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LATEST NEWS.

Greensboro, Vt., March 16, 9 a. m.—Report has it that Randall & Crane of this place are buying the best quality goods direct from market at such astonishingly low prices that the people are

SUITED.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS CURES HEADACHE. CURES HEADACHE. CURES HEADACHE. Restores Lost Health. Miss Lottie Carson of Saraua Michigan, writes:—"I have been troubled with a terrible headache for about two years and could not get anything to help me, but at last a friend advised me to take your BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS, which I did, and after taking two bottles I have not had the headache since."


# THE RESURRECTION DAY

SERMON BY DR. TALMAGE FOR EASTER SUNDAY.

**"Come, See the Place Where the Lord Lay" the Text of the Discourse—A Wonderfully Graphic Word Painting of the Last Scene of Earth.**

NEW YORK, March 29.—Dr. Talmage preached an Easter sermon to his two audiences today. Both at the morning service in Brooklyn and at The Christian Herald service in New York in the evening the Academies of Music were bright with a profusion of flowers, Easter lilies being conspicuous. A selection of music appropriate to the festival was beautifully rendered at each service. The text of the preacher's discourse was Matthew xxviii, 6, "Come, see the place where the Lord lay."

Visiting any great city we are not satisfied until we have also looked at its cemetery. We examine all the styles of cenotaph, mausoleum, sarcophagus, crypt and sculpture. Here lies buried a statesman, yonder an orator, here a poet, out there an inventor, in some other place a great philanthropist. But with how much greater interest and with more depth of emotion we look upon our family plot in the cemetery. In the one case it is a matter of public interest, in the other it is a matter of private and heartfelt affection. But around the grave at which we halt this morning there are gathered all kinds of stupendous interest. At this sepulcher, I have to tell you, in this sepulcher there was buried a king, a conqueror, an emancipator, a friend, a brother, a Christ. Monarch of the universe, but bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, and sorrow of our sorrow, and heart of our heart. "Come, see the place where the Lord lay."

It has for surroundings the manor in the suburbs of Jerusalem, a manor owned by a wealthy gentleman by the name of Joseph. He was one of the court of seventy who had condemned Christ, but I think he had voted in the negative, or, being a timid man, had been absent at the time of the casting of the vote. He had laid out the parterre at great expense. It was a hot climate, and I suppose there were broad branched trees and winding paths underneath them, while here the waters rippled over the rock into a fishpool, and yonder the vines and the flowers clambered over the wall, and all around there were the beauties of kiosk arboriculture. After the fatigues of the Jerusalem courtroom, how refreshing to come out in these suburbs botanical and pomological!

WHERE JESUS LAY.

I walk a little farther on in the parterre and I come across a cluster of rocks, and I see on them the marks of a sculptor's chisel. I come still closer and I find that there is a subterranean recess, and I walk down the marble stairs, and come to a portico, over the doorway an architecture of fruits and flowers chiseled by the hand of the sculptor. I go into the portico, and on either side there are rooms, two or four or six rooms of rock; in the walls niches, each niche large enough to hold a dead body. One of these rooms of rock is especially wealthy with sculpture. It is a beautiful and charming spot. Why all this? The fact was that Joseph, the owner of the parterre, of that wealthy manor, had recognized the fact that he could not always walk those gardens, and he sought this as his own last resting place. What a beautiful plot in which to wait for the resurrection!

Mark well the mausoleum in the rock. It is to be the most celebrated tomb in all the ages; catacombs of Egypt, tomb of Napoleon, Mahal Taj of India, nothing compared with it. Christ had just been murdered, and his body must be thrown out to the dogs and the ravens, as was customary with crucified bodies, unless there be prompt and effective hindrance. Joseph, the owner of the mausoleum, begs for the body of Christ, and he takes and washes the poor and mutilated frame from the blood and the dust, and shrouds it and perfumes it.

