on

would be rash undness."

But Marie only picked up her veil and began adjusting it across the pretty face.

"Marie, do you hear me?"

"Yes, aunt," she answered; "but inasuch as I am very hungry, and there is noth

ference. Have no fear, auntic. I am quite able to take care of myself."

And in spite of the caller lady's entreaties, and with a good-by kiss and a reassuring nile, she was gone. But the smile faded as she stood a momen

But the smile faded as she stood a moment on the threshold of the outside door and glanced up and down the street filled with soldiers. The color in her check paled to whiteness, and her beart beat loud and fast. She almost determined to turn back, when some one, standing at her elbow, said in tones so carriest as to be nearly harsh; "Did

ore out this morning."
"Your prayers and commands are all one one, sir," she retorted.

She started to return, when, coming imp liately toward her, extending from the curl to the wall, was a line of Prussian soldiers, arm linked in arm, their steps unsteady from iquor, and their voices raised in laughter and song. What should she do? She feared and acong. What should she do? She reared to turn and flee, leat they should pursue. Perhaps by hiding her tremor and walking holdly on they might make room for her to pass. Herr von Trenck's hated advice rang in her cars. She should hate him trebly if it proved unnecessary. But now all the sol-diers' eyes were turned upon her, as they stood, an impassable phalanx, barring her

kiss apiece!"
Concealing the awful sinking at her heart, she strove to pass them by stepping down from the curb; but the outside man and first speaker threw out his arm to prevent her es-

cape.
"No, no!" he said, in freezing tor You are our prisoner, and we let you off ea-sy. Pay us willingly and we will prove good us our word. Drive us to force and we'll

pear calm.
"Let me pass," she said in low, indignant tones, when, without deigning further par-ley, the first speaker threw his arm about her She felt his tainted breath upon her cheek.

self from his grasp, the brutal laugh of the others jeering on her ears.

A scream, loud and long, burst from her lips, followed by another and another, as her persecutor again approached, when, as if by magic, some one darted in between them and felled the ruffian to the earth.

The others, bold with drink, murmured angrily, but a gleaming pistol soon silenced them, even as they recognized their young colonel, and respectfully moved away.

Calling a guard, be put the man he held under his heel in arrest, then turned and offered his arm to the trembling girl.

She saw, then, for the first time, that it was Hugh you Trenck who had saved ber. Haughtily refusing his arm, hating horself, hating him more, she walked on in silence by his side. At her doer she forced herself to speak: "Sir, I owe you my thanks," she said.

'Mademoiselle, the day will come when

"Mademoiselle, the day will come when you will pay me your debt in full," he replied, and left her.

What did he mean? His words, the man himself haunted her. How brave and full of courage he had been. How nobly he had come to her relief! How generously he had uttered no word of reproach, or of the trath that she had brought it all on herself. If he had not been a Prussian, she might almost have liked him. As it was—but she got no forther than this. She broke down in a storm of tears. storm of tears.

A week later the troops, all but a small re-

serve, were ordered out for a sortie. Paris bad long been in siege and must soon capituday for success to the flag already doomed. That her cause could be lost seemed to her

Now and then the winds bore to her the become of cannon. They were fighting not far off, and strong them was the man she had treated with such disclainful contempt. Could it be that she thought of him at such

The third day the fighting ceased—the

The third day the fighting ceased—the Prussians were again victorious; but all night long they were bringing back dead and wounded to the little town.

It was just daybreak when a squad of soldiers halted at her door. She had not dreamed of undressing during the long night. A nameless dread had tortured her. She knew in this moment what it was, as herself she wout down and threw open the door to realize the test. reactive the pair, senseless form they bore.

'This way!' said she, with quiet dignity, and led the way to her own room and her own bed.

He had told her she should repay her debt.

Could be have foreseen this day? Would be ever know what she had done for him?

For works his life hung in the balance; but one night he opened his gray eyes to consciousness, and they rested on her solitary figure at his side. Her aunt, weary, had gone to rest. A smile broke over the white, this face.

cone to reaction face, thin face, "You here, mademolaelle?" he said,
"You here, mademolaelle?" he said,
"You here, mademolaelle?" he said, "Yes," she answered, "I am here."

He held out his wasted hand, and she silently placed hers within it. Then, still, with a smile upon his lips, he fell asleep, but from that moment the tide had turned, and

life had gained the victory.

