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Selected Story.

POINTE D'ALENCON.

Mrs. Rutherford was looking over her

laces. There were many choice pieces of points purchased in Europe. Mechlin and Brussels points. Limerick points, with other Irish laces, Honiton, delicate d'Alencon, and one precious piece of antique points de Venise, for Mrs. Rutherford was a connoisseur in laces, and threw away her money in a recklessly extravagant way whenever a fine piece was concerned.

"Hope Rutherford, I wish you would tell me how you happened to take the lace mania," I said, as I lifted from the handsome Japanese casket an odd piece, mixture of lace and embroidery, which I fancied she had picked up in some out-of-the-way corner of Switzerland.

"I believe I was ten years old," she replied, "when I began my study of laces. The strip which you hold in your hand was my first acquisition. It has a rather curious history. Would you like to hear it?"

And then Hope Rutherford told me the following story, which proved to be not of quaintly costumed peasants in some Swiss Valais or of some princely lady of the court of Francis I., but of her own stormy childhood and first love.

The daughter of a pioneer judge, Hope's early life had been spent on a farm in the West, five miles from the little town of Conflict. Their nearest neighbors were the Antoinettes. A striking little woman with light hair and washed-out eyes was Mrs. Antoine, but she had a furtive way of glancing from them that seemed to tell that she might have had ideas of her own before they were crushed out by the Colonel, who had never been in the army, and held his title only as a mark of respect. Or French descent, and of a fiery, Gallic temperament, he united to many hereditary vices others for whose distinctive originality he might have taken out a patent. Life with him could not have been pleasant under any circumstances.

The two dwellings stood within a few rods of each other, but a long detour was necessary to pass between them, for, dividing the wooded knoll on which Col. Antoine had reared his strange structure from the broad acres of cornfield, scarcely overtopped by Squire May's stockade of logs and mud, ran a deep ravine, the bed of a fierce little stream called the Wild Cat.

Another gulf separated them, for though their position as settlers in new Kansas offered many points of resemblance in the trials and hardships which both met so bravely, yet the heads of the families when they met, as they did on their way to and from Conflict, never recognized each other. Mrs. Antoine would have explained this in her mellow accents, "Taint to be helped, I s'pose, since you are from the South."

The very houses with their surroundings spoke the difference between them. Squire May's farm had been as thickly wooded as the Colonel's estate, but with his own right arm he had chopped down the trees, built his home of two rooms and a loft above them, pried up the stumps, ploughed and sown his cornfield. After three years of labor as a farmer he was beginning to reap results. The deserted law books stood upon rough shelves against the log wall of the "front room," a good library of miscellaneous literature kept them company. Above the books hung the Squire's carbine, only used against the prairie chickens, for he was a man of peace. A rag carpet of Mrs. May's workmanship covered the floor. Every thing bore marks of thrift and industry.

Colonel Antoine had pre-empted his claim the year previous to the coming of the Mays. The Wild Cat joined the Missouri River near the site which he had chosen for his residence, and the reason of his choice of this particular spot had been the presence at its mouth of a sunken steamboat, its upper cabin just emerging from the muddy water. A band of the Colonel's companions, sympathizing in the noble cause which had led him to leave his plantation in Missouri, that of helping to drive all "free State" men from Kansas, had come over to help establish him in his new home. They brought a gang of negroes with them, and had a "raising," in which a great deal of whiskey was consumed, and the cabin of the sunken steamer was raised and dragged to the top of the knoll. Its side faced the road, presenting the curious spectacle of a house with twenty front doors. After this it needed not a great deal of work on the Colonel's part to render it habitable, and it was not long before he removed to it his family and chattels. The former consisted of his gentle little wife and four boys, and the latter of one mule, one cow, and one "nigger," faithful Aunt Pollycotton. The Colonel made no attempt to improve the place, but proceeded daily to Conflict, mounted on his mule, and armed in the most ferocious manner, his business being politics and gambling.

And yet, in spite of this chasm between them, human nature asserted its claim, and the "women folks" of these two homes became earnest friends. Though Mrs. May disapproved of the shiftlessness of Mrs. Antoine's house-

keeping, of the dirty ruffled pillow-cases, of the painted plaster parrot on the clock-shelf, of the number of the Colonel's empty whiskey bottles and old boots that strewed the ground opposite the front entrance, and of the calmness with which Mrs. Antoine regarded the confusion of her kitchen and the ragged condition of her sons' clothing, while she worked endless bands of very dirty but very fine embroidery, yet she loved the little woman with all her heart, and had done so ever since the night that she locked the drunken Colonel in one of the staterooms, and battled death with her until at dawn a fifth little Antoine lay in his mother's arms.

"Don't talk to me," she would say to her husband, "one has only to look at those boys to know there is pluck in their mother."

And if Gus Antoine, the eldest, was a sample of what the rest would be, her words had their weight. Gus was fifteen, a clerk in a book store at Conflict, and it was principally from his earnings that the family were supported. They saw him walking bravely to town early every morning, carrying his dinner in a little tin pail, his jacket, whose buttons were all old bachelors, in that no one of them had a mate, fastened tightly to the throat, where it was met by a turned paper collar and daisy magenta necktie. Squire May liked the boy.

Through their three years of neighborly friendship between the two grew and strengthened, till at the time at which our story finds them the Squire remarked to his wife that he didn't believe he could think more of Gus Antoine if he were his own son, and he intended soon to commence reading law with him. There was one other who looked forward to the boy's visits with pleasure, the Squire's only child, little Hope. She had gone straggling and hazel-nutting with him before he had won her father's favor. All the Antoine boys had strongly marked French features, with startled black eyes and hair to match, forming a strong contrast to Hope's blond beauty.

