Ex-Governors of Vermont.

There are living at the present time eleven ex-Governors of Vermont. The venerable war Governor of the State, Frederick Holbrook, is still living at Brattleboro. He was elected to office thirty-five years ago, and is the oldest of those who have filled Vermont's executive chair. George W. Hendee, of Morrisville, filled out the unexpired term of Peter T. Washburne, who died in 1870, and John W. Stewart, of Middlebury, was Governor from 1870 to 1872. In 1878 Senator Redfield Proctor, President Harrison's Secretary of War, was elected Governor. His successors, all of whom are living, were Roswell Farnham of Bradford, John L. Barstow of Shelburne, Samuel E. Pingree of Hartford, Ebenezer J. Ormsbee of Brandon, William P. Dillingham of Waterbury, Carrol S. Page of Hyde Park, and Levi K. Fuller of Brattleboro.

Low Rate Excursions South.

On the first and third Tuesday of each month till October about half-rates for round trip will be made to points in the South by the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. Ask your ticket agent about it, and if he cannot sell you excursion tickets write to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or

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THE FAMILY STORY

GENTLEMAN JIM'S MASCOT.

AN unusual proceeding was going forward in Forty-rod Fred's saloon. The faro dealers forsook their silver boxes, the croupiers left their roulette wheels and the gamblers broke off their games at the poker tables. Every man crowded around the bar and, strange to say, it was not for a drink. Old Kanuck was going to deliver himself of a speech; but it was his theme rather than the speech itself which drew the profound attention of everyone in the saloon.

One of Kanuck's hands (for the purpose, probably, of emphasizing his remarks) wielded a beer mallet. The other hand rested upon the curly head of a bright-eyed youngster of 4 years, who sat on the bar and persisted in grinning at Oklahoma Bill, a cowboy with a record of two right there in Dickinson, four in the Bad Lands, and heaven only knows how many during the Oklahoma "rush."

Kanuck cleared his throat impressively.

"Ladies an' gents," he began.

"Ladies nothin'!" broke in One-eyed Billings; "none here."

"I said 'ladies,'" went on Kanuck, with dignity, "an' I say it ag'in. Anyone take exceptions?"

No one spoke, and Kanuck brought the beer mallet down on the bar with a force that made the youngster jump. No exceptions being taken, Kanuck proceeded:

"I reckon you all know how this kid came to Dickinson—father died on the Blue Mountain stage—nothin' to tell who he was—no money in his clo'es—kid not able to spin his own yarn—consekently, dumped onto this big-hearted community of Dickinson an' 'specially Injun Sam, the half-breed, who took him in and was 'lowin' to bring him up. That was a year ago. Now what's the condition o' things? Las' night Sam crossed the divide, done up by no 'count Hank Andrews an' a Colt forty-four. Judge Lynch took care o' Hank this mornin', but here's the kid. Injun Sam owed the doctor in Corkerville, 'count o' the kid, somethin' like fifty plunkers; he owed Forty-rod Fred a bar bill of twenty more, an' odds an' ends 'round town to make up an even hundr'd. We don't think the kid'll bring so high a price, but the highest bidder gets him, an' if the hundr'd dollar mark ain't reached each creditor of Sam's realizes accordin'. Now, then, who's the first bidder? Start the ball, gents. Nice kid—never heard him cry in my life. Who gets the first whack?"

Oklahoma Bill, who wanted the youngster about as badly as he wanted a white elephant, counted his money and put in a bid of $6.50.

"Raise ye three an' a half," said One-eyed Billings.

Oklahoma Bill promptly unbuckled his pistol-belt and laid it on the bar.

"Cost me forty in Heleny," he remarked, defiantly; "if it't go here at twenty, I'll see Billings an' go him ten better."

"Going at twenty," cried Kanuck, flourishing his beer mallet; "are you all done? He's dirt cheap at that. Why, I wouldn't play it so low down on an Injun kid as to sell it at that figger!"

"Fifty dollars!"

This bid was made by Gentleman Jim, the gambler.

Every one looked at him.

"What the deuce do you want with a kid of that caliber?" asked Forty-rod Fred.

