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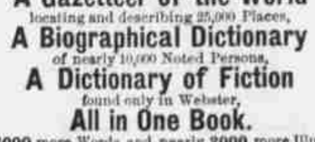

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July 10, 1887. 7tf

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Leave Bennington 5 15 p m, arrive Troy 6 55, p m, New York (via steamer) 6 00 a m, Hoosick Falls 6 14, No. Adams 7 00 p m, Boston 6 15 a m. Mechanicville 6 55, p. m., Saratoga 7 25 p. m.
Leave Bennington 12 10 night, arrive Troy 1 45 New York 7 00 a m.
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3 05 p m, from New York, Albany, Troy, Hoosick Falls, No. Adams and Boston.
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BURLINGTON, VT.
The New Diocesan School for Young Ladies and Girls, founded by the late Bishop Hopkins, near the beautiful city of Burlington, will be opened SEPT. 19th, with a full corps of teachers. Preparation for Wellesley, Smith or Vassar Colleges, or a thorough Academic Course. Prospectus on application.—30
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THE STORY OF JOHN WILKINS.

In the autumn of 1851, I was a passenger on a steamboat plying between New Orleans and Louisville. The weather was stormy and dismal, and, though we had the usual number of travellers on their way northward, and there was no lack of social enjoyment, the time hung heavily on my hands, until we reached lower Arkansas, when we all became involved in the most exciting of incidents.

On such journeys, the majority of passengers soon become acquainted, and I am quite sure by the time we reached the section named, I was known to every one on the boat.

There was one gentleman, between whom and myself a mutual friendship was formed, destined to last through life.

He was educated, fine looking and an excellent conversationalist, and met my advances so courteously, that I counted the long trip as one of the most pleasant I had ever undertaken.

Many of the readers will appreciate the mutual attraction in our case, when I state that he was a member of the secret order of Free Masons, to which I also belonged. There is no section of the globe where the "brothers of the mystic tie" are not found, and where they do not instinctively gravitate toward each other, every one ready to do his utmost to assist and befriend his associate in every way possible.

On the second day my new acquaintance complained of indisposition, and withdrew to his state room. Not making his appearance the following morning, I knocked at his door. When admitted, I found him lying on his lounge aflame with fever. He greeted me cordially, and as I took his hand, I sat down beside him with the laughing remark that I was someting of a physician, and would prescribe for him, especially since there happened to be no regular physician aboard.

It required but a minute's careful scrutiny of the gentleman's appearance, and a knowledge of his symptoms, to learn the startling fact that he was down with a dangerous attack of that dread scorge, the smallpox.

"I thought so," he replied with a quiet smile, "and I am sorry I am not at home, for there is no one on board to look after me."

"You are mistaken," I remarked. "I have been through the disease, and will see that you have every attention possible."

He pressed my hand, and looked the gratitude he could not speak.

Requesting him to say nothing definite to any questions asked, I went out to consult the captain, but to my consternation, found that somehow or other, the news had preceded me.

It was known to every one on board, that the passenger in the state room had the smallpox Not only that, but a number of panic-stricken men had gathered about the captain, and insisted that the sufferer should be put ashore without delay.

Nothing more inhuman can be imagined, for to do this, it was necessary to leave him in the desolate lowlands of Arkansas, beyond sight of any human habitation, where he must perish most miserably.

"Do you intend to put him ashore?" I asked, from the outer edge of the excited group that crowded around him.

"I have promised," replied the captain; "these men swear they will shoot me if I do not."

"And I swear by the eternal that I will shoot you if you do!" I called out, displaying my loaded revolver.

The crowd were cowed for a moment, but I foresaw the end, unless I secured speedy help; still, threatening all sorts of things, I passed hurriedly about the boat in quest of other Free Masons. There were plenty of them, and I recall that there was not a single one who was not 'well heeled." It was the fashion, as you know, in those days, and it hasn't, as yet, entirely gone out of date.

About half the men on board were "brothers," and we made such a determined stand, that hostilities were held in abeyance. I then explained that since I had passed through the smallpox I would establish myself in the sick man's cabin, and remain with him to the end of the journey. The waiters could bring such articles as were needed set them down at a safe distance, and when they had withdrawn, I could go out and get them. I promised carefully to refrain from all contact with any one else, and to do my utmost to prevent the spread of the contagion.

This arrangement was sullenly accepted, and faithfully carried out on my part. I stayed with my friend, and, as he needed nothing but careful nursing, and possessed a vigorous constitution, he safely passed the crisis of the disease, and was soon convalescent.