While Gus was away with her father, Hope went every day to recite French lessons to Mrs. Antoine, and to learn to make the marvelous embroidery, whose great eyelets were filled in with cobweb like wheels in lace stitches of points d'Alencon. So the summer passed, but with the fall came the elections. Squire May returned from his brief vacation to learn with surprise that the "free State" party had nominated him as their candidate for the district judgeship, and that his opponent on the Democratic ticket was Colonel Antoine. The election was closely contested, but ended in the usual way, Colonel Antoine's friends coming over from Missouri, voting for him, and rendering the Democrats triumphant. Squire May was heard to protest loudly against the illegality of this proceeding, and as he drove toward home it was observed that his usual calm temper was much disturbed.

The day following election was an eventful one to Mrs. Antoine and Hope as they sat over their embroidery on a bench under the broad-leaved catalpas in front of the Antoine mansion. A grotesque shadow was thrown upon the path, and Hope grasped Mrs. Antoine's arm in alarm, wondering what strange animal would follow. It was only a peddler, and both she and Mrs. Antoine were soon deep in the contents of the pack, which consisted of several cases of cheap jewelry, a few pieces of flimsy dress goods, and some coarse Hamburg embroideries. Mrs. Antoine looked over these interestingly, but with a smile on her lips. "I can embroider better than that myself, and so can this little girl."

"Let me see what you do," said the peddler, and Hope displayed a long strip of the mingled embroidery and lace work, the pattern in each eyelet being one of Gus Antoine's design—an anchor—it meant hope, he said.

"I give you fifty cents for dat," said the stranger.

"Oh? will you?" exclaimed Hope, delighted, while Mrs. Antoine rose, hastened into the house, and returned with the entire collection, which she had worked since she left the convent. The peddler was an evil looking man, and Hope was afraid to look alone with him, but Col. Antoine sauntered in at the gate as his wife entered the house. For a wonder, he was sober, and Hope felt her courage revive. He regarded the peddler gruffly, and began to scold Mrs. Antoine when she returned, though his ill humor vanished when he saw that she was selling, not buying. The stranger selected a number of bands, and paid for them from a chamisso-skin purse filled with gold pieces, which he took from his bosom. The Colonel's eye glittered as it fell upon it, and his manner changed perceptibly.

"Are you going on to Conflict?" he asked, as the peddler returned the emptied gourd, which Mrs. Antoine had offered him filled with water, and stooped to take up his pack. "Yes? Well, so am I, and I'll walk along with you. You look tired; just sling your pack across Sarsaparilla. I don't mind a tramp with a pleasant companion."

Mrs. Antoine looked frightened. Such condescension on the part of the Colonel was, to say the least, unusual and portentous.

The next day the little Sabbath School of which Squire May had been the originator, and which held its meetings in the log school house two miles away,

met at his house for a celebration. It was a pleasant sight, the children about a table-cloth spread upon the grass, on which the food was laid in picnic fashion. As soon as the children were helped the Squire disappeared, and while he was gone a report of a pistol was heard. He returned in the course of an hour to say that a swing was ready, and Gus Antoine remained for some time longer tossing the little ones into the air.

On his way home, as his feet touched the little bridge which he had built across the Wild Cat for the convenience of the two families, Gus's eye was caught by an object in the ravine below. It was his father, lying half in and half out of the water, with his face covered with blood. Quick as thought he swung himself down to his side. There was a deep, round, terrible hole in his forehead, from which the blood had flowed that formed this hideous mask, and he was quite dead. The boy tried to lift him out of the water, but finding that impossible, he washed away every trace of blood from the face—no one else should see his father look like that—and then he went on toward home for help. The Missourians had nearly all gone, but Big Bill, a cousin of Mrs. Antoine's, had remained after the election, and was just bidding her goodbye, and remained now to render assistance.

The funeral followed soon after. As Squire May was on his way to attend it a sheriff seized him by the shoulder, and arrested him for the murder. Frightened Hope ran with the news to her mother, and even beneath this crushing blow the heroic woman did not flinch. It was her arm that supported the hysterical widow as they stood together at the brink of the terrible grave, and it was Gus Antoine who comforted sobbing Hope, saying that he knew her father had not killed him, and it would so be proven. When Mrs. Antoine heard of it she was no less positive as to the Squire's innocence, and her tears fell like rain over her black bombazine dress which she was making over for Hope to wear at the trial.

How stiflingly hot the court-room was, packed to its utmost with an intensely excited audience, and still they came long after Hope was certain that there was no room for another one. She had never seen so many people before, and looking around upon them from her seat in the upper part of the room, saw only a sea of heads. She was conscious of but one individual face, that of her father, pale, but calm in front of the swaying mass. By and by the lawyers commenced talking. She felt faint; it all buzzed and hummed through her head; she could not have told a word that they were saying. After what seemed to her a long while the witnesses for the prosecution were called, and Big Bill took the stand. He related the quarrel between the Colonel and Squire May at the polls, enlarging upon it and running on in a way that showed him entirely too willing a witness. Then the widow Antoine was sworn. She trembled violently, and nothing could be got from her except by questions.

"What time was it when your husband left the house?"

"Twelve o'clock," came in a frightened gasp from behind the black veil.

"How do you know it was twelve o'clock?"

"Because dinner had just been placed upon the table."

"Do you always have dinner at exactly noon?"

"No, but as he left the door I heard the whistle at Gattling's sawmill."

"Why did he leave the house just as dinner was ready?"

"He was angry because the boys were not at home, and said he would go down to the bridge and call them."

