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The Bennington Banner.

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Leads the world as a cure for
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Read the following sworn statement of a remarkable case.
DR. G. S. GREEN & CO.—I take pleasure in recommending your Blood Purifier and Nerve Tonic. In August, 1885, I began taking it for scrofulous swelled neck. At the time I could not bend my neck or move my head, and was unable to wear a collar owing to the size of my neck. Now my neck is well and natural in size. I used five bottles in about seven months' time. Had been treated for it previously by physicians to no effect. MARIA O. MARSH.
E. Greensboro, Vt., Aug. 30, 1886.
STATE OF VERMONT, } At Greensboro, this
Orleans County, ss. } 30th day of August, A. D. 1886, personally appeared before me Maria O. Marsh, a person well known to me and entitled to credit, and made oath to the statement above subscribed to by her.
Before me,
W. W. GOSS, Justice of the Peace.
The Greatest Blood Remedy Known
excell in its composition!
Unequalled in its effects!
Unparalleled in its success!
Unrivalled in its merits
Price $1.00 per bottle, six bottles for $5.00. Al druggists have it.
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LENTEN SERVICES AT ST. PETER'S CHURCH.

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ASH WEDNESDAY, FEB. 15.

Morning Service, Holy Communion, Sermon, 10 A. M.
Evening Service, Sermon, - - - 7 P. M.
SUNDAYS—Service and Sermon, 10:30 A. M. & 5 P. M
TUESDAYS and THURSDAYS—Service 4:15 P. M
WEDNESDAYS—Service, 10 A. M. and (with address), 4.15 P. M.
FRIDAYS—Service, 10 A. M. and (with Lecture), 7 P. M.

HOLY WEEK.

Service, Daily, with Meditation or Sermon, 10 A. M. and 4.15 P. M.
MAUNDY THURSDAY and GOOD FRIDAY, } Service and Sermon, 7:30 P. M.

HOLY COMMUNION.

Every Sunday, - - - - - 9:45 A. M.
(March 4, - - - - - - 10:30 A. M.)
S. Matthias, Feb. 24, - - - - 10 A. M.
Maundy Thursday, March 29, - - 10 A. M.

HOLY BAPTISM.

At any Service.

CONFIRMATION, APRIL 23.

Classes, Tuesdays and Fridays, after Service.

THE COLLECT.

ALMIGHTY and everlasting GOD, who hatest nothing that Thou hast made, and dost forgive the sins of all those who are penitent; Create and make in us new and contrite hearts, that we worthily lamenting our sins, and acknowledging our wretchedness, may obtain of Thee, the GOD of all mercy, perfect remission and forgiveness; through JESUS CHRIST our LORD. *Amen.*

EASTER DAY, APRIL 1.

Holy Communion, - - - - 6 A. M.
Morning Service, Holy Communion & Sermon, 10:30 A. M.
Children's Service, - - - - 1 P. M.
Evensong and Sermon, - - - 5 P. M.

PASTORAL ADDRESS.

DEAR BRETHREN: Again the solemn Lenten Season brings its pleadings. It pleads with you for CHRIST that He may be the SAVIOUR of your souls. It is the great heart-cry of a humanity that is conscious of its failures, and sins, and needs. It is a cry to the world to halt in its mad career of folly, and sin, and lukewarmness, and unbelief. Incalculable benefit awaits our souls in the means of grace now at our disposal, if we but use them faithfully.

We abstain from entertainment and festivities, not because they are wrong, but because they are out of keeping with this season of mourning; and we need the time, for the Church Services, for deeper study of the Scriptures, the Prayer Book, Church History, Christian Evidences, and for devotional works. We require our means for special and more generous almsgiving.

Strive, my Brethren, to attend as many of the services as possible; and, above all, to be present at the Weekly Communion. Form a plan and adhere to it. Convenience can be sacrificed; it may require some little previous planning, or some little afterwork. You may have to arrange for it, and to labor for it, but you cannot heartily say, that it *cannot* be done.

Make this Season an era in your spiritual life. Come to CHRIST, and learn anew of Him. Find out your special weaknesses and faults, and strengthen your purpose to correct them. Do you expect to be saved through CHRIST, and yet not be crucified with Him? Are you withholding your heart from Him?