He was almost well again, when one day came the tidings of the fall of Paris, and on the same day, by the fatality of fate, came to him the news of his promotion to a general's

'Ah, mademoiselle," he said, 'I cannot "Ah, mademoiselle," he said, "I cannot rejoice while you weep. I once said you should pay your debt. I little imagined how you would pay it. I meant then the day should come when you should love and marry me. I had loved you from the first moment my eyes rested on you, in spite of your secon and contempt. But now you have paid your debt in your own way. You have given me back my life. I will no longer torture you by my presence. I will go away and leave you."

And he turned his head that she might not e the moisture in his eyes. But softly she stole to his side, and knock-g down, nestled her head on his arm.

If I say stay, Hugh, then will you go?" My love-my darling! do you mock me!

, this is crust.

Nay, Hugh, I am like my own poor Parshe replied. "The siege has been a long
but she and I, I fear, have alike been

#### Was Ningara Dey to 1848!

The Right Rev. Dr. Fuller, Lord Bishop of ingara, writes a letter to the Chicago Trine from Hamilton, Ont., in which b bune from Hamilton, Ont., in which he says:
"Thirty-two years ago this mouth the Falls
of Nigara were dry for a whole day. That
day was the 31st of March, 1848. I did not
witness it myself, but I was told of it the
next day by my brother-in-law, Thomas C.
Street, Esq., member of Parliament, Happening to go out to his place the next day, he
told me that his miller (for he had a grist
mill on the rapids above the falls) knocked at
his beforem door about 5 o'clock in the his bedroom door about 5 o'clock in the ms to dream near about a occor in the mill race, and no water in the mill race, and no water in the great river outside of the race. He said that he was startled at the in-

race. He said that he was startled at the in-telligence, and hurried out as soon as he could dress himself, and then saw the river, on the edge of which he had been born thir-ty-four years before, dry. After a hurried breakfast he and his youngest daughter (then unmarried) went down about three-quarters of a mile to the precipice itself, over which there was so little water running that, having provided himself with a strong pole, they started from the Table Rock and walked near the edge of the precipice about one-third of the edge of the precipice about one-third of the way toward Goat Island, on the Ameri-can shore, and, having stuck his pole in a crevice of the rock, and Miss Street having tied her pocket landkerchief firmly on the top of the pole, they returned. He said that he then turned his view toward the river be-low the falls, and saw the water so shallow that immense jagged rocks stood up in such a frightful manner that he shuddered when he thought of his having frequently passed over them in the little Maid of the Mist (as I had often done). He then returned toward home, and drove from the Canada shore some which is only about thirty feet deep, and rushing a great deal of water over the Falls, but saidenly changed and blew this little wa-ter (comparatively speaking) up to the west-ern portion of the lake, and that at this june the ice on Lake Eric, which had been broken up by these high winds, got jammed in the river between Buffalo and the Canada side, and formed a dam which kept back the waters of Lake Erie a whole day.

Our Little Friend, the Chipmuck. The chipmuck likes to dig his hole in these dry banks, and you may often hear a rustling in the thick beds of dry leaves loud enough in the thick beds of dry leaves loud enough to attract your attention from a distance of fifteen or twenty rods. A cautious approach to the spot will show you a couple of chipmucks chasing each other round and round through the leaves. They will cease from their sports as you come near, but if you sit down quietly they will soon conclude that you are not depeared and commence again. They often dangerous and commence again. They often include the trunk of a fallen tree in their cirinclude the trank of a fallen tree in their cir-cuit, running along its whole length; then plunging like divers into leaves they rush headleng through them, seeming greatly to onjoy the noise and stir which they make. They play in this way for hours; if one stops the other turns back to look for him and away they go again. The chipmuck can climb as well as any squirrel and frequently does so when the coast is clear, but if danger threatens he makes haste to descond. He threatens he makes haste to descend. He never can realize that a tree affords him the least security. If you get so near before he sees you that he dares not come down, he sees you that he dares not come down, he plainly considers the situation to be very serious. Sometimes he will make a desperate rush for the ground within reach of your hand; and as soon as you within whe comes down and seampers away, evidently feeling that he has got well out of a bad scrape. Let his larger cousins, red, black or gray, depend on trees for safety if they choose; his trust is in stone walls and brush-heaps, not to mention his burrow. Within reach of these his easy impudence is in striking contrast with his panic stricken condition when treed.—

E. E. Gilbert, in Good Company.

Mark Twain's Lutest. A CLEVER SATIRE ON A CURRENT PHASE OF POS

THAR SENTIMENTALITY. CLAR MENTICHESTALITY.