We reached Louisville late at night. I found the captain of the steamer, to which it was necessary to transfer my patient, and explained the case. He was a Free Mason, and not only religiously kept our secret, but lent all possible help. My friend was moved into a state room, and I again took up my quarters with him, not a solitary passenger suspecting the truth.

By this time, he was convalescing splendidly, but I prudently kept him out of sight, until we reached the landing in Kentucky, where it was necessary to leave the boat in order to reach his home.

His carriage was waiting, and I took my seat beside him and rode to his handsome residence. Of course he was grateful beyond expression, and insisted on making me some substantial acknowledgment. I allowed him to pay the extra expenses, to which I had been subjected, but of course could accept no more. I pressed his hand, bade him good by, and never saw him again.

His daughter accompanied me to the landing, and, as I was departing, handed me a sealed letter from her father, with the request that I would not open it until I reached my home. I complied, and on breaking the seal at my house in Knoxville, I found a one hundred dollar bill, with a prayer, that if in the future I should ever require a friend, I would call on him.

This was exceedingly pleasant, and I have kept that note ever since, for the name signed at the bottom was one which became known all over the country ten years later. I had no idea that I would ever stand in need of his friendship, but listen:

If you will examine the list of names of the Union prisoners in the Knoxville jail, in December, 1861, you will find among them that of John Wilkins, who was among those accused of bridge burning. John Wilkins is myself, and, I took my place among the prisoners a couple of days before we were joined by the famous Parson Brownlow, who was an old acquaintance and friend of mine.

Those dreadful days are gone forever, and not for the world would I recall a memory that would cause an unpleasant feeling on the part of a living human being. Partisanship ran high, excitement was at white heat, brother was arrayed against brother and shocking cruelty was perpetrated by both sides.

A number of prisoners were taken out and shot, and, as I possessed considerable property and was looked upon as a leader, I believed, with the rest, that my turn would soon come. I may add, in this place, though I personally knew some of my companions had been demolishing bridges to a considerable extent in the neighborhood, I had taken no part in it. My two sons enlisted in the Union army, and both were killed before the close of the war, but I never raised a hand against any of my former neighbors and friends. It was natural, however, that I should be suspected, and I find no fault with it, for in the blessed light of the full reconciliation of these later days, I can clasp the palm of those who, though they saw as through a glass darkly, were as conscientious as myself.

Every day that the guards came to the door of the large apartment and called out the name of the prisoners "wanted," there was breathless silence, followed by a deep sigh of relief. I wondered why my name was omitted so long. It was the custom, when two or more were selected, for them to shake hands with all, bid us good by, while we uttered what encouraging words we could, sang patriotic songs, and told them that if we did not join them pretty soon we would look after their families and the loved ones whom they must leave behind.

Among our visitors one day was a large, pleasant-faced, Quaker like gentleman, whose countenance could not hide the sympathy he felt for us. I was so pleased, indeed, with his looks and manner that I stepped forward, and respectfully greeted him, handed him a slip of paper containing the following pencilled words:

RICHMOND, Va.

"*Hon. Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary War, C. S. A.*:—The man who befriended you on a Mississippi steamboat ten years ago, when suffering from smallpox, is now in Knoxville jail, unjustly accused of bridge burning."

JOHN WILKINS.

The old gentleman adjusted his spectacles, read the slip carefully, and then looking in my face, asked me what I wished him to do with it.

"I want you to enclose it in an envelope to that address."

He sorrowfully shook his head.

"I cannot do that; those words may mean a great deal more than they seem."

"You are mistaken," I hastened to say; "there is no writing between the lines. They mean simply what they say, no more."

"It won't do," he added, with another shake of his head; "I am watched and it would be worth my life to show any friendship to any of you."

He handed the slip back, but I declined to take it.

"Keep it," said I, "as it may serve to remind you of the slight request you refused to a fellow-being standing on the threshold of the grave."

I think it was the look of dispair in my face, more than my words, that touched him. He crumpled up the paper, shoved it into his vest pocket and muttering, "I'll see about it," passed out of the jail.

I confess that I based little hope on anything coming from this blind venture; but I reasoned that it could not harm if it did not help me. When the better part of a week had gone by and I was still a prisoner, I agreed with those of my friends, who knew what I had done, that my hope was a rope of sand.

"The old gentleman was too timid to send it," I concluded.