The call of GOD, thro' His Holy Church, comes to you *now*, as in His mercy He gives you another Lent; "AWAKE, thou that sleepest!" If Heaven and its joys be aught to you, you must strain every nerve to reach it.

"Turn ye even unto Me with all thy heart, and with fasting, and with weeping, and with mourning."

WELCOME, dear feast of Lent! who loves not thee,
He loves not temperance, or authority, but is composed of passion.
The Scriptures bid us *fast*; the Church says NOW;
Give to thy Mother, what thou wouldst allow
To every corporation.

HE HAD AN OFFSET.

A hired man who has been employed on a farm in this country for several months, says the Ionia (Mich.) Mail, entered suit against his employer the other day for balance of wages, amounting to $32, as he claims. The suit was on trial before Justice —— yesterday, and it looked at first as if the plaintiff had a clear case. He gave dates and figures in a strightforward way and seemed to be a very honest young man.

When the farmer took the stand he said:—

I claim an offset for that $32. No man need sue me for what I honestly owe.

What's your offset? asked the lawyer.

He's an unbeliever.

In what?

Why, in the Bible.

What has that to do with your owing him $32.

It has a heap to do with it. I had six men in my employ, and we were rushing things when I hired this man. He hadn't been with us two days when they stopped the reaper in the middle of the forenoon to dispute about Daniel in the lion's den, and in three days we had a regular knockdown over the whale swallowing Jonah. The man who run the mower got to arguing about Samson and drove over a stump, and damaged the machine to the tune of $18, and the very next day my boy broke his leg while climbing the fence to hear and see the row which was started over the children of Israel going through the Red Sea. It wasn't a week before my wife said she didn't believe Elijah was fed by the ravens, and hanged if I didn't find myself growing weak on Noah and his flood. That's my offset, sir, and if he was worth anything I'd sue him for $1000 besides."

A HANTHEM.

A sailor who had visited a cathedral and had heard some very fine music, was descanting particularly upon an anthem which gave him much pleasure.—His shipmate listened for a time and then said:

I say, Bill, what's a hanthem?

What, replied Bill, you don't mean to say you don't know what a hanthem is? Not me.

Well, then, I'll tell yer. If I was to tell yer, 'Ere, Bill, give me that 'and spike,' that wouldn't be a hantham. But was I to say, 'Bill, Bill, Bill, give, give, me, give me that. Bill, give me that hand, give me that hand handspike, spike, spike, Bill, give, give me that, that, hand, handspike, hand, handspike, spike, spike, spike. Ah-men, ah-men. Billgivemethathandspike, spike. Ah-men.' why, that would be a hanthem.

No other medicine is so reliable as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, for the cure of coughs, colds, and all derangements of the respiratory organs. It relieves the asthmatic and consumptive, even in advanced stages of disease.

West Haven people are making strenuous efforts to have a post office re-established there.

"My little son, three years of age, was terribly afflicted with scrofula. His head was entire covered with scrofulous sores, and his body showed many marks of the disease. A few bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured him."—[W. J. Beckett, Hymers, Ind.

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KILLS PAIN
"The Greatest Cure on Earth for Pain." Will relieve more quickly than any other known remedy: Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Swellings, Stiff Neck, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Lumbago, Tetter, Sores, Frost-bites, Bad aches, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Sciatica, Wounds, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, etc. Price 25 cts. a bottle. Sold by all druggists. Caution—The genuine Salvation Oil bears our registered Trade-Mark, and our fac-simile signature. A. C. Meyer & Co., Sole Proprietors, Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.
Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will cure your Cough at once. Price only 25 Cts. a bottle.

THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER
is that which keeps the Liver and Stomach in healthy condition.
GOOD DIGESTION MEANS GOOD BLOOD.
Nothing in the world so successfully treats the digestive organs as Mandrake, and the only pure, safe and reliable preparation of Mandrake is
DR. SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS.
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Want of Sleep
is sending thousands annually to the insane asylum; and the doctors say this trouble is alarmingly on the increase. The usual remedies, while they may give temporary relief, are likely to do more harm than good. What is needed is an Alterative and Blood-purifier. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is incomparably the best. It corrects those disturbances in the circulation which cause sleeplessness, gives increased vitality, and restores the nervous system to a healthful condition.
Rev. T. G. A. Coté, agent of the Mass. Home Missionary Society, writes that his stomach was out of order, his sleep very often disturbed, and some impurity of the blood manifest; but that a perfect cure was obtained by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.
Frederick W. Pratt, 424 Washington street, Boston, writes: "My daughter was prostrated with nervous debility. Ayer's Sarsaparilla restored her to health."
William F. Bowker, Erie, Pa., was cured of nervousness and sleeplessness by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for about two months, during which time his weight increased over twenty pounds.
Ayer's Sarsaparilla,
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell
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THE GREAT
German Remedy.
TRUTHS FOR THE SICK.
For those deathly Billious Spells depending on SULPHUR BITTERS will cure you.
Do you suffer with that tired and languid feeling? If so, use SULPHUR BITTERS it will cure you.
Operatives who are closely confined in the mills and work shops; clerks, who do not procure sufficient exercise, and all who are confined in doors, should use SULPHUR BITTERS. They will not then be weak and sickly.
If you do not wish to suffer from Rheumatism, use a bottle of SULPHUR BITTERS it never fails to cure.
Don't be without a bottle. Try it; you will not regret it.
Ladies in delicate health, who are run down, should use SULPHUR BITTERS.
$1,000 will be paid for a case where SULPHUR BITTERS will not assist or cure. It never fails.
Cleanse the vitiated blood when you see its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Blotches, and Sores. Rely on SULPHUR BITTERS, and health will follow.
SULPHUR BITTERS will cure Liver Complaint. Don't be discouraged; it will cure you.
SULPHUR BITTERS will build you up and make you strong and healthy.
SULPHUR BITTERS will make your blood pure, rich and strong, and your flesh hard.
Try SULPHUR BITTERS to-night, and you will sleep well and feel better for it.
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A STORY OF THE MIDNIGHT MAIL

It happened one afternoon last year, during the month of November, that I received a telegram calling for my presence in London early the next morning, on an important business matter. To such a summons there was but one answer possible; so, with just such a regretful thought for a card party I should have to forego, I wired back this reply:

MR. J. DEVON, Anderton's hotel, London.—Shall leave Burtown by the 12 to night, and will call on you tomorrow at 8:15 KNIGHTLY

Having despatched my message, I finished off the day's work with all speed, and then returned to my lodgings to make preparations for my journey. There, as the masculine reader need not be told, consisted principally of cramming a soft cap and a spirit flask together with a few other necessaries into a carpet bag; after which followed the discussion of a substantial meal and the delivery of an exhortation to my landlady to feed my fox terrier Grip at his usual hours.

The remainder of the evening was spent in skimming over the morning's paper, wherein I found little to interest me. In disgust I flung the thing on the floor. It alighted at a graceful angle, on whose apex appeared the heading, conspicuous as leaded type could make it: Shocking wife murder in Burtown—arrest of the murderer. With a mental apology to the publishers of the Chronicle for the injustice I had done them as caterers to the public craving for horrors I picked up the paper and proceeded to digest the 'harrowing details.' The gist of the news was as follows: An abandoned ruffian, Chippy Watson by name, after the fashion of his class, had beaten in his wife's skull with a mallet, in consequence of some domestic disagreement. Having committed the deed he coolly put on his coat and hat and was proceeding to depart, when the neighbors and police, attracted by the screams of the unfortunate victim, rushed in and secured him. This was all, or nearly all the paragraph contained, except for the usual information that 'the prisoner will be brought up before the magistrates this morning and charged with causing the willful murder of his wife.'

It was now past eleven—time for me to make my way down to the station; rather more than time, in fact, since that imposing structure was distant from my lodgings by fully two miles. Fortunately my bag was light and I shared in its pleasing characteristic of not being burdened by superfluous weight. None the less, on reaching my destination, there was only one minute left me wherein to take a ticket and secure a seat. The latter operation, thanks to the slowness of the booking clerk in handing me my change, had to be accomplished by running the gauntlet of guards and porters as the train began to move.