The August Atlantic contains the tale of Edward Mills and George Benton, by Mark Twain, which is as clever a satire on the sentimentality over crime as that sort of gush has ever received. Edward Mills minded from boyhood; George Benton never did. Edward prospered, George bad to be helped. They had the same adopted parents, who left all the property to George because Edward could take care of himself. So it went in all things, even the girl that Edward was engag-

could take care of himself. So it went in all things, even the girl that Edward was engaged to dropped him, as it was her duty to save George. Hard times threw Edward out of regular work, and he relapsed to common labor awhile; but George became a flourishing drunkard. We give the last part of the story, leaving it to readers of the Atlantic to get the full enjoyment of the whole.

A grand temperance revival was got up, and after some rousing speeches had been made, the chairman said, impressively, "We are now about to call for signers; and I think there is a speciacle in store for you which not many in this house will be able to view with dry eyes." There was an eloquent which not many in this house will be able to view with dry eyes." There was an eloquent pause, and then George Benton, escorted by a red sashed detachment of the Ladies of the Refuge, stepped forward upon the platform and signed the pledge. Theair was rent with applause, and everybody cried with joy. Everybody wrong the hand of the new con-vert when the meeting was over; his salary was enlarged next day; he was the talk of the town, and its here. An account of it was published.

the town, and its here. An account of it was published.
George Benton fell regularly every three months, but was faithfully rescued and wrought with, every time, and good situations were found for him. Finally, he was taken around the country lecturing as a reformed drankard, and he had great houses and did an immense amount of good.

He was so popular at home, and so trusted—during his sober intervals—that he was enabled to use the name of a principal citizen, and get a large sum of money at the bank. A mighty pressure was brought to bear to save him from the consequences of his forgery, and it was partially successful—he was

The detectives bunted down the criminals; the chief one proved to be George Benton. A widespread sympathy was felt for the widow and orphans of the dead man, and all the newspapers in the land begged that all the banks in the land would testify their appreciation of the fidelity and heroism of the nurdered cashier by coming forward with a generous contribution of money in aid of his family, now bereft of support. The result was a mass of solid cash, amounting to upwas a mass of solid cash, amounting to up was a mass of solid cash, amounting to up-wards of \$500—an average of nearly three-eighths of a cent for each bank in the Union. The cashier's own bank testified its gratitude by endeavoring to show (but humiliatingly failed in it) that the peerless servant's ac-counts were not square, and that he himself had knocked his brains out with a bludgeon to escape detection and punishment. George Benton was arraigned for trial. Then everybody seemed to forcet the widow

Then everybody seemed to forget the widow and orphans in their solicitude for poor George. Everything that money and infu-ence could do was done to save him, but it sall failed; he was sentenced to death.

Straightway the governor was besieged with petitions for commutation or pardon; they were brought by tearful young girls; by sorrowful old maids; by deputations of pathetic widows; by sheals of impressive orphaus. But no, the governor-for

Now, George Benton experienced religion Now, George Benton experienced religion.
The glad news flew all around. From that
time forth his ceil was always full of girls and
women and fresh flowers; all the day long
there was prayer and hymn-singing and
thanksgivings and homilies and tears, with
never an interruption except an occasional
five-minute intermission for refreshments.

five-minute intermission for refreshments.

This sort of thing continued up to the very gallows, and George Benton went proudly home, in the black cap, before a wailing audience of the aweetest and best that the region could produce. His grave had fresh flowers on it every day for a while, and the headstone bore these words, under a hand pointing aloft: "He has fought the good good good to be the second to the product of t The brave cashier's headstone has this inription: "He pure, houest, sober, indus-ious, considerate, and you will never—" Nobody knows who gave the order to leave

The cashier's family are in stringent circumstances, now, it is said; but no matter;
a lot of appreciative people, who were not
willing that an act so brave and true as his
should go unrewarded, have collected \$42,000—and built a memorial church with it.

Manx Twain. A Beceipt for a Backet! What does it take to make a racket 7. Well, bless me, I certainly ought to know, For I've made them a score of times or so! Hyro's the receipt—and I can't be wrong— For making them but and sweet and strong

What does it take to make a racket ?

And put in a packet, and you'll have just the joiliest kind of a racket!

