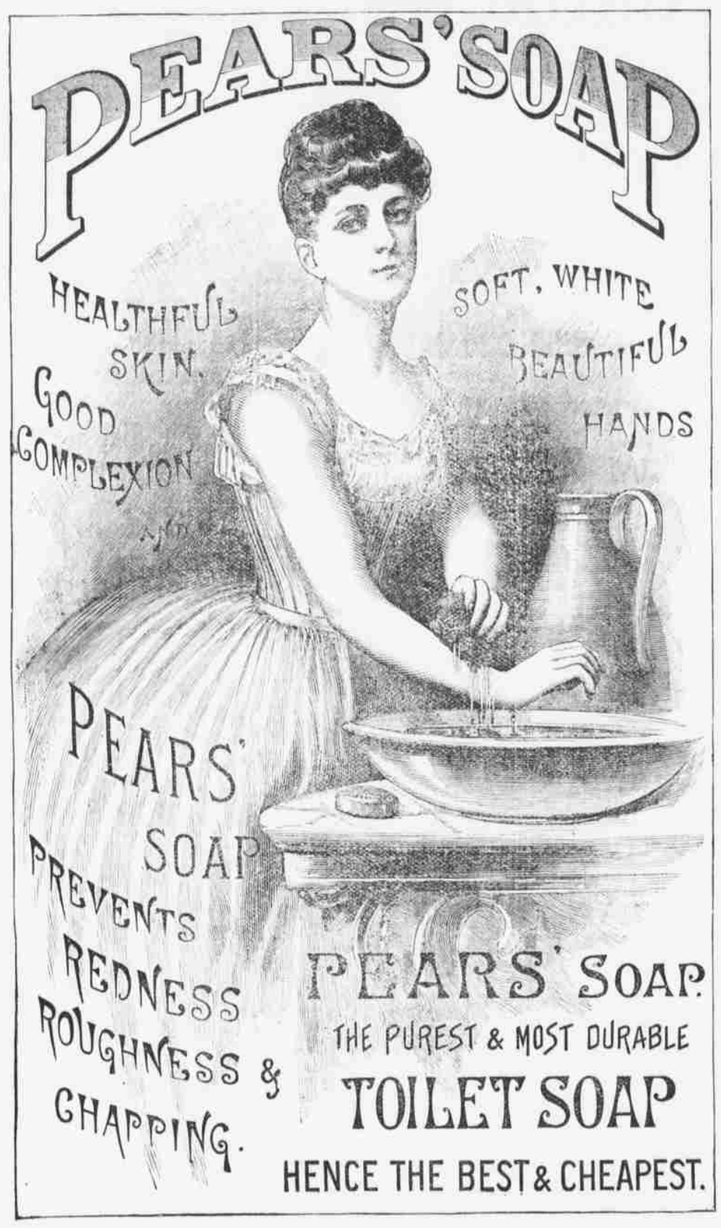
Bennington Banner.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AFTERNOON,
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
Six year, in advance $1 50 | Three months.....38
months " 75 | Single copies.....5
(POSTAGE FREE-PAID.)
RATES OF ADVERTISING:
One inch, 1 week, - - $ 75 | One inch 3 months $3.00
One inch, 4 weeks, - 1.25 | One inch 6 months, 4.50
One-Fourth col. 1 yr, 30.00 | One inch 1 year, - - 6.00
NOTICES—inserted under head of "Business Locals" 10c per line, each insertion.
All Letters and Communications should be addressed C. A. PIERCE, Publisher and Proprietor.
Entered at the Bennington P.O. as second-class matter.

The Bennington Banner.

VOLUME XLVIII. BENNINGTON, VT., THURSDAY, APRIL 19, 1888. NUMBER 13



Business Directory.

W. B. SHELDON.
ATTORNEY and Counsellor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery. Office and residence 18 West Main Street, Bennington, Vt. 19tf-62

C. H. DARLING.
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office over First National bank, Bennington, Vt. 44tf

BATCHELDER & BATES.
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW and Solicitors in Chancery.
Office over First National Bank, Bennington. 26tf
J. K. BATCHELDER. E. L. BATES.

C. H. MASON.
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Adams' Block, Bennington, Vt. 32

C. D. GIBSON, Druggist & Apothecary
Main street, first door west Baptist Church. Open Sundays—from 9 to 10 a. m.,—and 5 to p. m.

MRS. M. E. PARTRIDGE, M. D.
OFFICE and Residence, 36 Main Street. 29tf

H. C. DAY, M. D.
OFFICE AT DRUG STORE,
No. 17, Main Street, Bennington, Vt.
Special attention given to diseases of the heart and lungs. 4tf

DR. CHARLES G. R. JENNINGS.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office and residence Main Street, at the head of School Street, Bennington, Vt.

C. A. PIERCE,
BOOKSELLER, PRINTER, STATIONER AND BLANK BOOK MAKER,
Banner Building, North st., Bennington.

A. Z. CUTLER. Dentist,
Successor to Dr. S. B. Pike.
All operations performed in the most thorough and careful manner, and at reasonable prices.—My aim will be to give entire satisfaction to all cases submitted to my care.
Gas and Ether administered for extracting teeth without pain, when desired.
Office Opposite Free Library Hall, Bennington, Vermont 27tf

Having sold my dental practice to Dr. A. Z. Cutler, a gentleman of experience and ability, I bespeak for him the same liberal patronage that has been accorded me the past eighteen years.
DR. S. B. PIKE.

