



Billiousness
Is caused by torpidity of the liver. This prevents the digestion of food, which ferments and decomposes in the stomach and causes distress, dizziness, headache, insomnia, nervousness. Hood's Pills invigorate the liver, cure biliousness, constipation, jaundice, sick headache, etc. 25c; all druggists.

Grand Clearance Sale of Winter Goods, URIE'S!

CONSISTING OF
Dress Flannels, Shirting Flannels,
Knit Skirts, Flannel Skirts, Shawls,
Ladies', Gents' & Children's Underwear and Hosiery, Felt and Beaver Shoes and Slippers, Wool Boots and Leggings, Winter Gloves and Mittens, Gents' and Boys Overshirts, Men's Suits, Overcoats and Ulsters, Canvas Coats, Reefers and Odd Pants!

20 per cent. discount will be given on all the above goods for cash.

Don't forget that I have on hand as choice a line of Groceries and Provisions as there is in town. These goods are the best in market and will be sold at the lowest possible prices.

I also have a new line of Rubber Goods just in.

Thanking you for your very liberal patronage in the past. I am, yours truly,

J. T. URIE.

CRAFTSBURY, VT.

LOOKS LIKE SPRING,

Yes, 'Tis Spring with

Stylish Spring

Millinery

Springing into existence in an endless variety of unique and elegant shapes. I spring this on you for the express purpose of saying that I've the most complete and best selected stock of spring millinery to be seen in town.

THIS SPRING.

MRS. M. E. FREEMAN.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE

Best in the World!
Get the Genuine!
Sold Everywhere!

STEEL ROOFING and SIDING.

(Sagendorph's Patent.)

Lightning, Fire and Storm Proof.
Send for The Penn Iron Roofing and Corrugating Co. (Ltd.), Phila., Pa., Sole Mfrs.

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

Estate of W. F. Robinson.

The undersigned, having been appointed by the Hon. Probate Court for the District of Orleans, Commissioners, to receive, examine, and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of W. F. Robinson, late of Barton, in said District, deceased, and all claims exhibited in offset thereto, hereby give notice that we will meet for the purposes aforesaid, at the office of Dr. B. B. Skinner, in said Barton, on the 8th day of May and 1st day of October next, from 10 o'clock a. m., until 5 p. m., each of said days, and that six months from the 1st day of April A. D. 1895, is the time limited by said Court for said creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

Dated at Barton, Vt., this 17th day of April A. D. 1895.
O. D. OWEN, }
T. W. DREW, } Commissioners.

NOTICE.

Although I have dissolved partnership with Melvin Drown in the Marble and Granite Business, this is to notify the public that I shall carry on the business under the name of the Crystal Lake Granite Works in Barton, as I have since 1868. Truly,
M. J. SMITH.

CARRIAGE TRIMMING,

UPHOLSTER WORK,

Shoes and Boot Repairing,
Saw Filing!

H. W. PHILLIPS.

RULES OF THE ROAD AT SEA.

The Color and Position of Lights at Night Tell of a Vessel's Course.

Ensign John M. Elliott, in St. Nicholas, has a paper entitled "What the Lights Tell." This is a description of the system of signaling at night. Ensign Elliott writes as follows of the "Rules of the Road:"

Presently there flashes out of the gloom ahead a small bright speck; then it is gone, then it shows again, and one of the lookouts who has craned his neck forward in the intensity of his gaze cries out:

"Light, ho!"

In an instant the officer of the deck is by his side, glasses in hand, inquiring: "Where away?"

Then he, too, sees it, and by it is informed of another vessel's presence near him on the dark ocean. Then comes an anxious time when with strong glasses he strives to tell the color of that faint light, for he is as yet informed only of the other vessel's whereabouts at the moment and knows not which way she is going nor what manner of vessel she may be. This last is what the light next reveals, for if it be white it is the mast-head light of a steamer, but if it be red or green the absence of a white light reveals a sailing vessel. It is for the red and green lights, commonly known as the side lights, that the officer of the deck most intently watches, for by them he can tell which way the vessel is going. If her red light shows, he knows that her port side is toward him and she is crossing to his left. If it is her green light, her starboard side is toward him, and she is crossing to his right, but if both the red and green are showing she is heading straight in his direction. Thus he learns by these running lights where the other vessel is, what she is, and in what direction she is going, and he knows in plenty of time whether she is on his track or whether she is crossing it in one direction or the other. All that is not enough, however, to avoid collision, for both he and the officer on the other vessel must know exactly what to do and what the other is going to do. He must know, so to speak, on just what track to switch and on just what track the other vessel will switch to avoid him. This is settled by fixed rules, which are the same the world over, and are known to all men who follow the sea. They are called the "rules of the road."

