JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

UNLIKE ANY OTHER. As much For INTERNAL as EXTERNAL use. In 1810

Originated by an Old Family Physician.

Think Of It. In use for more than Eighty Years, and still leads. *Generation* after *Generation* have used and blessed it. Every Traveler should have a bottle in his satchel.

Every Sufferer From Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Nervous Headache, Diphtheria, Coughs, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Cholera-Morbus, Diarrhœa, Lameness, Soreness in Body or Limbs, Stiff Joints or Strains, will find in this old Anodyne relief and speedy cure.

Every Mother Should have Johnson's Anodyne Liniment in the house for Croup, Colds, Sore Throat, Tonsilitis, Colic, Cuts, Bruises, Cramps and Pains liable to occur in any family without notice. Delays may cost a life. Relieves all Summer Complaints like magic. Price, 25 cts. post-paid; 6 bottles, $2. Express paid. I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

Dutchy & Co's. Advt's.

AGENTS make 100 per cent. net on my Corsets Belts, Brushes, Curlers & Medicine Samples free. Write now. Dr. Bridgman 371 B'way, N.Y.

FEMALE WEAKNESS
Positive Cure
I have a **Positive Remedy** for the thousand and one ills which arise from deranged female organs. I will send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any lady, if she will send her Express and P. O. address. DR. JOHN MARCHISI, UTICA, N. Y.

WHAT CURES PIMPLES

The only really successful preventive and cure of pimples blotches, blackheads, red, rough and oily skin, and most complexional disfigurements, is that greatest of all Skin Purifiers and beautifiers, the celebrat'd

CUTICURA SOAP

Absolutely pure, delicately medicated, exquisitely perfumed, it produces the whitest, clearest skin, and softest hands, and prevents inflammation and clogging of the pores, the cause of pimples, blotches, blackheads, red and oily skin, and most complexional disfigurations. It derives its remarkable medicinal properties from **Cuticura**, the great skin cure, but so delicately are they blended with the purest of toilet and nursery soap stocks that the result is a *medicated toilet soap* incomparably superior to all other skin and complexion soaps, while rivalling in delicacy and surpassing in purity the most noted and expensive of toilet and nursery soap. Sold everywhere. Price 25 cents.

Prepared by POTTER DRUG CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston, Mass.

"All about the Skin, Scalp and Hair," mailed free to any address. 64 pages, 300 Diseases, 50 Illustrations, 100 Testimonials.

RHEUMATISM
CURED BY
Mitchell's Rheumatic Plasters.
Sure remedy for Rheumatism, Neuralgia & Sciatica. Sold by druggists, or by mail, 25 cents.
Novelty Plaster Works, Lowell, Mass.

HIRES ROOT BEER THE GREAT HEALTH DRINK.
Makes 5 gallons. Delicious, sparkling, and inoxicating. Sold by all dealers. A beautiful Picture Book and cards sent FREE to any one sending address to the C. E. HIRES CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp disease & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

ARE YOU CONSUMPTIVE
Use Parker's Ginger Tonic. It cures the worst Cough, Weak Lungs, Debility, Indigestion, Pain. Take in time. 50 cts.
HINDERCORNS. The only sure cure for Corns. Stops all pain. 15c. at Druggists, or HISCOX & CO., N. Y.

ADAMSON'S BOTANIC COUGH BALSAM
COUGHS & COLDS. CONSUMPTION.
IS COMPOSED OF PURE & WHOLESOME INGREDIENTS, AND IS THE MOST RELIABLE REMEDY IN THE MARKET FOR COUGHS, COLDS & ASTHMA.

THE "EQUITABLE" IS

THE PLACE TO BUY,

FOR CASH,

Your Groceries,
Your Flour,
Your Domestics,
Your Dress Goods,
Your Clothing,
Your Boots & Shoes,
Your Crockery,
Your Wall Paper,
Your Curtains,
Your Hardware.

We CAN sell cheap for cash.

We WILL sell cheap for cash.

Butter bought Monday and Tuesday until noon of each week.

Randall & Crane.
Greensboro, Vt., Apr. 6, 1891.

DR. J. MILLER'S VEGETABLE EXPECTORANT
IS INVALUABLE FOR Coughs and Colds and all Lung Troubles.
35c. and $1 at all Druggists.
E. MORGAN & SONS, Prop's, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

THE BATTLE OF CREEDS.

DR. TALMAGE GIVES A LIVELY SKETCH OF THE HERESY HUNT

There Is an Exciting Question in Almost Every Denomination—Are the Theologians Losing Temper in the Discussion? No One Is Bettered by It.