DR. B. C. JENNEY, Dentist.
(SUCCESSOR TO DR. J. N. SCRANTON.)
Is prepared to perform all operations in Dentistry in a thorough and workmanlike manner. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed in all cases submitted to his care, and at reasonable prices. Gas or Ether administered or extracting teeth when required. Office opposite Congregational Church Main st., Bennington.

MILLER & LUCE.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER
In monumental work, from any kind of granite or marble. West Quincy, Mass. Monuments manufactured at quarries and shipped direct to cemeteries. Estimates given and designs furnished on application. Vermont office No. 17 GAGE STREET, BENNINGTON, VT.
C. M. LAMBERT, - - Manager

COAL! COAL! COAL!
LIME AND CEMENT
AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
Depot st., J. HLORING & CO., Bennington.

BENNINGTON CO. SAVINGS BANK.
The Bennington County Savings Bank at the Bennington County National Bank, is open daily for the transaction of business from 10 o'clock a. m. to 4 o'clock p. m., Sundays and Holidays excepted.
Interest to depositors strictly in accordance with the laws of the State of Vermont. Money deposited anytime after the first day of each month draws interest from the first day of the next succeeding month. Interest computed January 1st and July 1st, and if not withdrawn will be added to principal, and interest thereafter will accrue upon it.
Loans solicited upon real estate and undoubted presnal securities.
A. B. VALENTINE, President,
W. E. HAWKS, Vice President,
J. T. SHURTLEFF, Treasurer,
G. W. HARMAN, Secretary.
TRUSTEES—A. B. Valentine, Wm. E. Hawks, G. W. Harman, Olin Scott, J. T. Shurtleff, I. E. Gibson.

Revere House,
BOSTON.
Near Boston and Maine, Eastern, Fitchburg and Lowell depots, centres of business and places of amusement.
Remodelled, Refurnished, Newly Decorated and now kept on the
EUROPEAN PLAH.
Rooms all large and comfortable; elegant suites, with baths attached; ample public parlors; gentleman's cafe and billard room added, and first class in every respect.
ROOMS FROM $1 A DAY UP. 41md
J. F. MERROW & CO., Proprietors.

H. M. HARRIS
Successor to the Estate of S. F. HARRIS.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
IRON & STEEL,
HARDWARE,
Nails, &c., &c. A great variety of Table and Pocket Cutlery, Axes, Tools, Grindstones, Carriage Tires, Plow Bolts, Locks, Screws, Rivets, Nuts, Washers, Axle Plates, Screws, Butts, Straps and Hinges, Cable and Trace Chains, R. R. Wheel Barrows, Picks, Mattocks, Crow Bars, Baldwin Refrigerators.
AGENTS FOR HOWE'S HAY PLATFORM AND COUNTER SCALES.
Domestic and Importe Cigars
Fine Key West Cigars, Pipes, Tobacco, etc.
Rope, Lath, Yarn Tubs, Balls, Wash Boards, Brooms, Clothes Wringers, Picks, Sledges, Axe and Hammer Handles. Galvanized fence, wire and poultry netting.
PENNSYLVANIA
LAWN MOWERS.

DO YOU WANT THE EARTH?
We can't give you that, but for the next thirty days we will give you the best bargains on earth in
Men's Custom-Made Clothing
AND
Gents Furnishing Goods
We have a big assortment, and for
ONE MONTH
We offer at clean sweeping figures.
FINE ENGLISH
AND
AMERICAN CLOTHS!
For Suitings and Overcoats.
LATEST STYLES!
AND
BEST OF WORK GUARANTEED
SPRING STYLES IN HATS.
J. H. AYRES.