The rules of the road say that when two vessels are coming bows on—that is to say, on the same track—each vessel shall turn off to the right far enough to avoid the other; that when two vessels are crossing—that is, when their tracks would cross each other, the one which has the other on her starboard (right) hand must turn to starboard (the right), and go behind the other vessel, while the latter keeps on her track, of course, and that a steam vessel must always get out of the way of a sailing vessel, a vessel at anchor or disabled, or a vessel with another in tow.

Thus the lights tell, in the darkest night, which way the ships are going and what kind of ships they are, while the rules of the road tell, both for night and day, in which direction the ships must turn to keep out of each other's way. If a vessel has another vessel in tow, she carries two masthead lights instead of one, and when a vessel is at anchor she has no side lights or masthead light, but a single white light made fast to a stay where it can be seen from all around her.

The Enormous Sun, Arcturus.

If the earth were situated midway between the sun and Arcturus, it would receive 5,198 times as much light from that star as it would from the sun. It is quite probable, moreover, that the heat of Arcturus exceeds the solar heat in the same ratio, for the spectroscopic shows that, although Arcturus is surrounded with a cloak of metallic vapors proportionately far more extensive than the sun's, yet, smothered as the great star seems in some respects to be, it rivals Sirius itself in the intensity of its radiant energy.

If we suppose the radiation of Arcturus to be the same per unit of surface as the sun's, it follows that Arcturus exceeds the sun about 375,000 times in volume, and that its diameter is no less than 62,350,000 miles. Imagine the earth and the other planets constituting the solar system removed to Arcturus and set revolving around it in orbits of the same forms and sizes as those in which they circle about the sun. Poor Mercury! For that little planet it would indeed be a jump from the frying pan into the fire, because, as it rushed to perihelion, Mercury would plunge more than 2,500,000 miles beneath the surface of the giant star. Venus and the earth would perhaps melt like snowflakes at the mouth of a furnace. Even far away Neptune, the remotest member of the system, would be bathed in torrid heat.—Popular Science Monthly.

The North Pole Moving South.

For the past 40 or 50 years the geographers and astronomers have suspected that, on account of a "tilting" in the earth's axis, the latitude of all places on the earth's surface is gradually changing. A few years ago (1892) the astronomers decided to make a "test case" of the matter, and now report that the theory is correct. For example, they have proved that Berlin was 51 feet nearer the pole in September, 1892, than it was in March of the same year. If Peary and Wellman will only be patient, the pole will come to them!—St. Louis Republic.

Pugnacious Blackie.

Professor Blackie had a large share of pugnacity in his composition, and a curious instance of it is given in this same account by himself. "As a boy," he said, "I was always antagonistic to school fights; pugilism had no fascination for me. I well remember a lad, over some small squabble, saying to me, 'Will you fight me?' 'No,' I replied, 'but I will knock you down,' and immediately did it, amid great applause."

PERSONAL BEAUTIFICATION.

Some Curious Information on the Subject From a Famous Doctor.

A correspondent has been interviewing Dr. Robert Fischer of Vienna, who is well known as an expert in all that pertains to cosmetics, and has obtained from him some curious information.

"When is your regular season, doctor?" the correspondent asked.

"Well, you see, I have a twofold season—the social and the individual. The former is the ball and party season. The latter depends upon the betrothal or marriage of individuals, and may coincide with any period of the year."

"Marriage?" the correspondent asked in surprise.

"Quite so—marriage. Numbers of mothers put their daughters through a whole course of beautification previous to launching them out in that sea of trouble. That's the time when the most elaborate preparations of the human frame are ordered and undertaken. I have a great deal more to do then than for the most fashionable balls of the year."

