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Women's Christian Temperance Union.

"LOCAL OPTION" IN THE SOUTH.

[Morning and Day of Reform.]

In a great many counties in the Southern States stringent prohibition prevails, under "Local Option" laws. Bullitt county, Kentucky, has had prohibition for many years. Last year the thirsty whisky lovers of the county managed to get an act passed by the legislature to bring the matter again before the people, but they rejected it by a heavy majority. Union county, Kentucky, has had prohibition since 1874. Last year the whisky men demanded a new trial, but they were beaten five to one. Similar reports come from Shelby, Trimble, Adair, Bracken, Montgomery, Owen and other counties of the State.

Hon. E. Polk Johnson, of Louisville, wrote to the *Courier Journal* of that city:

"I have passed through four or five counties since leaving Catlettsburg, Ky., and have not seen a bar-room, nor an intoxicated man. What other section can make so fair a showing? The sale of whisky is prohibited by law in all the towns, and less quantities than ten gallons are sold legally anywhere."

The Georgetown (Ky.) *Weekly Times* has the following testimonial, signed by twenty-seven of their leading men, including nine merchants, the president of the bank, their doctors, clergymen and lawyers, the County Judge, County Attorney, Circuit Clerk, etc.:

"We, whose names are hereto subscribed, take pleasure in bearing testimony to the beneficial effects of the Local Option law in force in Owen County, Ky."

The saloons being closed, and the druggists conforming to the law, a case of drunkenness is of very rare occurrence, and only witnessed when the liquor has been obtained outside of the district. Men formerly addicted to drink, now come to town, attend to their business, and go home sober, carrying with them provisions for their families, purchased with the money which they used to spend for whisky. As a natural result crimes are rarely committed and violations of the penal laws are seldom heard of. Even on our public days quiet, order and peace prevail.

We learn from our merchants and business men that their trade has increased about thirty per cent. Religion and morals have been greatly aided. Our women are happy, our children are glad. Even those voters who were doubtful of the result, now acknowledge the manifest success of the Local Option measure.

An Arkansas paper has the following item:

"All must admit that the prohibition of the sale of whisky in this town and county has worked great good in every way. Men who heretofore could not come to town without getting beastly drunk, now come and go away sober, decent and quiet. So of some of the citizens here; they were full every day, and incapacitated for any business. But now, the smell of whisky is not upon their garments, and they are growing quiet and industrious."

The most marked improvement is the peace, quiet and good order which prevails in our town. Our marshal has not been required to make an arrest since Christmas. We have not heard of a single row or disturbance. And such is the case all over the State. The town of Conway, in Faulkner county, was paying its marshal thirty-five to forty dollars a month. Since the sale of liquor has been prohibited in that town, he had so little to do, that as a conscientious man who would not receive pay for nothing, he resigned his office.

Of Randolph county, Miss., the *Alabama Baptist* thus speaks:

"This county voted for prohibition about one year ago, since which time not one drop of whisky has been sold in our county—for any purpose—that I am aware of, and our county has been changed from a hell on earth to a paradise! No pen, no tongue, no imagination, can picture to outsiders the change. While at the first election, some men of respectability and good standing, opposed prohibition, now, I do not believe there is a respectable good citizen in the whole county who would vote for the return of whisky to our county. Some said it would injure our trade to prohibit the sale of whisky. Well, instead of injuring our trade, it has increased it, and the whisky men are bound to acknowledge the fact."

The Carrollton (Ga.) *Enterprise* says: "Since the sale of liquor was prohibited in this town five years ago, the amount of trade has increased from \$200,000 to \$500,000, and there is not one merchant in thirty who would not vote (on purely business principles) against the re-instatement of the liquor traffic."

Like results follow local prohibition in the North; Yamhill county, Oregon, has a jail, but it has been empty

over six months. The court docket is empty, and the last grand jury, after a search, indicted three parties for minor offences. The secret of it all is, saloons are not allowed in Yamhill county.

THE HOUSE IN THE MIRROR.

It was late one winter evening. The snow was falling in thick, fast-falling flakes, making a white curtain that fell perpetually being let down between heaven and earth. The storm was carrying on wild sport round the house, shaking the windows, beating against the thick walls, and murmuring in deep, hollow tones in the chimneys. It was a night for warm, cosy, substantial indoor comfort, and such I resolved to make it.

At the period of which I am writing I was still a young man, and was practicing successfully as a doctor in a town in the west of England—a tolerably large, busy, country town which lies very near the borders of both Devonshire and Somersetshire. I was unmarried, and was living with an old house-keeper and one servant-girl, who helped her by turns, now above stairs, now below, with complacent submission, because the semi-blindness and deafness of the good old lady made interviews with her true swain, the butcher's boy, in the scullery not only practicable but easy. On the evening in question I had come in, what we medical men call 'healthily tired,' after a hard day's work in my professional duties, and I was now sitting cozily by the fire in my dining-room.

My thoughts wandered to and fro lazily, now resting upon some of the most interesting cases among my patients, now fluttering around a pretty picture of my only sister and her first baby, which her letter, received this morning from India, had called up; now straying into the stable to visit my bay horse—a new purchase, which I flattered myself did not smell honor to my judgment in horse-flesh. Gradually, however, all these subjects of pleasant reflection slipped into a mass, and got confusedly mixed together. I found myself gazing, without feeling the least surprised, at an odd vision, which showed me my sister mounted on my pet bay with the baby in her arms, who, instead of a baby's face, had the face of my neighbor and patient, old Mr. Spicer, the grocer, and soon after that I was sunk into a peaceful slumber, where no dream even came to disturb me.