"I'm down on my luck and I want a mascot."

"Hold on a minit!" yelled Oklahoma Bill; "I'll borry money enough ter beat that raise."

He dashed out of the saloon. In a few minutes he came back and bid $60.

"Seventy-five," said Gentleman Jim; "I'll have the boy if it takes a thousand."

"That does me," muttered Bill, as he buckled on his pistol belt.

"Goin', goin', goin'," said Kanuck, his beer mallet poised in air; "are ye all done? Sold to Gentleman Jim for seventy-five."

The beer mallet fell and the deal was closed.

"Say," whispered Oklahoma Bill as Gentleman Jim left the saloon with the kid over his arm, "can I come down and play with the leetle duffer 'casionally?"

"Certainly, Bill—any time."

"'Bliged ter ye," and Bill balanced his plug of tobacco on his nose until the youngster got out of sight. * * *

As Gentleman Jim crossed the footbridge spanning the stream that lay between Dickinson and his cabin in Blacksnake Hollow the moonlight quivered upon the upturned edges of the waves like an ever-shifting network of gold; and the stars above seemed caught in the net below. The night was still save for the chirping crickets and the harsher notes of the frogs. These sounds seemed to awaken a loneliness in the gambler's breast. He paused, leaned on the hand-rail, looking down into the water. Suddenly he drew a package from his pocket and dropped it into the stream. Then he turned and continued on his way with a firmer stride while the words "No more," broke from his lips in an undertone.

Opening the door of the cabin in the Hollow, he found a dim light burning on the table and a man, smoking, sitting by the bed and watching the features of a sleeping child.

"Bill?"

"Soft, ole man, the kid's asleep."

Oklahoma Bill got up.

"Look-ee thar," he went on, motioning toward the bed; "talk about yer cherubses—they ain't in it with that face. I've been a'settin' right thar, like a lump on a log, watchin' them sleepin' features, an' I swear, Jim, 't was as good as a sermon."

Gentleman Jim caught Bill's hand and led him to the other side of the room.

"I want to talk with you, Bill. Sit down here."

"What's up, Jim? Ye're glummer 'n I ever seen ye."

"I've taken that youngster to raise, haven't I?"

"We have, Jim. Ye promised me that more'n a month ago, just arter ye put up that seventy-five an' got him."

"Yes, yes. We've taken him to raise. The question is this: We're morally responsible for that lad's welfare?"

"Sartin," said Bill, reflectively, as he toyed with his pipe.

"At his age a child receives strong impressions—impressions that may endure through life. Suppose he should grow up to be a gambler, or—or——"

"Or a whisky-guzzlin', no-'count cowpuncher, with nothin' but a murder record ter back up his claims to respectability, hey? Out with it, Jim. I don' mind—it's the truth."

"How would you feel to have the lad grow up so?"

"I'd feel as though he ought to've died in that Blue Mountain stage, 'long with his pap."

Bill looked hard at the dim light. There was a silence, and Jim drew closer to Bill and laid a hand on his knee.

"Bill, let's reform."

Bill looked into his friend's face blankly.

"Mean it?"

"Do I mean it?" repeated the other, slowly. "Bill, I have no other profession but that of gambling. I was never taught an honest trade, and that came easiest for me to learn myself. To-night I dropped my cards into the river. Perhaps I can turn cowboy or miner, and make a living for the lad and myself."

Bill went to the door, drew something from his pocket, and Jim heard a crash of breaking glass outside.

"No more whisky in mine," said Bill, as he came back and caught Gentleman Jim's hand. "This is another partnership, hey?"

"Yes," replied the gambler, quietly.

* * * * * * * *

"Jim, are ye thar?"

"Yes."

"Kid asleep?"

"Yes."

"Come out and let me swap a few words with ye."

Gentleman Jim got up and went out of the cabin.

"What is it, Bill?" asked Jim, as he stepped out into the moonlight.

"Did ye notice my breath?"

"Yes," was the low reply. "You've been drinking, Bill."