"He may have sent," said grim old Parson Brownlow, "but the man who received it has forgotten his gratitude to you or is afraid to exercise it."

"No," said I, compressing my lips, "it isn't that."

Meanwhile, as our number were added to, they were also decreased in the terrifying manner I have intimated. Hardly a day passed that several were not called out. Then followed the farewell words, the singing and pledges, followed shortly after by the sharp reports of the volley fired on the outside, which told the fearful end of the hasty passionate trial.

At last there came a day when the guard who stood at the door pronounced but a single name. That was:

"John Wilkins."

"Well, boys," said I, "my turn has arrived, thought it was slow in coming. I am ready."

I passed around and shook the hand of each in turn, and the words which I had so often uttered to other friends, as they were about to pass out to their doom, were now spoken to me. The "fighting parson" gave me an unusually warm pressure of the hand, and thrilled me by his burning words, as he assured me that I was a martyr, and my name would be ever held in grateful recognition by all lovers of their country.

I kept up better than I thought I could and waving them a final good by, walked out of the jail to the accompaniment of a burst of patriotic melody. The suspense had been so painful, that I recall there was a strange feeling of relief, at the knowledge that all now would soon be over.

I was conducted to the Provost Marshal's office, where that officer, without speaking, handed me the following telegram:

"Office Secretary War, C S A.
"Richmond, Va., Dec 18, 1861.
"Provost Marshal, Knoxville, Tenn.:—You will release John Wilkins at once, and suffer him to pass our lines at will, unquestioned. It is absolutely forbidden that he shall be molested or interfered with in any manner whatever.
"Judah P. Benjamin,
Secretary of War, C. S. A."

For a few seconds everything swam before me, and my hand trembled so violently that the paper on which those words of life were written, dropped to the floor I saw the chagrin stamped on the face of the officer, and rallying, I could not help saying:

"I am glad to see that the Confederacy is well provided with postal facilities."

"So it seems," he dryly remarked; "of course you are now at liberty to go whither you choose. Since you have part of your family in the Federal army you are specially favored, for no one is likely to trouble you on either side."

"I am not so sure of that," I remarked deeming it prudent to conceal my exultation from the officer, who I knew would be mightily pleased to order me up as a target for his marksmen.

I was moving away, when he lowered his voice, and said:

"Wilkins!"

I stopped and turned inquiringly about.

"Take my advice," he added, "and be careful; keep away from any bridges that look invitingly combustible; don't wander around too much on dark nights where there is so much promiscuous firing, you know a fellow may be accidentally shot."

There was no mistaking the significance of the expression, accompanied as it was by a meaning grin and a wink of the eye. I thanked the officer for his words and assured him they should not be forgotten. Then I left him.

The days grew darker in Knoxville. No one who was not a resident of that city during those lurid times can appreciate the frightful rule which passion held over men. There were periods when (as unhappily was the case in other places) it was sheol itself. I passed back and forth between the lines several times, carrying letters and a few luxuries between friends, but all the time, I knew that despite the order of the Confederate Secretary of War, I was treading on the very verge of the grave. Twice I was shot at, escaping death each time by a hair's breadth, until finally when I entered the Union line once more I stayed there.

My wife had died before the breaking out of the war, and, as I have already said, my two sons were in the Union army, where both gave up their lives. I decided to enlist, but was refused, because I was not rugged enough to stand the hardships. Conceiving my property in Knoxville to be gone at least for a number of years, I made my way north ward, penniless and without any means of making a living.

I finally drifted across the border into Canada, where I went to work as a common laborer. I presumed too much on my strength, forgetting that I had become quite an old man, and one morning, while lifting an unusually heavy burden, my foot slipped in such a way that I received a terrible wrench in my side and fell fainting to the ground

I knew I was seriously injured, but with aid I managed to limp to the nearest house, where I was put to bed which I never left for six weeks. At the end of that time, I was able to get up and walk about, and with the help of money contributed by a few friends, I made my way to Philadelphia and entered the hospital.

The dreadful strain I suffered resulted in one of the most extraordinary developments ever known. The medical authorities had never seen anything like it. They were helpless to give me any aid, though they did everything possible. I was doomed to a wretched existence to the end of my life, and was discharged from the hospital as incurable.

The only relative I had left was a daughter, in Troy, N. Y. With the funds given me by my Masonic brethen, I intended to make my way thither to die.