FRIEND
Are You Sick?
Do you have pains about the sides, chest and back? Does your mouth have a bad taste, especially in the morning? Do you feel dull and sleepy? Is there a sort of sticky slime collects about the teeth? Is your appetite poor? Is there a feeling like a heavy load on the stomach—sometimes a faint, all gone sensation at the pit of the stomach, which food does not satisfy? Do your hands and feet become cold and clammy? Have you a dry cough? Are your eyes sunken? Do you expectorate greenish colored matter? Are you hawking and spitting all or part of the time? Do you feel tired all the while? Are you nervous irritable and gloomy? Do you have evil forbodings? Is there a giddiness—a sort of whirling sensation in the head—when rising up suddenly? Do your bowels become costive? Is your skin hot and dry at times? Is your blood thick and stagnant? Are the whites of your eyes tinged with yellow? Does it deposit a sediment after standing? Do you frequently spit up your food, sometimes with a sour taste and sometimes with a sweet? Is this frequently attended with palpitation of the heart? Has your vision become impaired? Are there spots before the eyes? Is there a feeling of great prostration and weakness? If you suffer from any of these symptoms call at your drug store and get a bottle of
DR. ROYCE'S
LIVER AND KIDNEY CURE.
This is the only Liver and Kidney Cure put up by a regular practicing physician of twenty-five years' active experience.
SYMPTOMS—If you are threatened with or already have Bright's disease, try Dr Royce's Liver and Kidney Cure. If you have stone in the kidneys or gravel in the bladder, Dr. Royce's Liver and Kidney Cure is warranted to dissolve and remove them. If you have urethra irritation or ulceration or catarrh of the bladder, my Kidney Cure will heal you. If you pass red or bloody urine, or stringy urine, my Kidney Cure will positively cure you. If you have rheumatic stinging or aching pains in the back and side or hip, leading down to the urinary organs, and distress you there, my Liver and Kidney Cure will remove the cause and cure you. If you have stoppage of urine or are obliged to have your urine drawn, try my Kidney Cure; it will increase a free flow and permanently cure you. If you find a sediment, brick dust like or gall-colored urine, my Kidney Cure soon corrects and purifies. If you have cutting, scalding or stinging sensations in the parts when voiding urine, my Kidney Cure will quickly relieve and cure. If you have spasmodic stricture or enlargement of the prostrate gland, my Kidney Cure conquers every attack and radically cures. If you have scanty urine or too frequent desire, my Kidney Cure will right all wrong quickly. If you have dropsy from diseases of the liver and kidneys, my Kidney Cure is the only positive cure known to man. If you have liver complaint, torpid or enlarged liver, or gall stone, my Kidney Cure will cure the most obstinate and chronic case. If you have scrofula, erysipelas or salt rheum humors, affecting the liver and kidneys, my Kidney Cure will cleanse, purify and cure. If you have rheumatism, asiatic malaria fever and ague, caused by weak kidneys and uric acid in the blood—if you have lost your appetite, or tongue coated, dry and parched lips and mouth, spittle dry and cottony, or have become emaciated—my Kidney Cure will build up your broken-down constitution. If you have inherited fever, canker, acid phlegm, bad taste and offensive breath, my Kidney and Liver Cure removes all these conditions. If you have venereal blood-poison, syphilitic ulcers, skin eruptions, blotches, chronic ulcers or old sores, rely on my Liver and Kidney Cure to strengthen the kidneys thereby working all impurities from the blood, and at the same time making nice, new, rich blood—it is purely an herbal remedy. If you can't sleep or rest, and roll and tumble, feel sore and stiff, flesh and bones tender, nervous, irritable, feel quarrelsome and all unstrung, my Kidney Cure will make you feel well, strong and happy. My Liver and Kidney Cure is for sale at your drug store. The only remedy known that will positively prevent and cure paralysis.
MY WARRANT—If you give my Kidney Cure a fair trial, and are not cured or benefitted by it, I will refund your money. I wish to be honest and honorable with you, and do not want your money unless I can do you good. Can you employ a physician to treat you on these terms?
PRICE—My Kidney Cure is one dollar per bottle, or six bottles for five dollars. For sale at your drug store. Prescribed and recommended by more than 6,000 renowned physicians.
WHOLESALE AGENTS:
WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co.....Burlington, Vt.
GREEN, HODGES & HYDE.....Rutland, Vt.
A. PERLEY FITCH.....Concord, N. H.
Weeks & Potter, and Geo. C. Goodwin & Co. Boston, Mass.
E. W. ROYCE, M. D.,
may be consulted by letter at his address Lock box 1514, Springfield, Mass. His large Illustrated Journal sent free on application. 3md

ONE OF THE BOYS OF '76.

It was in the year of our Lord 1776. All England was ringing with reports of her rebellious colonial offspring; the incipient republic was in a state of ferment and of preparation for war. The first American gunboats had just been launched, and proudly sailed about the New England coasts, which the British cruisers kept in constant alarm.

On the deck of one of these cruisers, as leaving Newport it moved through the blue ocean waters toward New London, a crowd had gathered around a burly, middle aged man in captain's uniform and a slight young fellow of perhaps 20.

Well, well, my little man! So we have caught you again, said the captain clapping him on the shoulder. As you've run away twice before, perhaps you think to give us the slip a third time; but, with a volley of oaths, you never were more mistaken. Swear to show allegiance to your rightful sovereign or—die for a traitor!

The eyes which looked back at him were as unflinching as the captain's own. For generations the Otis courage had held its name even in deadly peril, and this relative and namesake of James Otis, the eloquent pleader for independence, could meet his end as behooved one of his race.

I am an independent citizen of Connecticut, and owe no allegiance to a tyrant, he said proudly.

The captain burst into a laugh in which his men joined.

This scion of liberty crows loud—small good will be such flaunting, tho', for in six months all these 'independent citizens' will be creeping back to Mother England's knees like so many whipped children.

The scornful laugh had brought a flush to the youth's face, and now he said with heat:

More probably Mother England will discover that her children have come of age beyond dispute, and will go home with the whipping reversed.

Come, come, enough of parley. You shall swing from yonder yard arm in 15 minutes, my young braggart, if you will not fight under our colors. Will you fight with us? Yes or no!

There was no relenting in the captain's voice, no touch of pity on all those staring faces. Death or life! Ah small wonder if in such stress brave hearts shrink, and yielding to the fear of doom are branded by those who never met like trial as cowards and traitors.