How long I slept I do not exactly know, but I recollect I woke with a start, roused by the clock on the chimney-piece, which had a peculiarly ringing, clear sound, striking eight. I sat upright with a jerk and looked around with that vaguely uncomfortable feeling which often follows sleep waking. My glance happened to wander up to the mirror which was over the chimney-piece. Why was it that, as I gazed at it, I uttered a low exclamation, and then shut my eyes, thinking that sleep must still be retaining its power over me, and that I must be dreaming a strange, fantastic dream?

But no, I certainly was not dreaming, for there it was just as it had been before. Fix my eyes as steadily as I might upon the mirror, with all my wakened faculties concentrated upon it in eager earnestness, it was still there. I looked away, and fastened my look, for a minute or more, upon my mother's picture which hung over the sideboard. Then my eyes were allowed to return to the glass; but this manoeuvre was useless also—it would not go, do what I would.

What I saw was certainly no alarming vision, thought it appeared, there in the mirror, over my dining-room chimney-piece, was remarkable and startling enough, to say the least of it. In the middle of the glass, which in its other parts reflected simply and naturally the commonplace objects in the room, chairs and tables and window-curtains, there appeared a vividly distinct picture of house and garden. It was a very pretty house, its front covered on one side with a green creeper, which was spangled with starry white blossoms, and on the other with a fresco such as I had heard described as existing on the walls of houses in Italy, when I had never been—a fresco representing an old woman sitting with a basket of oranges at her feet. There were four windows, two upstairs, two down, exactly over each other; they were all half shaded with green blinds, and I could see that the top one, on the right-hand, was slightly open. Up the garden there ran a broad gravel-walk, with soft, fresh turf, gemmed with flower-beds on either side of it. The enclosure was fenced round with rather high, wooden palings, and in one corner of it stood a summer house with a quaintly shaped roof, that had a pagoda about it. Over the whole there was spread a soft, silvery light, as though a bright, full moon was shining down upon it. A yellow gleam, as of a lamp burning within, stole through the open window, and mingled with the white rays with-

I laid my fingers upon my pulse. Was I going fast into a raging fever? My pulse was as steady as they were when I rose that morning after a night's sound sleep. I tested my brain by going through, in my mind, all the symptoms and features in a difficult and perplexing case which had been lately under my care; my mind acted as coolly and calmly and regularly as it had ever done. I repeated to myself several passages of poetry from different authors in different languages; they came as quickly and easily to my tongue as if I had been reading them from a printed book. I gazed around, and fixed my eyes on various objects in the room to see whether I should be subjected to other optical illusions; but in other points my eyes were as reasonable as they usually were; they showed me nothing but the familiar chairs and tables, and the well-known pattern of the paper on the wall. Then I looked back at the mirror. The house was still there.

Had I been reading lately a description of such a house, or had I lately seen anywhere a picture like it? Either of these things might possibly have left a vivid impression on my mind which might have accounted for the strange delusion. I was not, however, able to recollect, search my memory as I would, that a book or a painting had brought such a house and garden before my thoughts. I was naturally neither excitable nor imaginative; indeed, I was generally regarded by everyone who knew me, and by myself into the bargain, as one of the most prosaic, rational beings in the world. My fancy had never before played me the smallest trick even as I rode home, worn out with watching by a sick-bed, on the darkest night; even in the many painful scenes, full of death and gloom, through which my professional life had led me. In the dissecting-room, in the severest operation, my hand had always been as steady as if I were peeling an orange. All this made the present inexplicable vision yet more utterly inexplicable. Besides, even while I gazed at it, I knew that I had never felt more calm and collected and more in an ordinary condition of body and mind throughout my very commonplace, very busy history.

Would another pair of eyes see the house in the mirror? I wondered. With a hurried hand I rang the bell to test this point, and summoned my house-keeper, who generally herself waited on me. This good lady's name was Mrs. Trickey. It is a common Devonshire name, let it be at once understood by those who are not aware of the fact, and is in no way meant to hint at any unpleasant proximity or unwarrantable whims on the worthy dame's part; she was as honest and simple-minded a woman as ever handled a bunch of keys.

"Mrs. Trickey, I have rung for you to ask you to do me a very simple thing," I said hesitatingly, knowing that she was present, scarcely knowing how to begin; for I felt, if I spoke out plainly, my house-keeper must infallibly think that I had suddenly taken leave of my senses.

"What will we please to have, sir?" replied Mrs. Trickey, in true Devonshire fashion.

"Mrs. Trickey, will you please look in the glass over the chimney-piece? I blurted out rather abruptly, not knowing how else to find out what I wanted to discover.

"Get along with your nonsense, Master Fred," cried Mrs. Trickey, with a toss of her head, which was so energetic it almost discomposed the stiff frills of her cap.

It must be mentioned here that Mrs. Trickey had lived with my mother when I was a boy, and that, with her I still continued Master Fred, though all the world besides knew me as Frederick Heathcote, Esq., surgeon.

"I can assure you, Mrs. Trickey, I mean no insult nor even a joke," I replied humbly. "I fancied something was wrong in the reflection of the glass; perhaps Susan has not dusted it as she should. Will you please look into it with your experienced eyes, Mrs. Trickey."

I was in hopes that this last implied compliment would have propitiated the house-keeper; but apparently it had no such effect, for after a short inspection of the mirror she said tartly: "The glass be right enough so far as I do see; 'tis just one of your whims, Master Fred."

But Mrs. Trickey, do please tell me what you see when you look into it? I exclaimed, seeing that I must be more explicit if I wanted to gain full certainty on the matter.

"Why? what should I see but my own face, Master Fred?" she retorted snappishly; "and it be as good-looking a face as the faces of many women be; 'tis ten years younger than I be, and I can tell 'ee that it have been thought a good-looking face by scores of men in its time."

And herewith she bridled considerably, and drew herself up.

"And do you see nothing there besides your face, then, Mrs. Trickey?"