I think embalmment was omitted. When in olden times they wished to embalm a dead body the priest with some pretension of medical skill would show the point between the ribs where the incision was to be made. Then the operator would come and make the incision, and then run for his life else he would be slain for violating the dead body. Then the other priests would come with salt and nitre and cassia and wine of palm tree and complete the embalmment. But I think in this case embalmment was omitted lest there be more excitement and another riot. The funeral advances. Present, Joseph, the owner of the mausoleum; Nicodemus, who brought the flowers, and the two Marys. Heavy burden on the shoulders of two men as they carry the body of Christ down the marble stairs and into the portico and lift the dead weight to the level of the niche in the rock, and push the body of Christ into the only pleasant resting place it ever had. These men coming forth close the door of rock against the recess. The government, afraid that the disciples would steal the body of Christ and play resurrection, put upon the door the seal of the Sanhedrim, the violation of that seal, like the violation of the seal of the United States government or of the British government, always followed with severe penalties.

SOLDIERS GUARDED IT.

A regiment of soldiers from the Tower of Antonio is detailed to guard that mausoleum. At the door of that tomb a fight took place which decided the question for all graveyards and cemeteries. Sword of lightning against sword of steel. Angel of God against the military. The body in the crypt begins to move in its shroud of fine linen and slides down upon the pavement, moves through the portico, appears in the doorway, comes up the marble steps. Christ, having left his mortuary attire behind him, comes forth in the garb of a workman as I take it, from the fact that the women mistook him for the gardener.

There and then was shattered the tomb so that it can never be rebuilt. All the trowels of earthly masonry cannot mend it. Forever and forever it is a broken tomb. Death that day taking the side of the military received a horrible cut under the angel's spear of flame, and must himself go down at the last—the King of Terrors disappearing before the King of Grace. "The Lord is risen." Hosanna! Hosanna!

Oh, weep no more, your comforts slain,
The Lord is risen, he lives again.

When one of the old Christians was dying he said he saw on the sky the letter "V," and he said, "I cannot understand what that is I see against the sky; it is the letter 'V.'" A Christian standing beside him said, "I know what it means; that letter 'V' stands for victory.'" I gather up all these flowers to-day, and I strew them over the graves of your Christian dead in the letter "V" for "victory," "R" for "resurrection," "T" for "triumph," "H" for "heaven." "The Lord is risen." Hosanna!

HONORS AFTER DEATH.

While standing around the place where the Lord lay I am impressed with the fact that mortuary honors cannot atone for wrongs to the living. If they could have afforded Christ such a costly sepulcher they could have afforded him a decent earthly residence. Will they give a piece of marble to the dead Christ when they might have given a soft pillow to the living Christ. If they had put half the expense of that mausoleum in the making of Christ's life on earth comfortable the story would not have been so sad. He wanted bread; they gave him a stone. Christ, like every other benefactor of the world, was better appreciated after he was dead. Westminster Abbey and monumental Greenwood are to a certain extent the world's attempts by mortuary honors to atone for neglects to the living. Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey an attempt to pay for the sufferings of Grub street. I go into that Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey, and there I find the grave of Handel, the musician from whose music we hear today as it goes down reverberating through the ages. While I stand at the costly tomb of Handel I cannot forget the fact that his fellow musicians tried to destroy him with their discords.

I go a little farther in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey and I find the grave of John Dryden, the great poet. Costly monument, great mortuary honors; but I cannot forget the fact that at seventy years of age he wrote about the oppressions of misfortune, and that he made a contract for a thousand verses at sixpence a line. I go a little farther on in the Poets' Corner and I find the grave of Samuel Butler, the author of "Hudibras." Wonderful monument, costly mortuary honors! Where did he die? In a garret. I move farther on in the Poets' Corner and I find the grave of a poet of whom Waller wrote: "An old schoolmaster by the name of John Milton has written a tedious volume on the fall of man. If its length be no virtue, it has none." I go a little farther on in the Poets' Corner and I find the grave of Sheridan. Alas! for Sheridan. Poor Sheridan! Magnificent mortuary honors. What a pity it was he could not have discounted that monument for a mouthful of something to eat! Oh, unfilial children, give your old parents less tombstone and more blankets, less funeral and more bedroom.

Five per cent. of the money now expended at Burns' banquets would have made the great Scotch poet comfortable and kept him from being almost harried to death by the drudgery of an exciseman. Horace Greeley—outrageously abused while he lived—going out to his tomb was followed by the president of the United States and the leading men of the army and the navy. Some people could not say bitter enough things about him while he lived; all the world rose up to do him honor when he died. Massachusetts, at the tomb of Charles Sumner, tried to atone for the ignominious resolutions with which her legislature denounced the living senator. It was too late.

