

## MISCELLANY.

## The Security of Desolation.

He who hath seen his grain fields gather blight  
Heeds not the withering of the garden flowers;  
He grieves not at the day's withdrawing light  
Who in a dungeon numbers his dim hours;  
He fears not the storm upon his head  
Whose garments with the rough salt waves are  
scattered.

And he whose fire within his house is dead,  
Into the outer air will go unheeded;  
So he whose life some weak, loved hand has  
loved.

Flies not the shaft of banished merriment,  
Nor trembles when his candle is shaken;  
Forgetting all, he hath no more to shun;  
The night, the cold, the death, the wound ob-  
scure.

That man will death, unmoved he shall endure.  
—Edith M. Thomas.

## AN EVERY-DAY STORY.

"You aren't going to try to arrange that cupboard yourself, are you, mamma? You look tired. Close the doors, and let's forget its existence."

Mrs. Jordan smiled; the suggestion was so like Bettie.

"No, dear, it ought to be done at once. I can't bear to have such a disorderly corner about the house. I'm sure I don't know when Susan will be back, and I don't much care. She never does anything thoroughly."

"Then let me do it, mamma," Bettie spoke more cheerfully than she felt. She had mapped out a different plan for these Saturday morning hours.

"You dear child! It would be such a relief, but I don't like to put it on your shoulders."

"Oh, nonsense!" laughed Bettie. "My shoulders are stronger than you think, mamma. What do you suppose all my physical culture lessons have been good for?"

So Mrs. Jordan was cajoled out of the room, and Bettie, perched on the baby's high-chair, attacked the upper shelves. It was a pleasant sight to Aunt Lydia, sitting by the fireplace, under whose deft fingers a little sock was taking form and shape. Her needles never slackened, even while her eyes were fixed on the slender, girlish figure. How unselfish Bettie was growing! What was the reason? Was the little silver cross, with its three suggestive letters, in the secret?

As the work progressed, Aunt Lydia felt a slight uneasiness. Would Bettie prove faithful, she wondered, when she reached the lowest shelf? You see the day before Aunt Lydia had gone to this same shelf in search of some article, and had come across a box away at the further end. In the one swift glance she gave it as she raised the cover, she had a glimpse of Tom's top, some battered tissue-paper flowers, tangled embroidery silks, and sundry old gloves and ribbons; while there were indications of equally interesting developments beneath. Evidently, Susan had made it a sort of dumping-ground for "odds and ends." And now Aunt Lydia wondered if this might not prove too much for Bettie's good resolutions.

"Behold!" said the unconscious Bettie at this juncture, with a flourish that imperiled her standing on the high-chair. "The top shelves are in a state of precision that it would do your heart good to see." And then she descended to give Aunt Lydia a great hug, and prepare for an attack on the lower shelves. "Do you know," she went on, confidentially, "I have before over a new leaf? I detest work of this kind, but I make myself do it. It's a discipline for the mind," as Miss Brownlee says about algebra. No, that isn't my motive, either, and the work grew suddenly serious. "I made up my mind that I must improve or I should feel as if I were dishonoring that." And Bettie touched the little silver cross.

A minute later Mrs. Jordan put her head in at the door.

"Can you leave that awhile, dear, and take this letter to the post-office? It ought to go on the next mail."

"Of course I can," said Bettie, promptly; "and glad of the chance. I'll be ready in just two minutes."

Left alone in the dining-room, Aunt Lydia laid down her knitting and vanished up the stairs. She was back in her place, however, and knitting as placidly as ever, when Bettie returned with her girlish face glowing from exercise and contact with the crisp, frosty air.

"It's delicious outdoors, auntie. I was tempted not to come back till time for luncheon." And Bettie shook her fist menacingly at the unfinished work. "But, then, I'm nearly through. Only two more shelves to do, and they're easy." Evidently, she was in blissful ignorance of the miscellaneous collection in that neat-looking paste-board box.

Aunt Lydia watched her pretty niece when the last shelf was cleared and the discovery made. Bettie always sang over her work; and she was in the midst of "God make my life a little light," when a sudden impulse led her to open that whitened envelope. The song ceased abruptly. An- other minute, and the cover was replaced—the box pushed back to the end of the shelf. Bettie's voice piped up again; but it was constrained now, and not so clear as before.

"All through, dear?" said Mrs. Jordan, entering just as Bettie was closing the cupboard doors. "Yes, I see you are. How beautifully you have arranged everything! What would we do without our helpful Bettie, Aunt Lydia? You don't know what a relief it is to Bettie, to know that everything is in order here." And, with a kiss that brought the blood to Bettie's cheeks, her mother left the room.

Early in the afternoon Ethel Manderson called. "Put on your things, can't you, Bettie? Mamma wants you to go sleigh-riding with us."

Of course, Bettie flew to her room for her warmest wrappings; and the result was a long, blissful ride through city and country roads, to the music of jingling sleigh-bells.

It was not till evening that she thought again of the slighted box. She felt uncomfortable when she joined the group around the fireplace in the library.

"Let's have anagrams," suggested Tom, running for the box of letters. "You give me a word, Bet, and I'll give you one."