"That is sufficient," said the attorney, next calling "Master Gus Antoine." Gus might have said, with a smile, "I am peeling a glance toward Hope, as though he were asking her forgiveness before-hand for what he was about to say; then he looked in the same way toward Squire May, who answered his glance by an encouraging nod of the head."

"Did you attend the picnic at the house of the prisoner?"

Gus swallowed hard, pulled his jacket down sorrowfully, and replied, "Yes, sir."

"Was the prisoner with you throughout the whole day?"

"No, sir."

"At what time did he leave you?"

"At twelve o'clock."

"How do you know it was twelve o'clock?"

"I heard the whistle at Sam Gattling's."

"Did you hear anything else remarkable soon after this and before the return of the prisoner?"

The boy's face flamed scarlet and white in streaks and patches, as though he had been struck with a whip of thongs, but he answered bravely, "Yes, sir, I heard a pistol shot."

"How do you know that it was not a shot from this carbine?"

"Because I know the noise that old shooter makes. Squire May has lent it to me often to hunt partridges."

"You may sit down."

thought,—"and you gentlemen of the jury." Gus went on, "I would like to make a few further remarks."

"If they have anything to do with facts bearing upon this case," said the judge, with a smile at the boy's attempt at forensic eloquence, "you may proceed."

"My mother and I, sir, do not believe that Squire May shot my father. We think that the murderer was a stranger from whom father had won a considerable sum of money the night before."

"The court has nothing to do," said the judge, "with what you or your mother may think or believe. The question is, can you prove anything?"

"No, sir," replied Gus. "I went down to the Union saloon and found that father had won the money from a peddler; that the man who lost it was desperate, but he had left the town, and no one knew where he had gone, or what was his name."

"May it please your Honor," said the prosecuting attorney, "all this seems to me utterly irrelevant and a useless consumption of precious time."

"Have you anything further to state?" asked the judge kindly.

"No, sir," said Gus, bursting into tears, "but if this trial could be put off, though I've never seen the man, I'd track him like a blood-hound, if I had to follow him to California." And the poor boy sat down, covering his face in an agony of grief.

The discovery was nearer than he thought, for a messenger pressed through the crowded room, touched Gus upon the shoulder, and whispered that he was wanted. Utterly bewildered, he rose and followed him to a low boarding-house in a disreputable part of the town. There, upon a wretched bed, a man lay dying. In a drunken condition he had fallen from a high bridge, and his skull was broken in several places. Father Murphy, the Catholic priest, had heard his confession, and was now committing it to writing. He did not look up or speak as Gus entered, but went steadily on with his work. A peddler's pack lay open upon a chair, and Gus Antoine's sharp eyes detected an object which made him start forward and seize it. It was the strip of embroidery which Hope had made. He had found the man he sought.

Father Murphy, who had signed and certified the paper, handed it at this instant to Gus. Its purport was, that having been ruined in play by Colonel Antoine, he had waited for and shot him in Wild Cat Hollow. His money, which he had taken from the murdered man, he now left to the church, and he prayed for the forgiveness of those whom he had injured. Gus turned to grant it, but the hand that had committed the crime had slipped upon a crucifix, and with the word *Peccati* upon his lips the soul had gone.

Then Gus turned to Father Murphy. "Come quick to the court house," he said. "We may be too late now." And with the confession in one hand and the lace-work in the other, he dashed out of the house.

Meanwhile, at the court-room, the lawyer for the prosecution had jammed up his case; and now the counsel for the defendant, after making a few remarks, in which he drew attention to Gus Antoine's statement as perhaps not so foreign to the case after all, added that he thought it sufficiently strong without it. They would soon see that Squire May could not have committed the murder, for he was about to prove an alibi, and would base it entirely upon the testimony of one witness, and so saying, he led Hope to the stand. She had known that she would be called upon to testify, but now her courage left her, and she felt as if she must fly through an open side door and escape from them all. But a glance from her father, and the thought that she might save him, restrained her. The little figure looked very piteous with its white face, black dress, and flowing flaxen hair. Already there was heard a murmur of sympathy in the room beginning with the women. But the prosecuting attorney was equal to the occasion. "I protest, your Honor," he said, "against the testimony of such a mere child being admitted in court. I am willing to assert that she does not know the nature of an oath, and it is a well known fact that she has visited her father in prison, and been instructed by him as to what to say."

"The Court grants your permission to ask her any questions you choose," said the judge.

Hope held the back of a chair tightly as the lawyer turned upon her.

"Do you know the nature of an oath?" he asked fiercely.

"Oh, yes sir!" replied Hope. "It's swearing, and I've heard Colonel Antoine swear lots of times."

A subdued titter, which Hope did not hear, greeted the words, while the prosecuting attorney turned with a gesture of assumed despair. "Your Honor sees—"

he began, then suddenly turning to Hope, "One question more: what did your father teach you to say here?"

There was a murmur of indignation in the house of, "Why do they let him sass her so?" and the like. But Hope replied firmly, "He told me, whatever they asked me, to tell the truth."

"Yes, I understand he told you to say that he had told you that. What else?"

"Nothing—oh yes! he told me not to be afraid if the lawyers were very impudent and tried to put me out, but just to

tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, and God would help me."

"I think, your Honor," said the lawyer for the defence triumphantly, "that there is no longer any question as to the eligibility of the witness, and that she may be now permitted to give her testimony."

The judge bowed gravely, and the prosecuting attorney took his seat.

"And now, my little girl," said the other lawyer kindly, "will you state briefly, but as clearly as you can, the events of the day, from the time the twelve o'clock whistle sounded until Gus Antoine left you?"