The costly monument at Springfield, Ills., cannot pay for Booth's bullet. Costly mortuary honors on the banks of Lake Erie—honors that cost between $200,000 and $300,000—cannot pay for the assassination of James A. Garfield. Do justice to the living. All the justice you do you will have to do this side the gates of the necropolis. The dead cannot wake up to count the number of carriages in the procession or see the polish on the Aberdeen granite or to read the words of epitaphial commemoration. Costly mausoleum of the gentleman in the suburbs of Jerusalem cannot atone for Bethlehem's manger and Calvarean cross and Pilate's ruffian judiciary.

FLOWERS FOR THE DEAD.

Again. Standing in this place where the Lord lay I am impressed with the fact that floral and sculptural ornamentation are appropriate for the places of the dead We are all glad that in the short time of the Saviour's inhumation he lay amid flowers and sculpture. I cannot quite understand what I see in the newspapers where, amid the announcements of obsequies, the friends request "send no flowers." Why, there is no place so appropriate for flowers as the casket of the departed. If your means allow—I repeat, if your means allow—let there be flowers on the casket, flowers on the hearse, flowers on the grave. Put them on the brow; it means coronation. Put them in the hand; it means victory. Christ was buried in a parterre. Christ was buried in a garden. Flowers are types of resurrection. Death is sad enough anyhow. Let conservatory and arboretum do all they can in the way of alleviation. Your little girl loved flowers while she was alive. Put them in her hands, now that she cannot go forth and pluck flowers for herself. On sunshiny days twist a garland for her still heart.

Brooklyn has no greater glory than her Greenwood, nor Boston than her Mount Auburn, nor Philadelphia than her Laurel Hill, nor Cincinnati than her Spring Grove, nor San Francisco than her Lone Mountain. What shall I say of those country graveyards where the vines have fallen down and the slab is aslant and the mound is caved in and the grass is the pasture ground for the sexton's cattle? Are your father and mother of so little account that you have no more respect than that for their bones? Some day gather together and straighten up the fence and lift the slab and bank up the mound and tear out the weeds and plant the shrubs. After a while you yourself will want to lie down to the last slumber. If you have no regard for the bones of your ancestors, your children will have no deference for your bones. Do you say these relics are of no importance? You will see of how much importance they are when the archangel takes out his trumpet. Turn all your graveyards into gardens.

Standing in this place where the Lord lay I am also impressed with the dignity of unpretending obsequies. Joseph that day was mourner, sexton, liveryman—had the entire charge of all the occasion. Four people only at the burial of the King of the Universe. Let this be consolatory to those who, through small means or lack of large acquaintance, have but little demonstration of grief at the grave of their dead. It is not necessary. Long line of glittering equipages, two rows of silver handles, casket of costly wood, pallbearers scarlet and gloved are not necessary. Christ looks out from heaven at a burial where there are six in attendance, and remembers there are two more than he had at his obsequies.

Not recognizing this idea, how many small properties are scattered in the funeral rites, and widowhood and orphanage go out to the cold charity of the world. The departed left enough property to have kept the family together until they could take care of themselves, but it is all absorbed in the funeral rites. That went for crape which ought to have gone for bread. A man of small means can hardly afford to die in one of our great cities. Funeral pageantry is not necessary. No one was ever more lovingly and tenderly put into the grave than Christ, but there were only four in the procession.

THE DEAD SHALL RISE AGAIN.

Again, standing in this place where the Lord lay, I am impressed with the fact that you cannot keep the dead down. The seal of Sanhedrim, a regiment of soldiers from the tower of Antonio to stand guard, floor of rock, roof of rock, wall of rock, niche of rock, cannot keep Christ in the crypt. Come out and come up he must. Came out and came up he did. Prefiguration. The first fruits of them that sleep. Just as certainly as you and I go down into the grave, just so certainly we will come up again. Though you pile up on the top of us all the bowlders of the mountains, you cannot keep us down. Though we be buried under the coral of the deepest cavern of the Atlantic ocean, we will rise to the surface. Ah! my friends, death and the grave are not what they used to be to us, for now, walking around the spot where the Lord lay, we find vines and flowers covering up the tomb, and that which we called a place of skulls has become a beautiful garden. Yea, now there are four gardens instead of one—Garden of Eden, Garden of the World's Sepulcher, Garden of Earth's Regeneration, Garden of Heaven.

