Absolutely Pure.

men are very apt to be governed more by

in selecting their clothing. It is a mistake

in selecting their clothing. It is a mistake usually. A poor suit of clothes is expensive at any price. The least is always the cheapest, though not necessarily the highest priced. The "Tr. C. & Co." clothing is made for service. It fits perfectly, is custom finished, and costs no more than the "baggy" stuff offered.

The above represents the ticket that will

the "baggy" stuff offered.

The above represents the ticket that will be found on all the "T, C. & Co." Clothing. Buy it for yourself and boys, and you will make no mistake.

CURE

SICK

HEAD

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it white others do not.

Carter's allithe Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. Other of two pills makes above. They are articity vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their genile action please all who usoffiem. In visits at 35 cents, there for \$L\$. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mad.

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BRATTLEBORO, VT., FRIDAY, APRIL 2, 1886.

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Full particulars, with references, furnished on application. Correspondence solicited.
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Ve shall make special prices on Car-pets, Oil Cloths and Straw Mattings for the next Thirty Days, to clean up

We shall sell all of the best Ingrains at the same we price of the last six months. A good Straw Matting at 15c. Handsune Tapestry Carpets, 68a78c. Good Ingrain Carpets at 28c. Good Hemp Carpets at 29c. A fresh for Hemmants of the best Ingrains, just be thing for Mats and Rugs, at 25c per yard. If you seemd to leap a Carpet, don't be afraid to come and took, as we are always glad to show them.

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SPECIAL BARGAINS

Continental C Cotton, 61/c per yard.
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A good 36-in, Bienched Cotton at 7c per yard.

25-in. The Table Damask at 25c,
All-linen Table Damask at 25c,
Knameted their-Coverings at 7c.
A good all-linen Crash at 6c.
The very best Bled Tick at 12/cc.
Best Live Goese Feathers at 65c per pound,

A good line of Black Silks in all grades that it rill no you good to look at. Also, an extra good argain in marrow-striped Nainscoke, a little soiled in the edge, that we shall sell for a short time at per yard. They are just the thing for approa-on for samples, so that you can see for your-



THE SENATE DEBATE.

It Ends with the Adoption of the Ed

YOTE-MR. INVALUS MAKES A SEVERE ARRAIGNMENT OF THE PRESIDENT AND HIS ADMINISTRATION.

vor Cleveland was a very great or a very small man, he was a very extraordinary man. His career forbade any other conclusion. His career forbade any other conclusion. The democratic party was not wanting, when the convention was held at Chicago, in many great and illustrious names, men who had led the forlorn hope in its darkest days, men for whose character, achievements and history not only that organization but the country had the profoundest admiration and respect. There was Thurman and Bayard and and Hendricks and Tilden and others perhaps not less worthy, but less illustrious, upon whom the mantle of that great distinction might properly have fallen. But Grover Cleveland, the man who, at the mature age of 3h, abandoned a liberal and honored profession that he might become sheriff of an interior county, was selected for the posifession that he might become sheriff of an interior county, was selected for the position. And when a little more than a year ago he extered the Senate chamber and subsequently took the oath of office on this platform he execuntered an andience, not one twentieth part of which had ever seen him and the greater part of whom two years before did not know him even by name, and who was even at that moment practically un-acquainted with the leaders of his own party in the Senate. The rise of Napoleon was sudden, startling, dazzling. Many other soldiers of fortune have sprung from obscurity to fame, but no illustration of an obscurity so profound to a height so brilliant and dazzling was recorded in history as the selection of Grover Cleveland to be the chief magistrate of 60,000,000 of people. If, when he was inaugurated, he had determined that the functions of government should be exercised by men of his own party, the nation would have been content, and herein was founded the justification that the majority of the Senate could use in demanding that no action should be taken in connection with these proposed removals from office until there had been satisfactory assurances that injustice had not been done. If it were understood that these removals were for political reasons the country would be content; the republioldiers of fortune have sprung from obseur. the country would be content; the republican majority in the Senate would be content. But ever since his inauguration, and before his inauguration, by many utterances, official and private, never challenged, Mr. Cleveland

land's letter of acceptance and imaggral ad-dress, and his various pledges, public and private, on the question of civil-service re-form, and, contrasting them with the practi-cal acts of the administration, made a show-ing anything but creditable to the President.

For illustration Mr. Ingalis read from Cleve

we speeches delivered in the entire debate.

After showing that the question of the President's power of removal was not involved, he took up the practical side of the matter and oud applause from the galleries. His refer-nce to the removal of a Union soldier in In-lianapolis and the appointment of an ex-convict in his place brought Mr. Voorhees to NOW LOOK OUT. FOR THE FUR HAS his f-et, who said that it was a "stupendous blunder," for which he was in no way respon-sible. Mr. Harrison said that to his knowledge 361 Union soldiers and 11 widows of soldiers had been removed from office in Iudiana and 90 soldiers and one widow of a soldier ap-IS ON THE WAR PATH

the debate, in which he carefully reviewed the question and added to the Democratic discomfiture. He explained his reasons for voting to swapend the tenure-of-office act in 1869, and said that he would do the same not confirm nominations in cases where it

vor of his amendment providing that cases which come up for rejection under the third

The second resolution, expressing condem-

military service for the government, was adopted by a unanimous vote, excepting that Morgan of Alabama voted against it.