"Bless and save us, Master Fred, you must be turning mazed, I think, or else it be that you be making a regular fool of me. I do't see why you should make up such gammons about my face, when you've acknowledged it these last twenty years. I call it very disrespectful, that I do."

And with a bounce and a bounce Mrs. Trickey turned and disappeared from the room, leaving me alone with the house in the mirror, which more, certainly she had not seen.

I was musing uncomfortably on this fact, with my eyes fixed on the vision, which to me was as distinct as ever when the clock on the chimney-piece struck a quarter to nine. Then suddenly, as if wiped out by a spirit's wing, just when the little silver chime of the clock was ringing, house, garden, summer-house, moonlight, yellow gleam, vanished from the mirror, and I saw nothing there save the reflection of the familiar room.

It was certainly a more wonderful phenomenon than which my medical books and medical knowledge had taught me, and I sat up late that night thinking it over and trying vainly to account for it. As, however, I could not gain the slightest light on the subject, turn the matter up and down as I might in my brain, I came to a resolution on two points, and then went to bed. One of these resolutions was, that I would not reveal the strange circumstance to anyone, because I had always a most hearty dislike of gossip and ridicule at my expense, and the other was, that I would not allow the inexplicable vision to trouble my mind, so as to make me incapable of the daily work and duty of life. My natural calmness of temperament and my active, busy course of existence, made me more able to make these determinations with some chance of keeping to them than most people in my place.

I slept well that night, and did not see the house in the mirror once in my dreams. Next day I was sent for in haste to attend a dangerous, difficult case, which required all my skill and energy. By the time the evening was again come, the impression made by the strange circumstances of last night had in a great measure faded out of my mind.

It so happened that I was engaged to spend that evening with my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Woodland. Mr. Woodland was a banker, and his wife was a sparkling woman—the queen of society in our town. She and I were always close allies; she would chatter to me of all her family affairs, and in a certain way made me her confidant. On the occasion in question I was Mr. and Mrs. Woodland's only guest. The banker slumbered in his arm-chair, the lady had two or three bits of gossip to tell about the neighborhood, and two or three new books to discuss with me, and a deal to say besides about the first appearance of a tooth in Miss Baby's little rosy mouth. That young heroine was brought down in state in her night-dress, and I had to examine the prodigy with much circumstance and solemnity.

Baby had retired again to the nursery, and had ceased her somewhat loud remonstrances with regard to the inconveniences of being brought down stairs to appear in the drawing-room in such a costume and at such an hour. Mrs. Woodland was standing on the hearth-rug looking in the mirror when the town clock in the market-place hard by struck eight. I was looking at the reflection of my hostess' face in the mirror, and thinking that it was certainly a very pretty one, when suddenly at the side of the lively brown eyes appeared precisely the same house, line for line, which I had seen in my dining-room mirror yesterday, at this same hour; garden, pagoda-like summer-house, silvery moonlight, yellow lamp-light gleam—all there.

I could not help a start and a murmured expression of wonder. Mrs. Woodland turned round quickly at the sound.

"What is the matter?" she asked in surprise.

"Oh, just a twinge of rheumatism in my shoulder," I answered carelessly. "I caught it riding home through the storm yesterday."

"Mr. Heathcote, what do you see so wonderful in the looking-glass to-night?" she asked a few minutes after, noticing with feminine quickness the direction in which my eyes, in spite of myself, were so frequently turned.

"I was thinking that if I was a little handsomer man than I am, I should try to get a wife made exactly on your pattern," I replied lightly.

With these and a few more jesting words I contrived to put Mrs. Woodland's curiosity to sleep again, while, from time to time, I watched the visionary house. It was just as I had expected; when the town clock chimed a quarter to nine, it vanished exactly as it had done on the previous night.

From that time forward, wherever I might be, if I was in the room with a looking-glass, I saw every evening, from eight to a quarter to nine, for the next month to come, the house in the mirror. Sometimes it met my view

in the tiny looking-glass on a cottage wall, where I was tending a poor patient, sometimes in the mirror of a friend's dining-room as I sat at dinner. There was never the faintest change in the vision; it was always marked exactly the same features. I cannot say but that this perpetual haunting of my life by so mysterious an apparition did make a vaguely uncomfortable and painful impression on my mind. But by strength of will, and by clinging resolutely and ceaselessly to all my active daily duties, I prevented its having a morbid, unhealthy effect upon me, I revealed the circumstance to no one, but appeared to the outer world as if there was no strange page in my commonplace story.

When, however, a month or so had passed by, there came a great, sudden, real sorrow, which most effectually thrust aside all inclination to brood over gloomy, shadowy, fanciful troubles. One morning there arrived a telegram from Lecco, on the Lago Como in North Italy, saying that my sister, on her way home from India, had fallen dangerously ill there, and calling me at once to her side. I knew that Lettie had been delicate ever since her baby was born, and that she was about to return to England for the sake of a cooler climate and the best medical advice. I knew, too, that she meant to return through Italy, but I was hardly aware that she had, as yet, started from Bombay, and I had not the faintest notion that her disease might possibly take such a dangerous turn. No wonder, then, that the tidings were a severe blow.

Lettie was far more to me than sisters generally are to their brothers. She was several years younger than I was, and she had been first my plaything, then my pupil; and I had experienced a pang of real jealousy on that day when, sitting on a stool at my feet, with her sweet face on my knees, she confessed to me that there was one who was more to her than I was, one who was more to her than all the world beside. This foolish feeling, of course, quickly passed away, and I rejoiced to see her a happy bride; yet Lettie was still my pet, my pride and my darling.