Dr. Fischer went on to say: "I am asked perhaps to remove the rubicund tint from the tip of a Grecian nose where no amount of exuberant fancy will explain its presence as the result of a modest habit of blushing. I perform the operation without pain or difficulty, insisting upon a term of eight days, but then I do it thoroughly and once for all, and never again will the nose blush unless the rest of the face first gives the example."

"Another time an islet of hairs on the face, an inconvenient tuft on the chin, cheek or neck, or else an impertinent mustache (which outweighs a good half of the fair one's dowry, and sometimes the whole round sum) has to be banished. We often have long engagements in Austria, with no breach of promise law to guarantee them, and during all that time a girl ought to be growing better looking."

"The one taste which may be said to be universal in Vienna is a liking for blond hair. It would seem to be innate, like mischief and coquetry. Viennese hair dyes are therefore mostly destined to impart a rich golden color to the flowing tresses that are usually brown or black. Have I thus metamorphosed many dark beauties into blonds? Countless berries of them. And they have not a spark of practical gratitude either; not a single one of them would ever recommend me to another as a friend who has been tried and not found wanting. But that perhaps is human nature."

"Look at that innocent looking white object, just like a waxlight," said Dr. Fischer. "Could you guess what that is for? No? Well, I'll tell you. It is a tear pump."

"A what?" our correspondent asked, with a gasp.

"A tear pump. You seem overcome. Perhaps I have given it too drastic a name. Yes, people grow rapidly nervous in Vienna. Well, this innocent implement is used for the purpose of irritating the lachrymal glands and producing tears—probably on days of mourning and such like occasions."

A Couple of Coincidences.

Some little time ago I heard of an occurrence that took place at Broadway and Chambers street on a cable car, and incidentally it was stated that no one saw it because there was no other vehicle on the block. As this was in the middle of the afternoon it seemed incredible till I tested it personally. Twice I have seen that very condition of things right there, once on the block below Chambers and once on the block above, and again on the heavily traveled block between John and Fulton, and yesterday morning at 10 o'clock there was a similar vacuum of vehicles on the block between Cortlandt and Liberty. Below and above, Broadway was full enough of wagons going both ways. It reminded me of the passageway for the Israelites through the Red sea. New York is full of such things if only one happens or is idle enough to observe them. On a priori reasoning, or principles of average, the odds apparently would be millions to one against such an event. Yet I have seen it four times within a short period.

Some might say here that the man who looks for such things is the only man who finds them. Let me set against this another experience of mine to the contrary. For something over six years I have looked at the number of every railway car I passed, trying to hit one whose number was an even thousand. I have never hit it yet. Once, on the Lehigh Valley road, I thought I had. I spied a row of brand new coal cars just out of the shop on a switch. The numbers began at 1890 and ran up in regular order, and I fairly trembled with the joy of fruition that only a crank knows. There were just 20 of them, and the last number was 1999!

The most aggravating circumstance of all was that a friend of mine to whom I told my quest in 1892 on my way to the City of Mexico came galloping through the train inside of an hour to tell me he had just seen an even thousand car as we pulled out of San Luis Potosi, and I was looking out on the other side of the train! I have never forgiven that fellow to this day.—New York Sun.

A Uhlan Deserter's Adventures.

At the time of the Franco-German war a Uhlan belonging to the Fourth Uhlan regiment deserted. He was apprehended recently in Alsace and taken to his regiment. The Uhlan has been tried by court martial at Thorn for deserting the colors and sentenced to five years' incarceration in a fortress. He has been sent to Spandau to undergo the sentence. This Uhlan deserter made off at the time of the siege of Paris, fled to China and entered the Chinese army, in which he served for 14 years. Four years after that he returned to Germany and obtained a situation as overseer in a manufactory in Alsace, which he retained up to the time he was arrested as a deserter.—London News.

MARK TWAIN'S DESPERADO.

An Old Stage Driver's Account of the Killing of Jules by Slade.

"We liked to work for Slade. He knew how to use good men well," said Jack Wells, the stage driver, as he figured the lines that guided the four horse team. He had been one of the henchmen of the Slade immortalized by Mark Twain—the man killing Slade, more feared on the plains of the far west than any other man of his day. Now the old time driver was minded to talk of his old chief as the stage rolled over the Santa Fe trail.