Various scriptural accounts say that the work of grave breaking will begin with the blast of trumpets and shoutings; whence I take it that the first intimation of the day will be a sound from heaven such as has never before been heard. It may not be so very loud, but it will be penetrating. There are mausoleums so deep that undisturbed silence has slept there ever since the day when the sleepers were left in them. The great noise shall strike through them. Among the corals of the sea, miles deep, where the shipwrecked rest, the sound will strike. No one will mistake it for thunder or the blast of earthly minstrelsy. There will be heard the voice of the uncounted millions of the dead, who come rushing out of the gates of eternity, flying toward the tomb, crying: "Make way! Oh, grave, give us back our body! We gave it to you in corruption; surrender it now in incorruption." Thousands of spirits arising from the field of Sedan, and from among the rocks of Gettysburg, and from among the passes of South Mountain. A hundred thousand are crowding Greenwood. On this grave three spirits meet, for there were three bodies in that tomb; over that family vault twenty spirits hover, for there were twenty bodies.

From New York to Liverpool, at every few miles on the sea route, a group of hundreds of spirits coming down to the water to meet their bodies. See that multitude!—that is where the Central America sank. And yonder multitude!—that is where the Pacific went down. Found at last! That is where the City of Boston sank. And yonder the President went down. A solitary spirit alights on yonder prairie—that is where a traveler perished in the snow. The whole air is full of spirits—spirits flying north, spirits flying south, spirits flying east, spirits flying west. Crash! goes Westminster Abbey, as all its dead kings and orators and poets get up.

Strange commingling of spirits searching among the ruins. William Wilberforce, the good, and Queen Elizabeth, the bad. Crash! go the Pyramids, and the monarchs of Egypt rise out of the heart of the desert. Snap! go the iron gates of the modern vaults. The country graveyard will look like a rough plowed field as the mounds break open. All the kings of the earth; all the senators; all the great men; all the beggars; all the armies—victors and vanquished; all the ages—barbaric and civilized; all those who were chopped by guillotine, or simmered in the fire, or rotted in dungeons; all the infants of a day; all the octogenarians—all! all! Not one straggler left behind. All! all!

And now the air is darkened with the fragments of bodies that are coming together from the opposite corners of the earth. Lost limbs finding their mate—bone to bone, sinew to sinew—until every joint is reconstructed, and every arm finds its socket, and the amputated limb of the surgeon's table shall be set again at the point from which it was severed. A surgeon told me that after the battle of Bull Run he amputated limbs, throwing them out of the window, until the pile reached up to the window-sill. All those fragments will have to take their places. Those who were born blind shall have eyes divinely kindled; those who were lame shall have a limb substituted. In all the hosts of the resurrected not one eye missing; not one foot clogged; not one arm palsied; not one tongue dumb; not one ear deaf.

FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

Wake up, my friends, this day, this glorious Easter morning, with all these congratulations. If I understand this day, it means peace toward heaven and peace toward earth. Great wealth of flowers! Bring more flowers! Wreath them around the brazen throat of the cannon, plant them in the desert until it shall blossom like the rose, braid them into the mane of the war charger as he comes back. No more red dahlias of human blood. Give us white lilies of peace. Strew all the earth with Easter garlands, for the resurrection we celebrate this morning implies all kinds of resurrection, a score of resurrections.

Resurrection from death and sin to the life of the gospel. Resurrection of apostolic faith. Resurrection of commercial integrity. Resurrection of national honor. Resurrection of international goodwill. Resurrection of art. Resurrection of literature. Resurrection of everything that is good and kind and generous and just and holy and beautiful. Nothing to stay down, to stay buried, but sin and darkness and pain and disease and revenge and death. Let those tarry in the grave forever. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill to men."

Christ, the Lord, is risen today,
Sons of men and angels say.
Raise your songs and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.
Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won.
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

**Vitality of a Quail.**

J. E. Isgrigg, of Carthage, Mo., thus writes to The American Field: "I send you by express a hen quail. W. B. Hickey was working his puppies on birds today, and when the bevy flushed he noticed this bird, which flew, he says, like one having been shot in the head. It flew quite a distance, and upon getting it up the second time he killed it, which of course was contrary to law, but under the circumstances was a humane act. You will see that a twig has been run completely through the breast, both ends protruding. It has evidently been there quite a long time, as the wound has grown over. I think it marvelous that the bird could have survived such a wound. The bird would in all probability have lived its days out had it not been shot. Mr. Hickey's theory is that the bird was flying to escape a hawk and darted into the brush, and in doing so flew against this twig."