I will not dwell upon the hurried journey, with Fear sitting at my side nor the long nights and days of dreary anxious watching. It suffices to say here that my sweet girl was, at length, glided back to my arms, after, through long weeks, my medical care and skill had battled with death for her. During the whole of this period the house in the mirror never again appeared to me, and indeed, in my absorbing anxiety and trouble, the remembrance of it even hardly entered my mind.

One lovely evening in early spring, when Lettie was much better, but not strong enough yet to be moved, I had been taking a long ramble into the lovely country which surrounds Lake Como, and on my return had lost my way. The sun had set, the moon had risen, and was bathing the world in a silver sea. I had reached a path by the lake, and was pausing to consider in which direction Lecco lay. The scene around was all one glory of stillness and brightness. A breeze just stirred the waters softly with a kiss, the outline of the distant hills were soft and tender, as if drawn by an artist-angel's pencil; here and there among them there was a white glimmer which told of a hamlet or a homestead; hard by a nightingale just struck a single golden note, and then was silent again, as if he feared to break the calm spell of the moon.

All at once I started, and a low exclamation burst from my lips. My eyes were resting on the surface of the lake, and there, mirrored in its clear waters, I beheld exactly the same house and garden which had so often, before I left England, met my view in such a strange, mysterious way. Disturbed, astonished, unable to believe my own senses, I glanced round behind me, and there, on a little rising ground above the lake, I saw a house which corresponded to the reflection below, and which was, in every respect, the realization of my vision. Just then the clock of some distant church up among the hills struck eight.

The whole circumstance and coincidence was so singular that I could not help being impressed and startled by it. Antagonistic though my whole energetic nature was to all imaginary fears and beliefs, I approached the gate of the garden, and noted how in every smallest particular, even to the star-like flowers of the creeper on the wall, even to the fresco of the old woman with the basket of oranges at her feet, even to the slightly opened window with the ray of light gliding through it, it was the complete likeness of the house which had so often met my view in the mirror. The very name of the villa written over the gate fitted me with a strange, eerie feeling. It was 'La Casa dello Specchio.' It had evidently been so named from the peculiarly clear and beautiful reflection which it had produced in the waters of the lake.

The complex thoughts and feelings which the sight of the villa and its name called up, caused me to linger near it for some little time, until I began to fear that my mind was going to take a morbid, sickly turn, and I resolved to leave the spot at once. Just as I had turned to go, however, a gold seal, which had belonged to my father which, therefore, was much valued by me, happened to fall from my watch-chain, and I spent some time in looking for it; for it had rolled down the hill into the grass.

I had at length found the seal, and was moving away, when the same distant church struck a quarter to nine. Scarcely had the sound died on the breeze, when a long, shrill cry came ringing out of the house into the night apparently through the partially open window. After that, I cannot describe the motives which impelled me; I only know that, led by what was more like instinct than anything else, I rushed across the garden and entered the door of the lonely house.

There, the first thing I beheld in the little entrance-hall, was a girl, with a fair English face, in a state of evident great terror and agitation.

"What is the matter?" I asked. "I heard your cry. I am an Englishman, and I am here to give you any help and service I can."

"My father, who is lying ill, has just swallowed poison by mistake," she answered at once, for great grief is never surprised. "I could not help crying out when I discovered it. All our servants happen to be out, and I have no one to send to Como for a doctor."

"I am one," I said, "and, with God's help, I will save your father."

It so happened that that day I had been moping Lettie into more airy lodgings, and had put my traveling case of medicine and instruments, for better security into the pocket of my great coat, which hung on my arm.

The rest is quickly told. I saved, by the prompt measures I took, the poisoned man's life, and that fair girl has become my home queen. The villa is her father's property, and their brightest holidays are spent in 'La Casa dello Specchio'—the house of the mirror.—*Whitehall Review.*

A Telegraph Story.

A gentleman of the Western Union telegraph office, 145 Broadway, New York, was sitting in the cable room when a telegram from Philadelphia, destined for Paris, came over the wires. This message, like all others for France, was to go over the cable via Duxbury, Mass. The operator called Duxbury a few times and then said: "That fellow is asleep evidently; but the cable men are always awake—I'll have to get one of them to go in and wake him up." So he stepped to another desk, called Plaiside Cove, in Newfoundland, and sent the following message: "To cable operator, Duxbury: Please go in and wake up my own true love." This message Plaiside Cove has invented to send across the ocean to Valencia, Ireland, who in turn 'rushed' it to London; thence it was hurried to Paris, and still onward to the European end of the French cable at St. Pierre; the operator there flashed it back to Duxbury. In less than two minutes by the clock the message had accomplished its journey of some eight thousand miles by land and sea, as evidenced by the clicking of the instrument on the Duxbury desk, which ticked out in a manner a little more petulant: "That is a nice way to do; go ahead. Your own true love!"

A FORTUNE FROM SIX INCHES OF STRING.—You see that large factory? It covers the block. Half a million of money wouldn't buy it. Well, it was built by a little piece of cord not more than six inches long. Here the speaker paused and scrutinized the reporter's countenance for indications of incredulity, not to say astonishment. But the narrator was talking to a man who, since the introduction of the telephone, has made it a point of principle to be ready for anything and to believe all that he hears. The speaker added: "Eight years ago there lived on the west side, the third story of a cheap tenement, down near the North river, a poor mechanic, who was kept poor because he had a passion for inventing; it amounted to a passion. He didn't drink and didn't travel with the politicians, and all who knew his family wondered why they should be so poor. Time passed on, and still the man was poor. But at last he perfected an invention—the simplest thing on earth—and with his patent in his hand he went downtown one day and called for the head of a house whose check was current for five figures anywhere in the street." The inventor offered to sell two-thirds of his patent for \$20,000 if the house would bind itself to put \$100,000 into factories for producing the little thing that he had invented. The firm signed papers in less than an hour from the time of hearing the proposal; and in another hour the inventor had converted the

firm's check for \$20,000 into greenbacks. Lots were bought, and a factory was erected. The business speedily grew to gigantic proportions, and at length the firm acquired all the rest of the block, and covered it with brick and mortar, and now the inventor is able to associate with the millionaires. The little globe fastener—a piece of cord about six inches long and a dozen little metal hooks or buttons—is the thing that was invented."