"We were all eating when the twelve o'clock whistle sounded," said Hope timidly. "Father beckoned to me, and we left the others there and went around to the old cottonwood tree on the other side of the house. He had meant to fix a swing for the children, but he had been so busy about 'lection that he could not do it before, and he wanted me to help him. We finished it while they were eating, and then called them out and surprised them all. I heard the noise the pistol made. Father was up in the tree. He said: 'There, some of those boys are firing at a mark. I must put a stop to that. It's dangerous.'"

This was all of Hope's testimony, but the most rigid cross examination did not impeach it. No other witness was called. The judge's address to the jury was brief. As they retired for consultation, Gus Antoine elbowed his way through the surging crowd, brandishing the confession in his hand. He made his way to the judge and handed it to him. He glanced it over, then rose and read it aloud. A cheer rang through the room, but the judge, with lifted hand, commanded silence. "This paper," said he, "comes too late to be used. The jury have retired, and we must await their verdict. If not in accordance with the present disclosure the prisoner can petition for a new trial."

Their absence was brief, and upon their return a breathless silence reigned in the room; and the words, "Not guilty," were heard in the remotest part of the house. The cheering was now something overwhelming and not to be repressed. Nobody heard the judge's adjournment, though all acted upon it.

Squire May had been acquitted simply upon the evidence of his little daughter; but Gus Antoine's confirmation of the verdict had a tremendous effect. And while one enthusiastic youth was passing around his hat, "to buy that little gal a present—an injun pony or something," all the women and girls in the room formed in file, and, marching around Gus, kissed him heartily, much to his disgust. Mrs. Antoine remained only to kiss Hope under the folds of her crape veil.

A few weeks later the widow Antoine and her family left for the South. Before they went Gus found opportunity to see Hope alone.

"I shall come back again for you when I am a man," he said. "I have brought you that piece of embroidery, but I want you to give me a little piece of it: I will keep it always."

"And did you never hear of him again?" I asked of Mrs. Rutherford.

"Yes. The family went to Virginia. That State had been Mrs. Antoine's home. Gus joined the Confederate army under Stonewall Jackson; and shortly after the close of the war I received a letter from his mother saying that he had been killed at the battle of Antietam. I had been married for several years then, but I believe I cried heartily when I read it. I wore the embroidery with the Alencon stitch at my wedding. As we turned to come down the aisle, after the ceremony, the sea of heads reminded me of the scene in the court-room long ago; and I seemed to see my first love hurrying forward triumphant, the confession that completed the vindication of my father in his hand."—*Lizette V. Champney, in Galaxy for Oct.*

SLEEP.

BY ANDREW B. SAXTON.

The weary toils of the night we close;
In snow of slumber, our souls are buried
At mercy of each frail breeze that blows,
Then from the depths that presence never knew.

We through a varied flood of dreams are whirled,
And wake to find the life-stream that has curled
For ages round our planet, changeless flows.
And so, when drowsy death shall pass away,
And from lazing friends we pass away,
It may be that, awaking, we shall find
Left cold and strengthened for a longer stay,
And find the same old earth, the same blue skies
That we lost in slumber yesterday.

—When Dr. Johnson had completed his dictionary, the delay of which had quite exhausted the patience of Millar, the bookseller, the latter acknowledged the receipt of the last sheet in the following terms: "Andrew Millar sends his compliments to Mr. Samuel Johnson, with the money for the last sheet of the copy of the dictionary, and thanks God he does with him." To this unceremonious intimation the doctor replied—"Samuel Johnson returns his compliments to Mr. Andrew Millar, and is very glad to find (as he does by his note) that Andrew Millar has the grace to thank God for anything."

A woman named Marie Celvet was lately sentenced to twenty years' hard labor for the murder of her sister Julie in Paris. While the trial was going on she constantly wore a long crape veil. "Why do you wear this veil?" asked one of the officials. To which she gently replied, "I am in mourning for my poor sister!" This matches the French parrot-side who, on being asked what he had to say after his condemnation for killing his father and mother, entreated the Court to "have mercy on a poor orphan."

In GREAT DANGER!—The public are again in great danger of being deceived by a flood of the imitation of "L. F." Atwood's Bitters. The Rev. JOHN PIERCE writes as follows: I have been deceived several times by the imitation put up in the same shaped bottles and signed by "L. F." as "Na han Wood," which imitation has always proved nearly worthless.

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As a Troche Powder, it is pleasant to the taste, and never causes sneezing, and is instantly given to the Throat and Vocal Organs. A Delicious Sensation of Coolness and Comfort. Is the best Force Tonic in the world.

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Dr. Shiloh's System Vitalizer.
We are authorized to guarantee this remedy for the cure of Dyspepsia, Inactive Liver, Stomach Congestion, Loss of Appetite, Coming up of Food, Yellow Skin, and General Languor and Debility. You must acknowledge that this would be a remedy unless we had positive evidence that it will cure. You who are suffering from these complaints, these words are addressed to you, and you continue to suffer when you can be cured on such terms. It is for sale by the following:

COOPER, WILSON & CO., Proprietors, Philadelphia, W. M. WHITFIELD & CO., Portland, Me. CROCK & GOODWIN, & CO., Boston, & BIRD, Boston Wholesale Agents.

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In the course of a speech in Boston last week Gen. Hawley was saying: "The Democratic party will live" when he was interrupted by faint applause in one corner. Turning in that direction he continued, emphatically, "as long as the spirit of evil lives." The General brought down the house.