BROOKLYN, June 14.—Dr. Talmage dealt in his sermon this morning with the very timely topic, "The Battle of Creeds." After so long and exhaustive a discussion in clerical circles and in the secular press, there seemed nothing more to be said on the subject. Dr. Talmage, however, has his own way of looking at all subjects, and even people who thought they knew all that could be said on both sides received light from the fresh and original contribution which he made to the controversy. His text was taken from Proverbs xxvi. 17, "He that passeth by and meddleth with strife belonging not to him is like one that taketh a dog by the ears."

Solomon here deplores the habit of rushing in between contestants, of taking part in the antagonisms of others, of joining in fights which they ought to shun. They do no good to others and get damage for themselves. He compares it to the experiment of taking a dog by the ears. Nothing so irritates the canines as to be clutched by the lugs. Take them by the back of the neck and lift them and it does not seem to hurt or offend; but you take the dog by the ear and he will take you with his teeth. In all the history of kennels no intelligent or spirited dog will stand that. "Now," says Solomon, "you go into quarrels or controversies that are not yours and you will get lacerated and torn and bitten. 'He that passeth by and meddleth with strife belonging not to him is like one that taketh a dog by the ears.'"

This is a time of resounding ecclesiastical quarrel. Never within your memory or mine has the air been so full of missiles. The Presbyterian church has on hand a controversy so great that it finds it prudent to postpone its settlement for at least one more year, hoping that something will turn up. Somebody might die or a new general assembly may have grace to handle the exciting questions. The Episcopal church has cast out some recalcitrants, and its digestive organs are taxed to the utmost in trying to assimilate others. "Shall women preach?" "Or be sent as delegates to conferences?" are questions that have put many of our Methodist brethren on the "anxious seat," and the waters in some of the great baptistries are troubled waters.

Because of the controversies throughout Christendom the air is now like an August afternoon about 5 o'clock, when it has been steaming hot all day, and clouds are gathering, and there are lions of thunder with grumbling voices and flashing eyes coming forth from their cloudy lairs, and people are waiting for the full burst of the tempest. I am not much of a weather prophet, but the clouds look to me mostly like wind clouds. It may be a big blow, but I hope it will soon be over. In regard to the Battle of the Creeds, I am every day asked what I think about it. I want to make it so plain this morning what I think that no one will ever ask again.

LEAVE IT TO THE JURYMEN.

Let those who are jurymen in the case, I mean those in the different ecclesiastical courts, have the questions put directly before them, weigh and decide. Let the rest of us keep out. The most damaging thing on earth is religious controversy. No one ever comes out of it as good a man as he goes in. Some of the ministers, in all denominations, who, before the present acerbity were good and kind and useful, now seem almost swearing mad.

These brethren I notice always open their violent meetings with prayer before devouring each other, thus saying grace before meat. They have a moral hydrophobia that makes us think they have taken a dog by the ears. They never read the imprecatory Psalms of David with such zest as since the Briggs and Newton and MacQueary and Bridgman and Brooks questions got into full swing. May the rams of the sheepfold soon have their horns sawed off. Before the controversies are settled a good many ministers will, through what they call liberalism, be landed into practical infidelity, and others, through what they call conservatism, will shrink up into bigots tight and hard as the mummies of Egypt which got through their controversies three thousand years ago.

This trouble throughout Christendom was directly inspired of Satan. He saw that too much good was being done. Recruits were being gathered by hundreds of thousands to the Gospel standard. The victories for God and the truth were too near together. Too many churches were being dedicated. Too many ministers were being ordained. Too many philanthropies were being fostered. Too many souls were being saved. It had been a dull time in the nether world, and the arrivals were too few.

So Satan one day rose upon his throne and said, "Ye powers of darkness, hear!" And all up and down the caverns the cry was, "Hear! Hear!" Satan said: "There is that American board of commissioners for foreign missions. It must either be demolished or crippled, or the first thing you know they will have all nations brought to God. Apollyon the Younger! You go up to Andover and get the professors to discussing whether the heathen can be saved without the Gospel. Divert them from the work of missions and get them in angry convention in a room at Young's hotel, Boston, and by the time they adjourn the cause of foreign missions will be gloriously and magnificently injured. Diabolus the Younger! You go up and get Union Theological seminary of New York and the general assembly of the Presbyterian church at Detroit at swords' points and diverted from the work of making earnest ministers of religion, and turn that old Presbyterian church, which has been keeping us out of customers for hundreds of years, into a splendid pandemonium on a small scale. Abaddon the Third! You go up and assault that old Episcopal church, which has been storming the heavens for centuries with the sublimest prayers that were ever uttered—church of Bishop Leighton, Bishop White and Bishop McIlvaine, and get that denomination discussing men instead of discussing the eternities. Abaddon the Fourth! You go up to that old Methodist church, which has, through her revivals, sent millions to heaven which we would otherwise have added to our population; the church of Wesley and Matthew Simpson, against which we have an especial grudge, and get them so absorbed in discussing whether women shall take part in her conference that they shall not have so much time to discuss how many sons and daughters she will take to glory."