Heroism, as Lately Shown.

When'er a noble deed is wrought,
When'er is spoken a noble thought,
The heart springs up in glad surprise,
Our souls to higher levels rise.

Carlyle tells us: "Heroism is the divine relation which in all times unites a great man to other men." The late overwhelming disaster to the City of Columbus, amid the terrors of intense frost and a raging sea, fighting for their prey, where so many, fleeing the rigors of a northern winter to a mild climate, met their sudden and fearful fate—shows amid its horrors and gloom one gleam of light in the heroism of Lieut. Rhodes in his persistent efforts to save the last two living souls clinging to life amid the frozen ropes of the doomed vessel. Yet this is only among many deeds of noble self-forgetfulness in an age called exceptionally selfish and practical.

Who that read it, can forget the description of the expression in the face of the man entrapped in the Brooklyn tunnel, deep sweeping toward him in wild water, as he cried to those without 'to save themselves?' No frantic, forgetful effort to escape himself with the flood, realizing in that instant all that awaited him, that hero thought not of his own, but the safety of others. At the time one of the papers said, 'In the old world he would have been buried with great honor, with the medal 'for valor' on his breast.' In the new world he lives in many hearts. Let us hope and believe that those who saw that noble look of resignation and self-sacrifice, through the glass that divided them from him and a terrible death, were raised by it, and their gratitude to a height from which they never fall.

Nor have we forgotten the brave captain of the *Sewanhaka*, as he labored on the burning deck, amid smoke and flame unconscious of self, and physical pain, until all were safe! His humble answer to those who sought him where he lay (blinded and bandaged) in a hospital, to express their sense of his heroism was: 'I did simply my plain duty.' Who remembers his name even? These are some of the many noble acts brought to our eyes in the daily chronicle of the world's doings. There are many less conspicuous, a poor minor gives or perils his life to save that of another to whom life is as hard and workaday, and (to us) apparently bald. This divine spark is confined to no class. We read, admire and perhaps forget them, though they are worthy to be written in letters of gold. They are lives are elevated and enriched, we have some reflected credit, that those of our kind have in supreme moments of their lives, 'that little gleam of time between two eternities,' borne themselves in an exalted way. The door of such deeds, may have seemed plain and commonplace, of no heroic mold to our eyes. But there has sprung up in him at the fitting time, and place, spontaneously, instantaneously a noble forgetfulness of peril to self, in the high desire to rescue from it another—even a stranger, which flames into heroism.

LOCAL AND OTHER ITEMS.

Assumpscog & Mass. Valley Railroad

LEAVE STANSTEAD.

Going North (Mixed) 5 55 a.m.
Going North (Mixed) 12 40 p.m.
Going North (Mixed) 7 10 p.m.
Going South (Express) 9 15 p.m.

ARRIVE AT STANSTEAD.

From North, a South 6 50 a.m.
From North, a South 1 15 p.m.
From North, a South 7 40 p.m.
From Express, a South 9 40 p.m.

Religious Meetings.

Methodist—(Rev. Mr. Pitcher) Sunday services, Stanstead, 10 30, a. m., 7 00, p. m.
Episcopal—(Rev. Geo. Thorneley) Sunday services, 10 30, a. m., 7 p. m. Wednesday Evening Service at 7 30 p. m.
Congregational—(Rev. W. C. Wood) Sunday services, Rock Island, 10 30, a. m., 7 00, p. m.
Catholic—(Rev. Mr. Dufresne) Sunday services, 10, a. m., 2 p. m.

Episcopal Service, Beebe Plain—(Rev. Geo. Thorneley)—Every Sunday at 3 00, p. m.
Methodist Church, Beebe Plain—(Rev. S. J. Hughes, M. A.)—Service every Sabbath at 10 30. Social meeting at 7 p. m.

Post Offices.

The Post Offices at Stanstead, Rock Island and Derby Line, have daily mails from Boston and Montreal and all intermediate points. Time of arrival and departure are given by the time tables of the Railroads, daily mail to Stanstead by stage, leaving at 8 a. m., and returning the same evening daily stage to Island Pond, leaving at 1 p. m., arriving at 11 a. m. Mail from Montreal and Morgan Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

Oriental Lodge, I. O. O. F.

Derby Line, Vt.
Meetings every Monday evening at 7. Members of the order are cordially invited to attend.
Dr. A. G. Brown, Sec'y.

Frontier Encampment, No. 13, I. O. O. F.

Derby Line, Vt.
Meetings second and fourth Friday evenings of each month at 7 30 P. M.
Jas. Young, J. A. Scribner.

Masonic Hall, Stanstead, Q.

GOLDEN RULE LODGE, No. 5, F. & A. M.
Regular communication Tuesday, March 11, 1884.
C. M. Thomas, Sec'y.

Have you been to the Carnival?

—How does your head feel?
—Does your hat fit you?
—Read the notices in another column under the head of "general notices." We would again remind our correspondents that all notices of lectures, donation visits, &c., come under this head.

—Derby Line National Bank has declared a semi-annual dividend of 4 per cent. payable on and after Feb. 4.

—A thaw set in yesterday and continued through the day and night and still continues.

—The Standard Manufacturing Co. at this place are meeting with good success in the sale of overalls, jumpers, &c.

—The Assumpscog Railroad has declared a dividend (half yearly) of 3 per cent.