No sooner had I ascertained that my limbs were uninjured by the unceremonious fashion in which the railway officials had 'assisted' me to my seat, than I discovered that the only other tenant of the compartment in which I was ensconced was a young lady, and one, moreover, of no small beauty. Now, I am a shy man as far as the fair sex is concerned. Among men, I have self possession enough and to spare; but in the presence of ladies, that self possession vanishes with most uncalled for rapidity. In the presence of ladies, yes; but here there was but one, who was bound to keep me company for a whole hour, until the train should make its first stop. So it happened that as I contemplated my vis-a-vis from behind the evening paper, which I had found time to buy on my flight to the station, a measure of my courage returned, and in the inspiriting words of Mr. Gilbert, said I to myself: I'll take heart and make a start; faint heart never won fair lady.

I trust you were not alarmed at my unceremonious entry, I remarked, with some inward misgivings, but much outward assurance.

For answer, a quiet stare and a slight contraction of the pretty mouth of my companion—indicating her opinion that as a stranger and uninstructed I had no right to speak to her.

This, to an ordinary male animal was the moment for strategic attack upon the fair one's scruples: for me it was the exact opposite—the moment for flight had flight been possible. Ostrich like, I buried my face behind my newspaper—there being no sand available—and in a few moments heard, to my relief, a corresponding rustle from the opposite side of the carriage as my pretty prude followed suit. The sense of defeat and disgrace fairly overwhelmed me for a while and my eyes wandered over a paper I held in my hand, seeing but not understanding what they saw. At length they lighted upon a familiar name, Chippy Watson, and their owner recovered his sense and almost forgot his grief as he read the following lines: The Burtown murder—Escape of the Prisoner. After detailing the incidents of the hearing before the magistrates and the remand of the prisoner, pending the inquest, the paragraph went on as follows, On leaving the court, Watson was conducted between four officers to the van. Just as he was stepping in, and when the policemen were endeavoring to keep back the crowd that pressed round, the prisoner suddenly snapped his handcuffs, in some inexplicable manner and knocking down the constables who threw themselves upon him, broke through the bystanders and fled down the street. The whole affair took place, as it seemed in a second. One minute, and Watson, rigorously guarded, was quietly walking into the van in the midst of the officers; the next, and he was free, tearing down the street with the police and the populace at his heels. He was seen to dodge down a back alley, known as Shut Lane, and was followed by the crowd of several hundred. At the end of Shut Lane he dissapeared round a corner, and, strange to say, has not been seen again. There can be no doubt that he will be recaptured; but his present escape and disappearance are most mysterious. We understand that the fellow possesses singular strength and agility, but none the less, it will be a standing disgrace to our police authoritses that a prisoner should thus, in broad daylight, and in the midst of a crowded thoroughfare, effect his escape from the very hands of justice. A reward of one hundred pounds has been offered for his reapprehension. Watson is about five feet nine inches in height, strongly built, and when he escaped was dressed in a gray fustian suit, with a red scarf and soft hat. He may further be distinguished by a scar across his chin, and by having an arrow tattooed on the back of his left hand.

This was about the extent of the information contained in the paragraph, and my readers will agree with me that the news was sufficiently exciting to occupy my thoughts to the complete exclusion of the unpleasing experience I had just passed through. As I lay back in my seat to muse upon what I had read, my thoughts began after a while to wander and my head to nod according to their wont at midnight, and before long I fell a sleep. How long I slept I cannot tell—probably for a few minutes only—but in those few minutes I underwent a most discomforting dream. I dreamt that Chippy Watson stood over me, mallet in hand, and that my traveling companion was holding his arm to avert the threatened blow, she struggled in vain and the mallet fell yet with a strangely light touch upon my arm. With a start I awoke, and then saw the girl of my dream bending toward me with a scrap of paper in her hand. But her face, how terribly was it changed! Instead of the dainty pink flush I had last seen, there was a ghastly whiteness in her cheeks and her eyes seemed starting from her head with terror. Holding up one finger, as if to command silence, she passed me the paper, on which were written the following words:

Some one is underneath the seat and has just touched me.

Was it the dream which filled me with the thought that this was no idle alarm? I cannot tell; but this much I know, that in an instant there flashed across my mind with overwhelming force the thought of the escaped wife murderer.