THE SLY AND SUBTLE WORK OF SATAN.

What amazes me most is that all people do not see that the entire movement at this time all over Christendom is satanic. Many of the infernal attacks are sly and hidden and strategic and so ingenious that they are not easily discovered. But here is a bold and uncovered attempt of the powers of darkness to split up the churches, to get ministers to take each other by the throat, to make religion a laughing stock of earth and hell, to leave the Bible with no more respect or authenticity than an old almanac of 1822, which told what would be the change of weather six months ahead and in what quarter of the moon it is best to plant turnips. In a word, the effort is to stop the evangelization of the world.

It seems to me very much like this: There has been a railroad accident and many are wounded and dying. There are several drug stores near the scene of casualty. All the doctors and druggists are needed, and needed right away. Bandages, stimulants, anæsthetics, medicines of all sorts. What are the doctors and druggists doing? Discussing the contents of some old bottles on the top shelf—bottles of medicine which some doctors and druggists mixed two or three hundred years ago. "Come, doctors!" "Come, druggists!" cry the people, "and help these wounded and dying that are being brought from beneath the timbers of the crushed rail train. In a little while it will be too late. Come, for God's sake! Come right away!" "No," says a doctor, "not until we have settled whether the medicine on that top shelf was rightly mixed. I say there were too many drops of laudanum in it, and this other man says there were too many drops of camphire, and we must get this question settled before we can attend to the railroad accident."

And one doctor takes another doctor by the collar and pushes him back against the counter, and one of the druggists says "If you will not admit that I am right about that one bottle I will smash every bottle in your apothecary store," and he proceeds to smash. Meanwhile, on the lower shelf, plainly marked and within easy reach, are all the medicines needed for the helping of the sufferers by the accident, and in that drawer, easily opened, are bandages and splints, for the lack of which fifty people are dying outside the drug store. Before I apply this thought, every one sees its application. Here is this old world, and it is off track. Sin and sorrow have collided with it. The groan of agony is fourteen hundred million voiced.

God has opened for relief and cure a great sanitarium, a great house of mercy, and all its shelves are filled with balsams, with catholicons, with help—glorious help, tremendous help, help so easily administered that you need not get upon any step ladder to reach it. You can reach it on your knees and then hand it to all the suffering, and the sinning and the dying. Comfort for all the troubled! Pardon for all the guilty! Peace for all the dying! But while the world is needing the relief and perishing for lack of it, what of the church? Why, it is full of fighting doctors. On the topshelf are some old bottles which several hundred years ago Calvin or Arminius, or the members of the synod of Dort, or the formers of the Nicene creed filled with holy mixtures, and until we get a revision of these old bottles and find out whether we must take a teaspoonful or a tablespoonful, and whether before or after meals, let the nations suffer and groan and die. Save the bottles by all means, if you cannot save anything else!

Now, what part shall you and I take in this controversy which fills all Christendom with clangor? My advice is: Take no part. In time of riot all mayors of cities advise good citizens to stay at home or in their places of business, and in this time of religious riot I advise you to go about your regular work for God. Leave the bottles on the higher shelves for others to fight about and take the two bottles on the shelf within easy reach, the two bottles which are all this dying world needs; the one filled with a potion which is for the cleansing of all sin, the other filled with a potion which is for the soothing of all suffering. Two Gospel bottles! Christ mixed them out of his own tears and blood. In them is no human admixture. Spend no time on the mysteries! You, a man only five or six feet high, ought not try to wade an ocean a thousand feet deep.

My own experience has been vivid. I devoted the most of my time for years in trying to understand God's eternal decrees, and I was determined to find out why the Lord let sin come into the world, and I set out to explore the doctrine of the Trinity, and with a yardstick to measure the throne of the Infinite. As with all my predecessors, the attempt was a dead failure. For the last thirty years I have not spent two minutes in studying the controverted points of theology, and if I live thirty years longer I will not spend the thousandth part of a second in such exploration. I know two things, and these I will devote all the years of my life in proclaiming: God will through Jesus Christ pardon sin, and he will comfort trouble.

TOO MUCH TALK OF CREEDS.

Creeds have their uses, but just now the church is creeded to death. The young men entering the ministry are going to be launched in the thickest fog that ever settled on the coasts. As I am told that in all our services students of Princeton and Union and Drew and other theological seminaries are present, and as these words will come to thousands of young men who are soon to enter the ministry, let me say to such, and through them to their associates, keep out of the bewildering, belittling, destroying and angry controversies abroad. The questions our doctors of divinity are trying to settle will not be settled until the day after the day of judgment. It is such a poor economy of time to spend years and years in trying to fathom the unfathomable, when in five minutes in heaven we will know all we want to know. Wait till we get our throne. Wait until the light of eternity flashes upon our newly ascended spirits.