And you'll have just the jolitest kind of a racket!

Of course I am bound to confess

You could manage to make it with less
(For this is a rugular, rich receipt,
For pudding and sauce and all complete),
And eith have a very good show,
If you follow directions below:
You can leave out the room, and the floor;
The bell, and the steller, and the store;
The bell, and the steller, and the chairs;
The bell, and the process, and the chairs;
The bell, and the fore and the chairs;
The bell, and the process, and the chairs;
The bell, and the process, and the chairs;
The bell, and the process, and the chairs;
The since, and the ground and the cries;
Manual, and the pain, and the respective of the confest of the conting you must be and the ground of the pain, and the process, and the ground of the pain of the pain will dely engiet it.
For show, if you don't you will addy engiet it.
For show, if you don't you will addy engiet it.
For show if you don't you will addy engiet it.
For show if you don't you will addy engiet it.
For show if you don't you will addy engiet it.
For show if you don't you will addy engiet it.
For show if you don't you will add a racket,
and that is, two small boys, in pasts and in jacket!

—M. E. St., in degreed Wide A scale,

MUCH MARRED.—At a town called Verbo, in Hungary, not long since, a woman named Catherine Csamm buried her seventh husband. Her life appears to have been a strange succession of matrimonial adventures, none of which were very startling, but all of which make up a curious total. At the age of seventeen the buxom Catherine espoused a furniture maker, who died after fifteen months of connubial felicity. The following year she married an aged widower, who said goodbys to her at the end of thirteen months. MUCH MARRIED. - At a town called Verbe

She remained a widow this time but one month, marrying for her third another widower, who lasted but four years. Doubtless determined to make a good choice sooner or later, she married a stout young fellow of twenty-eight; but in just four years he also died of consumption. Catherine remained a widow eight weeks, at the end of which time she married the village butcher, a fine fellow; but alsa! he was doomed to fade away, and in six years a cross in the little cemetry announced that he had gone over to the majority. For her sixth husband Catherine Cassens as selected a man so robust and massive in ity. For her sixth husband Catherine Csassns selected a man so robust and massive in
physique that all the villagers in Verbo prophesied that he would survive Catherine, and
great was the surprise and scandal when, four
menths after the celebration of the nuptials,
this son of Anak was placed in the cheertees
tomb. Many persons accused Catherine of
being a female Blusbeard, of poisoning her
unfortunate husbands, etc., but she snapped
her fingers at them, and asked them to produce their proofs. As they could not well do
this, the doughty Catherine married again,
and, to the surprise and horror of every one,
husband number seven cruelly deceived her
by turning up his toes only a few days after
the marriage. Catherine is now seeking an
eighth husband, but all the men in Verbo
tremble.

NO. 33.

#### Concest Cardeld's Family Wiscipline

[From the Cincinnati Commercial.] The General is very peculiar in the disci-pline of his children. One evening an agent for a liabcock fire extinguisher was exhibit-ing the machine on a pile of lighted tarred boxes on the public square, in the presence of a large crowd, among them General Gar-field and his little son Jim, who is a chip off the old block as the saving is. A gentleman field and his little son Jim, who is a chip off the old block, as the saying is. A gentleman accidently stepped on the boy's foot. He did not yell, as most boys might have done under such a pressure, but savagely sprang at the gentleman and dealt him a blow somewhere in the region of the abdomen—about as high as is could reach. The father observed it, and immediately had the crowd open and or-dered the frames to true the horse cond. Jim which was done and the boy extinguished in

and the fireman to turn the area open sim, which was done and the boy extinguished in less than a minute.

At another time a dispute arose between simply and it was partially success, and he end of a year, the tireless efforts of the benevolent were crowned with success, and he emerged from the penitentiary with a partial and on his pocket, the Prisoner's Friend society on this at the door with a situation and a comfortable salary, and all the other benevolent people came forward and gave him advice, encouragement and help. Edward Mills had once applied to the Prisoner's Friend society for a situation, when in direct need, but the question, "Have you been a prisoner?" made brief work of his case.

While all these things were going on, Edward Mills had been quietly making head against adversity. He was still poor, but was in receipt of a steady and sufficient salary, as the respected and trusted cashier of a large of the case and the boy extinguished in less than a minute.

At another time a dispute arose between Jim and the boy extinguished in less than a minute.