Such is the story told by John Wilkins. It was my honor to preside as Master of Trenton, (N. J.) Lodge, No. 5, A F A. M., some years ago. One mild afternoon in the month of August, while I sat reading a paper and smoking a cigar, I received a call from an elderly gentleman, who introduced himself as John Wilkins from Knoxville, Tenn., a brother Master Mason in distress.

I was impressed by his bright, intelligent appearance and manner. His language was that of an educated gentleman, and what was particularly pleasing about him, was his genial nature. I never saw a more cheerful man, despite his sad experience and his woeful affliction, which, as he said, was beyond all cure.

First of all, since he applied to me for help, I tested him most thoroughly, with the result that he proved to be an unusually bright Mason, one from whom the majority of brethren could have received instruction.

His reminiscences of the early days of the war in Knoxville, were wonderfully interesting, and I am sure that the one I have quoted was not the least of the many he told. It came up naturally from his application to me for Masonic aid, and gave me his permission to publish it, if I ever felt disposed to do so.

I may also add that some years after my meeting with John Wilkins, it fell to my power to investigate many of the statements he made to me. I found them true in every respect, and I cannot feel any doubt that his experience, as taken from his words, was accurate from beginning to end. I may state here, however, that the name of the Provost Marshal at Knoxville, in Dec. 1861, has been forgotten, and I am, therefore unable to give it.

I have never seen or heard of Mr. Wilkins since his call upon me, but, if he if he is living. I confidently appeal to him for the confirmation of what has here been told.—*Edward S. Ellis, in Yankee Blade.*

A WAR REMINISCENCE.

My attention has been called to the account recently given in your paper of the kindness of President Lincoln during the civil war to a Virginia girl who asked for a pass that she might go to see her brother, a Federal prisoner at the time.

The above brings vividly to my mind an incident which occurred in my presence, in his room, in October, 1864. During that month it had been my privilege to visit for a few weeks the Armies of the James and the Potomac. Upon leaving City Point for Boston I determined to go by the way of Washington, being specially desirous for an opportunity to see the beloved President Lincoln. Soon after reaching Washington I went to the White House, when, with others, I was passed into his room.

Instead of taking my regular turn to speak with him, I took occasion to stand one side for awhile that I might observe his manner of dealing with the various committees and individuals who called upon business, and also those who were, like myself, mere visitors.

As committees presented their business, written or verbally, his courtesy and promptness were very marked. With some he would consider the matter presented, to others, he would merely remark, in substance, "It is not me you should consult, you should see Secretary Stanton," (or Seward or Wells, and others named)—to these he would most courteously refer them.

In the midst of this press of official business I noticed standing in line a sad, dejected, humbly dressed woman with a little babe in her arms. The thought came to me, "I wonder what favor she may have to ask of President Lincoln," and was also desirous to observe how he would receive and treat this poor woman and her little one.

As she reached his desk he looked up pleasantly and with gentle voice and speech he said, "And now, my good lady, what would you like?"

She told him her story in a simple way, of her home in the South, her desire to be passed through the Union lines; to all of which Mr. Lincoln listened most attentively, looking into her face all the time, and then said, "My dear woman, you certainly can do no harm. I see no reason why you and your little one should not be allowed to go to your home, and I will see that you have a pass." He then wrote a few lines, called an attendant, and, bidding her good bye, directed him to take the mother and child to the proper department, where she should receive the pass he had so pleasantly promised her. As she thanked him for his kindness her face was changed from that of sadness to one of joy, and as she left his presence I felt sure that from her heart a prayer of gratitude was breathed out for the kind treatment she had received from that noble man, our dearly beloved President Lincoln.

And let me add never shall I forget that half hour and more passed in the presence of Mr. Lincoln. I had with me an open letter, given me by the Hon. Alex. H. Rice just before I left Boston for my visit South. When presenting my card to President Lincoln I handed him Mr. Rice's letter which he carefully read. After some pleasant expressions of his regard for Mr. Rice, and when by that letter and from myself he learned that I had been for a few weeks at the South, he cordially invited me to take a seat by his side, and then questioned me freely regarding several matters which had come within my experience and observation as a civilian at the South.

Among the many pleasant experiences of my life which memory calls up at times, one which I shall never forget was my interview with President Lincoln (only within a few months of his assassination), and his kind and sympathetic treatment of that poor Southern woman and her little babe.—*W. H. B., in Boston Journal.*

"MY WIFE IS A TERROR"

said a mild-tempered man in our hearing. "She snaps and snarls, spanks her children, and finds fault continually. I can't bear it any longer." Don't be too severe on her, my friend; you little realize her sufferings. She has lost her former sweet disposition, and ill health is the cause. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will make her well. For female diseases, functional derangements, bearing-down pains, and the long list of ills that render women miserable, no medicine can compare with this It is the only medicine for woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, to give satisfaction in every case, or money refunded. See guarantee printed on bottle wrapper.