It is useless for ants on different sides of a mole hill to try to discuss the comparative heights of Mount Blanc and Mount Washington. Let me say to all young men about to enter the ministry that soon the greatest novelty in the world will be the unadulterated religion of Jesus Christ. Preach that and you will have a crowd. The world is sick to regurgitation with the modern quacks in religion. The world has been swinging off from the old Gospel, but it will swing back, and by the time you young men go into the pulpits the cry will be coming up from all the millions of mankind, "Give us the bread of life; no sweetened bread, no bread with sickly raisins stuck here and there into it, but old fashioned bread as God our mother mixed it and baked it!"

You see God knew as much when he made the Bible as he knows now. He has not learned a single thing in six thousand years. He knew at the start that the human race would go wrong, and what would be the best means of its restoration and redemption. And the law which was thundered on Mount Sinai, from whose top I had the two tables of stone in yonder wall transported, is the perfect law. And the Gospel which Christ announced while dying on that mount from which I brought that stone in yonder wall, and which Paul preached on that hill from which I brought yonder granite, is the Gospel that is going to save the world. Young man, put on that Gospel armor! No other sword will triumph like that. No other shield will protect like that. No other helmet will glance off the battle axes like that.

Our theological seminaries are doing glorious work, but if ever such theological seminaries shall cease to prepare young men for this plain Gospel advocacy, and shall become mere philosophical schools for guessing about God and guessing about the Bible and guessing about the soul, they will cease their usefulness, and young men, as in olden time, when they would study for the Gospel ministry, will put themselves under the care of some intelligent and warm hearted pastor, and kneel with him in family prayer at the parsonge, and go with him into the room of the sick and the dying, and see what victories the grace of God can gain when the couch of the dying saint is the Marathon.

That is the way the mighty ministers of the Gospel were made in olden times. Oh, for a great wave of revival to roll over our theological seminaries, and our pulpits, and our churches, and our ecclesiastical courts and over all Christendom! That would be the end of controversy. While such a deluge would float the ark of God higher and higher, it would put all the bears and tigers and reptiles of raging ecclesiasticism fifteen cubits under.

WORK FOR CHRIST BRINGS PEACE.

Now, what is the simple fact that you in the pew and Sabbath school class and reformatory association and we in the pulpits have to deal with? It is this: That God has somewhere, and it matters not where, but somewhere, provided a great heaven—great for quietness for those who want quiet, great for vast assemblage for those who like multitudes, great for architecture for those who like architecture, great for beautiful landscape for those who like beautiful landscape, great for music for those who like music, great for processions for those who like armies on white horses, and great for anything that one especially desires in such a rapturous dominion—and through the doings of one who was born about five miles south of Jerusalem and died about ten minutes' walk from its eastern gate all may enter that great heaven for the earnest and heartfelt asking. Is that all? That is all. What then is your work and mine? Our work is to persuade people to face that way and start thitherward and finally go in. But has not religion something to do with this world as well as the next? Oh, yes; but do you not see that if the people start for heaven, on their way there they will do all the good they can? They will at the very start of the journey get so much of the spirit of Christ, which is a spirit of kindness and self sacrifice and generosity and burden bearing and helpfulness, that every step they take will resound with good deeds. Oh, get your religion off of stilts! Get it down out of the high towers! Get it on a level with the wants and woes of our poor human race! Get it out of the dusty theological books that few people read and put it in their hearts and lives. Good thing is it to profess religion when you join the church, but every day, somehow, we ought to profess religion.

A peculiar patchwork quilt was, during the civil war, made by a lady and sent to the hospitals at the front. She had a boy in the army, and was naturally interested in the welfare of soldiers. But what a patchwork quilt she sent! On every block of the quilt was a passage of Scripture or a verse of a hymn. The months and years of the war went by. On that quilt many a wounded man had lain and suffered and died. But one morning the hospital nurse saw a patient under that blanket kissing the figure of a leaf in the quilt, and the nurse supposed he was only wandering in his mind. But no, he was the son of the mother who had made the quilt, and he recognized that figure of a leaf as part of a gown his mother used to wear, and it reminded him of home. "Do you know where this quilt came from?" he asked. The nurse answered, "I can find out, for there was a card pinned fast to it, and I will find that."