In the April number of Lippincott's Magazine a novel series of articles is begun under the general heading of "Our Experience Meetings," in which a sort of public confessional will be provided for leading authors, actors, srtists, politicians, business men, etc., who feel autobiographically disposed. The present meeting is attended by Julian Hawthorns, Edgur Fawcett and Josl Chandler Harris, each of whom gives an interesting Harris, each of whom gives an interesting sketch of his literary career, as seen from the inside. An extract from Mr. Harris's paper

THINGS OF CURRENT INTEREST.

The Lutest Wonder in Telegraphy. [From the Springfield Republican.]
The newest invention in telegraphy, that
of communication between a moving railway train and the rest of the world, is now NOTE—MR. INHALLS MAKES A SEVERE ARE NATIONALLY MAKES A SEVERE ARE NATIONALLY OF THE PRINCIPANT AND HIS ADMINISTRATION.

The long debate on the question of the suppressed papers came to an end in the Senate at 2.30 last Friday night. The closing speeches were of a character that interested the galleries, which were crowded nearly the entire session, while many members of the House occupied seats on the floor. Mr. Ingalls made one of his inclusive speeches, in which he did not spare the occupant of the White House.

Certainly, Mr. Logalis said, whether Grover Cleveland was a very great or a very small man, he was a very extraordinary man. current by its known laws, and white 15 or 20 years ago it would have seemed too wonderful for belief that it could be done at all, the only wonder we feel now is that it has not been done before. Mr. Edison's process was tested experimentally on the Staten Island railway a few weeks ago, and has now been introduced on the Chicago, Milwacke and St. Paul line, where a special train was run for the exhibition of the invention a few days see the leading electricians and rail

run for the exhibition of the invention a few days ago, the leading electricians and rail road men of the Northwest witnessing it, sending and receiving business and social investages all the way. The Phelps method has been operated successfully on the Port Morris branch of the New York, New Ha-ven and Hartford railroad.

The idea of passing a pressure between a Morris branch of the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad.

The idea of passing a message between a train and an ordinary wire along the route by simple induction was conceived by William Wiley Smith of Tennessee, who took out the first patent; and Mr. Edison has developed his idea. A battery is placed at a table in a car, and the operator sits at his instrument with a small telephone affixed over each ear. Ordinary telegraph wires run from the table to the tin roof of the car with which they are connected. The message is ticked off by the Morse alphabet, and leaps through the air from the roof to the regular wires strung beside the railroad, no new wires being used. seside the railroad, no new wires being used

bok far enough.

The Pholps induction telegraph company's system is quite different from that just described. Instead of using the regular telescribed. ing anything but creditable to the President. He running comments on the selection for Irderal effice of men convicted of infamous crimes, and his contrasts of such appointments as Higgins and Esten evoked much laughter, in which S cretary Whitney joined, he occupying for a time a seat in the diplomatic gallery. Mr. Ingalis denounced the "offensive partisan" letter of Postmaster-General Vilas as one of the most despicable documents ever issued by a public official. In referring to this be showed that, exclosive of men whose terms had expired and of resignations, the postmaster-general had removed a fourth-class postmaster every 15 minutes of the time in which his office was kept open. The "illuminated Department of Justice" and the heads of the other departments having something which they wish to conceal by refusing sceess to the papers were also handled without gloves.

Mr. Ingalis was followed by Mr. Harrison of Indiana, who made one of the most effective speeches delivered in the entire debate. After allowing that the question of the Presigraph wires, and communicating by the car vented by Mr. Phelps which is the receiving instrument upon the car, operating a com-mon sounder. The current from the car is sent through the coil and through a "buzzer' read letters which suspended officers had which breaks the current very rapidly, causing a bunning like a bee's; and this buzzing courtesy of a reply. Mr. Harrison's severe denumeration of this conduct was followed by

tage in simplicity, and, although it is claim-ed that the use of the regular wires will cause confusion and render it impracticable on line Island experiment the wires used were the Raitimore and Ohio quadruplex, and it is stated that not a message along the line was interfered with. Nor was there any trouble on the trial trip between Chicago and Milwankee and there can hardly be a line in

thing sgain under similar extraordinary circumstances—which he thought might, the way things are going now, exist at the close of President Cleveland's term. Mr. Harris and other Democrats questioned Mr. Elmunds as to the meaning of the third resolution, which he said meant that the senate should armored vessel, and when we got outside we are confirm nominations in cases where it. armored vessel, and when we got outside we could see the Kearsarge awaiting us, about four miles away. Captain Semmes made us a short speech which was well received, though it seemed odd to me that an American should appeal to an Englishman's love of glory to animate him to fight the speaker's own countrymen. But we cheered, and the French ship leaving us, we steamed straight for the Kearsarge. There is no doubt that Semmes was flurried and commenced firing too soon. We were, I should say, nearly a mile away, and I do not think a single shot told. The enemy circled around us and did Mr. Platt and Mr. Logan expressed themselves in favor of the total abolition of executive sessions as a separate matter, but not in favor of Mr. Van Wyck's proposition.