"You bet I have," returned Bill, defiantly, "an' I'm goin' ter keep it right up till the jim-jams git me an' choke off my wind. Durn it, I ain't fit ter live. I ain't got no moral right ter look the kid in the face arter this. For the last ten days life's been a reglar hell for me—I wanted drink an' I wanted it bad. Seemed like the devil was grippin' at my insides. When I felt the worst, if I'd come up here, an' go to funnin' with the kid I'd forget all 'bout it—bless them dancin' blue eyes o' his! But the kid's got ter sleep—he can't stay up all night jest ter fun with me an' fight off the whisky habit. Two hours ago I came here an' peeked in the winder. He was asleep an' you set by the table with yer head in yer hands. It was either fool with the kid er go to boozin' at Forty-rod Fred's, an'—an'—well, I didn't want to disturb the kid, so I rushed back to Dickinson an' tossed off a couple o' glasses of Jersey lightnin', an' I wish ter Gawd I was dead. I ain't no more fit to come up here funnin' with that kid than the kid it fit ter fool with a rattler—not a bit. Ain't disgusted, are ye?"

"No."

"The only bright spot in this rough life o' mine has been the time I spent with the kid. Now, I ain't got no partnership in him—I throw it up. I'm never goin' ter see him ag'in—only jest once. The minit I teched likker, after swearin' off—that settled it. Good-by to the kid. I want him to grow up right without bein' hampered by a worthless sot like me. I jest want ter see him once more as he sleeps, Jim. Can I go in?"

"Yes; but wait a minute. We undertook too big a contract when we started in to raise the youngster. Not that our intentions weren't good enough, Bill, but our morals were lacking. Suppose he should grow up to have my reputation flung in his face at every turn? Once a man establishes a bad reputation, nothing he does afterward can live it down."

Bill made no reply. After a short silence Jim continued:

"I was thinking to-night, probably as you looked through the window and saw me, that the boy should be taken away."

"Whar?"

"I have a sister—an honorable and upright a woman as the sun ever shone on. She lives in——"

"Don't tell—on yer life! Never even whisper her name, nor where she lives. 'cause if it was a thousand miles off, an' I knew the place, the time 'u'd come when I'd crawl on my knees all the way jest ter see the kid. You take him, Jim, an' take him to-morrer. Will ye?"

"Yes."

"Will ye come back?"

"At once."

"An' go to gamblin' ag'in?"

"I suppose so."

Bill fumbled in his pocket.

"Here's forty plunkets—every cent I've got in the world. I sold my pistol belt to Ole Kanuck. That money's for the kid. Let yer sister keep it for him."

"Will you see us in the morning, when we take the Blue Mountain stage?"

"Yes, I'll be on hand. Good-night, Jim."

"Good-night, Bill."

* * * * * * * *

A week had passed after the departure of Gentleman Jim and his protege, and Oklahoma Bill was anxiously watching for the Blue Mountain stage to bring back his friend, with later tidings of "the kid." One morning the stage failed to pull into Dickinson, and the citizens of the town gathered in groups to discuss the unusual occurrence.

"I'll bet a dollar ag'in a dime that thar's been a hold-up," said One-eyed Billings.

This was the general opinion until, late in the afternoon, Nat Palmer, the driver of the stage, rode into Dickinson supporting the form of a man across the saddle in front of him. He was instantly surrounded by a mob of curious citizens.

"What's the matter, Ned?" asked Old Kanuck.

"Stage tipped over on Blue Mountain an' spilled me an' the only passenger I had into Hazard Gulch. Lift him down, boys. I reckon he's mighty near done up."

"Why," exclaimed the bystanders, as the luckless passenger was taken out of Palmer's arms; "it's Gentleman Jim!"

Gentleman Jim was carried into Forty-rod Fred's, and made as comfortable as possible. Some liquor was forced down his throat and he gradually revived. His eyes turned slowly about the room.

"Where's Oklahoma Bill?" he asked, feebly; "get him, quick."

At this juncture Bill came elbowing his way through the crowd. He paused beside Gentleman Jim.

"I've heerd all 'bout it, ole man," he said, in a low tone; "ye're playin' in hard luck. Can't I go to Corkerville for a doctor?"

"No good," replied Jim, faintly; "my chips would be cashed in before you got a mile from town. It's all right, Bill."