Sure enough, it confirmed what he thought. Then the nurse pointed to a passage of Scripture in the block of the quilt, the passage which says, "When he was yet a great way off his father saw him, and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him." "Yes," said the dying soldier, "I was a great way off, but God has met me and had compassion on me." "Shall I write to your mother and tell her that the lost one is found and the dead is alive again?" He answered, "I wish you would, if it would not be too much trouble." Do you suppose that woman who made that quilt and filled it with Scripture passages had any trouble about who Melchisedec was or how the doctrine of God's sovereignty can be harmonized with man's free agency, or who wrote the Pentateuch, or the inconsistencies of the Nicene creed? No, no; go to work for God and suffering humanity, and all your doubts and fears and mysteries and unbeliefs put together will not be heavy enough to stir the chemist's scales, which is accustomed to weighing one-fiftieth part of a grain of chamomile flowers.

Why stop a moment to understand the mysteries when there are so many certitudes? Why spend our time exploring the dark garrets and coal holes of a great palace which has above ground one hundred rooms flooded with sunshine? It takes all my time to absorb what has been revealed, so that I have no time to upturn and root out and drag forth what has not been revealed. The most of the effort to solve mysteries and explore the inexplicable and harmonize things is an attempt to help the Lord out of theological difficulties. Good enough intention, my brother, no doubt; but the Lord is not anxious to have you help him. He will keep his throne without your assistance. Don't be afraid that the Bible will fall apart from inconsistencies. It hung together many centuries before you were born, and your funeral sermon will be preached from a text taken from its undisturbed authenticity.

CHRIST COMES WHEN WE MAKE READY.

Do you know that I think that if all ministers in all denominations would stop this nonsense of ecclesiastical strife and take hold the word of God, the only question with each of us being how many souls we can bring to Christ, and in how short a time, the Lord would soon appear for the salvation of all nations? When the young queen of England visited Scotland many years ago great preparations were made for her reception. The vessel in which she sailed was far out at sea, but every hill in Scotland was illumined with bonfires and torches. The night was set on fire with artificial illumination.

The queen, standing on ship's deck, knew from that that Scotland was full of heartiest welcome, and the thunder of the great guns at Glasgow and Edinburgh castle woke up all the echoes. Boom! they sounded out over the sea. Boom! they sounded up among the hills. Do you know that I think that our King would land if we were only ready to receive him? Why not call to him from all our churches, from all our hospitals, from all our homes? Why not all at once light all the torches of Gospel invitation? Why not ring all the bells of welcome? Why not light light up the long night of the world's sin and suffering with bonfires of victory? Why not unlimber all the Gospel batteries, and let them boom across the earth, and boom into the parting heavens? The King is ready to land if we are ready to receive him. Why cannot we who are now living see his descent? Must it all be postponed to after ages? Has not our poor world groaned long enough in mortal agonies? Have there not been martyrs enough, and have not the lakes of tears and the rivers of blood been deep enough? Why cannot the final glory roll in now? Why cannot this dying century feel the incoming tides of the oceans of heavenly mercy? Must our eyes close in death, and our ears take on the deafness of the tomb, and these hearts beat their last throb before the day comes in? O Christ! Why tarriest thou? Wilt thou not, before we go the way of all the earth, let us see thy scarred feet under some noonday cloud coming this way? Before we die let us behold thy hands that were spiked spread out in benediction for a lost race. And why not let us with our mortal ears hear that voice which spoke peace as thou didst go up speak pardon and emancipation and love and holiness and joy to all nations as thou comest down?

But the skies do not part. I hear no rumbling of chariot wheels coming down over the sapphire. There is no swoop of wings. I see no flash of angelic appearances. All is still. I hear nothing but the tramp of my own heart as I pause between these utterances. The King does not land because the world is not ready and the church is not ready. To clear the way for the Lord's coming let us devote all our energies of body, mind and soul. A Russian general, riding over the battlefield, his horse treading amid the dying and dead, a wounded soldier asked him for water, but the officer did not understand his language, and knew not what the poor fellow wanted. Then the soldier cried out, "Christos!" and that word meant sympathy and help, and the Russian officer dismounted and put to the lips of the sufferer a cooling draught.

Be that the charmed word with which we go forth to do our whole duty. In many languages it has only a little difference of termination. Christos! It stands for sympathy. It stands for help. It stands for pardon. It stands for hope. It stands for heaven. Christos! In that name we were baptized. In that name we took our first sacrament. That will be the battle shout that will win the whole world for God. Christos! Put it on our banners when we march! Put it on our lips when we die! Put it in the funeral psalm at our obsequies! Put it on the plain slab over our grave! Christos! Blessed be his glorious name forever! Amen!

Getting Rid of a Pest.

Can any one devise a method for checking the ravages of the May bug—equally bad in the grub state one year and the winged state the next? Then for two years it gives us some peace.