Mr. Hoar raised the point of order that it changed the rules and therefore required a day's notice. This point the chair ruled well taken, but the Democrate thought to gain suppost for their side by favoring Mr. Van Wyck's proposition, and they appealed from the ruling of the chair. By a party vote. Mr. Van Wyck's report from the party vote. Mr. Van Wyck's report from the judiciary committee, was then adopted by a party vote of the report from the judiciary committee, was then adopted by a party vote of 32 ayes to 26 nays, Mr. Riddleberger not voting. crew. 'What is wrong with the rifle-gun?'
was asked. 'We don't seem to be doing the
enemy any harm,' while with slow precision
came the crash of the heavy shell of the The second resolution, expressing condemnation of the attorney-general's action in refusing papers called for, was adopted by a vote of 32 ayes to 25 nays—also a party vote.

The third resolution, declaring it to be the duty of the senate to refuse its advice and consent to proposed removals in cases where the papers are deemed necessary and refused, gave rise to considerable discussion. The Democrats tried to have it ruled out of order, on the ground that it changed the rules; but the chairman decided against them on the ground that it was a more expression of opinion. An appeal from this ruling, by the Democrats, was iaid on the table by a vote of 31 to 28.

Mr. Brown of Georgia then moved to strike out the third resolution. This was ined by a vote of 31 nays to 27 ayes.

The vote then recurred on the adoption of this resolution, and it was carried by a vote of 30 ayes to 29 nays—a party vote, excepting that Mitchell of Oregon, Van Wyck of Nebraska and Riddleberger voted with the Democrats.

Mr. Morgan then offered an amendment that the resolution should not be considered.

Mr. Morgan then offered an amendment of the resolution should not be considered on the botats were then full and push.

Mr. Morgan then offered an amendment that the resolution should not be considered as rendering the attorney-general liable to impeachment. Mr. E-imunds moved to lay this amendment on the table, which was carried by a party vote, 33 to 26.

The fourth resolution, condemning the discharge of ex Union soldiers and the putting in their places of men who had rendered no military services for the government, was adopted by a unanimous vote, excepting that Morgan of Alsham, and Alsham, an and a watch in a looker between decks, and I ran below but they were gone.

"'All hands on deck—ship's going down!' was called, and I had just got on the upper step of the forward companion way when the water, entering the berth deck ports, forced the air up and almost carried me off my legs. I cast my eyes around for a moment. Old Gill, with his head crushed under the carriege of the sight fineh one was

quate to meet the large accessions to its ranks, and that in its present chaotic state this seriously cripples its usofulness. The Kuights of Industry will be a secret order only in so far as secreey may be necessary for the intelligent and safe direction of its power. It is understood that a congress of labor leaders will be held at Hoston in September to dis-

The next step beyond Jones and Small in the evolution of revivalets is "Lumpasse Jake," who is said to be waking up the cow-Jake," who is said to be waking up the cow-boys of New Mexico, and who really lacks the culture which the other men scorn to use, and lacks education as well, beyond the ability to read. As described by a corres-pondent, he picked up something of the Bi-ble alone on a cattle ranch, his conversion was a matter of dreams couched in the most vivid but rudest imagery, and his addresses are in the vernacular of the cow-boy of ficare in the vernacular of the cow-boy of ficare in the vernacular of the cow-boy of fic-tion, and are, to any grade of intelligence or standard of morals above that currently at tributed to the cow-boy, too shockingly ir-reverent for reproduction. He is said to go beavily armed into border saloons and drive the occupants down on their kneess while he exborts. Whether "Lampassa Jake" is the developement of the prairies or of the im-agination of some brilliant but reckless bole-mer, he is the paragraph of the latest agination of some brilliant but reckless bother minn, he is the natural outcome of the latest tendency in religious exhortation. The sort of eloquence attributed to him is not new. The plantations of the South used to be full of just such "preachers," useful doubtless to the people they addressed and from whom they aprung. But in their case no one thought of helping the cause of religion by removing

whom his earnestness is not irreverence. -Springfield Republican.