An Astonishing Offer.
THE INDEPENDENT, of New York, offers in another column a copy of its paper absolutely, a Worcester's unabridged Quarto Dictionary, which retails everywhere for \$10, and is, of course a household necessity. How they can do it, we must confess, a mystery; but that they do is no question. The Independent is now publishing Rev. J. J. Cook's famous Boston Monday Lectures, which are creating so much discussion everywhere. See advertisement of The Independent in this paper.

—How, Israel Washburn, of Portland, a few days ago received an elegant scabbard robe from a Colonel of the U. S. Army, now stationed on the north-west coast. When the Colonel was a poor and unfriended boy, twenty-four years ago, Mr. Washburn, then a member of Congress, procured him an appointment to the West Point academy.

—In the shooting match between Buffalo Bill and Lincoln C. Daniels of Portland which came off at Worcester last week, on a wager of one hundred dollars, the former won. His average in the ten shots was 2.1 and that of Daniels 2.3. Daniels made four better shots than Buffalo Bill, but lost the match by the sixth shot which was said to have been a careless one.

—The Golden Rule thinks parties can stand a little drifting on politics and leaders; but there are principles which should hold them fast, and one of these are plain, old-fashioned honesty. And when a Government proposes to pay its just debts in silver tokens worth but 92 cents on a dollar, or paper promises worth but 97, it stands in the position of a swindler; and the men or parties that encourage swindling will come to grief in the long run.

THE BRITISH REVIEWS.—In another column we publish the prospectus of our British Reviews and of Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine. The original magazines are the oldest published, and through them some of the most notable essays of modern times have been brought before the public—notably those of Macaulay. The American Reprints are facsimiles of the originals, and are printed from advanced copies. The high character of their contents render them invaluable to every scholar.

—The Ellsworth American favors a geological survey of Maine, and says that petitions are in circulation in Hancock county asking the legislature to make an appropriation for this purpose. Forty years ago Prof. Jackson was employed two years for this purpose, and in 1861 and 1862, Prof. Hitchcock made a geological and botanical survey, with especial reference to the value of settling lands in the northern part of the State.

—Perley telegraphs to the Boston Journal that if by chance the bill making silver an unlimited legal tender should reach the White House, there is good authority for saying that the President will veto it. It is conceded that the bill will not be acted upon by the Senate until the regular session. In the meantime, the unmistakable opposition of the enlightened public sentiment against it, is having a weakening effect on its friends in Washington.

—We move to amend the "silver dollar" scheme of Congress by the substitution of quicksilver in place of the metal used by "our fathers." This would at least insure as a "flowing currency," and one whose superior variability in accordance with its surroundings would be an additional recommendation in the eyes of our Western financiers. Besides, it would more readily elude the grasp of the rich, and hence benefit the working classes. We make no charge for the suggestion.—Vermont Phoenix.

—Eight of the locomotive engineers who joined the strike on the Boston and Maine Railroad, were last week convicted in the United States court at Portland, of conspiring to obstruct the mails. The punishment in each case is fine from \$1,000 to \$10,000, and imprisonment not more than two years. The offence is a very grave one, the extent of which did not enter into the strikers' calculations; but the example will be wholesome. The effect will doubtless be to put a stop to strikes on mail trains, and as any train may be made a mail train, to make a successful strike impossible.

Ballou's Monthly Magazine for December.—The December number of Ballou's Magazine is a number of beauty and interest. There is such a variety in this publication, that every one will find something of interest in its pages. There is not a single article that is not readable, while the illustrations are all fresh and worthy of especial commendation, especially the one on the first page, illustrating to Christmas and New Year's greetings. The poetry is of a high order of merit; and the humorous matter, by M. Quid, is laughable and funny in the extreme. The contents are as follows: "The Close of the Year" (poem), by Earl March; "Ben and his Friend," by the author of "The Good Hunters"; "Adelaide's Husband," "A Suave Christmas Eve," "Frost-Work," "Amidst the Snow," "How we Celebrated the Schoolmaster," "Right at Last," "Vera's Revenge," "Telle est la Vie," "A Strange Mistake," "En Progne mal Propose," "The Ladies Disappearance," "The One Fair Woman," "A Japanese Fan," "A Turkish Turban," "A Spanish Prince," "Why I am a Bachelor," "Our Young People's Story-Teller," "The Child of the Wilderness," "The Housekeeper," "Rubbish," "Papa's Page," "The President and his Wife," "Popular Plays" (humorous illustrations). Published by Thomas & Talbot, 21 Hawley Street, Boston, at only \$1.50 per annum, post-paid; and for sale at all the news stands at 15 cents a copy.

THE THURSTON FAMILY.—Mr. Brown Thurston of Portland, Maine, is preparing a genealogy of the Thurstons of the United States. He is desirous of making the work thorough, and therefore invites correspondence with all persons of that name, their descendants, and others who may have facts concerning them or their descendants. As the history of any family comprises more or less of the history of the country, one who collects and puts into enduring form facts and dates, contributes something more or less valuable to the future historian, therefore he hopes any publisher who sees this notice will insert it in his paper as a matter of public interest.

—The Superintendent of the Public Buildings has caused repairs to be made on the tomb in the State House grounds. It will be remembered that a short time since, this was the subject of certain vandalism. It has been found that the remains deposited there were not disturbed. Four persons are buried there, Govs. Lincoln, Delesdernier, Waterhouse and Cushman, the last three being members of the legislature at their decease. With one or two exceptions, the coffins containing their remains were found in a fair state of preservation. On Gov. Lincoln's coffin are six handles, with silver plates.