**Stealing a House.**

The thieves about Frankford are nothing if not enterprising. A short time ago a party of them demolished two houses owned by Building Inspector Collom to secure the wood. A few days later he was notified by the highway department to remove the debris or suffer a heavy penalty. Mr. Collom had the bricks cleaned and nicely piled where the erstwhile houses stood, and all was well. Next day he visited the site and discovered that the thieves had carted away the bricks. He ordered a sign painted warning persons against removing the lot.—Philadelphia Record.

During the year 1890 3,556 new Methodist churches were established in the south, an average of one church in every nineteen hours.

**Something in a Name.**

"Why do you always refer to your black valet as your 'retainer?'"

"Because he always keeps everything he finds."—St. Joseph News.

## LOVE ON A DEATH BOX.

**A Chicago Driver Takes His Sweetheart Out Riding on a White Hearse.**

Everybody on the West Side knows Barney Sullivan. He drives a hearse for a Madison street undertaker. He has led more funeral processions to Calvary in the past two years than any other driver in the city. About a year ago he took Maggie Dooley to see Joe Murphy in "Shaun Rhue," and she is talking about it to this day. Not long ago, however, Barney met the Widow McGraw, whose husband was killed last summer in the Burlington yards. His life was insured for $2,000. The widow put every dollar of it in bank, and it's drawing 6 per cent.

She has an income of ten dollars a month from the interest and twenty dollars more from where she cooks. She is employed in the household of a Prairie avenue gentleman. It was at a wake that Barney became acquainted with the Widow McGraw. She was smitten with his red whiskers and winning ways. He escorted her home, and on the way they stopped at a restaurant and ate oysters, both raw and fried. Barney was invited to call, which he did, and on leaving he told the widow that it was the most enjoyable evening he had spent since he came to America. And it was arranged that they should go buggy riding Sunday afternoon if the day was fine.

Barney forgot all about engaging a rig until 10 o'clock in the morning. He went to several stables on the West Side, but could not hire a horse for love or money. The day was delightful, and everybody was out driving about the parks and along the boulevards. He telephoned to Leroy Payne's, and offered ten dollars for a rig for two hours, but he might just as well have offered ten cents. There wasn't a horse or buggy to be had in all Chicago. As a last resort he hitched up a team of cream colored horses to a white hearse and started for Prairie avenue.

The hearse rolled noiselessly along over the granite paved avenues, and Barney was in the height of his glory. In front of where the widow is employed he turned in so close that the wheels of the hearse scraped against the curbstone. People in the neighborhood went out on the front steps to inquire who was dead. Presently Barney and the widow came out of the house and mounted the driver's box. As the hearse rolled away peals of laughter split the air. They drove in impressive dignity down Drexel boulevard, and then turned the heads of the cream colored horses toward Jackson park.

Thousands of persons saw the strange vehicle circling around the park, but they didn't know what to make of it. Barney and the widow paid no attention to the caustic comments made upon them from time to time. They enjoyed the drive as well as they would have done in a landau; for on the way home it was all planned that the Widow McGraw will soon change her name to Sullivan.—Chicago Herald.

**Worth of Good Breeding.**

It is more to the point to say that it is important to keep the passages of the nose perfectly clear, to have the mouth well closed and mobile. The last thing before leaving privacy should always be a toilette de nez, clearing it by sniffing water of cologne and water, or spraying with the handy atomizer which has so many uses for the toilet besides wasting perfume.

There is no surer way of keeping the eyes bright than by keeping the nose clear and breath free. The compound stupidity of the stuffed head, the vermouth eyes and open jaw betoken not only physical but mental incompetency.

A youth or a man cannot have good sense if his nasal and breathing apparatus is out of order, and of necessity affecting his brain. Physicians find that the stupidity of many children at school vanishes with the cure of catarrh, that sure sequence of want of intelligent care in early years. The trouble removed, the lungs and breath working freely, the blood in body and brain aerated, the child seems to wake into new life, loses its loginess and grows bright and playful as the brightest of its mates. Boys in their teens and twenties often have a touch of catarrh from sleeping in stuffy, unventilated rooms.—Shirley Dare's Letter.