Messrs. L. R. Robinson, G. W. Bangs and A. J. Lawrence, are at Rutland, Vt., this week attending the annual meeting of the Grand Lodge, I. O. O. F. We trust they will find time to call at the House of Correction and see how things are (prospering).

—Mrs. H. C. Baxter arrived here on Monday evening for a short visit. The Major, accompanied by Mr. J. F. Varney, day clerk of the Boston Hotel, and Mr. W. Pike of this place, are in Montreal attending the Carnival.

—After feasting themselves on blood-pudding and pea soup and seeing the sights, they will stop here a few days on their way back to the "Hub."

—We would remind the young ladies that St. Valentine's day occurs one week from to-day, (Thursday 14), and that we shall be happy to receive any number of Valentines—that is if they are artistic—but for gracious sake don't send us any of those cheap comeones, as we got a supply of that kind last year.

—This is leap-year and gives the ladies a gentleman's privilege in making love. But we would ask the young men what they would think of a young lady if she should follow their example and take a position on the street corner, and spit tobacco juice on their coat tails. Again, would it look well for a dozen or more young ladies to loaf around in front of a church for an hour on Sunday nights, sparring and knocking off hats, and dancing a tangle on the sidewalk, in order to kill time until the congregation is dismissed, and then buckle up to a young man to escort him home.

—At a regular meeting of Border Lodge, No. 151, I. O. G. T., held at Rock Island, Friday evening, Feb. 1st, 1884, the following officers were duly installed for the ensuing quarter by Lodge Deputy, G. W. Bangs:

W. F. Armstrong, C. T.; Miss Cora Williamson, V. T.; L. Van Vleet, Sec'y.; E. E. McGaffey, Financial Sec'y.; Miss Nellie Edwards, Treas.; C. Lomer, Chaplain; L. McDuffee, Marshal; E. Noel, Guard; Miss Nettie Larabee, Sentinel; Miss C. Magoon, Assistant Sec'y.; Miss M. Martin, Dep. Warden; Miss A. B. Hanson, R. H. S.; Miss Mary Halley, L. H. S. The Lodge now numbers 67 members.

Beebe Plain.
E. G. Miller, Esq., was re-elected mayor of this corporation for the ensuing year.

John Lomer has a very severe illness attacked on Sunday evening, and for a time it was feared that it would prove fatal, but he is now considered out of danger.

—The temperance meeting of the W. C. Temperance Union, on Tuesday evening, at the Union Church, Derby Line, was one of great interest. Mrs. Dr. Cowles, presided. Rev. Will C. Wood prayed, and then presented a partial report on opening a petition for the fewest licenses possible, as a temporary measure till the prohibitory Scott Act can be voted upon.

The features of the evening were the addresses of Mrs. S. E. Blodgett and Rev. Mr. Flanders.

Mrs. Blodgett surprised even her friends by her success as a public speaker. Her address was graceful, suggestive, pungent, and thoroughly earnest, clear, quiet and effective in delivery. With such landscapes, lakes, and mountains, and such an intelligent people, why five or six rum-selling plague-spots?

Rev. Mr. Flanders was evidently a favorite. He made an earnest and telling address, interspersed with anecdotes of interest.

The meeting was well attended, and other meetings will follow. There is a feeling that the rum traffic must go!

—There was considerable excitement on Monday, by the report that the safe of Wm. Spalding, merchant, at Derby Line, had been robbed of \$115 in cash and notes to the amount of \$2,400. It seems that a man came into the store and stepped into the office where the safe stands and which was open at the time. He was followed by Mr. Spalding, who informed him that no one was allowed in the office unless accompanied by himself or one of the clerks, and the man departed. Soon after Mr. S. went to the safe to make change, and discovered that the money and notes were missing. The man who had entered the office was found and searched, but nothing was found upon him. He was afterwards arrested on this side of the line and taken to Stanstead Plain, where a hearing was in progress on Tuesday evening, during which word was sent Mr. S. that the pocketbook containing the money and notes had been found by one of the clerks behind some shoe boxes in the office, and the man was discharged.

—A load of hay which had been drawn on Saturday and left by the side of Mr. Fred Pierce's barn overnight, was found to be on fire Sunday afternoon and was entirely consumed, the fine stable occupying with a slight scorching. Fred is in Montreal, had been at home, his first thought would have probably been to rush to the rescue of that noble animal known as the "donkey," which our people often see rushing through the streets propelled by two boys hold of the bridle, half-dozed pushing the sleigh, and as many more pushing on the reins.

Municipal.

A meeting of the Municipal Council of the Township of Stanstead for organization and general business was held at the house of Wm. T. Knight, Smith Mills, on Monday Feb. 4, 1884. Present, Councilors Moses Blunt, Wilder Brown, Wm. E. Tuck, T. B. Rider, T. A. Quimby and E. W. Morrill.

The newly elected Councilors having filed the oaths of office on motion of Counsellor Tuck seconded by Counsellor Brown, T. B. Rider, Esq., was appointed Mayor for the ensuing year. The minutes of the last regular session of council having been read and confirmed, D. A. Mansur, Sec. Treas., called the attention of the meeting to the fact of his having expressed a wish to be relieved from longer serving as Sec. Treas. The different municipal elections the variously constituted councils together with the important points of Municipal business taken up by them for the past 18 years were reviewed, and after thanking the Councils for their uniform courtesy and the ratifiers of Stanstead for their confidence, Mr. Mansur requested the appointment of a Sec. Treas. in his place. Applications were then made by H. C. Hill, Willard Miller, Wm. T. Knight and Chas. Comstock, for the position, which resulted in the appointment of Wm. T. Knight as Sec. Treas., to take place on the first Monday in March next.