I find the following method in use in 1479: In Switzerland a remarable appearance of grubs threatened the entire crops. The council of state appealed to one of the archbishops to banish them. An advocate was appointed to defend the grubs and a priest to accuse them. After due summons and a fair trial this sentence was pronounced: "Ye hideous and degraded creatures, ye grubs! There was nothing like you in the ark of Noah! By orders of the archbishop I command ye to disappear during the next six days from every place where food grows for man or beast."

But as this was held by some to be only a true citation, another day was set, and the result was this judgment, "We, Benedictus of Monforraud, archbishop of Lausanne, condemn and excommunicate ye obnoxious worms and grubs, that nothing be left of you except such parts as can be useful to man." I am sorry to add that the government officers reported "no success had been obtained."—Mary E. Spencer in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Why Are We a Nation of Army Haters?

It is no doubt natural that we Americans should be a nation of army haters, but it is a pity that for the scruple of thanks our little regular army ever gets there should be so many ounces of grumbling. Uncle Sam has no public servants who work so faithfully and endure such hardships and danger. Why should we 65,000,000 Americans still harbor an inherited rancor against 30,000 of our own countrymen because they professionally wear a uniform?

The volunteers were always the pets of the nation; the regulars came in for more than their share of abuse. And yet what generals won our battles? What troops stood such decimation? That a volunteer deserves a certain credit beyond a regular for equal service no one will be found to dispute; but let us not forget the one in the services of the other.—Colonel T. A. Dodge in Harper's.

Impartial Criticism.

Opinions differ widely among artists as to the merits of the Royal Academy exhibition. Perhaps the following little scene, which took place at a well known club, may account for this variety of view. Enter A.—"Have you been to the exhibition?" "Yes." "What do you think of it?" "Oh, it is very good." "Anything of yours there?" "Yes, a couple of small things—both hung on the line, by the way." Enter B.—"Been to the academy?" "Yes." "What sort of a show is it?" "Oh, a fair average." "Got anything in?" "Well, yes, but they have 'skied' me." Enter C.—"What do you think of the academy?" "What do I think? Well, of all collections of rubbish, of utter daubs!" "Have you anything there?" "Oh, dear, no! Of course they kicked me out!"—London Telegraph.

A Little Bit Surprising.

Miss De Platte—Jobb, Lott & Co. have some remarkable bargains at their French prints counter.

Old Lady—Land sakes! Have these titled foreigners got to offering themselves on bargain counters?—Good News.

Felts Among the Ancients.

The Tartars and kindred peoples who occupy the middle and northern regions of Asia, and whose manners and customs have remained unchanged from the most remote antiquity, employ the felted wool in a variety of functions, only less important than the supplying of foods. Both their clothing and their habitations have consisted of felt since a knowledge of them first went upon record in the Fourth century. The process of felting was generally known among ancient nations.

The Greeks gave to it the name piledis, from pileo, to compress; literally, a compression or thickening of the wool. The ancients employed felt for a great variety of uses, just as we do, the chief being to make coverings for the head, the most common form among the Greeks and Romans being the skull cap.—S. N. D. North in Popular Science Monthly.

The Girl of Today.

Every one must notice the striking resemblance between the appearance of the fashionable woman just at present and the fashionable woman of Elizabeth's time. There is the straight, scant skirts, the stiff waist elongated fully one-third beyond its natural proportion, so that one involuntarily wonders where she can have disposed of her internal organs; the high puffed shoulders half way to the ears, the higher collar half way up the back of the head, the long, narrow wristed sleeves falling over the back of the hand, the pointed girdle at the belt—Queen Elizabeth her very self except for the brains.—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Mistake.

Chappie—I knelt befoah her and awsked her to be my wife.

Chollie—And she wejected you?

Chappie—Yaas.

Chollie—That was wough.

Chappie—Yaas. I got my twousahs bagged at the knees for nothing, bah Jove!—Harper's Bazar.

Young men now-a-days frequently give as an excuse for not marrying that girls are too extravagant to make good wives. There is a measure of truth in the accusation, but the blame should not be thrown wholly upon the girls. The fault often lies with the parents. A fond father hates to deny his daughter anything, and permits her to buy a thousand needless trifles. He does not realize that in fostering her self-indulgent impulses he may be laying up for her a store of future unhappiness. Some years ago one such father became temporarily embarrassed in business, and was obliged to change his style of living. His chief regret was for his two daintily bred daughters, but, like a sensible man, he appealed to their magnanimity. How nobly they rose to the occasion! How they vied with each other in devising ways to reduce expenses! We believe that in many girls there is a latent heroism which parents and others fail to recognize. Let young men treat these girls as if they believed them to be capable of self-sacrifice and all noble qualities, and exemplify the same in their own lives, and we shall hear less about the lack of material for good wives.

