



Never Since the days of Miracles CURES Have so many wonderful CURES Been made as today by the use of DR. THOMPSON'S SARSAPARILLA, THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.

REMEMBER This is not a patent medicine but the life-long study of a celebrated English Doctor, whose portrait is on the front of the carton. It is the only Great Blood Purifier in the world. Don't delay. It will cure you of any and all diseases of the Blood, Liver, Stomach and Kidneys.

READ! Given up by two Doctors. Read what Mrs. Annie Boyd, of Lowell, Mass., says: My life was saved by taking six bottles of Dr. Thompson's SARSAPARILLA, the Great English Remedy. She says:

I was given up to die by two celebrated doctors. Thirteen months ago I was a great sufferer with a sore ankle and leg. Could not bear to touch my foot to the floor. It grew worse every day and my leg from the knee to the ankle, began to turn black and mortify. I had to take to my bed. After a time the sore broke and it was awful. It began to eat my flesh away, leaving the bone bare. I sent for the doctor at St. George. He came, examined me and left a wash and salve which I used, receiving no benefit. After a short time I sent for him again and he brought another doctor with him for a consultation. They decided that the only way to save my life was to amputate my leg at the knee, and as I am an old lady of sixty-seven, the chances would be decidedly against my surviving the operation, when I was wasting away to a shadow. I would not allow them to do this. A short time after this, a neighbor advised me to try Dr. Thompson's SARSAPARILLA, the Great English Remedy. Said it would purify my blood, give me a new appetite, improve my health and the sore would heal. I sent for six bottles, commenced using it and began to feel better from the start. My leg began to heal and my general health began to improve. After using the six bottles, the sore healed up and I could bear my weight on the foot. I could walk around the house. Just think! For over thirteen months I had not been able to touch my foot to the ground or leave my bed, and I have since then walked two miles without resting. It is truly wonderful how well I am today. This great blood purifier saved my life and it gives me great pleasure to testify so. Any one wishing to know further of my case, write me and with pleasure will furnish any further testimonial if by so doing some poor sufferer may be benefited. Letete, N. B., Sept. 1, 1894.

FOR SALE BY C. C. GROW, Barton. R. E. FRENCH, Glover.

SACENDORPH'S PATENT SECTIONAL Steel Ceilings and Side Wall Finish. For Churches and Residences. Catalogue, prices and estimates, on application to the Sole Manufacturers, THE FINE BRICK BUILDING & CO. CO., (Incl. Formosa, Pa. Also makers of Lightning, Fire and Storm-Proof Steel Roofing and Siding. Get circulars.

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J.B. Lewis Co. SHOES \$4.00 \$3.00 \$2.50

These shoes fit to perfection and wear as only the best of leather can. They're shapely, pliant—the most comfortable of footwear. They always manage to let in air and keep out water.

Surely Your Dealer Sells Them. Sold by GEO. H. DAVIS.

Coal! Wood!! Lumber!!!

Have just received a quantity of pine lath which I will sell at reasonable prices. Also, a lot of sheathing paper. First-class goods and satisfaction guaranteed. All fine coal re-screened. Good assortment of matched lumber, laths, shingles, etc. Lumber yard just south of tub shop. Orders promptly filled and goods delivered to any part of village. Yours for trade, C. W. TENNEY.

CARRIAGE TRIMMING, UPHOLSTER WORK, Shoes and Boot Repairing, Saw Filing! H. W. PHILLIPS.

DEATH OF HON. JOHN EDWARDS.