Speak, the captain commanded.

And the captain's face grew dark with wrath that this stripling should stand before him and defy his fate, and the thought that much might be done if such pluck was but enlisted for royalty only roughened his tone as it rang over the deck:

In the name of the king I condemn you as a rebel, Up with the rope, men.

And as the men went off with alacrity, he began a measured stride up and down the deck, watching as they executed his bidding.

James Otis folded his arms and gazed over the sparkling wide crested swells to where New London's shore lay fair in the distance. Only a few more moments sight of a world which seemed doubly beautiful now that he should so soon leave it forever. Death! And such an ignominious one! To fall fighting for his country—ah, that would be noble! But to hang at a yard arm like any criminal. The purposes of his young manhood rose up before him like mocking ghosts of what might have been. He thought of a farm on a Connecticut hillside where his childhood had been spent, the old red house with its two guarding buttonwood trees. Perhaps even now his mother was thinking that her son might soon be home, or was going down to the office in expectation of "a letter from Jamie." The recalling of his boyish name brought a blur to his eyes, and a weakening for one instant of his resolution. But no! far better that they should never learn his fate than that he should return to them a traitor to his country.

He could hear the men laughing and joking as they knotted the hempen cord.

A gritty rebel, that, said one, nodding toward him.

Grit? No, sheer obstinacy! growled another. These Yankees are all alike. This one, contemptuously, has got off so slick twice before he probably thinks he'll slip out of this noose.

Ha! ha! it's a slip noose, you know, joked a third. But, by good King George, I wish all the colonists in as sure a place.

The men aloft came down to the deck. The captain moved toward the prisoner. Even then one word could remove the death menace of that swaying cord. Would that word be spoken? The captain's hand dropped heavily down on the prisoner's shoulder.

But with his grim Time's up. Go forward there! a cry of Ship ahead! came also. And bearing down upon them showed an enemy with guns grimly threatening.

To the guns, men. Not a moment to be lost, swore the captain. And in the hurried preparation for immediate action the prisoner was forgotten.

Boom! boom! challenged the brave little American, who could only show half the guns of her adversary.

Boom! boom! answered the English cruiser.

Spars began to fall and men drop wounded as the iron mouths below the starry flag kept up a telling fire, but the the heavier guns would soon disable that Yankee Doodle canoe as the captain averred with a string of blighting adjectives,

A daring project flashed into the mind of James Otis. At least he would once more serve his country, and die in the doing, rather than swing from a British yard arm! None noticed as he slipped to the gangway, and presently in the dimness of the hold a flash of blue light revealed a slender snake like thing reaching to the store of powder—then the flash was gone and a tiny spark of fire crept along the coil.

Unconscious of rapidly approaching doom the sturdy English seamen hurled defiance at their foe. One of the men as he ran for more powder to the nearest supply saw a dark object moving through the water away from the cannonading cruiser.

Hark! above the din of battle sounded an awful boom which seemed to rock the ocean's depth and away the very air. Spars and hull fell splintered about the swimmer; shattered bodies shocked his sight, one of the massive cannons sank before him with a hiss as the hot iron cleft the water. And in place of instant death to which he had looked forward upon the great ship's explosion, life was still his—he moved unhurt, preserved as by a miracle.

It was several moments before he could trust himself to look behind—the horror of it all was so strong upon him. When he did look the surprised American ship was moving away, unconscious that one whose hand has destroyed their enemy was still in existence; and where the ill fated cruiser had been only a few light substances floated upon the shimmering water.

Two miles before him rose the shore. He was a good swimmer, and the distance rapidly lessened. But the late strain on his nerves had been so tense that as he swam the sun seemed glaring into his brain, and each stroke seemed to take a heart beat from his strength. But there was only a half mile between him and the shore—now only a quarter. And slowly, more slowly he swam. The glaze of weakness before his eyes made sky and water seem of a brazen hue. Could he hold on? But here was the shore crowded with people who had anxiously watched the battle between the ships, wonderingly, thankfully seen the British cruiser shivered all in a moment and the starry emblem of their country flutter safely away. Now all eyes were on the swimmer—there were surprised cries, questioning shouts.

Further up the shore rowboats were already rushing off to go to his aid, but before they could reach him the men nearest him rushed breast deep into the water, many hands were stretched to help him, and with all things reeling before his exhausted vision, James Otis was held in safe and kindly grasp.

When speech returned to him he was lying on the grassy bank, the glad sunshine falling on his face, the blue water lapping at his feet, all about him questionings from an excited crowd. He told his story in the fewest possible words, but the telling brought tears from the women, exclamations from the men, and when he had finished cheer after cheer rang out for the deed and the hero of the deed.—[Springfield Republican.

HOME MADE CANDY.

BY FLORENCE JOSEPHINE BOYCE.