**A Hint for a New Dress.**

Now for a new dress. Pick up a bit of claret velvet and have some good dressmaker resolve it into a short round waist. There are among the winter "left overs" remnants of black silk, lined or checked with red, which can be bought cheap, and will make up beautifully. You, of course, will make up the skirt, and here is the way to do it: Put six widths in it, gathering the front and sides as little as possible, and lay the back in a fan or double box plait.

Cut a four-inch ruffle on the bias, double, not hem, the top, line it, and sew about the sides and front gores. As all the dresses drag, and all women must follow the fashion, look well to the facing of your skirt. Use for this purpose some excellent quality of cash mere or closely woven stuff. You will only need a little, and a good piece will save repairs. Buy, too, the best grade of braid. Rubber is not used for this purpose, nor is any extender or steel put in the lining. The drawstrings are depended on to hold back the fullness. Then, too, a girl must learn to walk so as not to throw her skirts from heel to heel.—New York World.

**Unwelcome Magnetism.**

In a recent lecture the well known electrician, Professor Nichols, was demonstrating the fact that an iron rod becomes a magnet by forcibly striking one end while holding the rod in a north and south direction. By way of illustrating his remarks he told how while yachting several summers ago he was sailing from the Isle of Shoals toward the coast of Maine when it was noticed that a large mountain in Maine, a landmark, had unaccountably moved several points away from its natural position.

Under the supposition that the compass was being affected in some way everything around it was moved away; but to no purpose. The mountain refused to move, until finally an umbrella which was laying near by was removed, when the mountain quickly moved back to where it belonged. The umbrella as the owner walked along had evidently been tapped against the ground, which eventually caused the steel stays holding the cover to become quite strongly magnetized. When placed near the compass a deflection of the compass of several points had taken place.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

**A Heavy Rain.**

Young Inhabitant—I never saw it rain harder than it did today.

Old Inhabitant—Today wasn't a circumstance to a rain we had once at Grass lake. I took my rowboat out to paint it, and had it layin' on the ground bottom up, dryin', when the storm commenced. Well, would you believe it, the rain came down so thick that that ole boat thought she was in the water and went floatin' off bottom up?—Good News.

The Chinese have their tombs built in the shape of the horseshoe, which custom is very curious, as it may be fairly regarded as a branch of superstition long prevalent among ourselves.

**Must Butter Be Worked Twice?**

Whether it is better to work butter once or twice will depend entirely upon the condition in which it comes from the churn. The objects in working are to remove the buttermilk and surplus water and to incorporate the salt. If the buttermilk has been entirely washed out before the butter is taken from the churn, and the butter is still in small grains when put on the worker, and the salt sifted over it evenly, then one thorough working may remove all the surplus water and incorporate the salt. If, however, the butter has been collected in lumps two workings will be necessary, one immediately after taking from the churn and before salting, and the other twelve or twenty-four hours after salting. Good butter should contain not more than 12 per cent. of water. Lump butter worked but once will be almost sure to retain from 15 to 20 per cent. water by weight.—Jersey Bulletin.

**Four Moist Men in an Elevator.**

Last evening, at the court house, all but one of the elevators were shut down. The entire pressure of water was on the one still running. The car was just leaving the top floor with four passengers when the end of the cylinder blew out. The tremendous pressure on the cylinder from the huge tank on the roof shot a column of water, with the swiftness of a bullet, clear to the ceiling of the elevator shaft. The occupants of the car were surprised by a flood of water which poured through the roof. The elevator did not drop; the occupants no doubt wished it would so they could be released from their involuntary shower bath. The safety devices held it steady in its slow descent to the basement, where four half drowned men crawled out.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

**The Latin Union.**

The Latin union is a sort of monetary league, composed of France, Italy, Belgium, Switzerland and Greece. These countries, under this agreement, make coins of the same weight and fineness, and those of each country circulate in all the others.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**Exercising Due Caution.**

"Have you made up the list for your reception yet?"

"Yes, but I haven't revised it since the panic. I must consult Bradstreet's before sending out the cards."—Harper's Bazar.