"Well," but Bettie's voice was somewhat reluctant. She was bright and quick, however, and guessed her words too easily for Tom's satisfaction.

"Say, now," he protested; "you guess

them too fast. I haven't made out the one you gave me yet. Here's another word for you, though. It isn't very long, but it puzzled me the other day."

Tom shook the letters vigorously in his two hands, and delivered them over to Bettie.

"That isn't hard," she announced almost immediately. "It's 'daughter.'"

"Well, now, aren't you smart?" And Tom looked disgusted. "You can wait while for the next one. I shan't bother with you till I guess my own."

"That suits me," said Bettie. "I'm going downstairs, anyway. There's something I want to do there."

No one but Aunt Lydia suspected what the business was, and she did not guess the cause of the sudden decision. It was that last anagram so unconsciously given by Brother Tom. Bettie's conscience was in a sensitive state that evening, which made it an easy transition from the word in her hand to the thought of the daughter she claimed to be the "King's Daughter," and her resolution was taken. That detestable box should be cleared before she slept that night.

It wasn't pleasant to sit there all alone in the dining-room, assorting that heterogeneous collection, for Bettie was a sociable little body. But the coals glowed brightly in the open grate, as if they wanted to cheer her; and, as her fingers flew over the distasteful work, a warm feeling crept into her heart.

There were other compensations, too. Long-lost treasures, it seemed, had found their way to Susan's dumping-ground. "If here isn't my best paint-brush!" And Bettie's eye shone as she drew it out by its long handle; "and, actually, my tube of yellow ochre!"

"What in the world is this?" she said, as she found a neat little tissue-paper package, and opened it wonderingly. "If I isn't Aunt Lydia's lovely pink pin-cushion! And here's a paper pinned to it. So there was, and on it were just three words. 'For faithful Bettie.' Well, well! What a wonderful woman Aunt Lydia was, anyway! How did she know anything about the box, when even Bettie had been ignorant of its existence? How confident she must have been that Bettie would not shirk, or she would never have placed there that dear little reward for her to find! Aunt Lydia must have been disappointed in her! The thought made Bettie's fingers fly faster than ever, till the cork was finished. Somehow, she did not want to throw her young, strong arms around Aunt Lydia until her conscience was quite, quite cleared.

It was a light, quick step that came behind her, and a chair a few minutes later. "Who's a darling?" whispered Bettie, to cover her embarrassment; "and who gave her horrid niece her very prettiest and pinkiest pin-cushion?"

"Who's a dear little King's Daughter?" asked Aunt Lydia.

"What are you two talking about?" said Tom. "Giving compliments? Come over here, Bet. I've got a new word for you—a regular puzzler!" —Bertha Genevieve Davis, in the Christian Register.

## Mixed Metaphors.

A certain politician condemning the government for its policy concerning the income tax, said: "They're keep cutting the wool off the sheep that lays the golden eggs until they pump it dry."

Extract from speech made at a meeting to promote total abstinence: "The glorious work will never be accomplished until the sheep that lay the golden eggs are all in hell before morning. Charles Davenport, a carpenter, who lived by the common in Fulham, answered that if those outside undertook to come in they would all be in hell in fifteen minutes. The Sheriff and his posse soon withdrew."

Mrs. Brush, who had been the widow Montanus, told them that if the judges were not women in men's clothes they would give the order to drive the rebels out of the courthouse at once, and bring the leaders to trial for treason; that they had authority and arms, and had only to contend with traitors who would run at the sound of their own voices. Her daughter, Frances Montanus, told her that she thought they had a just cause; and to remember that there were Green Mountain Boys on the other side of the mountains, and that Ethan Allen would come to assist them. Her mother answered that she should not be surprised to see her sneaking after Ethan Allen when she was at that; and told the others that the girl was crazy, and Sheriff Patterson that the King expected him to do his duty.

At about 11 o'clock at night the sheriff at the head of his posse, being refreshed, again demanded admission, which was again refused, and those inside were ordered upon. William French of Brattleboro was killed; Daniel Houghton of Fulham was so wounded that he died nine days after; others were wounded and all were driven out, or taken prisoners.

An affidavit made at the time states of the fire from the house, that one of their Bulls entered the Cuff of the Coat of Benjamin Butterfield, Esquire, one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the said county of Cumberland, and that he was the elbow without hurting him and then went through his Coat Sleeve and just grazed the Skin, that a pistol was discharged by one of the Rioters at Benjamin Butterfield, the Son of the above named Justice Butterfield shot several times, he burnt a large hole in the breast of his Coat, and one William Williams received a large wound in the head by one of the Bulls discharged by the said Rioters.

Those who were driven out rallied their neighbors and friends in great haste; Solomon Harvey, "practitioner of physic," rode to Fulham without his hat. Ethan Allen did not come, but Capt. Robert Cochran did, from Bennington, with 25 Green Mountain Boys, through Marlboro, and others came from the county of Windham. Others came from both sides of the river, to the number of about 400 in all, who surrounded the village and took the judges, sheriff, clerk and lawyers, and other most prominent in the posse prisoner. An inquest was held by Timothy O'Leary of Rockingham, coroner, the original record of which is framed and hangs in the state library at Montpelier, which charged the sheriff and several of his posse with murder, and they were taken by the county authorities to the jail in Northampton for safe keeping from the exasperated people. Joseph Hancock of Hopkinton, Mass., was at Westminster. Mrs. Gale sent him to her mother in Brattleboro who sent him and Oliver Church of Brattleboro to Judge Wells and Mr. Brush, who were in New York in attendance as members of the colonial assembly from Cumberland county, to inform them of what had happened.