them from their natural environments, and if "Lumpusas Jake" be no a myth, it is to be hoped that he will be left with a public to

sir from the roof to the regular wires strung beside the railroad, no new wires being used. Messages are received in the same way, and are heard in the telephones by the operator as musical vibrations. Mr. Edison says the signals will leap from car-roof to wires or the reverse for a distance of 550 feet, and that their passage through the air occupies a 250,000th part of a second. He asserts that by this principle of induction ships can telegraph to each other through the air necupies as the provided with all the comforts of home life at a cost within their means by this principle of induction ships can telegraph to each other through the air when 25 miles apart, by means of small balloons costed with gold foil bearing a very thin wire, sent up 3100 feet into the air, at which height the resistance if so slight that the electric current will pass 25 miles. "The moment, he said, "that a ship is within electrical communication with another the telegraph instrument on board will begin to sing," and the operators may then talk with each other. "I have," he said, "already experimented across great fields with this system, and have met with great success." This extension of Mr. Elison's idea will be success. This extension of Mr. Elison's idea will be away and have met with great success." This extension of Mr. Elison's idea will be away that all sorts of homes have been provided for invalid, needy and fallen women, but shall be fairly reduced to practice—for while we are looking at the future we might as well look far enough.

The Pholys induction telegraph company's system is quite different from that just described. Instead of noing the regular televal to the future we might as well look far enough.

The Pholys induction telegraph company's system is quite different from that just described. Instead of noing the regular televal the future we might as well later. This is the establishment of a great home in which such of their own in Bridgeport will be provided with the comforts of them in their means of which will who are corset manufacturers, employing gis for themselves temptations of life.

IN GENERAL.

to have wen \$40,000 at poker since the be-gioning of the present session. In Michigan a factory has been estab-lished to make a substitute for whalebone out of the quills of greese and turkeys.

A Pennsylvania woman raised a family of 24 boys. Thirteen were in the Union army, and one in the Confederate. Eleven out of the 13 were killed on the field of battle, and the one in the Confederate army has not been heard from. Two out of the 13 return-ed home, and one of them has applied for a persion.

when the American army was quartered on the hills about Morristown in the winter of 1777-8, Gen. Washington there took the rites of Freemasenry. A grand ball was also given there by the officers of the army, the tickets being \$300 Continental money.
Cholera has made its appearance in Spair

and Italy and in some portions of France, and the National Board of Health has issued a cially in relation to the importation of rage. A Sandwich Islands doctor, a native of the United States, says that in 15 years there will be only enough natives left to make curi-osities. Luquor and leprosy are killing them off. Queen Victoria's everyday life is extremely

simple and regular. She is an early riser, and goes out twice a day, rate or shine, generally in an open carriage. After a brief rest on her return, she devotes herself to business, and at the close of that engages in various occupations. She is fond of gossip.

The latest and best car wheels are made at Krupp's monster works, Eesen, Germany. The tire is forged steel, with a wrought-iron coil disc centre, the two parts being welded together form a perfect indestructible wheel in one piece. About 60,000 are now in use-in Europe. The first of them seen in Amer ica were imported recently for the Boston and Providence ratiroad company, whose second order is now being filled.

Dr. Piny Earle, for 21 years superintend-ent of the lunatic hospital at Northampton, Mass., has preserved copies of the different ways in which his name has been spelled or letters received by him while at the head of that institution. He has the envelopes neat-ly arranged in a blank book and finds that there are 375 separate and distinct methods of arranging the 10 letters comprising his

The dandy of the United States Senate is said to be Matt. Ransom, who always dressed in black and wears his coat closely buttoued He seldom appears out of the Senate withou gloves, and makes a large display of white outs. Mr. Ingalls is one of the best dressed men in the Senate. Mr. Hoar wears a business suit. Evarts's clothes hang upon him like those of a scarcerow. Mahone is the queerest dressed man in the Senate. His 100 pounds of skip and hone are bound read. pounds of skin and bone are bound round with clothes which make him look like a fashion plate of 50 years ago settled and ma-

terialized.

The story is told of how Rev. Phillips Brooks of Boston recently received a fine opera glass that he accidentally left behind him while traveling in Norway some years ago. The glass bore his name and old Philadelphia address, 2004 Chestnut street, but it fell into the hands of an honest Norwegian, who directed it to "Mr. Brooks, 2004 Chestnut street, U. S. A." The New York postal officials, concluding that Philadelphia's Chestnut street was the only street of that Chestnut street was the only street of that name in the country that run up to such high numbers, sent the glass there and it ultimately was forwarded to Mr. Brooks's Boston ad-

disposes of several illusions. Its statistics show that the chances of success are almost equally divided between those who are best posted in their studies and those who are most experienced in business affairs; that only 15 per cent of the persons examined have had any collegiate education; that at the end of eight or ton years all the offices covered by the law will be filled by applicants examined under its provisions; and that, on and a watch in a locker between decks, and I ran below, but they were gone.

"All hands on deck—ship's going down!" months' probationary term.

"All hands on deck—ship's going down!"
was called, and I had just got on the upper
step of the forward companion-way when
the water, entoring the berth deck ports,
forced the air up and almost carried me off
my legs. I cast my eyes around for a moment. Old fill, with his head crushed under the carriage of the eight inch guo, was
lying there, his brawny hands clinching the
breast of his jumper. Just as the water
came over the stern I went over the port balwarks. I was a good swimmer, and had not
been in the water five minutes whou a Fronch
pilot-load came running past, and a brawny
fellow in petticeats and top-boots dragged me
out of the water."