For all derangements of the stomach, liver and bowels, take Dr. Pierce's Pellets, or Anti-bilious Granules.

ALL FOR THE BEST.

Madam's small boy has broken out in a new place. He had been visiting one of his schoolmates, and he came back with a serious face.

"Mamma," he said, "I guess it's all right with that piece of poetry you told me about, 'He Doeth All Things Well.'"

"Oh, indeed," said madam. "And why?"

"Well, I think he did just the square thing giving me to you instead of Mrs. Dunnep, for I've been over there three hours, and I know I could never stand that woman."—*Boston Beacon.*

I have always been much annoyed by neuralgia and headache and finally determined to try Salvation Oil. I am glad to recommend it as it made a perfect cure in my case. MARKS NEW, 62 Aisquith St., Baltimore Md.

JACK MURRAY.

"It's a pretty hard work, after all!"

Mrs. Murray heaved a deep sigh over the pan of potatoes she was peeling for supper.

Margery, her little daughter, came and stood by her side, gently stroking the face over which the tears were quietly stealing.

"Poor mamma, don't cry."

But Mrs. Murray had reached a point where the tears must have away, for she did not try to check them for a while, and surely hers were not a lot over which many might rightfully sorrow.

Stranded in a mining camp without a dollar in her pocket, three children to support and her husband on a "spree."

The last ill, of course, was the worst and the hardest to bear. If Jack had only been sober and steadfast, willing to put his shoulder to the burden, much hardship might have been borne cheerfully, but it was the last straw on the camel's back—this "taking to drink" on Jack's part.

Six months before they had been quite prosperous, owning a small farm in Kansas. Jack had been thrifty and economical, and they had been very comfortable and happy, but the terrible storms which had swept throught the State had not left them unscratched.

The cyclone laid the fields and orchards desolate, and the house, struck by the lightning, burned to the ground. Nothing was saved, the family barely escaping with their lives.

This sudden disorder seemed to paralyze the energies of the hitherto energetic Jack. He grew despondent, sold his dismantled farm and drifted westward. Failing to find employment, he grew more discouraged.

Little by little the small hoard dwindled away. Further and further they went west, until, at the opening of our story, we find them high up in the mountains of Colorado, living in a tent upon the outskirts of a new mining camp.

Even now all things might have gone well had Jack remained sober and searched for work. But like many other foolish human beings, he had taken to drink to drown his troubles, and forgotten in his new habits of dissipation the family whom it had been once his delight to love and cherish.

The tent was a miserable concern, very good one in fair summer days, but poor protection in cold and stormy weather, and now the winter was coming on. Already the snows were on the mountains, and King Frost was gradually creeping down to the little town nestled in the narrow valley.

No wonder Mrs. Murray felt the pressure of life's burden heavy uppon her—the children could not, should not starve. But what could she do to take care of them?

Late that night when they were asleep in their lowly beds upon the floor, she sat in the dim light of her solitary candle pondering the question.

Jack had not yet returned; where he was she knew not. The heart grew heavy within her as she thought of, his growing disregard for the wellefare of his family.

The autumn wind swept mournfully against the loose edges of the tent. The river, not many yards distant, made weird music in the ears of the disconsolate woman.

At last she put aside the worn dress she was mending; she had answered the question.

"I have tried needle-work," she said; nothing remained but laundry-work—washing. This is all that remains for me to try—but this must be done to put bread into the mouths of the little ones."

It was not without an inward revolt that this refined woman turned to this last resort, for she was born and bred to better things, but her nature was to noble and self-sacrificing to shrink from any labor that was honorable—any work however menial that would save her loved ones from starvation. If Jack would not put his hand to the plow, she must.

She raised the curtain which was fastened as close as possible to the post of the doorway and looked out.

The night was calm and beautiful—overhead the moon was sailing serenely through light, fleecy clouds, casting now and then weird shadows on the mountains and streaking the foam-tossed river with silver.

Mrs. Murray was not a learned woman. She could not have expressed in as fine form the thoughts which expressed her, yet I think she felt the same truths that so often thrill us all in our grief-stricken moments.

"Why should this beautiful world, so perfect in its beauty, ever be marred by the faults and follies of humanity?"