Hon. John L. Edwards died at his farm in Walden Saturday, Oct. 19th, aged about 74 years. Some months ago he went over there to spend a few weeks visiting and looking over his property, and had a shock from which he was unable to rally. Mr. Edwards was a native of Walden, where he spent his boyhood. He obtained his education in the common schools of his native town, completing it with a few terms at the Lyndon academy. After leaving school he entered the law office of George C. Cahoon of Lyndon, where he completed his legal studies and entered the practice of law, confining himself closely to it from that time up to five years ago, when his wife died. This was a crushing blow and he soon began to curtail his law business and give more or less time to his Walden property which he intended as a home for his declining years. For many years past his home has been in Newport, where he had become eminent as a lawyer, being often called into different parts of the state. Two years ago he was appointed district collector at Newport, which office he held at the time of his death. Mr. Edwards was a life long democrat and once the party's candidate for governor. Had he been on the popular side of politics he would have been one of the party would have selected for responsible positions. He was a gentleman of the old school, honest, sincere, earnest, and thoroughly reliable in whatever trust he accepted. Clients always banked on his advice, as they felt that a retainer secured honest service in their behalf. Socially Mr. Edwards was cordial and courteous and among the most agreeable and companionable of men. He was a friend of everything tending to improve the condition of the masses, and was always ready to lend a hand and voice in their behalf. He was an earnest advocate for the old academy system of schools, and believed in the graded system with an academy centrally located in each town where all, if so disposed, could fit for college. Mr. Edwards will be greatly missed in political, social, and business circles. The above which is taken from the Union, fails to note a few facts which are known to the writer: Mr. Edwards first settled in Derby when he came to this county, where he attained considerable eminence in his profession and influence in the affairs of the town and county. His labors in behalf of Derby academy were great, and to him, probably, more than any other, should be given the credit of raising funds and building the new academy building. He always had an interest in that institution, and within the last few years he has labored assiduously to divert the grammar school moneys of the county to that and the Craftsbury school. He labored hard for Newport, after moving there, and many of the enterprises which have added growth and prestige to that town, were aided by him. It is probable that he did more toward taking the shire from Irasburgh and carrying it to Newport than any other individual. He was a man of excellent, far-seeing judgment, adroit, able to make "the worse the better reason seem." He had an unusual power over men. His advancing years and his loss in death of his companion, have wellnigh broken him up during his last years.

GEORGIANS LIVE FOREVER.

"Partner, I'm the most miserable human being on top side of earth this moment," exclaimed a well dressed man of one of the city hotels yesterday. "Oh, I have suffered the incomparable, unspeakable agonies of the damned and still I live to tell the story. If I could have died amid it all, just closed my eyes in peaceful sleep eternal, how sweet would death have seemed. But I couldn't die. I had to live and bear it." The man spoke with an earnestness that couldn't be misunderstood, and with all the infinite fervor of a human heart, says the Atlanta Constitution. "Why, what on earth is the trouble?" his stranger-friend of the moment dared ask. "Just listen to me: Last night I was put in a room with a chump who traveled for some undertaker's establishment. He had models of coffins in the room and all sorts of things suggestive of death and the accursed waters of the river Styx. But, that wasn't all. He snored! Great Scott, how that man did snore! I didn't sleep a wink all night long, not a single wink, and I have just come down to write a telegram to my firm to let me leave town. When I went in the writing room who should come near but that drummer who sells coffins, and he has a nervous way of talking aloud every word he writes. He sat down beside me and began writing as follows to his firm: "Dear Sir: Atlanta is no town for coffins. Nobody ever dies here. I haven't sold a half-dozen casket screws since I hit the town. Embalming fluid has no sale here. They drink good whisky and never die." "Well, sir, it was too much. It drove me mad. My mind is scattered

over the face of the earth. I can't think. And yet I've got to room with that chap again tonight. He is a living ghost, I sincerely believe. He is the most nervous man I ever saw in my life, the most weird, uncanny creature alive. He talks in his sleep about coffins and stiffs, snores like a saw-mill and even talks as he writes. It's awful!"

THE EGG DANCE.

One of the most wonderful of the many feats performed by Hindoo jugglers, so the Philadelphia Times tells us, is the egg dance.

Usually it is executed by a girl, fantastically dressed. She makes use of the willow wheel, around which at equal distances are threads, and at the end of each thread there is a noose held open by a head.

This wheel the girl places on her head, while she carries a basket of eggs on her arm. When the music strikes up she begins to dance, and the wheel begins to spin round. She then takes an egg from the basket, places it in one of the thread nooses, and throws it with sufficient force to draw the knot tight. The spinning of the wheel keeps the thread stretched with the egg at the end of it.

She then takes another egg from the basket, places it in another noose, and repeats it until there is an egg in every noose. Her fantastic dance, her perfect motion and all the eggs swinging on the stretched strings make a very pretty sight indeed. It requires much art to execute the dance, for at one false step the eggs would be dashed together, the dance spoiled and the dancer disgraced.