The prisoners were afterward taken by the New York authorities from Northampton to New York and released. Here are some of the accounts for entertaining the posse:

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## THE STORY OF THE WESTMINSTER MASSAORE

Which Occurred on March 13, 1775.

And in which William French Fell "The First Martyr of the Revolution"—the Events Which Led to the Outbreak—Incidents of the Fatal Night—French's Epitaph.

The anniversary of the Westminster massacre suggests that some account of it may be interesting to some persons. It occurred on the 13th of March, 1775. The territory now forming the counties of Windham and Windsor then formed the county of Cumberland in the province of New York, under the reign of King George III. It had a Court of Common Pleas which was to sit in the name of the King, on Tuesday, the 14th of March, in the courthouse at Westminster. Thomas Chandler of Chester was the chief judge, and Noah Sabin of Putney, who lived at the upper end of the street, and Samuel Wells of Brattleboro, who lived in the house now the woman's summer retreat of the Brattleboro Retreat, were assistant judges. William Patterson, who lived in Hinsdale, near Vernon, on the river north-east of South Vernon, was the high sheriff. Samuel Gale, whose wife was a daughter of Judge Wells, was clerk of the court and lived at Westminster. Samuel Knight of Brattleboro, who lived just north of the Brooks library in the only house in what is now the East village of Brattleboro north of Whetstone brook, Crean Brush of Westminster, and John Groat of Chester, were the practising lawyers. Opposition had arisen among the people to the sessions of this court, whose judgments were burdensome and were deemed a part of the oppressions of Great Britain under which the colonies were suffering and preparing resistance.

On the 3d of February a town meeting of Fulham now Dummerston "Voted that the Court of Common Pleas be put by for a time," and on the Friday before court was to sit a company of about forty men from Rockingham sent to the chief judge and requested that it should not sit. The sheriff from these and other things feared resistance and on Sunday arranged for a posse of about thirty-five men from Brattleboro, ten from Newfane and some from Putney, to be present, some with guns. The people opposed to the court, to the number of about one hundred, mostly from Fulham, Putney west hill, Westminster West and Rockingham, took possession of the courthouse at about 4 o'clock Monday afternoon. At about sunset the sheriff, at the head of his posse of about sixty, caused the King's proclamation against riots to be read at the door, and demanded admission, which was refused. If he did not admitted he would blow a lane through the house we are told. All he did before morning, Charles Davenport, a carpenter, who lived by the common in Fulham, answered that if those outside undertook to come in they would all be in hell in fifteen minutes. The Sheriff and his posse soon withdrew.

Mrs. Brush, who had been the widow Montanus, told them that if the judges were not women in men's clothes they would give the order to drive the rebels out of the courthouse at once, and bring the leaders to trial for treason; that they had authority and arms, and had only to contend with traitors who would run at the sound of their own voices. Her daughter, Frances Montanus, told her that she thought they had a just cause; and to remember that there were Green Mountain Boys on the other side of the mountains, and that Ethan Allen would come to assist them. Her mother answered that she should not be surprised to see her sneaking after Ethan Allen when she was at that; and told the others that the girl was crazy, and Sheriff Patterson that the King expected him to do his duty.

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To victuals of all sorts. 0 12 0  
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## A BABY CONTRADICTS THE DOCTORS.

All Are Happy, Glad, and Well.

(SPECIAL TO OUR LATE READERS.)

The theories of physicians in regard to female complaints suffer a "Waterloo" very frequently, when sensible and thinking women take matters into their own hands.



Women are sometimes compelled to act for themselves, because of the suffering forced upon them by incompetent doctors, because they are not the right sex to compel them.

Lydia E. Plunkett, when she gave to the world her Vegetable Compound, lifted women from the darkness into light. She placed within their reach a guaranty, not only of health, but of delicacy and self-respect.

The following letter is a little story where a "dear little boy" was the "Waterloo."

"I have taken three bottles of your Vegetable Compound, one package of Sanative Wash, one box of Liver Pills; and now I have a dear little babe four weeks old, and I am well. I have to thank you for this."

"I have spent \$200.00 for doctors' bills without a cure. For my cure I only spent \$5.00."

"I was once a victim of female troubles in their worst form. I have suffered untold agonies every month; had to stay in bed, and have polities applied, and then could not stand the pain."

"My physician told me if I became pregnant I would die. I had bladder trouble, itching, headache, catarrh of the stomach, hysteria, and heart trouble, fainting spells and leucorrhoea. Can you wonder that I sing the praises of a medicine that has cured me of all these ills?"

Mrs. Geo. C. KIRCHNER, 351 Snediker Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.

absolutely Free

To the Readers of this