A New Organization for Workingmeen
Boston workingmen are talking about forming a new labor organization to be known as
the Kuights of Labor and is said to be approved
by that order. Its promoters assert that the

Miscellany.

Lenten Thoughts. The Christmas songs have died away, The birthday bells are dumb, And we with fushed and contrite hearts

A King! yet palices are barred,
A Saviour! yet is spurined;
Redeemer, Friend! yet haughty hearts
Away from Him are turned.
He welks the earth in humble guise,
No crown is His to war;
The meck and lowly are His friends,
And suffering ones His care.

In thought we follow where He leads, By desert, bill and sea;
We see Him in the city's streets,
And paths of Gallies.
We'll follow soon his patient foot
The way to calvary's height.
Abd feel again the shanlow cast.
By earth's most awesome night.

O'Christ! whose birth we esternite,
Whose boths! we not sit grief,
Whose boths! we see sitt grief,
Whose boths! we see sitt grief,
Whose boths! we see sitt grief,
Whose Ester calmo our fears,—
White Ester calmo our fears,—
White hater we love These most!
By craite, cross or game!
Dit only know we love These well,—
O. Might one to save!

— Littian Grey in Good Housekeeping

A LEAK IN THE DIKE.

As Old Story Worth Reprinting In a quaint old cottage in Holland, right on the bank of one of the dikes, which, with he larger cauals, intersect that country as the code and streets do with us, lived little Al-

the larger canals, intersect that country as the roads and streets do with us, lived little Albrecht—or, as his companions called him, "Brecht"—with his parents, Caspar and Gretchen Gerritz.

His father was generally away from his family all the week, being employed on board a canal-boat. These convey merchandise of various kinds, together with country produce, such as fish, eggs, cheese, butter, and fruit to different points on the scabboard, and return with articles that are needed either in their own homes or for traffic with their neighbors. Holland is truly a wonderful country. Centuries ago, the land was patiently and laboriously reclaimed from the wea, and protected by great embankments of sand, earth, and inuber from its encroachments.

And not only so, but there is a constant struggle going on to keep out this terrible fos, which is continually surging and thundering against the sluice gates, as if demanding admittance. Handreds of villages and thousands of their inhabitants have in former times been overwhelmed in these inundations.

mer times been overwhelmed in these inun-dations, so that a coaseless watch is necessa-ry to guard against the recurrence of such

Should you ever visit Holland, you would Should you ever visit Holland, you would meet with many curious sights. Whole families have no other residence than the canalboats. The women cook, spin, and attend to their children, their cares being divided between them and the cow, pigs, and fowls which they carry with them. Some of them even cultivate an abundance of gay flowers in long parse on deck, the Hollanders has in long boxes on deck, the Holli log a great passion for these floral displays.
On land, you would notice innumerable windmills, employed in pumping the waters from the rivers and lakes into the sea, houses painted red, blue, or green, with tiled roofs also of some bright color. A few old-fash-ioned cottages are still to be found here and there, like that in which the Gerritz family lived, with thatched roof instead of tiling and in the midst of the straw covering over-head a patriarchal stork's nest, which has been there, perhaps, for several generations. As this bird is much venerated in Holland and protected by law from destruction, it ways returns to the same nest every year. Then, you would notice how very clean streets and houses are kept, and how different the people are in dress and manners from those we are accustomed to meet with at

been heard from. I wo out of the la returned home, and one of them has applied for a

pension.

Gen. McClellan is to have a monument
in Pairmount park, Philadelphia, and besides
funds already secured, \$20,000 will be asked
from the public.

The old Freeman tavern at Morristown,
N. J., is soon to be demolished. It is said
and have reconly talk about him.

and have people talk about him.

At last, he rou in and told his mother, who was busy baking crullers, what he was thinking about. But she only shook her head, as she took up her cakes with a long handled skimmer, and said quietly:

"Always be good and brave, my little
Brecht, and then you will be truly great."

"But, mother, wasn't Erasmus good?"
"He was a fine scholar, and wrote many books that people talked much about. But he was not valual for the truth, like good Martin Luther over there in Germany." Then, she told Brecht how the noble re former, who, before he died, was on a footing with kings and emperors, was once so poor that, when he was at school trying to get an that, when he was at school trying to get an education, he was obliged to go out in the evenings and sing from door to door to earn a bit of bread to keep himself from starving; and how, one night, good Dame Ursula Cotta, being attracted by his sweet voice, called the young musician in and befriended him, giving him a home in her dwelling until he could get a place in the university.