Set Over Sleights.
Mr. Editor:—We come again to ask all to use set-over sleights and sleighs as it is more convenient, makes better roads, is better for turning out and is easier for a horse when properly set over. I would not ask them to follow the example set by Bethel in setting the sleigh or sled off, for we see they draw the sleigh cornerwise, which would set like a scraper and therefore draw hard. The draught should be so that when you are drawing a load the sleigh would follow the road without thills. We will give as a rule which will be very near correct, i. e. set your whippletree from the centre of sleigh or sled but half the distance you set the thills; for instance, if you set the thills fourteen inches out from centre, set your whippletree but seven inches, and then you will see that the run is as easy as in a centre draught sleigh.

Punching Out a State Debt.
Virginia is not only the mother of Presidents, but likewise of novel expedients. Having a heavy state debt to be provided for, principal and interest, they have invented the taxation of drinks. That is not by any means a new invention, as drinks have been taxed ever since they were invented, but the novelty of the Virginia specimen is its "safety, celerity and certainty," as the mail contracts say. It is a method adopted from the horse-car system, where it was placed to make conductors honest, and where, for each fare paid, the conductor is expected to punch out a number from a card slip, by a punch which sounds a little bell, and registers within itself the number of fares. That is just what Virginia obliges every bar-keeper to do when he sells a drink, and a tax is levied on the number sold. Failure to sound the bell involves, for the first offence, a heavy fine, of which the informer gets the larger share; and for the second offence the license is revoked. At stated intervals a collector goes round, examines the punch register and collects the tax, which, we believe, is five cents on each drink of alcoholic liquor, and two and a half cents for the malt variety. It is estimated that if the business continues during the year as it has been for the past three months, Virginia will have an annual revenue from this source of several millions of dollars.

The retail liquor dealers—who, by the way, have to pay for their punches—were at first very much opposed to the law, but are gradually changing their views. They find that it acts like a check on the bar-tender, who has heretofore taxed them on his own account, and also enables them to raise the price of their stimulants, and abolish the "free drink" system altogether. Placards announcing the last-mentioned important fact are hung up in all the Richmond saloons. The trade, it is said, is not hurt at all by the novel regulation. The thirsty souls are as numerous as ever, and patronize as liberally as ever the places where the pangs of thirst are promptly and satisfactorily assuaged.—Belfast Journal.

The Silver Scindale.
The project to resurrect the "dollar of our daddies" and make it a full legal tender for the discharge of all private debts and a medium for paying principal and interest of the national bonds is a little too steep. Silver as a commodity, has fluctuated in value to the enormous extent of twenty-one per cent. within the last three years. Until it shall have recovered a set value and maintained it for a period of at least five years it would be a flight of financial lunacy to confer upon it the legal attributes sought to be given it by the silver champions in Congress. The fundamental requisite for a standard of value is that it shall be stable, but there is hardly a commodity which has been bought and sold in the markets of the world for the last three years that has undergone such extreme mutations in price as silver. Its price began to decline in 1874, but it was not till May, 1875, that the change became so marked as to attract general attention. For forty years previous to 1874 the average price of silver in London was 60d. per ounce, never rising more than 3d. above that average nor falling more than 2 1/2d. below it. But in July 1875, its price had declined to 47d. per ounce. The price of silver has since risen, but the "dollar of our daddies" is still below the value of a gold dollar. It may sink again when that "big bonanza," the Comstock lode, is worked to its full capacity of production. Its owners have the strongest of possible motives for holding back and not flooding the silver market while their powerful lobby is intriguing to get a dishonest silver bill passed through Congress. They are in search of a vast market, and will do nothing meanwhile to forfeit the gigantic stake for which they are playing. A commodity which has fluctuated to the enormous extent of twenty-one per cent. within the last three years cannot honestly be made a medium for the discharge of debts, either public or private.—New York Herald.

WORSE THAN STEALING.—It appears that Bill Matrice, the horse-thief, has committed crimes much blacker than thefts of horses and wagons. Four years ago he was married in Greene, Chenango county, New York, to a young lady of that village, while he was driving a pedicab for a Binghamton firm. Soon afterwards he ran away taking with him \$1,000 of his employers' money, and their team. In 1874 under the name of William Clark, he turned up in Pennsylvania, and in a guise of a well-to-do young farmer, after an acquaintance of three weeks, married the daughter of a rich farmer named Lennox. Afterwards under the name of Love, he married a girl in Broome county, New York, so he has at present three living wives. There is no suitable or adequate punishment provided by the laws of the country for these black crimes, but as the law against theft is severe and petty he will probably be punished for his repeated robberies.—Portland Advertiser.

—Judge Kelly, in the North American Review, says, "that the people of the United States have been taxed in the short period of thirty months, in the destruction of the value of property, to the extent of not less than \$30,000,000,000." The entire personal and real property in the country is estimated in the last census to be only \$39,008,518,507. According to this the whole has been swallowed up except less than sixty-nine millions. And it is all due, according to him, to the proposed resumption of specie payments! It would be refreshing to see among our extreme party politicians a resumption of common sense.

Notice of Foreclosure.
WHEREAS, Barnard Gannon, late of Greene, in the County of Oxford, deceased, by his last will and testament, dated the 12th day of January, A. D. 1873, recorded in the Oxford Registry of Deeds, book 15, page 506, conveyed to the said Barnard Gannon, a certain parcel of real estate situated in said Greene, being lot number three in the fifth range of lots in said Greene, containing one hundred and twenty-five acres more or less; also all the real estate named and described in deed from said William Gannon, dated March 9, 1865, and recorded in said records, book 149, page 10, to which reference may be had by means of the conveyance of the homestead farm of said Barnard Gannon, upon which he died, and conveyed to secure the payment of one hundred dollars; and the condition of said mortgage having been broken, the said Bethel Savings Bank, by Enoch Foster, Jr., its Treasurer, duly authorized, hereby claims and pays for such keeping of said homestead farm, as shall be paid, at public auction at my dwelling house in Franklin Plantation in the County of Oxford on the 15th day of Dec. A. D. 1877, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the payment of said mortgage, the sum of \$100, with interest thereon, and all costs of sale.