At another time a dispute arose between Jim and either brother (Harry), which resulted in a fight. The General heard of it, throught the offenders before him, and, after a patient hearing of the case, sent Harry into the orchard for three apple tree sprouts. He placed one into the hunds of each of the beys with a peremptory order that they should flog each other until he ordered a halt, he retaining a switch to enforce thim, and, after the offenders before him, and, after the offenders before him, and, after the offenders before him, and, after the prisoner is an either time a dispute arose between Jim and the boy extinguished in less than a minute.

At another time a dispute arose between Jim and the boy extinguished in less than a minute.

At another time a dispute arose between Jim and an elder brother (Harry), which resulted in a fight. The General heard of it, to require the offenders before him, and, after a patient heard of the ordered him and,

was in receipt of a steady and sufficient salary, as the respected and trusted cashier of a bank. George Benton never came near him, and was never heard to inquire about him, but nothing being in long absences from the town; there were ill reports about him, but nothing definite.

One winter's night some masked burglars forced their way into the bank, found Edward Mills there alone. They commanded him to reveal the "combination," so that they could get into the safe. He refused. They threatened his life. He said his employers trusted him, and he could not be traiter to that trust. He could die, if he must, but while he lived he would be faithful; he would not yield up the "combination." The burglars killed him.

The detectives bunted down the criminals; the chief one proved to be George Benton. some of the cleverest stories I ever heard, and exciting the uncontrollable merriment of us all. He was emphatically a boy among boys, entering into all their feelings and modes of thought, and yet, when most familiar, never losing in the least his dignity as a

#### The Buoyancy of Water.

(From the Trenton (N. J.) State Gasette, suggested by the Seawanhaka disaster.]

Another terrible steamboat alaughter: Presence of mind, and a slight knowledge of Presence of mind, and a slight knowledge of the specific gravity of the human body, would have saved much of this frightful loss of life. There was loose wood enough about the boat to have floated ten times the number of pass-engers on the ill-fated vessel, if it had been used with judgment. The human body weighs about a pound in the water, and a sin-gle chair will carry two grown persons. That it would keen their head above water s, it would keep their heads above water, question of life or death. The burning vessel was close to shore, the water was calm and
warm, and all of these passengers might easily have jumped overboard and paddled laughing sahore, if they had only possessed and
used the simple knowledge that one finger
placed upon a stool, or a chair, or a small
box, or a piece of board, would easily keep
the head above water, while the two feet and the other hand might be used as paddles to proper towards the shore. It is not at all nec-essary to know how to swim to be able to keep from drowning in this way. A little ex-perience of the buoyant power of water, and faith in it, is all that is required. We have seen a small boy who could not swim a stroke propel himself back and forth across a deep, wide pond by means of a board that would wide pond by means of a board that would not sustain five pounds weight. In fact, that sometime small boy is now writing this. Children and all others should have practice in the sustaining power of water. In nine cases out of ten, the knowledge that what will sustain a pound weight is all that is necessary to keep one's head above water will serve better in emergencies than the greatest expertness as a swimmer. A person unfamiliar with the buoyant power of water will naturally try to climb on top of the floating object on which he tries to save himself. If it is large enough, that is all right. But it is generally not large enough, and half of a struggling group is often drowned in the desperate scramble of a life-and-death struggle to climb on top of a piece of wreck or other floating object, not large enough to keep them all entirely above the water. This often happens when pleasured. large enough to keep them all entirely above the water. This often happens when pleas-ure boats capsize. All immediately want to get out of the water on top of the overturned or half-filled boat, and all are drowned except those whom the wrecked craft will wholly bear up. If they would simply trust the wa-ter to sustain ninety-nine hundredths of the weight of their bodies, and the disabled boat the other hundredth, they night all be saved under most circumstances. An overturned or under most circumstances. An overturned or water-filled wooden boat will sustain more people in this way than it will carry. It would keep the heads above water of as many people as could get their hands on the gun-wale. Those are simple facts, easily learned,