But her musings were suddenly ended by the appearance of a reeling figure between her and the moonlight. It was Jack staggering home. She wondered how he had managed to cross the bridge in safety in his condition, feeling grateful to the kind Providence which had protected him.

The reproaches that rose to her lips were checked by the thoughts of what he had once been.

The tears filled her eyes, but she assisted him to bed tenderly, and when he was fast asleep in his heavy drunken slumber, she knelt by his side and prayed for him as only a pure and loving wife can pray for the man she loves.

Heaven help such women as these!

The next morning at ten he was still in his stupor, and she left the two younger children with him and went accross the river to the town to search for work.

She knew it would be hard for her to obtain this, for she was compartively unknown, yet she was brave and determined.

She remembered the address of a lady who had once spoken to her kindly in church, and to this one she applied.

Mrs. Hildreth received her quite kindly, patting Margery's brown head in a gentle, motherly fashion. She had seen some of the ups and downs of life herself, and knew how to sympathize with this pale, careworn little woman, who looked almost to frail to do a day's washing.

"Yes," she said, in answer to Mrs. Murray's inquiry for work, "I will be glad to have you do my washing this week, for my laundry woman is at present disabled by an accident. Can you take the clothes home or will you come here?"

On consideration Mrs. Murray decided to take them home. It seemed less humiliating, although she had determined to let all false pride go.

Mrs. Hildreth gathered up the articles to be laundried and placed them in a large basket with which Mrs. Murray and Margery was soon trudging home.

It was about noon when they reached the little tent on the other side of the river.

Jack was awake and "sobered up." He was setting the table and getting things ready for their meager dinner. He looked rather shamefaced as his wife entered and set the basket just inside the door.

"What have you got there?" he asked.

"Clothes," answered his wife.

"Clothes—what for?"

"Clothes to wash" she replied quietly, removing her bonnet. "We can't starve you know, and it is the best I can do. It's good pay and not much harder work than sewing."

There was no reproach in her eyes or voice, only a hard determination to do the duty which seemed before her.

Something rose in Jack's throat and chocked him as he looked upon her. The crimson flame of shame rose to his cheek.

This was the woman he had sworn to protect and cherish, forced to take in washing for a living!

He turned abruptly on his heel and left the tent, taking a seat on a stone by the noisy river.

For a long time he sat there with his elbows on his knees and his face buried in his hands, his misdeeds rising up before him with a sort of horror.

No one disturbed him. The children went on their play, the mother prepared the dinner in silence.

At last he rose and re-entered the tent. There was a look on his face that was like the old kind hearted Jack.

He went straight to his wife and folded his arms about her.

"Anna," he said, "we will take that basket of clothes back this afternoon. It shall never be said that Jack Murray's wife stood at the wash-tub for a living while Jack was alive. I have been going to the dogs, I know. I've been a bad man. I deserve all the reproaches you can heap upon me, but instead of that you've been an angel. But I'm going to be a better man—with God's help I am—and with your help and his I'll never take another drop of liquor as long as I live."

Anna could only lay her head against her husband's shoulder and cry. The moments were too deep for words.

And I am glad to say Jack Murray was a man of his word. "Heaven helps those who help themselves." The next day fortune favored his effort to find work. He was engaged upon the night shaft of the R—mine. The wages were liberal, he worked steadily and faithfully and finally won his way to the engineer's place.

The ragged old tent gave place to a comfortable log cabin. The children were well clothed and fed and went to school.

That was a year ago. To day there stands upon the bank of the river a nice frame cottage. It is neatly painted and there is a pretty grass plot in front of the door.

A happy woman lives in that cosy home, and the happiest moment in the day is when she looks up and catches sight of Jack's figure coming down the mountain side from his day's work. She knows that he is the same old Jack that she married—dear, generous hearted fellow, willing to save and work, and sober and upright as a man may be. He lives for her and the childaen now, and not for that blear-eyed king—drink

And her prayers at night now are not silent wails of supplication, but hymns of joy and thanksgiving.—*Fanny Isabel Sherrick in Pacific Rural.*

"I'M WATCHING A MAN."

"What are you doing there?"

The man to whom it is addressed is a short, thick set man; there is nothing about him to attract attention. He is the most commonplace man I have met for some time. He is simply leaning against a pile of boxes, trunks and the like at a railroad station. Upon first glance he looks like a sleepy-old fellow, who may have drunk more than a flagon of rum, or he may have walked a long distance, and, therefore, he is fatigued. As any one approaches him in the crowd he looks sharply, and then seems to become oblivious.