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VEGETINE
WILL CURE RHEUMATISM.
MR. ALBERT CROOKER, the well-known druggist and apothecary, of Springfield, Me., always advised me to try VEGETINE.

Read His Statement:
SPRINGFIELD, Me., Oct. 12, 1876.
Dear Sir:—Fifteen years ago last fall I was taken sick with rheumatism, was unable to move, and was in great pain. I tried many remedies, but all failed. I then tried VEGETINE, and after using a few bottles I was fully restored to health. I have been a great sufferer from Rheumatism. I have taken several bottles of the VEGETINE for this complaint, and have entirely cured myself. I have also recommended the VEGETINE to others with the same good results. It is a great cleanser and purifier of the blood; it is a great remedy for all kinds of rheumatism, and I can cheerfully recommend it to all who are afflicted with this disease. I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Yours, &c.,
ALBERT CROOKER.

VEGETINE
HAS ENTIRELY CURED ME.
MR. H. R. STEVENS.
Dear Sir:—My daughter, after having a severe attack of Whooping Cough, was left in a state of health. I then tried VEGETINE, and after using a few bottles I was fully restored to health. I have been a great sufferer from Rheumatism. I have taken several bottles of the VEGETINE for this complaint, and have entirely cured myself. I have also recommended the VEGETINE to others with the same good results. It is a great cleanser and purifier of the blood; it is a great remedy for all kinds of rheumatism, and I can cheerfully recommend it to all who are afflicted with this disease. I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Yours, &c.,
ALBERT CROOKER.

VEGETINE
IS A DISEASE OF THE BLOOD.
The blood in this disease is found to contain an excess of uric acid. VEGETINE acts by converting the blood from its diseased condition to a healthy condition. VEGETINE regulates the blood, which is very important in this complaint. One bottle of VEGETINE will give relief, but to effect a permanent cure it must be taken regularly, and may take several bottles, especially in cases of long standing. VEGETINE is sold by all druggists, and is a reliable remedy for all who are afflicted with this disease. I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Yours, &c.,
ALBERT CROOKER.

VEGETINE
PREPARED BY
H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.
Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists.
HARD PAN PRICES.
CASH DOES IT SURE!
As it seems to be in order to publish a low price, we have decided to offer our "VEGETINE" at a low price. We believe it will do you good. Read and see.

Granulated Sugar, 11 1-2 cts. per lb., 9 lbs. for \$1.00.
Brown sugar, 10 cts. per lb., 10 1-4 lbs. for \$1.00.
Good raw Rio Coffee, 23 cts. per lb., 4 1-2 lbs. for \$1.00.
Good roast Coffee, 27 cts. per lb., 3 3-4 lbs. for \$1.00.
Good Oolong Tea for 40 cts. per lb.
Good pure Soda, 6 cts. per lb., 5 lbs. for 27 cts.
Good salt Pork, 11 lbs. for \$1.00.
Good Pol. Fish, 2 1-2 cts. per lb.
Good medium cod Fish, 4 cts. 25 lb. lots, 3 3-4 cts.
Good Ker. Oil, 24 cts. per gal.
Good Flour warranted, from \$7 50 to \$9 50, all grades.
Good loose Muscatel Raisins, 8 1-4 lbs. for \$1.00.
Best Prints, 10 yds., 2 spools cotton and 1 doz. agate buttons for 75 cts.
Sheetings, from 6 1-2 to 9 cts. per yard.
Gents' shirts and drawers, fair quality, 40 cts. each or, 2 pair drawers and 2 shirts for \$1.50.

DRESS GOODS.
A large assortment at equally low prices! Woolens for Gents wear.
Oh! so "awful Low."
and everything else that a man needs to Eat, Drink or Wear, to make him comfortable at price that cannot be beaten.

Cannot be Beaten.
Call and see us, and be SURE to bring your orders for these prices are strictly cash delivery.
We are also ready to exchange goods for POTTERY, PAINTS, and all kinds of Country Produce, on favorable terms.
We mean business, so please call soon and see us!
H. N. BOLSTER.

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Large Stock of
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Spectacles and Eye Glasses, for sale by
S. RICHARDS JR., - So. Paris.
Sole Agent in Oxford County for
LAZARUS' BRILLIANT SPECTACLES.
FRAMELESS EYE-GLASSES.
Terms to suit the times.
So. Paris, Oct. 20, 1877.

Is the Main Spring of Business!
Low Prices Tell, and the People Tell Them!
Next
Advertise your goods, name your prices—for if a man bloweth not his own horn, who will blow for him?
Do precisely as you advertise. Don't go fishing with a bare hook—it don't pay. Confidence once lost can never be regained.
ONCE MORE,
Quick sales and small profits, insure an active business. Slow sales and large profits will ruin the most experienced merchant under the sun.

The Vote Has Been Cast, The Verdict Rendered.
OXFORD COUNTY
Has already announced by their liberal patronage, that
C. D. B. FISK & CO.'S
Is not only the BEST, but the CHEAPEST place to buy
MEN'S, BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S
Ready Made Clothing!
We claim two advantages over our competitors. 1st, We are Large Manufacturers; 2nd, We don't expect to get rich in a year! "Live and let live," is our motto!