A Committee consisting of Councilors Brown, Quimby and Morrill was appointed to take an inventory at the Town Farm, settle all bills in connection with the same, and appoint a manager for the ensuing year.

The Township of Stanstead for Parliamentary election purposes was divided into six Polling Sub-divisions, as follows:

Sub-division No. 1, Georgeville—Ranges 1, 2 and 3 inclusive; Lots 11 to 29 inclusive.

Sub-division No. 2, Fitch Bay—Ranges 4 to 8 inclusive; Lots 18 to 29 inclusive.

Sub-division No. 3, Griffin's Corner—Ranges 1 to 7 inclusive to lot 14 therein, Ranges 4 to 7 inclusive; Lots 1 to 17 inclusive in above ranges.

Sub-division No. 4, Bibby's Mills—Ranges 9 to 14 inclusive; Lots 15 to 29 inclusive.

Sub-division No. 5, Rock Island—Ranges 5 to 14 inclusive; Lots 1 to 5 inclusive.

Sub-division No. 6, Mansur School House—Ranges 8 to 14 inclusive; Lots 6 to 14 inclusive.

Bills amounting to \$10.75 in aid of poor, and bills of \$43 on bridges were allowed and paid.

J. A. Jenkins and B. P. Brown were accepted as securities for the new Sec. Treas.

Georgeville.

Mr. James Austin, an old resident of East Bolton, died Saturday evening Feb. 2nd, in his 86th year. His death resulted from old age. Mr. Austin leaves a wife aged 82 years, also one son, who is in California. He was one of the surviving few whose birth took place in the last century and who are fast passing away.

J. P. Talbot has the frame of his steam mill all raised, and now awaits the completion of the 35 horse power engine and boiler which is being built in Montreal, the engine it is expected will be finished by the 15 inst. Mr. Talbot has purchased the house and lot where his mill is situated and which was formerly occupied by E. J. Tuck and has removed there to his late occupant Charles King moving into a part of the tenant house of John Taylor, James E. Davidson has moved into the new cottage near the lake shore and James Achilles has moved into rooms in the Masonic building. David Robichand who lived in Mr. Tuck's house which was burned has moved into John Murray's house where he had previously lived. Mr. Robichand lost about \$50 worth of clothing and things in the fire which was quite a loss for him, as his health is not good.

Rev. C. B. Turner, formerly of this place, is here on a visit accompanied by Mrs. Turner. He preached at the Baptist Church on Sunday, and will preach at the same place next Sunday.

The Methodist and Adventists have joined hands here, and are holding a series of revival meetings at the Methodist church.

Our genial friend, Orson Oliver, rejoices in a \$150 watch, and when his \$50 chain is completed, he will have the best rig in town.

—His two brothers, Colorado sent him a check for \$200 as a present, to be expended in purchasing a gold watch and chain.

The new Council met on Monday and re-elected A. P. Cilley, Esq., mayor.

A large company met at the residence of Mr. Peter Gooley on Friday evening, Feb. 1st, it being the anniversary of his birthday, and a very social and enjoyable time was had. Mrs. Gooley furnished a nice supper and everybody seemed happy, as all should on such occasions.

Magog.

Rev. Mr. Campbell, of Sherbrooke gave the first of a pre-arranged course of lectures, on Friday evening, to a good audience who were highly entertained and instructed. The subject was "A Town in the British Isles," and must have awakened many pleasant remembrances in the minds of all whose birth has been in the venerable mother country. The next lecture is on the 13th inst., by Rev. Mr. Jackson. Subject—"The Waldensian Church."

The Thespian Club will soon make their debut in connection with a public meeting under the auspices of the Sons of Temperance. The literary society is rapidly advancing. We have found the leader and he is buckling on his armor.

GENERAL NOTICES.

[Locals inserted under this head for 10 cents per line. Socials, Bazaars, etc., 8 cents per line.]

—Mrs. Emily McLaughlin, of Boston, Mass., a very gifted and well known lecturer, will speak on temperance in the Congregational church, Rock Island, on Friday the 15th, inst. Mrs. McLaughlin lectured on temperance in Montreal for six nights last fall, each lecture drawing large audiences who were highly impressed by her eloquent and forcible addresses.

Rev. Wm. Jackson, of Montreal, will lecture in the Methodist Church, Beebe Plain, on Tuesday evening, 12th inst. Subject—"Power and limits of money in relation to the best things of the present life."

Postscript from the 12th to the 19th inst. the sale of Apron and Candies, by the ladies of the Methodist Church, in the Village Hall, Derby Line.

There will be a Public Temperance meeting in the School house, Fitch Bay, on Friday evening, 8th inst., to be addressed by Mr. McMurray of Montreal. All are cordially invited to attend.

February Prices:

FLINT THE DRUGGIST, Derby Line and Rock Island.—Sells

Diamonds, 6 cents.
White, Richards & Co., Butter Color, 25c size at 17c.
50c " 33c.
Thatcher's But ter color, 25c size for 17c.
50c size for 33c.

Hop Bitters, 68c.
Pure oil cottonseed, 13c per pound.

—The "Social" in connection with Christ Church, Stanstead, is to be postponed from Jan. 31st to Feb. 14th.

Don't be humbugged. Go to the Rock Island Tin-shop and leave your orders for Sap Buckets, prices \$14 to \$20 per hundred. This is a low price. Every bucket warranted to give satisfaction. Come one come all and see what bargains I now offer.

84W4 JOHN PAUL.

H. A. Channell is now buying Butter, paying cash, prices according to quality. Canada butter will be taken in at Stanstead Store, American butter at his Derby Line Store.

TAKE NOTICE.—All those wishing to purchase Heaters, Exporters Sap Buckets, &c., cannot make any mistake by leaving their orders at the Rock Island Tin Shop.

83W4 JOHN PAUL.