Brecht would have liked to ask Mother (irstchen a streat many questions about Le Gretchen a great many questions about Lu-ther; but, after she had repeated to him some of the beautiful hymns the great re-former bad written, she told him it was time

for him to go to school, and began to pack several articles of food in his little basket, saying as she did so: "Don't forget, Brecht, to share your din-ner with little lame Gottlieb, the old cobbler's ner with little laine Gottlieb, the old cobbler's grandson. You know he never has half enough to est, and we ought always to be good to the poor. For the Lord loveth a cheerful giver. Now run away, and mind to fill your basket with bilberries as you come home through the forest. They will make you a nice supper to night with milk and brown bread.

Brecht mored into the locket.

brown bread."

Brecht proped into the basket as he went, and was well pleased with the plentiful dinner that had been provided for him. There were thick rounds of bread and butter, a ball of yellow cheese, a goodly share of the crul-lers, two great rosy apples, besides slices of black pudding, for the making of which his mother was quite famous in the neighbor-

Like other young Hollanders, Brecht had a lake other young Hollanders, Brecht had a healthy appetite, and enjoyed the good things of life. But, besides this, he had such a kind and generous disposition that he was quite as much delighted to think how poor little Gottlieb would enjoy the feast.

On his way home, he wandered a considerable distance from the beaten path, in his acarch after the rich rips hearing which hung.

sble distance from the beaten path, in his search after the rich ripe berries which hung in clusters on the bushes, saying over as he did so scraps of the lessons he had been learning at school.

Suddenly, he noticed that it was growing quite dark in the forest; and, to make the matter worse, in the endeavor to retrace his footsteps, he became completely bewildered and knew not which way to turn. He tried to find some familiar landmark to guide him, but all seemed strange and uncertain in the dim twitight. At last, he saw the gleam of water a short distance before him: and, hastening joyfully on, he came to a large dike, water a short distance octors bits and, has tening joyfully on, he came to a large dike, which he determined to follow, as it would certainly bring him out somewhere. But, as the little boy sat down to rest a while on the stone wall that imprisoned the

dike within bounds, he was conscious of au unusual sound going on beneath him, like the gurgling of water in a narrow-necked bottle. Then came a decided trickling, followed by a constant "drip, drip," as the stream began to coze through the stones. Brecht started to bis feet in dismay. Could t be, was it really so? Yes, there was no nistake about the matter. There was a leak

For a while, he stood still, too much fright ened to think what was best to be done. Then, he began to suggest to himself various his mind. Should he rou and give the alarm to the dike tenders? How could be, when he knew not which way to go for help? Shout with all his might? He did so until he was faint and sore with the effort to make himself beard. And, in the little time that had been consumed in these exertions, the leak was growing perceptibly wider. One or two small stones had fallen with the force of the torrent, and Brecht instinctively applied his hand to stop the opening. In a few moments he was conscious that the water was kept back even by this slight pressure; and he bravely resolved to stay there.

It was not alone in his own strength either that this brave boy trusted. His parents were pious people, and had well instructed their little son in his duty to God and man.

And now, shut up in that great forest, with no human sys to watch over him and kesp

him from barm, be realized, as he had never done before, that he must look to an Almighty Helper. A single line of one of Martin Lo. ther's hymns, which his mother had repeated to him that more in the part of an experience meeting, I may as well begin it by re-

mous. His name was in everybody's mouth. People came from far and near to see the brave boy who was not afraid to sacrifice his life, if need be, for the welfare of his country. The good burgomaster paid him a visit, bringing with him his own surgeon to do what he could for the poor strained arms. And the great Stadtholder himself, when the

civilization, especially to our women. We are accumulating so much, our establishments are accumulating so much, our establishments are becoming so complicated, that daily life is an effort. There are too many "things." Our houses are getting to be museoms. A house now is a library, an art gallery, a brich brac shop, a furniture warehouse, a crockery atore, combined. It is a great establishment run for the benefit of servants, plumbers, furnace-men, grocers, tinkers. Regarded and in another, it is an elemosynary insti-tion. We are accustomed to consider it a mark of high civilization; that is to say, the mark of high civilization; that is to say, the more complicated and over-loaded we make our domestic lives, the more civilized we regard ourselves. Now perhaps we are on the wrong track altogether. Perhaps the way to high civilization is toward simplicity and disentanglement, so that the human being will be less a slave to his surroundings and impedimentia and have more leisure for his own cultivation and enjoyment. Perhaps life on much simpler terms than we now earry it on with would be on a really higher plane. We have been looking at some pictures of Japanese dwellings, interiors. How wanted to kill Paul. You tell us that the own cultivation and enjoyment. Perhaps life on much simpler terms than we now earry it on with would be on a really higher plane. We have been looking at some pictures of Japanese dwellings, interiors. How simple they are: how little furniture or adornment! how few "things" to care for and be anxious about. Now the Japanese are a very ancient people. They are people of high breeding, polish, refinement. They are in some respects like the Chinese, who have passed through ages and cycles of experience, worn out about all the philosophics and religious then on, and come out on the and religious then on, and come out on the other side of everything. They have learned to take things rather easily, not to fret, and to get along without a great many encum-brances that we still wearily carry along.