Were you ever acquainted with a child who was not fond of candy? If so it must have been an exception. Children are taught that candy is injurious, and some of it certainly is; yet they enjoy eating it, even if it be composed of the cheapest ingredients. You see I speak from experience, for when I was a child a bit of candy was more prized than a warm hood or cloak for the cold winter days. Although my mother was very kind and indulgent, she would never allow me to eat candy except as a rarity now and then, for, she said, I want my little girl to be healthy, and candy is very injurious to the health. Now I am not a mamma, but I will tell you what I think a very good practice, and I hope some of the tired mothers will give it a trial for their benefit as well as that of their children. Some manufacturers advertise pure candy for sale, and although it always looks very nice, after eating a bit you will hardly agree with the confectioner as to the purity. I have some little nieces who generally spend their birthdays with auntie, and in order to have the time pass pleasantly I have given this and that a fair trial and at last decided that a candy pull is the most enjoyed by the little folks. I make several kinds of candy, all of which are relished by the little ones, and as it is certainly impossible for it to be impure their mamma does not object to their eating a proper quantity. After the candy is done they each make up a little package and send it to some little playmate who does not have any. Of course it will hinder the mother's work, but I would advise her to take a glance at the happy little faces and it will be an ample reward. The eating of this home made candy has never caused my little nieces a sickness, and the cost of it is very insignificant. Of course you have all read receipes for making candy, but I will give you a few which I know to be good.

Molasses Candy.—Take two cupfuls of molasses, one cupful of brown sugar, butter half the size of a hen's egg and one tablespoonful of vinegar. Boil until it will harden on being dropped into cold water. Stir often to prevent burning. When nearly done stir in a teaspoonful of soda. Pour into buttered plates and pull, when warm, buttered hands. Then cut in sticks.

Taffy.—This, when made with white sugar, becomes beautifully white on being pulled. Take one pound of sugar, water enough to dissolve it and one tablespoonful of butter. When it boils add a table spoonful of butter. When it boils add a table spoonful of cream of tartar, or two table spoonfuls of pure vinegar. Boil fifteen minutes, and just before you take it from the stove add a few drops of lemon or vanilla. When it is cool enough to handle pull until it is very white, and twist and cut in any form desired. If you want to make nut candies take some of the taffy, just when it is ready to harden, and stir in any kind of nut meats. Then pour into buttered plates and cut into squares with a buttered knife.

Chocolate and Other Creams.—All kinds of creams can be made with powdered white sugar, the white of an egg and water well beaten together; and this kind of candy requires no cooking. Take the whites of two eggs and an equal amount of water carefully measured in a cup. Beat them well together until the egg is stiff; add a dessert spoonfull of lemon or vanilla and enough powdered sugar to make quite stiff. Take this paste on your molding board and knead until it feels smooth. While doing this have a small piece of chocolate melting in a bowl over the steam of a kettle. Cut the candy dough in pieces about the size of a hickory nut, roll in your hands into round balls and set them in a cool place to harden. When they are quite firm dip them in the chocolate, drain out with a fork and put on a buttered plate to dry. The amount of candy dough mentioned will make about one hundred creams. As you will probably not care for so many of one kind, you can use one-third or one-half and save the rest for other creams. For date creams take the stones from the dates, fill with a piece of candy dough and roll each in sugar. Roll out a small piece of the candy dough and put a layer of split figs on it; then another layer of candy and another of figs; cut in squares and leave to stiffen. For almond creams roll each almond in a piece of candy, then in sugar and dry. For walnut kernels in half, shape pieces of the dough in thick lozenges, put a half nut on each side, press firmly and set away to harden. For cocoanut creams roll out a piece of candy dough, sprinkle thickly with cocoanut and cover with another layer of candy; roll it slightly and cut in squares.

Do not forget that all these candies must be set in a cool place to harden, and if the tired mothers, who are almost at a loss to find patience to endure the cry for a cent to buy candy, profit by these receipes I will be glad to give other kinds, accompanied by a little good advice, some other time.

STATE NOTES.

A number of valuable through mails were burned in the baggage car at Rockingham, and the loss of them is causing considerable inconvenience to business men along the line of the Rutland Road. They were wholly locked bags, leaving Boston at 7 p. m. Friday.

An attempt to wreck the night express coming south over the Rutland road was made a short distance north of Rutland Sunday by placing a large stick of timber across the track. The engine and two cars passed over before the train stopped, causing considerable shaking up, but not throwing the cars from the track. An investigation is being made to detect the perpetrators.

Senator Edmunds is moving to secure an increase of the pension of the widow of Gen. Stannard of Vermont from $48 to $100 per month.

The Vermont Methodist Conference opened at West Randolph last week Tuesday.

George A White, alias George A. Miles, one of the most notorious bank robbers in the country, was released from the Vermont State Prison Tuesday morning. He was convicted in Washington county in 1876 for breaking the Barre Bank. His sentence was fourteen years, 720 days of which were remitted for good behavior. Just previous to his arrest a series of important burglaries were committed, and evidence pointed to his connection with them, prominent among which was the Northampton Bank, and it is probable that he may be rearrested for some of them. Several applications for pardon have been made to different Governors during this time by eminent counsel, but all were refused. A wife and sister of Miles have been unremitting in their efforts in his behalf, and large amounts of money have been spent in his defence. It is claimed that he had a hand in the Babcock matter in Washington 12 years ago.

DRESSES DYED WITHOUT RIPPING.

Dresses and any heavy garments can be colored without ripping by using Diamond Dyes. They are pure, strong, quick of action and easy to use. 33 colors. Only 10 cents each.