That man is one of the sharpest detectives in the State of Massachusetts.

"What are you doing there?" is the question again.

Quickly, without moving a muscle, without looking up again, he answered, in a low distinct voice, "Don't speak to me now; I'm watching a man." I moved away.

Presently the crowd gets thicker. The sleepy gentleman by the trunks becomes suddenly aroused. He moves about very rapidly among the people. What will he do?

Hardly is there time to walk ten paces when he has disappeared. The train thunders into the station and the people went aboard. The man was nowhere.

That night one of the boldest burglars was arrested and lodged in jail. He was arrested on the train and by the sleepy man.

The arrest was accomplished thus: As a rough looking man with a tin pail in his hand walked quickly from the depot to the train the detective followed him closely, and just as he was about to put his foot on the step he tripped and fell upon the platform. In an instant the detective fell on top of him.

The two men were assisted into the car, and then the detective apologized for having fallen on him. They sat down together in the smoking car, the old fashioned detective shook out of his pocket a lot of cakes and apples, and they began to eat and talk about the news.

"That was a bad bit of work those fellows done there in Boston. Did you see the evening papers?"

"What do you mean?" said the man.

"Why, that safe burglary last night."

"Was there a burglary?"

"Yes; didn't you hear of it? Why, they stole over $100,000 worth of cash, securities and bonds from the —— bank."

"Indeed! Any arrests?"

"Not yet, but the officers are close on the track of the leader of the gang."

"Are they? Do they think they have the right man?"

"Yes; they are watching a man in East Boston by the name of Ridgewood, a noted burglar."

Just at this moment a man arose from the seat behind and walked out of the car. He passed on into the next car.

"That's our man," whispered the detective to his apparently injured companion.

The two men arose and passed into the next car after the fellow who had arisen.

They caught up to the man as he was going out of the next car. The train was stopping at a short station. The man got off. He was arrested.

"How did you know that was Ridgewood?" was asked of the detective.

"Because, when I mentioned his name he started and left the car. There is something about a criminal that 'gives him away' to a practical eye. I saw that man on the platform; he was walking up and down. He did not walk more than eight feet before he would turn and walk back again. At this I became aroused and watched him closer.

"It was when I tripped up my friend that I wanted to avoid suspicion; the burglar was behind us. The man who fell first is one of the best detectives in Boston. He was dressed like a workingman and carried a pail. When we fell the man whom we were watching did not notice us, but hurried into the cars; all the other people stopped and looked on.

"The man went directly to the smoker and lit a cigar nervously; he drew his hat over his eyes and nestled down in his seat, apparently engrossed in his newspaper. The man read the same paper for a long time; he did not seem to be interested in it at all, although his eyes were intently upon it. They were only on one spot. We sat down in front of him and began to eat apples and talk. When I mentioned the name of Ridgewood he started from his reverie. I looked him square in the eye. He got up and left the car. He was our man.

"Oh, about the eight foot walk? Well, you see an old criminal who has done time will never get out of the habit of walking up and down as he has done so long in his cell. He will only go about eight feet; that is the regulation length of the cells. He does this unconsciously, and even though he may guard himself against it, before he knows it he will begin to walk up and down.

"Of course," said the detective, "no man gives himself up to justice—no criminal tells the detective that he is the man. We are compelled to judge from our experience. A criminal has a certain look, a peculiar way of moving secretly, even in public places—in hotels, at the theaters, all over. No one but a skillful man in criminal work can tell the difference, but their actions are readily apparent—they become a large part of the criminal nature; he cannot cast off himself.

"Then there are other things. Certain well known criminals have," he added, "a distinct style of work. The crime is always carefully investigated and the detectives learn the methods of the different men. It is a school. I cannot describe it to you unless you are a close observer of human nature.

"A criminal walking along the street will unconsciously turn his head and give a quick glance backward, generally within every hundred steps. I can tell a man instantly when I enter a crowd. That's why these fellows hide away. They know that if they appear in public they will be recognized."

VERMONT AND KANSAS.

The Agricultural Editor of the Vermont *Watchman* contributes to the discussion:

What is the actual truth in this matter? Simply this, that any land that ever was good and has not been denuded by washing, can be easily and cheaply restored to more than its original fertility by any skillful farmer. Were it otherwise the population of the old world would have starved to death long ago. China, the longest civilized and most densely populated of countries, is today the most fertile and productive; while the fields of Greece and Italy, to say nothing of France and Britain, show no signs whatever of "running out"—although they will run down very quickly under the "farming" of men like the President of the New England Agricultural Society.