A HOUSEKEEPER'S EXPERIENCE.—"My house-cleaning looked like a mountain, but I had used Pearline for some things, and in my desperation I resolved to experiment still further with it. My first step was to wash the winter blankets and the blanket wrappers of the family. I took one-half a small package of Pearline and poured a pailful of boiling water on it, stirring it meanwhile. I could not wait for every particle to dissolve, so strained it through an old towel into a tub two-thirds full of *warm* water, put my blankets into this and let them remain about twenty minutes or half an hour, stirring them about every few moments. I then lifted them out into another tub of clear water of the same temperature as the first, and repeated the stirring process for a few moments. Lastly, lifted them into a third tub of water of the same temperature as the first, and repeated the stirring process for a few moments. Lastly, lifted them into a third tub of water still of the same temperature with a little bluing added; and folding them nicely, I loosened the tension on the wringer and wrung them lightly through it, taking them one at a time as soon as finished to the line and hanging evenly across the middle, being careful not to stretch them below, that they might be even. The wrappers were treated in the same way, and hung over the line by the back seam, and when nearly dry each front edge pinned evenly to a line. All dried to look and feel like new.

"I then descended to the cellar, and gathered up every washable thing, empty firkins and crocks, preserve jars that had missed a proper cleaning, empty pails, etc., and all emerged sweet and shining from a hot Pearline bath. Shelves were cleaned with it, and it took the place of strength for removing dirt. Ascending to the chambers, when the carpets were up pearline left my floors and paint clean and sweet without hard scrubbing, slop, or sand.

"All the washable draperies, including the lace ones of the parlor, were treated the same as the blankets, with the exception of a little boiled starch added to the bluing water. The lace draperies were hung over the line, to which the lace was fastened.

"In a word: wherever strength was needed I let Pearline do the work, and you would hardly believe what it could accomplish, and what a saving of labor, time and patience it proved." BOSTON WATCHMAN.

ALL SORTS.

Teacher—what is the plural of child? Tommy—Twins.

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.

Don't trifle with the barber; he is generally able to hold his hone.

Every bottle os Arnica & oil Liniment sold is warrnted by the proprietors to give satisfaction or money will be refunded.

Brokers are kind hearted people. When they find a man who isn't in it they take him in.

A FORTUNATE MAN.—I had severe attacks of kidney disease. My stomach also troubled me very much. I was prevailed upon to try Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. After using five or six bottles, I was cured. I consider it an invaluable remedy for Kidney Disease, Stomach trouble, and all diseases of the blood.—John Vanderslsce, No. 1 Gregory St., Rochester, N. Y.

The distant relative is the one who is afraid that you are going to borrow $5. from him.

I have been a great sufferer from dry catarrh for many years, and I tried many remedies but none did me so much benefit as Ely's Cream Balm. It completely cured me. M. J. Lally, 39 Woodward Ave., Boston Highlands, Mass.

After using Ely's Cream Balm two months I was surprised to find that the right nostril, which was closed for over twenty years, was open and free as the other, and can use it now as I could not do for many years. I feel very thankful.—R. H. Cressengham, 275 18th St., Brooklin.

Doctor—Well, how do you feel to-day Patient—I feel as if I had been dead a week. Doctor—Hot—Eh?

It is conjectured that a specific may yet be found for every ill that flesh is heir to. However this may be, certainly the best specific yet found for diseases of the blood is Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and most diseases originate from impure blood.

It was the man who delivers ice who was heard to remark: Some people want a whole skating rink for ten cents.

Ball players and athletes needs Johnson's Anodyne Liniment for bruises, lameness and cuts.

Sanso—There is one thing that every woman likes to have a finger in. Rodd—What's that? Sanso—An engagement ring.

Experience taught and my money paid for it. After having liver complaint four years, and spending money on nostrums and doctors who didn't help me, I tried Sulphur Bitters. Six bottles cured me. I shall always use them.—*G. N. Butler, Cohoes, N. Y.*

Lyndon Savings Bank,
LYNDONVILLE, VT.
OFFICERS.
I. W. SANBORN President.
C. D. BIGELOW, Vice-President.
IDA S. PEARL, Treasurer.
TRUSTEES.
I. W. SANBORN, H. F. PILLSBURY, J. W. COPLAND, C. D. BIGELOW, H. E. FOLSOM, J. F. RUGGLES, J. C. EATON.

PENSIONS.
Obtained for all soldiers that are in any way disabled; widows and orphans are now entitled to pensions as also dependent parents. Comrades, employ an attorney at home and you will have to pay nothing unless you are allowed your claim, and then only what the commissioner allows your attorney.

FIVE YEARS' EXPERIENCE
Has taught me that many claims are rejected for want of evidence that your attorney at home could have procured.

REJECTED CLAIMS
a specialty. Correspondence solicited. Enclose stamp for reply and your correspondence will be promptly attended to.