and may some day save your life SIX "LITTLE WOMEN" OF THE OLDEN Time.—In 1816, sixty-four years ago, six little women of Waterford, Vt., rode on the same horse and at the same time some miles over the Waterford hills. Their names and ages were as follows: Lois Rowell, aged 12 years; Nelly Caswell and Rhoda Pike, aged 13 years; Polly Caswell and Lois Pike, aged 8 years, and Anna Caswell, aged 4 years. Lois Rowell sat on the saddle and held the reins, and small anna Caswell and the other four misses rade Anna Caswell and the other four misses rode behind her. They had a nice time, which they all still remember, for they all are still living, though older and soberer women than then. Lois Rowell, now Mrs. Chas. S. Gregory, lives with her sou-in-law. Mr. Caswell, on a beautiful farm on the west bank of the Connecticut, in Concord, Vt. She has been totally blind some five years, but is intelligent, cheerful and social—one of those venerable ladies whom it is pleasant to meet and converse with. She is the only one of the six whom the writer of this has the good fortune to know, or perhaps he might say as much of them all. Nelly Caswell is now Mrs. Giles Jones of Victory, Vt. Rhoda Pike is Mrs. Nelson Miller, whose residence the writer does not remember. Polly Caswell, now Mrs. Horace Buck, and Lois Pike, Mrs. Jefferson Hosmer, live in Littleton, N. H., and Anna Caswell, Mrs. Wilson Buck, in Charleston, Vt. They are all now widows except Mrs. Anna Caswell and the other four misses rode They are all now widows except Mrs. er, and Mr. Miller is her second busband. Who knows of six other women who together enjoyed a lark sixty-four years ago that has been a pleasant memory to them from that time to this?

For the first time in the history of the party a Republican ratification meeting will be held in Alexandria, Va. General Sherman will be one of the speakers.

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lash in Banks
avans on Collateral.

ations unpaid.

Mancu 11, 1880 .- 1y11

well-known establishment at

Brattlebero, April 20, 1880.

All of which will be said low for cash. I also keep

and destroys Worms.

On Friday evening last, while in New York attend the conference of leading Republicans, Gen. Garfield was given a brilliant re-ception and a serenade, by the Boys in Blue, at the Headquarters of the National Republican Committee. An enthusiastic crowd throngwhen the general appeared on the balcony of he headquarters building to review the pro-When the various Garfield and Arhur clubs were settled in their respective places, Gen. Sharpe spoke briefly, saying that they had gathered to bonor the man who for our years was the head of the Boys in Blue and an efficient officer under Grant, and who was only relieved from his position when he

ien. Garfield was then introduced and spoke is follows, after the applause, which lasted over ten minutes, had subsided :

to toil as slaves for enemies; and we found that the hearts of this 4,000,000 were God-inspired with the spirit of liberty, and that they were our friends. (Applause.) We have seen white men betray the flag and fight have seen white men betray the flag and fight to kill the Union, but in all the long, dreary war we never saw a traitor in a black skin. (Great cheers.) Our prisoners, escaping from the starvation of prison, fleeing to our lines by the light of the north star, never feared to enter the black man's cabin and ask for bread. "Good," "Good," "That's so," and load cheers.) In all that period of suf-fering and degree to Price coldier we exerforing and danger, no Union soldier was ever betrayed by a black man or woman. (Applause.) And, now that we have made them free, so long as we live we will stand by these black allies. (Renewed applause.) We will stand by them until the sun of liberty fixed in the firmament of our constitution shall shine with equal rays open every man, black or white, throughout the Union. (Cheers.)

Now, fellow-citizens, fellow-soldiers, in this there is all the beneficence of eternal justice.

-The second wife at 31 pounds.

-A special from Fremont, Neb., says that old John Render, the head devil of the gang of murderers in southeastern Kansas, whose butchery of Dr. York and a dozen others created so much excitement seven years ago, was arrested by Sheriff Gregg at Richland, 35 miles west of Fremont, some days ago, and is now lodged in jail. He was with a woman traveling eastward on foot. there is all the beneficence of eternal justice,

riots; and over our country as the common heritage of us all. (Applause.)

I thank you, fellow citizens, for this magnificent demonstration. In so far as I represent in my heart and life the great doctrines for which you fought, I accept this demonstration as a tribute to my representative character. (Applause.) In the strength of your hands, in the ferror of your hearts, in the firmness of your faith, in all that betokens the greatness of manbood and nobleness of character, the republic finds its security and