When we look at the Japanese houses and at their comparatively simple life, are we war-ranted in saying that they are behind us in civilization? May it not be true that they civilization? May it not be true that they have lived through all our experiences, and come down to an easy modus vicendi? They may have had their bric a-brac period, their over-loaded-establishment age, their various measles stages of civilization, before they reached a condition in which life is a comparatively simple affair. This thought most strike any one who sees the present Japanese in this country. For, instead of adopting the Japanese implicity in our dw. llings, we are add country. For, instead of adopting the Japanese simplicity in our dw-llings, we are adding the Japanese eccentricities to our other accumulations of odds and ends from all creation, and increasing the incongruity and the complication of our daily life. What a helpless being is the bousewife in the midst of her treasures! The Drawer has had occasion to speak lately of the recent enthusiasm in this country for the "cultivation of the mind." It has become almost a fashion. Clubs are formed for this express purpose. But what chanes is there for it in the increasing anxieties of our more and more involved and overloaded domestic life? Suppose we have clubs—Japanese clubs they might be called—for the simplification of our dwellings and for getting rid of much of our embarrassing successe?—Charles Dulley Warner, arransing menage!—Charles Dudley Warner, in April Harper's.

A Shepherd Lullaby. Bleep, take, sleep! Thy father watches the sheep. Thy mother is shaking the dreamland And down falls a fills dream on the Sleep, haby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, skeep! for Saviour loves the sheep; the Lamb of God on high, for our sakes came down to die, Bleep, baby, skeep! Sheep, bully, sleep!
I'll buy for thee a sheep
Witt a golden bell so fair to see,
And it shall frisk and play with the
fileep, baby, sleep?

Sieep, baby, sleep! Away, and tend the sheep;

Rutland's two Chinese laundrymen have joined the Sunday school of the Congregational church. The Chinese in California and Oregon ought to have thought of it early and put themselves under the protecting wings of the Christian churches in those heathen lands.—Woodstock Standard.

done before, that he must look to an Almighty
Helper. A single line of one of Martin Lotter's hymns, which his mother had repeated
to him that morning, haunted his memory
like a strain of sweet muse. Again and
again, he murmured to himself the comforting words, Ein feste Burg list unser list!

("Our God is a strong tower.")

Brecht knew very well that a tower or
fortress was a very sure defence in times of
war. But here was a mightly foe—the treacherous ses—breaking down the barriers that
had been reared against it.

By and by, as little Brecht cronched low at
his post, the moon, which was so new as to
look only the war. But here was a mightly foe—the treacherous sea—breaking down the barters that
had been reared against it.

By and by, as little Briecht crouched low at
his post, the moon, which was so new as to
look only like a silver sickle in the sky,
dipped below the water line, and the selement
stars abone out brilliant and terrible, like so
many great eyes sharing his lonely waich.

As the night wore on, in felt that the water was becoming loy cold. His hands were
benumbed and intensely paniful from the
continued strain to keep them in one position.

Then, for a few moments, he seemed to
fall into a doze, and had a troubled dream.
The dike was giving way, the waters were
rushing over the beautiful fields and the
crowded cities, carrying ruin and death ineery direction. He thought he saw the pale
faces of his mother Gretchen and his father
Caspar struggling with the rising flood; and
they looked reproachfully at him, as one who
had been unfaithful to his treat. He came
to himself at last with a start and a loud cry,
but found to his great joy that all was safe;
lise hand still held the leak in check.

At home, his mother Gretchen, after
spreading the table and gelting everything in
readings for her boy's supper, sat down to
her springing wheel, not willing to be side for
even the short time that must pass before his
return.

Nor when an hour or more wore away did
she feel uneasy. Brecht was good and true,
and abe could trust him. He had, perhaps,
gooe farther than be had intended, gathering the berries for their supper. Or it might
be that some of his companions had tempted
him to go with them, on a fishing excursion to
one of the lakes. It would be grand to bring
home a string of fish of his own catching.

To be sure, it was not right for him to do
this without asking leave; but with the
significant. He never faile to send me a
string of displeasure came the excuse.

"What else could she expect?"

But, when dark ninght came and no little

To be sure, it was not right for him to do
this without asking leave; but with the slight
feeling of displeasure came the excuse,
"What else could she expect?"
But, when dark night came and no little
Brecht appeared, the poor woman grew sericously alarmed. She had strained her eyes
looking as long as she could see in the direction be must have taken on his way home.

Florida friend. He never fails to send me a
marked copy of the paper in which his inwentlons first appear, attaching his initials, asif to remind me of the penalty of satirizing
his poem. But as I have said, he is not malicious. He merely insists that I was born
in Africa, and that my hair is snowy white asthe result of a "strangely romantic career."