POPE TO PRESIDENT.

Pope Leo has sent a letter of the most cordial character to President Cleveland, and thanking him for the present of a copy of the Constitution of the United States, sent by Mr. Cleveland to the Pontiff on the occasion of the latter's sacerdotal jubilee last January. The communication was handed the President Tuesday morning by Cardinal Gibbons, who made a special call at the White House for that purpose. The cardinal was alone. Their meeting was exceedingly pleasant. The surprise came when the cardinal informed the President that it was his distinguished honor to convey to him a letter from Pope Leo, which contained the high estimate the head of the Roman Catholic Church had of the gift sent him, and his warm thanks to the donor for such a thoughtful remembrance.

The epistle was in Latin. The contents were translated and read by the Cardinal for the President. The epistle was as follows:

To Our Beloved Son, James Gibbons, Cardinal Priest of the Holy Roman Church, Archbishop of Baltimore:

Well beloved son, health and the apostolic benediction:

Among the countless congratulations which we have received from all parts of the world upon the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of our elevation to the priesthood, we have, as was natural, set most store by the evidence of courtesy and regard sent by the rulers of the nations. For by these marks of their good will toward the head of the church, they manifest—and this we ardently desire—their kindly disposition toward their Catholic subjects. Since, then, the illustrious President of the United States has, through you, our well beloved son, seen fit to exhibit a like courtesy, accompanying the expression of the same with the gift of a superb copy of the Constitution of that most powerful Republic. He has, in so doing, afforded us a most peculiar pleasure and satisfaction, and, moreover, as it is fitting that we should return to his excellency the expression of our gratitude, we commit the discharge of that duty to you both on account of your exalted rank in the hierarchy of the Republic, and the personal esteem in which his excellency holds you. In fulfilling this duty we desire that you should assure the President of our admiration for the Constitution of the United States, not only because it has enabled industrious and enterprising citizens to obtain so highly a degree of prosperity, but, also, because under its protection your Catholic countrymen have enjoyed a liberty which has so confesedly promoted the astonishing growth of their religion in the past and will, we trust, enable it in the future to be of the highest advantage to the civil order as well.

You will be pleased to add that we will pour forth fervent prayers to God for your country's constant advance in glory and prosperity, and for the health and happiness of the President and his worthy household. Finally to you, beloved son, and to the faithful entrusted to your pastoral care, we lovingly in the Lord impart our apostolic benediction.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, the fourth day of February in the year of our Lord, 1888, and the tenth of our pontificate.

(Signed) POPE LEO XIII.

THE STATE SCHOOL COMMISSION.

Messrs. Munson, Brainard and Landon, the commission to investigate the workings of our present school system, and recommend such changes as they deem desirable to the next legislature, visited several towns in the eastern part of the State, Bellows Falls, Woodstock, Randolph, St. Johnsbury, Newport and Morrisville for that purpose last week. The Newport Express gives quite a full report of the ideas and suggestions at the meeting there, which was attended by a dozen or fifteen leading citizens, including the clergymen. Nearly all present were personally favorable to the town system, but realized that it is probably beyond reach now. There was quite a general feeling that text books should be made uniform in the county if not in the State and should be owned by the town, and that there should be some kind of a county board of examination that would remove all suspicion of favoritism in the granting of certificates, weed out unqualified applicants and thus compel committees to hire well qualified teachers at something like a proper salary. Hon. J. L. Edwards, who ought to be the next Democratic candidate for Governor, made a strong plea for the academy, that there should be at least one in every county, that should receive all the rents from the grammar school lands and be firmly established and maintained by a fund or a direct annual tax on the county. At such academies our teachers could be thoroughly taught and prepared for their work. Thus the academy would be brought within the reach of all in the county and should take the place of the normal schools. Another suggestion was that a certain tax should be annually be voted by the town for school purposes, paid into the treasury, and then by some equitable division, either upon the number of scholars or attendance upon school or both of these bases, be returned to the several districts.—[Brattleboro Reformer.

THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT.

There lived in Saco, Me., many years ago a man named Jerry Coldridge who had an unearthly long nose. This extended proboscis troubled him so much that he made a vow that when he met a man who had a longer one he would present him with a silver half dollar, with the proviso that the man who got the half dollar would do likewise when he came across a man who was superior in this line to himself.

When Jerry appeared in public he was greeted with all kinds of compliments upon the size of his nose, and it got to be a common thing for him to be saluted with Hello, Jerry! how's your figurehead? or Well, pumphandle, how do you wag to day? and kindred remarks.

When the cold north wind came down from among the Maine lakes it took particular delight in caressing the end of Jerry's proboscis, painting it a garnet red and making it tingle like a carpenter's thumb hit with a hammer. Jerry's friends advised him to have a fur muff made to carry his horn in, and told him he should take service with the Government as a fog signal.

One day Jerry went to Portland, and when he returned he was greeted with Old ploughshare, what have you turned up to day?

Well, said Jerry, quivering with excitement and joy. I have seen a man in Portland who had a longer nose than I have.

Impossible, said his friend, there isn't another such nose on the face of the earth.

All right, said Jerry, if you don't believe me I will exhibit the documents to prove it. At this he produced a receipt which read:

Received from Jeremiah Coldridge 50 cents in consideration of having a longer nose than he has.