A Suspected Swindler. vidual called me from the hay field to show introduce, and from his general appearance I concluded he must be a "sharper," although judge he became aware from our short interview that I was not the one he was looking and prominent Republicans filled the committee rooms. Shortly after 8 o'clock Gen. Gartee rooms. Shortly after 8 o'clock Gen. Garyou a brief statement of his proposed plan of
He said the beds were manufac-Marshall Jowell, Senator Dorsey, Col. Hooker,
Senator Don Cameron, and ex-Gov. McCorured at Detroit, Mich., and he proposed sending twenty to Bellows Falls, and wanted sending twenty twenty to Bellows Falls, and wanted sending twenty twenty to Bellows Falls, and wanted sending twenty tw sending twenty to Bellows Falls, and wanted me to get them and store them for him, and shortly after their arrival he would distribute them among the farmers at ten dollars each, giving them the privilege of returning them to me if they were not pleased with them, but if they kept them they were to pay me the ten dollars. He did not ask me to act as agent, but simply store the beds and receive the money; the would save them the expense of having an agent here, and for my trouble

to pay me this than to employ an agent. I thought this a very liberal offer, but as I did not like to speculate out of my neighbors I suggested what I thought a better plan whereby he could more readily sell his beds. I said I would store the beds as he proposed and would ask for my trouble only the bed which he agreed to give me: and he should sell the beds, discounting to each purchaser my commission of four dollars. He did not seem to favor this plan, said it was not the way they did business. I finally agreed to his proposition, believing at the time I should never hear from him again. He agreed to order the beds and said they would be at Bellows Falls in ten days, and the agest would advise me of their arrival. As I have not been so advised, and it is now more than a month since he agreed to send them, I conclude my suspicious were correct, and presume the reason of his not presenting a paper for me to sign was because he thought he had got hold of the wrong man. It might be well to give him the benefit of this notice, lest he may with his only tongue trip some of the unware. est he may with his oily tongue trip some of

The Western paper barrel manufactories re turning out 30,000 barrels a day. Every rocess is done by machinery, even the paint-

-According to estimates, the gold will all get back into the ground again in the teeth of decedent mortality, so that the future miner for the auriferous metal will have to operate

-Mr. Bell, the inventor of the telephone,

ers, because the city rests on a substratum of marsh. The gutters have carried off the drainage, or failed to do so according to the frequency of rains. The Sanitarians, a local society for the preservation of health, have

—The great meteoric stone, said to be the largest ever buried at the United States, which fell in Enumet county, Iowa, in May, 1879, has been sold to the British Museum for \$6500. It weighs 431 pounds.

-The second wife of a well-to-do New York man recently ascertained that the foneral expenses of her husband's first wife had not

ed in Central Park, New York, will be ready for unveiling in September, and the park commissioners have been invited by the committee representing the donors of the statue to unite with them in arranging a proper programme for the ceremony. -Dr. I. I. Hayes writes the New York

one of the brightest pages in the history of American discovery and enterprise.

—The increase of deposits in the savings hanks of New York city during the last six months is reckoned at \$0,000,000 and in the whole State at \$17,000,000. Not much hard times about that times about that.

million dollars during a single sitting ecarst, Count Schouvaloff being the win-The Czar heard of the affair, and at

# For laving looks, though fraught with tenderness, And kindly tears, though they fall thickand fast, And words of praise, size can naught wat. To lift the shadows from a life that's past.

And rarest blossoms, what can they suffice.
Offered to one who can no longer gaze
Upon their beauty? Flowers in coffins hid
Impart no sweetness to departed days.
—Harper's Workly.

all that the disaster entailed.

er hat and listening with curling lip.
"You see, Marie," she said glancing up
from the writing, "you must not go out. I

ng in the bouse to est, I think it rather a matter of necessity than of choice. Besides, would rather have open insult than Herr lugh von Trenck's magnanimous interfer-

tones so carneas as to be nearly harab: "Did your aunt receive my warning?" It was Hugh von Trenek who spoke.

"Are you in authority in this house, sir, over all its inmates?" she questioned. "If we are your prisoners, let us know it. You can then enforce your wishes."

"You do me injustice, mademoiselle," he replied, in low, thrilling tones. "I beg you for your own sake, not for mine, not to ven-ture out this morning."

to me, sir," she retorted.

The next minute she had gained the street, fear forgotten in her indignant anger. With quick step she hastened in the necessary direction. Beyond a rude stare of admiration she was unmolested, and her few purchases were effected.

She started to return, when provides in the contraction of the contraction of

way.
"Pay us toll, my pretty little Francaise,"
said one, fastening his coarse gaze upon her.
"Yes, pay us toll," the others echoed. "A

elp ourselves."

To scream would be but to gather round her fresh tormentors, so she struggled to ap-

With sudden strength she wronohed her-