**Their Redeeming Feature.**

Mrs. Porcu—I object to the use of the Koch cure. The idea of having bacilli injected into one's veins!

Doctor—But, madam, I assure you the bacilli are highly educated.

Mrs. Porcu—Ah, indeed! that alters the case.—Munsey's Weekly.

It is amusing to see people with their faces drawn down as if they had swallowed a feather and it was tickling their lungs and they would be happy if they could only sneeze. Now there is no need of "making faces." A bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will draw your face back into a smile.

"Kings are like stars, they rise and set." They have headache, cuts and hurts like meaner men, and are just as sure to call for Salvation Oil.

A late whim of swelldom is to put the maid who opens the door into a sort of livery, like that of a man servant. Her dress is dark green, plainly braided, and the waist and sleeves are trimmed with livery bands of red braid. She wears a cap, and this livery is not usually put on until about lunch time.

That old established cough remedy, Down's Elixir, still more than holds its own in the public estimation, despite sharp and active competition. It is a "home remedy," and in this locality needs no words of praise from us, so well and favorably known is it. It is the standard remedy for coughs colds and all throat troubles, with great numbers of our people, and their continued use and unsolicited recommendation of it speaks volumes in its favor.—*Burlington, Vt., Free Press, January 26, 1882.*

The following curious advertisement appeared not long ago in a newspaper in Paris: "A lady having a pet dog whose hair is of a rich mahogany color desires to engage a footman with whiskers to match."

Here it is, and it fills the bill much better than anything we could say: "It gives me the greatest pleasure to write you in regard to Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. During the past winter I have sold more of it than any other kind, and have yet to find any one, but what was benefitted by taking it. I have never had any medicine in my store that gave such universal satisfaction." J. M. Roney, druggist, Geuda Springs, Kansas. 50 cent bottles for sale by H. C. Pierce druggist.

Barmann, the lion tamer, came home one night rather the worse for drink, and was soundly rated by his better half. His unruffled composure on this occasion incensed her all the more, and Barmann at length took refuge in the lion's cage, bolting the door after him.

His wife appeared at the door of the cage and exclaimed, "Come out of that, you coward!"

## ALL SORTS.

"Your wife seems vexed." "Yes, she went out to match some ribbon and found it at the first store.

Husband and wife have more than once been saved by the timely use of Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs, after all other remedies have been tried in vain. The Balsam stops decay of the lungs and cures influenza and acute and chronic coughs. There is no medicine in the world that acts so promptly, certainly none that does its work so thoroughly as Kemp's Balsam. All druggists sell it Large bottles 50c., and $1.

"What have you got to plant to get a family tree anyhow?" asked Wag. "Ancestors," replied Wiggels

The children's health must not be neglected. Cold in the head causes catarrh, Ely's Cream Balm cures at once. It is perfectly safe and is easily applied into the nostrils. The worst cases yielding to it. Price 50c.

One of my children had a very bad discharge from her nose. Two physicians prescribed, but without benefit. We tried Ely's Balm, and, much to our surprise, there was a marked improvement. We continued using the Balm and in a short time the discharge was cured.—O. A. Cary, Corning, N. Y.

The carpenter, like the country school-teacher, is accustomed to boarding around.

Middle aged people, when you were babies, Johnson's Anodyne Liniment was then very old.

When I was sick my room looked like a drug store, I had so many bottles in it. The more I dosed, the worse off I was. Finally I paid my doctor and told him he needen't come any more. I was troubled with chronic rheumatism, and could't get out of bed alone. Six bottles of Sulphur Bitters cured me.—*Benj. Felch, Adams House, Boston.*

The Indians will never settle down while the old settlers are keeping them rlied up.

PILES! PILES ITCHING PILES.—Symptoms: Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 50 cts. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia.

A woman can say more with a few tears than a man can express in a book.

**Dean's Rheumatic Pill** are a sure cure for all forms of chronic and inflammatory rheumatism and neuralgia. Entirely vegetable, always safe.

The father gathers his dollars in cents; his son scatters the cents in dollars.

BOILS—BLOOD DISORDER.—I had been troubled with boils which came out on my ears, neck, and in fact all over my body. I tried everything and could get no relief until I was advised by my neighbor, T. N. Arnold, to try Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, made at Rondout, N. Y. After using it less than three months, I can say I am fully cured.—Sam'l Grady, No. 20 Caledonia ave., Rochester, N. Y.