"When you talk of Slade's doings, you must remember that those were tough times that he lived in and tough men he had to deal with. No soft man could have kept things straight as he did when he was superintendent on one or another hard division of Ben Holliday's stage lines across the plains and mountains. There were red Indians and white outlaws to deal with right along, and you had to fight 'em with their own weapons. Many's the night I've been waked out of my sleep to get up on a stage box with my Henry rifle beside me, not knowing what was waiting along the way in shape of Indians road agents. Yes, Jim Slade was a good deal of a desperado and did a good bit of killing. I don't think he'd have killed so many people if it hadn't been for his wife. She was a high strung Texas woman and was proud to have a husband who was famous among men for his deeds. But Jennie was a kind friend to all the boys who worked for her husband and would tend them in sickness like a mother."

"About that affair with Jules? I suppose that's what gave Slade his reputation more than any other thing. Jules kept a store at the station where Slade made his headquarters. He had a boy that worked for him, and one day Slade sent this boy off to do something or other, and it made Jules angry, and he used pretty hard words about Slade, damning him up hill and down for not sending some man of his own on his errands. Slade heard of what Jules had been saying and came in to see him about it."

"You ought not to talk like that about me, Jules," he said. "I won't stand it to have a man damning me, and you ought to know it."

"I'll talk about any man I please," said Jules. "I'd like to see the color of the man that I'd be afraid to speak my mind about."

"Well, that made Slade angry, because he knew it was meant as a slur, he being a very dark complexioned man. Then he slapped Jules' face. When he turned to go out of the door, Jules picked up a gun from behind the counter and shot him in the shoulder. Slade fell terribly wounded, and we all thought he was done for. We carried him into the house, and then one of the hostlers and I arrested Jules and were going to hang him. We'd already got a wagon tongue up and the rope round his neck when the sheriff and some of the other men took him away from us. They got up some kind of a court and jury, and Jules was acquitted. He didn't stay there for Slade to get well, but went off down the road upon another division and went into business there. Slade came round all right at last, but instead of going after Jules, as people might think he would, he just kept on his division and looked after his stages and stations."

"Jules had some cattle that he had left on the range round the station when he went away, and word came to him that they were being stolen or killed. At last he heard that Slade was away from the station, and so up he came in company with the sheriff to see about them. I guess Slade had something to do with having that report got to him, because he wasn't away, and he walked in on Jules and the sheriff as they stood in the barroom at the station."

"Now, Jules," said he, "I'm here to have our quarrel out. Pull your pistol and get to work."

"Jules refused to draw his gun. Slade asked him once again to do so and then shot him. As Jules lay there dead on the floor Slade said to the sheriff:

"What do the Indians do when they've killed an enemy?"

"The sheriff said, 'They scalp 'em and cut their ears off.'"

"Slade took out his pocketknife and cut Jules' ears off. They say he afterward carried 'em about in his vest pocket. About that I haven't got anything to say."—New York Sun.

Rum and Rumbullion.

In 1639 De Poincy and Sir Thomas Warner, the governors of the French and English quarters of the island of St. Christopher, ordered the entire destruction of the tobacco crops on account of the overproduction having caused a glut in the market. The planters then turned their attention to the production of sugar, which they probably learned from the Dutch trading to Brazil.

Richard Lygon, who landed at Barbados in September, 1647, relates in his history of that island how the planters had commenced sugar making five or six years before his arrival, and that there were then many works set up. He describes the distillation of spirits from the skimmings of the coppers and says that this the favorite drink of the colonists was called kill devil and was sold to the shipping at the rate of 2s. 6d. per gallon. He never once makes use of the word rum.

Mr. N. Darnell Davis, in his "Cavaliers and Roundheads in Barbados," quotes as follows from a manuscript description of that island, to which he assigns the date 1650: "The chiefs fadling they make in the island is Rumbullion, alias Kill-Devil, and this is made of sugar cane distilled, a hot, hellish and terrible liquor."—Notes and Queries.

Not Interested.

Professor Longhair—It has been demonstrated beyond question that this island is sinking.

Miss De Style—Oh, well, we've got a yacht!—London Tit-Bits.

Wellington's Funeral.