This subject is a most important one. We hear a great deal about the "worn-out farms of New England;" and right here in Vermont we are about to try to try to induce immigration to take up our "exhausted" hill farms. If we believe they are truly exhausted, then our State is officially about to undertake what could hardly be regarded as anything but a swindling operation. *Are* these farms exhausted? No! A thousand times, no! These abandoned farms are worth a great deal more money today than they ever were at any former period in the history of our State. True, they are not, at least in the hands of unskilled men, so productive as when they were first cleared, but any survivors of our original settlers, or their immediate descendants, who remember what farming was in New England fifty years ago know that these farms will today afford a much better living to any industrious man than they would then. In the times which we call old, but are really only a single life-time behind us, the farmers of New England had no market at all for more than a trifle of their products. Today they have a cash market for all of them, almost at their doors. In those days they farmed for a living; now they may farm as a business. The man who farms for a living needs only to know how to produce his food and clothing from the land. He who farms as a business needs to know more, but it is knowledge not difficult to obtain by any man who is alive the whole length of his body. In almost every one of our towns are men who not only have made a good living on these hill farms, but have laid up money at interest and are forehanded. What one man can do all can do. Farming is a good business in New England.

* * * * * * *

Is this mere talk! Well, we bought one little run-out fam twenty-two years ago, and have got something more than a living out of it, as our neighbors can testify. And not content with so much foolishness, we have recently bought another one, ten times as large, and, at the age of sixty years, have undertaken to make it pay for itself in four years. We expect to report progress in these columns from time to time. The days of decline in New England farming are nearing their limit. There is going to be a revival in Yankee agriculture, and the time for good farms to sell for less than the value of their buildings is short. The young men who stay right there, take hold of these cheap farms and devote themselves to farming them with hands and head, are going to be the most independent men in America within the next quarter of a century.

* * * * * * * *

The great trouble with Kansas at the present time is that it belongs to somebody else. New England probably has more money invested in Kansas than the people who live there. The wealth of the people there mainly represents the rise in the price of land. Ordinary farming does not pay. The farmer who can make both ends and "hold the fort" is very fortunate. A gentleman who has traveled extensively over the State told us that during the past year he had met in the central and western part of the State hundreds of farmers from Ohio, Indiana and the East who had left comfortable home in those States and moved to Kansas, thinking to better their condition. The failure of crops for two successive years has reduced them to a State of abject poverty and they are too poor to leave the State. Real estate agents never mention these facts. It is said that the average Kansan has great recuperative powers, and that after two good crops in succession he will take his oath that he can scarce remember the time when crops were a failure.

So far as we have observed, there is but little inducement for Vermont farmers to emigrate to this State to better their condition. Land in this part of the State, outside of city limits, is worth from $20 to $60 per acre, and unbroken prairie inside the city limits is held at prices varying from $300 to $1,000 per acre. Topeka is a very pleasant city of 40,000 inhabitants and doubtless has a grand future before it. Topeka is an Indian name and signifies "small potatoes." The Indians gave it this name because a sort of wild potato was formerly found on the river banks in that vicinity. In territorial times, during the controversy between Lawrence and Topeka in regard to the State capital, the former always referred to the latter town as "small potatoes." The tide of affairs soon turned and Topeka is now far in advance of her former rival. Lecompton, about half way between Lawrence and Topeka, was the scene of many stirring events in territorial days, but at present it is hardly more than a way station. These two towns are the only ones between Topeka and Kansas City which have any special interest to the traveller.

Impure Breath.

Among all the disagreeable consequences that follow the decay of the teeth, an impure breath must be the most mortifying and unpleasant to its possessor, and it is the most inexcusable and offensive in society, and yet the cause of it may easily be removed by cleansing your teeth daily with that justly popular dentifrice, Fragrant SOZODONT. It purifies and sweetens the breath, cools and refreshes the mouth, and gives a pearl-like appearance to the teeth. Gentlemen who indulge in smoking should cleanse their teeth with SOZODONT, as it removes all unpleasant odors of the weed. Ask your druggist for it.

The best anodyne and expectorant for the cure of colds and coughs and all throat, lung, and bronchial troubles, is, undoubtedly, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Ask your druggist for it, and, at the same time, for Ayer's Almanac, which is free to all.

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