An owner of a butting property—the subburban resident who keeps a goat.

**Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment.**

A certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Old Chronic Sores, Fever Sores, Eczema, Itch, Prairie Scratches, Sore Nipples and Piles. It is cooling and soothing. Hundreds of cases have been cured by it after all other treatment had failed. It is put up in 25 and 50 cent boxes.


H. R. MACK, C. S. ROWE, J. E. SULLIVAN

HADWICK GRANITE COMPANY

HARDWICK, - VERMONT.

(Successors to H. R. MACK.)

Fine Nonumental Work and Cemetery Improvements in every variety of Marble & Granite.

Designs submitted, estimates furnished and work erected in any part of the state at reasonable prices. Dark Blue Hardwick Granite from our own quarries A SPECIALTY.

This Granite is of a beautiful Dark Blue shade, is entirely free from iron and is the darkest produced in Vermont.

STODDARD CHURN,

Best in use.

BUTTER WORKERS, BUTTER TUBS, BUTTER BOXES, BUTTER BOWLS, MILK CANS, CREAM CANS, DAIRY THERMOMETERS.

And all goods used in the dairy business you are sure to find at

SEAVER'S HARDWARE STORE.

We always sell a great many STOVES in the month of March, and we are on hand this year with a fine lot, including some of those famous $25.00 Ranges, which everybody knows beat the world.

If you want some Shaker Pails with cover for sugar, remember we have them for you. We want your Calf Skins and will pay good prices.

Good assortment of DOG COLLARS.

Farmer's Scales very cheap

SEAVER'S BARTON.

Ely's Cream Balm For CATARRH THE POSITIVE CURE. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York. Price 50 cts.

EVERY WATERPROOF COLLAR OR CUFF THAT CAN BE RELIED ON Not to Split! Not to Discolor! BEARS THIS MARK. BE UP TO THE MARK

TRADE ELLULOID MARK.

NEEDS NO LAUNDERING. CAN BE WIPED CLEAN IN A MOMENT. THE ONLY LINEN-LINED WATERPROOF COLLAR IN THE MARKET.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH. RED CROSS PENNYROYAL PILLS DIAMOND BRAND THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. The only Safe, Sure, and reliable Pill for sale. Ladies, ask Druggist for Chichester's English Diamond Brand in Red and Gold metallic boxes sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other kind. Refuse substitutions and imitations. All pills in pasteboard boxes, plain wrappers are dangerous counterfeits. At druggists, or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials, and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Name Paper. CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., Madison Square, Sold by all Local Druggists. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

If You Have CONSUMPTION COUGH OR COLD BRONCHITIS Throat Affection SCROFULA Wasting of Flesh Or any Disease where the Throat and Lungs are Inflamed, Lack of Strength or Nerve Power, you can be relieved and Cured by SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL With Hypophosphites. PALATABLE AS MILK. Ask for Scott's Emulsion, and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute. Sold by all Druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, N.Y.

SULPHUR BITTERS

The Greatest Blood Purifier KNOWN.

This Great German Medicine is the cheapest and best. 128 doses of SULPHUR BITTERS for $1.00, less than one cent a dose. It will cure the worst cases of skin disease, from a common pimple on the face to that awful disease Scrofula. SULPHUR BITTERS is the best medicine to use in all cases of such stubborn and deep seated diseases. Do not waste your money on worthless compounds. Use SULPHUR BITTERS. If you are sick, no matter what ails you, use Sulphur Bitters!

BLUE PILLS or mercury, they are dead in the body. Place your trust in SULPHUR BITTERS, the purest and best medicine ever made.

Is your Tongue Coated with a yellow sticky substance? Is your breath foul and offensive? Your stomach is out of order. Use SULPHUR BITTERS immediately. In your Urine there will be a ropy, cloudy, or thick deposit. Use SULPHUR BITTERS. Don't wait until you are unable to walk, or are flat on your back, but get some at once. It will cure you. Sulphur Bitters is The Invalid's Friend. The young, the aged and infirm are soon made well by its use. Remember what you read here, it may save your life, it has saved hundreds. Don't wait until to-morrow, but Try a Bottle To-day