JAMES BALLARD.

That half dollar, said Jerry, has gone to Smyrna on a merchantman, and I will tell you how it happened. I went to a hotel to get my dinner, and as I sat down at the table I saw a man sitting opposite me who gazed at me with what I took to be an insolent stare. When I got a good look at him I forgot my deformity and immediately reached my hand across the table and said:

Shake, neighbor; I believe I owe you 50 cents.

How's that? says e.

Well, says I, I have made a vow that if I ever met a man who had a longer nose than I have I would give him 50 cents, providing he would do the same when he met a man whose nose discounted his. At once the whole dining room was in an uproar of laughter, and the stranger said: It's a bargain. Pulling out his note book he wrote the receipt and I gave him 50 cents. I afterward learned that he was captain of a packet ship outward bound for Smyrna, Syria.

After this Jerry had peace about his long nose, and the silver half dollar was taken by Capt. Ballard to Smyrna. There it was turned over to an English mate of an East Indiaman bound thro' the Suez Canal to Madras. The Englishman carried it for several years and finally landed in San Francisco, where, having a streak of hard luck, he enlisted in the United States regular army and went up among the Blackfeet Indians near Fort Benton, where he was made a prisoner.

After being tortured in every conceivable way by the Indians, they cut off his nose and set him at liberty. He finally drifted to Boston, and as he was walking one day on Washington street who should he meet but Jerry. Having heard from Capt. Ballard how he came in possession of the silver piece, he recognized Jerry.

Hello! said he, is your name Jerry Coldridge?

That's my name, said Jerry.

I am happy to meet you, said the Englishman. Allow me to return to you the half dollar you loaned Capt. James Ballard five years ago. I carried it around the world with me and never found a man with a nose as long as mine was, but I have, as you see, lost mine now, and I think the clinker belongs to you.

Jerry and the English mate became fast friends and went into business together, and when you go into a little store on Dock square in Boston, you will see the funny spectacle of one of the partners with a nose as long as your hand and the other with no nose at all.—[San Francisco Post.

WHAT MRS. GRUNDY SAYS.

That now is the time when foolish people wear summer clothing and straw hats.

That every additional jockey club means just so much more "gambling on the turf."

That most New Yorkers home from Florida have some complaints to make about the hotels.

That every other woman of Mayfair is puzzled to know how to keep all social engagements.

That the way to discourage indecent plays is not to attend the theaters where they are given.

That rules for social etiquette in penny papers strike some people as just a little satirical.

That it is weddings, weddings everywhere now, with scarcely a maiden lady anywhere to be seen.

That Wall, Broad and New streets are afflicted with too many convenient drinking places.

That probably morals would be better if some of the burlesque theaters in town were closed.

That before long it will be easier to tell who are not going to Europe this season than who are.

That April and May will be the banner months for the departure of notable people for Europe.

That the modisties are as busy as the bees, and are enthusiastic over their own business revival.

That Robert Louis Stevenson has reason to thank his literary stars that he decided to visit America.

That the fashionable tailors in many instances are throwing the credit slates out of the window.

That the fellow who plays the tom tom for sumer resort hotels has already begun to do his work.

That people who are particular about type do not always enjoy reading cheapest books obtainable.

That it is to be hoped it will not be necessary for any of the brokers to employ a regular puller-in.

That a large number of very desirable country seats continue to advertise for sale and to let.

That the man who pays club dues by sacrificing his pew rent must have wrong ideas of salvation.

That about the weariest and most melancholy jokes are those of the comic weeklies based upon Lent.

That many a house is now made gay and merry by the return of the little ones from boarding school.

That there is a field for comic weeklies that does not have to be vulgar and sacrilegious to be witty.

That Mr. McAllister's "four hundred" should have their photographs taken for a loan exhibition.

That it is greatly to be deplored that there should be so many ecclesiastical scandals at the present time.

That theatre-goers who make collections of souvenirs may soon have to go to the expense of a cabinet.

That the divorce-seeking women of society are among those who did not enjoy Rev. Dr. Dix's lecture.

That there is intense excitement over the news that a Russian prince is to wed a New Yark widow.—[Mail and Express.

ADMISSIONS AND DISCHARGES AT THE VERMONT SOLDIERS' HOME.

There are 34 inmates now at the Vermont Soldiers' Home. During the month of March there were seven applicants, but owing to several cases of severe sickness during the month it was impossible to receive them. All have recovered and are able to go to their meals except Comrade William Mattison. On March 15, Proctor B. Gay, Co. K. 9th N. H. Regt., was discharged from the home for refusing to comply with the rules and regulations adopted by the trustees in regard to pensions. He was a native of Colchester, and has lived in Derby for several years since the war. On March 25, William Albee of Calais, Co. A. 8th Vt. was furloughed at his own request until August 1, 1888. On March 26 Seth B. Silloway, 1st Vt. Battery from Montpelier, went to Lowell to reside with his daughters to return to the home if desiring to do so. On March 24 Wm. R. McCue of Co. C. 4th Vt., admitted to the home Aug. 26 1887, was discharged at his own request having received a pension of $10 a month and $1229 arreages. He has gone to Windsor, his early home, to reside.