PERRY PORTER,
PENSION ATTORNEY,
WEST BURKE VT.
BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

ASTHMA CURED
SCHIFFMANN'S ASTHMA CURE
Instantly relieves the most violent attack, and insures comfortable sleep. No WAITING for RESULTS. Being used by inhalation, its action is immediate, direct and CERTAIN, and a cure is the result in all curable cases. A single trial convinces the most skeptical. Price 50c. and $1, of Druggists or by mail. Samples FREE for stamp. DR. R. SCHIFFMANN, St. Paul, Minn.

Seeds! Seeds!
We are Selling Best Timoty Seed at $1.75
Per bushel, and have a large stock of
Alsyke and Northern New York Clover. Garden Peas
And seeds of all kinds in bulk. Top Onion Sets and nice Sanford Seed Corn. We sell the
Higgins' Eureka Dairy Salt
That never grows hard with age; also American Dairy in linen bags at a less price; coarse salt in bulk and Liverpool in 200 lb. bags.
WHITE LILY, FLOUR,
Every barrel warranted to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded; bought before the rise and selling at the old price. The largest stock of
Boots, Shoes and Slippers
We ever carried, including the famous NOX 'EM ALL, the best shoes made for every-day wear.
BARRON & HAMBLET.
Barton, May 11, 1891.

DIRT BREEDS VERMIN
Of a good house-wife, who uses SAPOLIO, it is well said, "The mouse is muzzled in her house." Try it and keep your house clean. All grocers keep it.
Cleanliness and neatness about a house are necessary to insure comfort. Man likes comfort, and if he can't find it at home, he will seek elsewhere for it. Good housewives know that SAPOLIO makes a house [illegible] and keeps it bright. Happiness always dwells in a [illegible] home. Do you want cleanliness, comfort and h[illegible]? Try SAPOLIO and you will be surprised at your [illegible]
BEWARE OF IM[illegible]NS.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH, RED CROSS. DIAMOND BRAND
PENNYROYAL PILLS
THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. The only Safe, Sure, and reliable Pill for sale. Ladies, ask Druggist for Chichester's English Pennyroyal in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other kind. Refuse Dangerous 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, PHILADELPHIA, PA. Sold by all Local Druggists.

NOW IS THE TIME
—TO GET—
Special Bargains
—AT THE—
'NEW STORE.'
Many fresh and seasonable goods which are
Going Cheap for CASH.
The new stock of
JEWELRY
Attracts much attention. Farmers should note the fact that they can, here, get SEEDS FOR FIELD AND GARDEN. Bradley's and Williams & Clark's
FERTILIZERS,
Eureka Plows, Forks, Shovels, Hoes, &c., &c.
Very truly yours,
I. Stephenson, Jr.

PATENTS
Obtained, and all *PATENT BUSINESS* attended to for *MODERATE FEES*. Our office is opposite the U. S. Patent Office, and we can obtain Patents in less time than those remote from *WASHINGTON*. Send *MODEL, DRAWING* or *PHOTO* of invention. We advise as to patentability free of charge and we make *NO CHARGE UNLESS PATENT IS SECURED*.
For circular, advice, terms and references to actual clients in your own State, County, City or Town, write to C. A. SNOW & CO.
Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

Have You Tried Summit Springs Mineral Water for Rheumatism?
C. F. DAVIS, DERBY, VT.

Farm for Sale.
One of the best farms in Charleston known as the Tripp farm, situated two miles from E. Charleston village, contains 300 acres suitably divided; cuts 75 tons hay; lot of hard wood and spruce; good sugar and apple orchards; fences and buildings good; water at house and barns. Bargain for any one wanting good stock farm. Terms reasonable.
FRANK TRIPP
East Charleston Vt.

Citizens Savings Bank & Trust Co.
TELLS HOW TO GET RICH.
"Take care of the cents and the dollars will take care of themselves."
Save your earnings and make your deposits regularly every month and 10 cents saved every day and put into the
Citizens Savings Bank & Trust Co. Of St. Johnsbury
with interest at 4 per cent. compound semi-annually amounts in
1 year to [illegible]
5 years to [illegible]
10 " [illegible]
20 " [illegible]
We guarantee 4 per cent. to depositors, and should any loss occur, it does not fall upon the depositor but upon the stockholders the same as with National Banks.
All deposits will receive prompt attention, and money may be sent in by a registered letter or by draft payable to the Citizens Savings Bank and Trust Co.
JOHN T. RITCHIE Treasurer.
St. Johnsbury, Vt.

DOM PEDRO or OLD VINCENT.

This well-known horse was sired by the Shedd Horse, he by Vermont Morgan Champion, he by Old Sherman, by Old Justin Morgan. His dam was a Farrington mare sired by the