Now Listen to Our Music.
\$10.00
will buy one of our long, warm,
Defiance Ulsters!
Never known a man to be sick; never heard of any one dying, who wore one of these garments! A complete destroyer of the medical business!

A lot more of those famous warm
VERMONT GREY OVERCOATS,
AT \$4.00!
142 sold already, and still the rush continues!
Pleases the Parents and Tickle the Boys.
OUR BOYS' DEPARTMENT
Overflowing with Goods, Nice, Nobby and Cheap.
\$7.00
For an All Wool Suit,
Size from 10 to 15 years old.
\$3.75
Boy's Suit & Overcoat
Suit (Jacket and Pants) \$2.00; Overcoat, \$1.75
Don't send by express for these, unless you are willing to pay the return express on the money, the profit is not large enough to buy a postage stamp.

IF YOU CAN'T COME,
Send your orders—we will send C. O. D., with privilege of returning, on examination, if not entirely satisfactory!
C. D. B. FISK & CO.,
The Great One Priced and Low Priced
Clothiers,
UNDER PREBLE HOUSE, MARKET SQUARE,
PORTLAND, MAINE.

FURS! FURS!
LADIES', GENT'S & CHILDREN'S FURS,
SELLING AT LOW PRICES.
Fur Trimmings, Ladies' & Gent's Gloves & Mitts.
Persons in need of these goods would do well to examine our stock before buying.
ROBES! SIGN OF THE GOLDEN HAT \$3.50
Whole Skin Tailored, \$5.00
Lined Buffalo, \$6.50
Horse Blankets, \$1.00
Robes and Blankets equally as low.
Goods sent C. O. D., with privilege of examining.

MERRY THE HATTER,
237 Middle Street, PORTLAND, MAINE.
SIGN OF THE GOLDEN HAT!
Attention Everybody
A large and carefully selected stock of
FALL & WINTER
WOOLENS,
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC,
FOR GENTLEMEN'S WEAR,
JUST OPENED AT
L. O'BRIEN'S,
NORWAY, MAINE.

Mr. O'Brien is prepared to cut and make up these goods in the latest style and in the most workmanlike manner. He will now give his Undivided Attention to the
Custom Department!
Gents, wishing to purchase, cannot afford to buy until they have examined his
NEW GOODS AND LOW PRICES.
He offers the best goods to be found in the country for the least money.
All Work Done Warranted to Give Perfect Satisfaction.

ALSO, A GREAT CHANGE IN THE
READY-MADE CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.
A LARGE STOCK OF
CLOTHING
AND
Furnishing Goods
of every description, constantly on hand at
Prices that defy Competition.
HATS & CAPS,
of all grades and latest styles.
Norway, Sept. 18, 1877.

NOTICE.
CAME into the measure of the subscriber on the 15th instant, one white horse about twenty years old, abandoned by his owner; and is now being furnished with proper nourishment, shelter, and care by me, and if anyone or claimant pays for such keeping of said horse before I shall sell him, at public auction at my dwelling house in Franklin Plantation in the County of Oxford on the 15th day of Dec. A. D. 1877, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the payment of said mortgage, the sum of \$100, with interest thereon, and all costs of sale.
ERASTUS T. ABBOT,
Franklin Plantation, Nov. 28, 77. d43w

THE CONGREGATIONALIST.
A Journal for the family: devoted to the maintenance of the faith and polity of the Congregational Church of the United States, to the publication of news concerning them and their work, and to the discussion from the standpoint of the Gospel of all current topics of interest, whether in Religion, Politics, Literature or Art. Includes among its contributors some of the most eminent writers in the country. \$2.00 a year. Specimen copies free. W. L. GREENE & CO., Publishers, Boston, Mass. n13-2m

Terms to suit the times.
So. Paris, Oct. 20, 1877.

SK HATS.
\$3.50
and your Old Silk Hat, WILL BUY The latest DUNLAP STYLE. Hats IN EVERY STYLE, CAPS
Of every pattern, for FALL and WINTER. Boys' and Children's HATS and CAPS of all kinds.
I am willing to rock the baby while the "W-men folk" are asleep, but I won't wear my old HAT when Allen sells cheaper than any man this side of Boston.

Clothing of Every Description.
I am the man who sells you CLOTHING at BOTTOM PRICES.
FALL AND WINTER STOCK.
Is now complete. Counters and Shelves criss full of
NEW GOODS,
All styles, colors, qualities and prices, and every dealer in this paper and those who can't read should bear in mind that I can and will make it decidedly for their interest to come and see me.

SELL CLOTHING,
And I endeavor to attend to it.
I own my goods as low as any man this side of Boston, and will sell for as small a margin. My place is Boston.
my name is ALLEN.
My business is to sell all the clothing people want. I have PLAINS of all colors, WORSTEDS of every pattern. Light medium and heavy
OVER COATS.
ULSTERS of every description and price—PANTS and VESTS for all creation.
FURNISHING GOODS
By the Car load every day, including many New and desirable articles in all the fine patterns and
NOBBY STYLES
Found in Boston Market, and I will be most happy to show you all my customers.
I have just added to my
Ready Made Stock
a complete line of
FALL AND WINTER WOOLENS
for the Custom trade, consisting of Fur, Beaver, Over-Coatings, Worsted, plain and fancy Suitings and
PANT GOODS
of all the nobby styles in the market. I have secured the services of
Mr. E. G. BANGS,
an experienced CUTTER who is prepared to cut and make up stylish
CLOTHING,
of all kinds and warranted to fit.
Cutting done to be made out of Store if wanted.
E. C. ALLEN,
Norway, Oct. 1, 1877. oct1-1**Notice of Foreclosure.**
NOTICE is hereby given