In the funeral procession of the Duke of Wellington 12 horses drew the car. These were covered from eyes to fetlocks in housings of black velvet, with black ostrich plumes upon their heads. The duke's funeral was modeled upon the precedent of that of John Monk, first duke of Albemarle, the only change in the trappings of the horses being that the animals were only plumed on the head, instead of carrying a second plume on the crupper, which, as the tail was hidden by the velvet clothing, had rather a ludicrous appearance. But in the funeral of the Duke of Albemarle led horses formed an important part of the procession.

"Mourning horses," as they were called, draped in black cloth and plumed, were distributed at intervals in the cortege. The "chief mourning horse" followed the standard of England. The funeral car was also followed by a cream colored "horse of honor," with crimson comparisons. In the Duke of Wellington's funeral procession the only led horse was his charger, not Copenhagen, but the animal which he was in the habit of riding in his last years. Yet the riderless steed, pacing behind its master's bier, awakened the emotions of the gazing thousands with an appeal more potent and direct than that of all the accumulated pomp which preceded it.—Saturday Review.

To Grate a Lemon.

The grating of a lemon appears to be a simple operation, and it seems that any person would know how to do it, but this is not the case. The whole of the oil, which contains the flavor and fragrance, is at the surface, in the yellow portion of the rind, therefore only this should be taken off. The spongy white part underneath is bitter and will cause milk or cream to curdle and besides contains no particle of lemon flavor. A lemon should be grated evenly, beginning at the end and working round it. A well grated lemon should be the same shape as before, but white in appearance, for while guarding against grating too deeply care must be taken to remove all the yellow surface.

Life Saving Humor.

There is a priest at Saratoff who is a humorist, and it seems not improbable that his humor has saved his life. During the cholera riots his reverence was attacked by a mob, one of the leaders exclaiming, "That is the priest who buried me alive; I have just risen from the grave." Although the people were crying "Stone him," the priest kept his composure. "If you have just risen," he inquired of his assailant, "how is it that you are already drunk?" The answer is not recorded, but the priest survived to tell the tale.—London Globe.

WHY?

QUESTIONS WOMEN ASK

Here Answered with Good Sound Reason.

(SPECIAL TO OUR LADY READERS.)

Why do people say that Lydia E. Pinkham's treatment, especially her Vegetable Compound, effects cures beyond the physician's skill?



Because of the fact that a woman best understands a woman's ills. What man ever suffered a single pang like unto

woman? Man works from theory only. Why do tens of thousands of women write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., telling their most secret thoughts? Because they know that their letters go straight to the hands of a woman, are opened, read, and answered by a woman, who as a woman has made woman's ills a life study, and because she never fails them, and cures cases which the doctor cannot.

The lady who asks that the following letter be published, gives concisely the uniform expression of gratitude contained in thousands of other letters in Mrs. Pinkham's possession.

"For eight years I suffered with neuralgia of the womb, backache, severe pains all through my body, and kidney trouble.

None of the doctors did me any good. I took twelve bottles of your Vegetable Compound, and cannot thank you enough for the relief I found.

"I am now well cured of all those pains. I should advise every woman to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound who has any female trouble. I had a friend who was to go under an operation. I advised her first to try the Compound. She did, and is now so much better and stronger she has given up all thoughts of the operation."—Mrs. M. WILDE, 2137 Park St., Tioga, Pa.



WHEELER & LOCKE.

Carpets

Sold from SAMPLES. Larger assortment and lower prices than would be possible were we obliged to carry the goods in stock. See the point? Now is the time to think about carpets. Al-o,

Wall Paper, Paint and Plastico.

We have just added a good assortment of the justly celebrated

Sherwin-Williams Paint.

First-class goods at moderate prices. Lay those sample colors aside for future reference. Have recently unloaded a

Carload of Salt

all sorts and sizes.

NAILS AND FENCE WIRE,

(barbed or plain), by the pound or ton. CEDAR POSTS to go with them. Don't forget the reliable

Williams and Clark Fertilizers.

Special brands for special crops.

GRASS SEED.

Timothy, Red Top, Northern and Alsike Clover. No. 1 seed, plenty of it, and prices right.

April 29, 1895.

WHEELER & LOCKE.

IRASBURGH, VT.

Seed Oats,
Seed Barley,
Seed Corn,
Seed India Wheat,
Grass Seed,
Clover Seed,
Hungarian Seed,
300 Barrels Flour,
all at low prices at
Tower Bros.