Returning my companion's silence signal by a gesture of acquiescence, I wrote upon the paper: It is probably only a dog. Shall I look under the seat?

Her answer was short and to the point. No; do not look. It was a hand.

Here, then, was a sufficient dilemma; but by comparison with what had passed before between my fellow passenger and myself, it was a dilemma that I felt almost disposed to welcome. The male sex in my person was about to resume its rightful position of protector to its would be independent companion. Sweet was my revenge; and yet; the revenge scarcely promised to be wholly pleasurable.

My first action was to remove any suspicion that there might be in the mind of the mysterious third occupant of our carriage, through the presumably accidental action of having touched the lady's dress. Giving vent to an audible yawn, although I had just awakened from sleep, I remarked in a tone of cool impertinence: You really must excuse me for addressing you again, madam: but will you permit me to smoke to enliven this tedious journey? As I spoke I accompanied my words by a meaning glance and was favored with the reply: Certainly if you wish it; I cannot prevent you.

Thereupon I produced my pipe and tobacco pouch and proceeded slowly to fill the former, as I thought out the plan of action. On reference to my watch, I saw that the train would stop in another ten minutes. Clearly, the only thing to do was to wait till we reached Blakely and there get assistance to find out who our unknown traveling companion might be.

The longer I pondered over the problem, the more curious for its solution did I become, and then heedless of the warning I had received, I struck a match and intentionally dropped it. Stooping down with a muttered malediction to pick it up, I cast a searching glance underneath the opposite seat, and then my blood ran cold as the faint gleam of the taper revealed the back of of a man's hand with the mark of a tattooed arrow upon it. Chippy Watson then, was our companian—a doomed and desperate man.

By a mighty effort; I controlled my voice sufficiently to say: Excuse me reaching across you, madam, but that was my last match and I could not afford to let it go out.

The girl, into whose white cheeks the color showed no trace of returning, murmured some unintelligible reply, and for a few moments we sat in silence. Again I looked at my watch. Thank heaven! in five minutes we should be in Blackeley, and the awful ride would be at an end. Scarcely had the thought formulated itself, when the girl opposite me sprang up, trembling like a leaf and shrieked ere I could stop her: Oh, the hand has touched my foot again.

The moment the words left her lips, I heard a sudden movement under the seat, and quicker than thought, a figure appeared upon the floor. In that moment I flung myself upon the ruffian and clutched his throat with the energy of despair, knowing that should he once gain his feet, it was all over with me, the lighter and weaker man. Can I ever forget the horror of that five minutes' ride? The whole compartment seemed to be falling upon me, Teeth, nails, feet, all were attacking me at once, but through all I kept my grip upon the murderer's throat, and though I streamed with blood, and almost lost consciousness, still held on, while the girl's screams rang dimly through my ears. Suddenly the train stopped; the struggle ceased and I fainted across the body of my captive.

When I recovered consciousness at length, I found myself lying upon a table in the Blackeley station waiting room, with a sympathetic crowd around me, and, best of all, I saw a face bending tenderly over me, the face of the girl of my dream and my discomfiture. After making two or three efforts, I managed to ask: Where is Watson.

Very nigh dead, replied a ruddy faced farmer who stood beside me. You three quarters strangled the life out of his ugly body; he was black in the face when they lifted you off him.

Do you know that he is an escaped wife murderer? I inquired feebly.

Yes, we know, responded my honest friend. The Burtown police telegraphed after the train to have it searched, because a man answering his discription had been seen in the station before it left. The police have got him safe, my lad, this time and no mistake. Why, I saw him handcuffed and his arms pinioned behind him, and he a lying half dead the while, after the throttling as you gave him.

Do my readers want to hear the rest of my story, now that the catastrophe is told? If so, I will inform them that Watson on breaking loose from the police, after turning the corner of Shut Lane—where it will be remembered he disappeared—contrived, by an almost incredible effort, to scale a high wall and so gain the shelter of a railway embankment. Along this he crept until he reached the mid town tunnel, where he lurked all day, until late in the evening he crept into the station and contrived to secrete himself in a carriage of the midnight mail, with the result before mentioned.