On March 10 Richard Cusick, Co. A. 8th Vt. of Walcott was admitted. On March 16, Saul Merrill, Co, D, 11th Vt. of Waterbury was admitted. On April 3, Henry Alduck, Co. I, 4th Vt. of Danby was admitted. On April 4, B. F. Smith Co. I, 10th Vt. of Barre was admitted.

A few of the present members have recruited in health and strength so that they will be able to maintain themselves during the summer if not longer. It will be impossible to receive any additions during the repairs and additions decided upon, unless in very urgent need.

The "boys" have made a number of gallons of nice maple syrup from trees in the grove in front of the Home and are feeling better to get out of doors after the long winter.

It is said that if a dwelling should be built on every lot sold in and near Los Angeles during the last two years, there would be enough to accommodate two million people.

A writer in the "Epoch" contends that the American people have lost the faculty of astonishment. Well, perhaps they have; they have been watching the gyrations of the Democratic party for many years.

"Are you the horse editor?" inquired an innocent looking young woman, approaching the desk of that functionary.

"I have that pleasure, Miss," he replied, taking off his hat.

"Can you answer all sorts of questions about horses?"

"Well, I rather think I can," he said, with a prideful swell of his bosom

"Oh, I'm so glad" she twittered "Will you tell me the difference between a bay horse and a sea horse?"

As she went out of the office, she smiled back at him, but he sat gloomily at his desk and said nothing.—[Washington Critic.

THE GRIEVANCES OF SOUTHERN NEGROES.

Some weeks ago the negroes of Georgia had a representative convention in Macon, at which they set forth the grievances of their race in that State. As classified by the Atlanta Constitution in a recent editorial article, these grievances are of five kinds: social, educational, political, judicial and moral. Under the first head, the complaint is that the negro, though charged first-class prices on railroads is often forced to ride in the smoking car or second class cars. As to educational matters, the convention complained that the State acted unjustly in taking the $8000 annual appropriation from Atlanta University without applying it elsewhere for negro education, and in providing a technological school for whites and none for blacks. The convention did not demand co-education for the races, but upheld the professors of Atlanta University in their resistence to the spirit of the Glenn bill. Resolutions were passed asking for public schools nine months in the year, and indorsing the Blair bill. As to politics, the convention affirmed that the negro is intimidated or cajoled at the polls, except when the white people are divided. It was resolved that each voter should pay his own poll tax; that the negroes should organize in every county, and that they should take such a stand on public issues as would most effectually divide the white race. Tables were printed to show that the negroes have the majority in a number of counties and districts, but never elect representatives. The administration of the laws received more attention than any other subject before the convention. It was complained that the negroes, with fourtenths of the population, do not have adequate jury representation; that lynchings are frequent, and negroes almost invariably the victims; and that the penitentiary system is wrong in principle and cruelly administered. As to morals, amalgamation with the white race, whether legal or illegal, was deplored on every consideration; and it was urged that negro men band together for the protection of the virtue of the women of their race, "even of those women who do not want their virtue protected."—[Boston Journal.

VARIEGATED AND EMPTY.

The late Bishop Horatio Potter, of this state, and the present Rabbi Gotthell of Temple Emanu-El, if rumor says truly, were fast friends, and in the habit of strolling together in Central Park. One day said the Bishop to the Rabbi: "I had a dream last night." "Ah! what was it?" said the Rabbi to the Bishop. Said the Bishop to the Rabbi. "I dreamed I died and applied for admission to the porter of heaven, who asked me whether I would go into the Christian or Jewish heaven. I replied, 'Into the Christian heaven, of course; but if not against the rules I would first like a peep into the Jewish heaven.' 'Oh yes' said the porter, 'I think I can arrange that for you.' So it was arranged, and I peeped in and there I saw men with long gray beards, and signs with three balls, and butchers by blood-shedding without paralysis, and dealers in old clothes." "Ha, ha!" said the Rabbi.

On the occasion of their next stroll, said the Rabbi to the Bishop: "I had a dream last night." "Ah what was it?" said the Bishop to the Rabbi. Said the Rabbi to the Bishop: 'I dreamed I died and applied for admission to the porter of heaven, who asked me whether I 'would go into the Jewish or Christian heaven'? I replied 'Into the Jewish heaven, of course; but if not against the rules I would first like a peep into the Christian heaven. 'Oh, yes,' said the porter, 'I think I can arrange that for you.' So it was arranged, and I peeped into the Christian heaven, and, lo and behold, it was empty." Ha, ha!" said the Bishop.—[Mail and Express.

I AM PROUD.

to say from personal experience that Sulphur Bitters, which advertisement will be seen in another column is the best spring and blood medicine to be found. It is prepared by an honest firm who scorn to use cheap and worthless medicines, but use the best that money can buy.—[Editor.

EARLY SETTLERS OF VERMONT.

The St. Albans Messenger accounting for the stationary population, among other things, says: "The early settlers of Vermont were a migratory people; were it not so Vermont would not have been what it was fifty years ago. It was not one of the original thirteen States but was settled by people from other states and organized later. The stories of the settlers was of frontier life, which had their fascinating influences upon succe