"'Bout the kid?"

"Yes. She took him. Said she'd never tell him anything about me, or——"

"Me."

"Yes. He'll be happy there—well taken care of—sent to school when he's old enough to go and brought up right. I'd want to see him so bad that I couldn't stand it, like you——"

"But I can't go, 'cause I don't know who she is or where she lives."

"And I can't go, because——"

He shivered and looked wildly into Bill's face as though the wonderful surprise of that mystery he was about to solve had overpowered him.

"Because——"he whispered again.

Bill bent low, but he heard only a smothered sigh.

Gentleman Jim stiffened out on his couch and lay still. He was dead.—Detroit Free Press.

Long Sentence.

It was the desire of Rev. Augustus Jessopp, for many years a country clergyman in England, to be welcomed by his people as a neighbor and friend rather than as a clergyman; but he confesses that he was often pulled up by a reminder more or less reproachful that if he had forgotten his vocation, his host had not! "Ever been to Tombland fair, Mrs. Cawl?" he asked during a parochial visit, which he describes in "The Trials of a Country Parson."

Mrs. Cawl had a perennial flow of words, which came from her lips in a steady, unceasing and deliberate monotone, a slow tickle of verbiage without the semblance of a stop. She began:

"Never been to no fairs sin' I was a girl; bless the Lord, nor mean to 'xcept once when my Betsy went to place and father told me to take her to a show and there was a giant, and a dwarf dressed in green petticoat like a monkey on an organ, an' I says to Betsy my dear they's the works of the Lord but they hadn't ought to be showed but as the works of the Lord to be had in remembrance, and don't you think sir as when they shows the works of the Lord they'd ought to begin with a little prayer?"

Mr. Jessopp admits that he had no reply at hand, and believes that Mrs. Cawl ever afterward privately considered him an irreverent heathen.

She Was "Out."

The admission of women into the occupations which were formerly deemed the exclusive possession of men is neatly satirized by a contemporary.

This paper represents, in the warfare of the future, a feminine aid-de-camp rushing in great excitement into the tent of her "generaless."

"The enemy are advancing in force!" exclaims the aid-de-camp.

The "generaless" looks up calmly.

"Tell them," she says, "that I am not at home!"

She Wrote for George.

The first successful woman editor and proprietor of a newspaper in this country was, according to the Hartford Courant, Miss Watson, who edited the Courant 120 years ago. She numbered among her subscribers George Washington.

Close your ears to slander. Open your lips to praise.

A Head for Figures.

Secretary Morton believes that he has among the assistant statisticians of his force one man who it little less than a wonder as a "figgerer." The man's name is Henry Farquhar, and rumors of his ability in mental arithmetic having been in circulation for some time, the Secretary the other day put the matter to a test.

"Mr. Farquhar," said the Secretary, "I have heard you can multiply ten figures in your head. Is that so?"

"Well," replied the assistant statistician modestly, "I am willing to try."

"Then multiply 2,689,101 by 473," said Secretary Morton.

Mr. Farquhar had the figures repeated to him, and then he concentrated his mind upon them. For a half minute or so he looked like a man in a trance. Then he seized a pencil and piece of paper and hurriedly wrote down the figures, "1,271,944,773."

"Now, let us see if that is right," said Secretary Morton, and one of the bright young men of the Secretary's office carefully and laboriously worked out the sum.

"Mr. Farquhar's figures are wrong," he announced.

"I think not," replied the modern Zerah Colburn, "and you had better go over your work again."

The young man did so, and in a few minutes admitted he had made an error and that Mr. Farquhar was right.—Washington Letter.

Responsive Both to Harsh and Sweet Sounds,

The nerves are often painfully acute. When this is the case, the best thing to be done is to seek the tonic and tranquillizing assistance of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a superb nervine. No less beneficial is it for dyspeptic, bilious, malarial, rheumatic, bowel and kidney complaints. Use with persistent regularity. A wineglassful before retiring confers sleep.

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I believe Piso's Cure is the only medicine that will cure consumption.—Anna M. Ross, Williamsport Pa., Nov. 12, '95.

The man who is growing in grace, is also trying to be gracious.

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