—Call at the JOURNAL office for pocket memorandums, butcher books, cash books, ledgers, journals, day books, &c. A few copies of cheap safety instruments, "scribbling book," exercise books, pencils, ink, pocketcap, letter and note papers, envelopes, visiting cards, business cards, variety of styles and sizes. All these goods sold very low for cash.

Moos River.

The world moves—says one writer. This may be so with the water in our river, but the honest miller, complains that it is very low.

There are prospects of a door and ash factory being started here.

Our district school teacher (Miss LeBaron of Hatley) is doing a good work with the children. Singing school twice a week, writing school three times, and temples once in two weeks, with oyster suppers, church meetings, &c., keep our people quite busy, yet there is more to come, February 12th instant, there will be a benediction visit at the parsonage for the benefit of Rev. A. D. Jones, to which all are invited to attend.

The wood managers and lumbermen are improving the snow to the best advantage. Hay and grain plenty and labor scarce.

Fall River, Mass., spinners decided to go out on a strike Monday morning, and a long and bitter struggle is expected.

Eastern Townships Bank,

Authorized Capital. \$1,500,000
Reserve Fund. 300,000
STANSTEAD BRANCH.
General Banking.
DRAFTS issued available at all points in Canada and the United States. Sterling and American Exchange bought and sold. Interest allowed on Savings Bank Deposits. Collections made at all accessible points and promptly remitted.
S. STEVENS, Manager.
1940

THE NATIONAL BANK

OF DERBY LINE, VT.
Having opened an account in
MONTREAL.
Are prepared to sell exchange, and make collections, on favorable terms, on all points in CANADA.
Drafts on Montreal taken at par on deposit, and on other places at cost of collection.
Derby Line, Nov. 7, 1883. 73

Dr. Starr's

CORN WART
&
BUNION SOLVENT
The Wonderful Corn Remover.
Don't let medicine hurt you.
Price 25 Cts.
J. T. FLINT & CO., Pharmacists,
Rock Island, P. Q., and Derby Line, Vt.

Bargains! Bargains!!

GREAT CLEARING OUT SALE
—OF—
STOVES AT A. C. HALL'S,
STANSTEAD PLAIN.
AS I must have the room now occupied with Stoves, I will sell the balance for much less than their real value. I will sell you a Stove really worth \$34 for \$28, one worth \$32 for \$26, one worth \$28 for \$24, and so on through the list. My Stoves are all first-class and have always given entire satisfaction. Any one wanting a Stove will do well to take advantage of this liberal offer. No such offer ever before made. Six dollars saved on a single Cook Stove.—Don't let this chance go by, but call and see the Stoves. I shall sell you one at some price, as I must get them cleared out by the last of February next.

I have a large Stock of
AGATE WARE
Consisting of Chamber Pails, Water Pails, Sauce Pans, Preserver Kettles, Fry Pans, Ladles, Spoons, Wash Dishes, Tea and Coffee Pots, &c.
[In order to reduce my Stock, I will sell 25 Per Cent. Under Current Prices for the next thirty days. Don't miss this chance to buy.]
A. C. HALL,
Stanstead, Jan. 28, 1884. 85

Rev. Father Wilds' EXPERIENCE.

The Rev. P. Wilds, well-known city missionary in New York, and brother of the late eminent Judge Wilds, of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, writes as follows:

"At 8, 5th St., New York, May 16, 1882. Messrs. J. C. AYER & Co., Gentlemen: Last winter I was troubled with a most uncomfortable itching humor affecting more especially my limbs, which itched so intolerably at night, and burned so intensely that I could scarcely bear any clothing over them. I was also a sufferer from a severe skin disease, known as Eczema, my appetite was poor, and my system a good deal out of order. Knowing that I was a sufferer from many other cases, and from personal use in former years, I began taking the above-named medicine. My appetite improved almost from the first dose. After a short time the fever and itching were allayed, and all signs of irritation of the skin disappeared. My strength and courage were also cured by the same means, and my general health greatly improved, until I am now stronger, and I attribute these results to the use of AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS, which I recommend with all confidence as the best blood medicine ever devised. I took it in small doses at first, and then increased it, in all, less than two bottles. I place these facts at your service, hoping that your publication may do good."

Yours respectfully, Z. P. WILDS.

The above instance is but one of the many constantly coming to our notice, which prove the perfect adaptability of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA to the cure of all diseases arising from impure or impregnated blood, and a weakened vitality.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

cleanses, enriches, and strengthens the blood, stimulates the action of the stomach and bowels, and thereby enables the system to resist and overcome the attacks of all Scrofulous Disorders, Eruptions of the Skin, Eczema, Catarrh, General Debility, and all Disorders resulting from poor or corrupted blood and a low state of the system.

PREPARED BY
DR. J. C. AYER & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists; price 25c. per bottle.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS.

Best Purgative Medicine
cure Constipation, Indigestion, Headache, and
all Bilious Affections.
Sold everywhere. Always reliable.

PATENTS

MUNN & CO., of the BUREAU OF PATENT ATTORNEYS, corner of Broadway and Chambers Streets, New York, have been appointed exclusive agents for the sale of the following PATENTS in Canada:—The PATENT for the Improved Method of Making Paper, by the use of the "MUNN & CO. PATENT" PROCESS, which enables the manufacturer to produce paper of superior quality, and at a much lower cost than the ordinary process. The PATENT for the Improved Method of Making Paper, by the use of the "MUNN & CO. PATENT" PROCESS, which enables the manufacturer to produce paper of superior quality, and at a much lower cost than the ordinary process. The PATENT for the Improved Method of Making Paper, by the use of the "MUNN & CO. PATENT" PROCESS, which enables the manufacturer to produce paper of superior quality, and at a much lower cost than the ordinary process.

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