There is one more incident in close connection with that journey to be told; it is this, that there will be a marriage early this spring. The name of the bridegroom will be Knightly, the name of the bride does not matter. She was never formally introduced to her future lord and master, and therefore it is surely unnecessary to tell the name she will soon cease to bear, to a passing acquaintance like the reader.—[Chambers Journal.

The Blood.
Is the source of health, therefore, to keep well, purify the blood by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine is peculiarly designed to act upon the blood and through that upon all the organs and tissues of the body. It has a specific action, also, upon the secretions and excretions, and assists nature to expel from the system scrofula, humors, impure particles and effete matter thro' the lungs, liver, bowels, kidneys and skin. It effectually aids weak, impaired and debilitated organs. A trial will convince you that it does possess peculiar curative power.

The memory never loses anything. It is only a folded leaf: only a closed book.—[Talmage.

—We have a speedy and positive cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth and Headache, in SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY. A nasal injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath. Price 50 cents. Sold by J. T. hurtleff.

We never graduate in religion; because the nearer we are to God, the more we see there is to be learned.

DON'T
let that cold of yours run on. You think it is a light thing. But it may run into catarrh. Or into pneumonia. Or consumption,
Catarrh is disgusting. Pneumonia is dangerous. Consumption is death itself.
The breathing apparatus must be kept healthy and clear of all obstructions and offensive matter. Otherwise there is trouble ahead.
All the diseases of these parts, head, nose, throat, bronchial tubes and lungs can be delightfully and entirley cured by the use of Boschee's German Syrup. If you don't know this already, thousands of people can tell you. They have been cured by it and "know how it is themselves." Bottle only 75 cents. Ask any druggist.

LIET. GOVERNOR FULLER'S ADDRESS.

Horace Greeley said, many years ago, "Go west, young man, and grow up with the country." But the forests of Michigan, the prairies of Illinois and the plains of Kansas have become peopled. Even to the Pacific slope Eastern energy and skill has asserted itself, and the openings Greeley pointed out have become so well filled that the minds of the thoughtful are turning to the older States to find in them most desirable openings. Instead of Vermonters being engaged in the formation of New England colonies in the wilderness of the west, the same energy and effort put forth to build up farming and mechanical industries here at home will, in the long run, produce far greater, more lasting and satisfactory results. The holding of public meetings, the creation of a feverish state of excitement and longing for adventure in the minds of the younger people, the fabulous stories of speculation and sudden wealth, find a sequel in a few years, of suffering and privation, of sickness and destitution, revealing the longings of the heart for the days of comparative comfort and luxury enjoyed among the green hills and valleys of Vermont.

The most luxurious fields of the Old World in early spring become seared and burned in summer. The vast prairies of the West, the wonderful lands of the Pacific slope, become parched and dead from the intense heat early in the season; but a far different sight greets one's vision in this State. Our hill farms send forth the sweet grasses, and our meadows are fragrant with growing crops all the season through, such as are so much sought after by the herdsman. Until the coming of the snow there is none so good as ours. New England ranks all the states of the Union in the percentage of high grade cattle, save four. There is no state in the Union where the loss of cattle by disease, stress of weather, and other causes, is less than in Vermont.

The yield of corn in Vermont in 1880 was 36.5 bushels per acre, while it was only 36.1 in Illinois and 34.1 in Ohio.—The value of farm products of the improved lands of Vermont is greater per acre than in New York or Iowa and outside of New England is only excelled by Kansas. The wages of farm hands is excelled only by California, the New England States leading the rest of the nation. Riding over the hills of Windham county with one who for twenty years had lived in China, it was said that with such springs of water and such brooks wonderful crops ought to be raised. I have no sort of sympathy with the few croakers who are trying to build up some other section because they see a few abandoned farms, or because our schools are not as good as they were, or because some one somewhere outside of Vermont has made a good bargain and because some one somewhere inside of Vermont has made a poor bargain. Let me urge you to develop Vermont specialties, and let Florida orange groves, South Carolina rice fields, Georgia cotton crops, Kentucky coal mines, Texas sheep ranches, Virginia tobacco crops, Montana cattle ranges, New England Dakota colonies alone, and keep out of Wall street speculations. I do not believe in the attempt to raise every breed of stock, from the mongrel Kanuck colt to the Jumbo horse that is a cross between a camel and mule. It was a great calamity to the farmers of Vermont when they allowed themselves to be bedeviled into abandoning the old Morgan breed of horses for a mongrel breed that developed speed only in the growth of ring-bone and spavin, and of size only in the amount of loss incurred, and of strength only in ability to haul a mortgage. Vermont is better t an Kentucky to raise horses.