Ne is determined the paper in which his inwentlons first appear, attaching his initials, asif to remind me of the penalty of satirizing
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Ne is determined that I shall figure as a myth. ously alarmed. She had strained her eyes looking as iong as she could see in the direction be must have taken on his way home from school, and then, unable any longer to hear her trouble alone, called her friends and neighbors together to lament with her over her lost boy.

But with the early dawn came a great crowd of men, carrying little Brecht in a sort of triumphal procession.

"Give thanks to God, good people all, they cried: "Alfreoit Gerritz has saved the land from a great calamity!"

Then indeed did little Brecht become famous. His name was in everybody's mouth.

A Fine Sermon "Smushed."

In the Sunday Magazine the following in-cident is given, which is illustrative of the modern practice of spiritualizing texts of

try. The good burgomaster paid him a visit, bringing with him his own surgeon to do what he could for the poor strained arms. And the great Stadtholder himself, when the facts were made known to him, presented Albrecht's father with a purse of money to defray the expenses of his son's education, and, when he should be old enough, a free scholarship in the great University of Leyden, which had been built as a reward to that city for its heroic defence at the time of the memorable Spanish invasion. Presbyte rian Journal.

Jupanese Homes. safe to land, means heaven." He dwelt with becoming ferveney on the importance of cast-ing out the anchors of faith, hope, love and prayer; the necessity of abiding in the ship in order to be saved; and the consolation to be found in the fact that not a hair of their heads should be hurt, but that they (the mem-

bers of the church) should all reach shore in

safety. The speaker concluded by asking an aged preacher, whom he had invited into the pulpit out of respect to his gray hairs, to close the meeting with a few remarks. The old brother arose, and, band on the young theologian's bead, as if giving him a phrenological examination, pro-ceeded, in his plain, uneducated style, sub-stantially as follows: "My young brother, Island of Melita means heaven: well, if that is true, heaven must be a mighty snaky place, as a snake bit Paul as soon as he lauded." It is stated as a historical fact that that young preacher was never known to preach that discourse again in all that region of

country. Near the end of May, 1758, Washington was ordered by the Quartermaster-General of the British forces to leave Winchester and make all haste to Williamsburg, there to explain to the Governor and council in what a desperate condition the Virginia troops were as regarded clothing and equipments. Accordingly he set out on horseback, accompanied by his servant Billy Bishop.

The two men had resched Williams Ferry, on the Pamunkey river, and had crossed on the boat, when they met Mr. Chamberlayne, a Virginia gentleman, living in the neighbor-

a Virginia gentleman, living in the neighbor-hood. The hospitable planter insisted that Washington should at one go to his house. It was forenoon, and dinner would be served as usual, early, and after that Colonel Wash-ington could go forward to Williamsburg, if go he must. Beaides all that, there was a charming young widow at his house—Colonel Washington must have known her, the daughter of John Dandridge, and the wife of John Parke Custis. Virginia hospitality was hard to resist. Washington would stay to dinner if his host would let him hurry off

immediately afterward.

Bishop was bidden to bring his master's horse around after dinner in good season, and Washington surrendered himself to his host. Dinner followed, and the afternoon went by. and Mr. Chamberlayne was in excellent humor, as he kept one sye on the restless horses at the door, and the other on his guests, the tall, Indian like officer and the graceful, haztall, Iodian like officer and the graceful, hazel-eyed, animated young widow. Sonset came, and still Washington lingered. Then Mr. Chamberlayne stoutly declared that no guest was ever permitted to leave his house after sunset. Mrs. Martha Custis was not the one to drive the soldier away, and so Bishop was bidden to take the horses back to the stable. Not till the next morning did the young colonel take his leave. Then he dispatched his business promptly at Williamsburg, and whenever he could get an hour dashed over to the White House, where Mrs. Custis lived. So prompt was he about this Castis lived. So prompt was he about this business also, that when he returned to Winchester he had the promise of the young widow that she would marry him as soon as the campaign was over.—Harace E. Scutder, in April St. Nicholas.

A Secure Betreat Country Editor-Well, they captured the

murderer at last, Citizen - So I hear. Where did they find Country Editor—Just leaving the back door of old Buerag's dry good store. He and and Buerag are relatives. He has been taking it easy there for three weeks. Citizen—I wonder nobody saw him. Country Editor—No danger of that. Bue-rag nover advertises, you know.

The Charconi Burner. still old man with grizzled beard. Gray eye, bent alape, and smoke-tanned features, its quiet footster is not feared. By shyest woodland creatures.

He knows the moods of forest things, He holds, in his own speedless fashion; For helpless forms of fur and wings A mild paternal passion.

But nows no sense of perio.
The dormouse shares his cramb of cheese;
He homeward truckes the tablate follow;
He fluds, in angles of the brees.
The cup-nest of the swallow.

I took pains to have customers report the effect of Athinphores on rheumatian and fieuralgia. The first three said is was marvelous, and through their hind socials for it I have said a number of bottles.—C. D. Munter, druggies, Martburn, Mass.