After referring to the magnitude of the dairying industry of the country and the importance of the relation which Vermont sustains to it, the speaker urged the establishment of a bureau of farming statistics and of a department for the prevention of the adulteration of food products. On this latter subject he said:

One of the main causes of the depression in dairy products is the great adulteration in butter and cheese, in the former mainly by the use of oleomargarine, which has lowered the price of cows at least $10 per head is ruining the health of the people and has reduced the income of farmers millions of dollars.—While our State has a law to protect the public it should go farther and compel a license to be taken out. I hold in my hand a circular giving the names of different poisens named in the United States patents for the manufacture of this vile stuff: Sugar of lead, saltpetre, nitrate of potassa, sulphuric acid, carbonic acid, castor oil, chalk, oil of sunflower seeds, chlorate of potash, peroxide of magnese, nutric acid and forty others besides. The Boston market in the main controls Vermont products, and do you know that the inspector of milk and milk products and butter in that city has sworn before the United States Senate committee that he was in the pay of the oleomargarine manufacturers and dealers; that he had sent out three or four hundred notices to dealers in the city of Boston and did not know whether they were complying with the law or not? Let me give you a statement taken from the specification of patent No. 306,324, Oct. 7, 1884, which form seventy-five per cent of the manufactured product:

"I first fuse together in an iron pot or pan the following ingredients in about the proportion named—ten pounds of caustic soda, or its equivalent in caustic potash, and seven pounds of chlorate of potash. After fusion add in small quantities, at various times, eight pounds of the fine powder of black oxide of manganese. After the above are thoroughly incorporated, I add twenty-five pounds of the bichromate of potash, and in increasing the heat, stir well until the fusion and firmness of the mass are complete. To subject the fats of fatty oils to treatment I use the following described mixture: Two ounces of the above described mixture—which is now chemical salts—dissolved in one half gallon of fat or oil. Then add thereto six fluid ounces of diluted sulphuric acid and continue the agitation, and boil with live steam until the mixture becomes thorough and complete. Then allow the mixture to settle, after which draw off the chennel water. Then wash with water, and finally wash by agitation with a slight solution of carbonite of soda.—When settled, draw off and wash with water and live steam. The cleo oil or fats are then ready for use. Observe the same proportions for all amounts of fats or oils that are treated."

And if the oleo oils thus made are not sweet to the taste, what do you think of this testimony of Dr. E. A. Bartley of Brooklyn, N. Y., to be found on page 375 of the New York Dairy Commissioner's report, 1886:

"The oil I showed you in New York was manufactured in Newton Creek by Mr. Beraw. Mr. Beraw has the contract for the dead animals and offal of the city of Brooklyn. The oil in question was made from the comb fat (so called) horses; that is, from the top part of the neck of horses which were obtained from and tried out by the contractor.—The horses were such as die in every city from both accident and disease.—There was a large number of horses killed in Brooklyn that were suffering from glanders. Whether any of these horses helped to make up the oil in question I do not know, nor does Mr. Beraw. The specimen I had in New York was a very fine oil, and shows that an oil can be made from dead horses which in taste and to the naked eye appears as palitable as the best oleo oil. Mr. Beraw has told me that he is satisfied that some of his oleo has been used for the manufacture of oleo butter."

While you are sleeping the arch devil is dancing another merry dance at your expense upon your ridge-pole. The very butter tub, box and package of Vermont have been sought out, and your own pure white spruce boxes and tubs are being copied, duplicated without changing a single detail, here in the same factories in Vermont, and into these this nasty stuff is put in exact imitation of your own dairy products; and to adulterate even oleomargarine and lard and farm products there were used last year fifty million pounds