After dancing for a time with the eggs swinging around her head, she takes them out of the noose one by one, all the time keeping the wheel balanced and in motion and again places them in a basket on her arm.

When the dance is finished the spectators are allowed to examine the eggs to see that they are real.

When a person is losing flesh and wasting away there is cause for alarm. Nothing so worries a physician. Consumptives would never die if they could regain their usual weight. In fact there would be no consumption if there was no wasting of the system. The cause of this loss of flesh is a failure to properly digest the food eaten. Nine-tenths of all our diseases date back to some derangement of the stomach. The Shaker Digestive Cordial will stop this wasting of the body. It acts by causing the food we eat to be digested so as to do good, for undigested food does more harm than good. The Cordial contains food already digested and a digester of foods as well.

Every mother hates to make her children take castor oil. Laxol is sweet castor oil.

An interesting feature of the latest bulletin of the Agricultural Department is a chronological table, giving a summary of events relating to the growth and consumption of cotton. It appears from this record that the first cotton mill in the United States was built at Beverly, Mass., 1787. Eight years later a good quality of Georgia cotton was offered in New York at thirty-seven cents a pound.

When the nineteenth century began there were five cotton mills in the United States, and its manufacture had been begun in Switzerland and Saxony. In 1803, a duty of \$2.62 a pound was imposed in Great Britain on raw cotton imported. Cotton was in great demand during the last ten years of the eighteenth century, and prices were constantly very high. In 1839 the long drought and cotton worm both tended to shorten the crop. The famous cotton planters convention was held at Macon in this year, and led to annual conventions at other places.

The report says of the decade ending 1853: So far as prices are concerned, this was the most remarkable decade in the history of cotton planting in this country. Not only was the lowest price on record reached in the United States, but it was the longest known period of continuously low prices. It was remarkable also for unprecedentedly large crops, with one or two exceptions, and for the enormous accumulation of stocks in Great Britain.

The reverse is true of the succeeding decade. Both planters and manufacturers enjoyed a period of unexampled prosperity during this decade. Although there were wars and political disturbances in Europe and a financial panic both at home and abroad (1858), with a suspension of specie payments in New York, consumption increased greatly in Europe and America, keeping fair pace with the gradually increasing crops, and thus maintaining prices with unusual uniformity and profit to planters and manufacturers.

It is predicted that before many years the sunflower will come into general cultivation in this country. As a plant it has no superior for vigor, rapid growth and prolific yield of seed, leaves and stalks, all of which can be utilized. The seeds are especially good as feed for fowls, and when mixed with grains they are relished by all farm animals. Fifty bushels of seeds to the acre is a fair yield, and this will produce fifty gallons of oil worth \$1 a gallon. In China a valuable fibre, used in silk weaving, is obtained from the stalks, and they are of service as fuel and a

source of potash. The Orientals mix their tobacco with cured sunflower leaves, which are also rich in honey and wax. The sunflower grows riotously in the United States, and stands all extremes of weather well. Plainly, it is one of nature's great gifts, but as yet unappreciated. It is simply an occasional ornament to a country garden and little thought of. Now we persistently put in a certain quantity of oats in this country, and even a trial is being made with winter oats. Why does not someone try sunflower cultivation? There is nothing like judicious experiment.

Professor W. Spring, in discussing the question, "Why is the sky blue?" has approached pretty near a solution if he has not really reached it. After premising that excepting nitrogen, the principal constituents of the air—oxygen, watery vapor, ozone, etc.—are blue when subjected to strong pressure, he points out that the course taken by the sun's direct rays is nevertheless, too short to allow of their acquiring so intense a hue as that which we actually perceive. Assuming, therefore, that the all-prevailing illumination of the heavens is produced by polarized and not by direct light, he offers the following explanation: The solar rays after striking the earth's surface are reflected from the latter in every direction. Passing upward they encounter atmospheric layers of gradually decreasing densities, by which they are more and more diverted from their normal pathway. The highest of these layers they will strike at so wide an angle as to be unable to penetrate them. This must give rise to the well-known phenomenon of total reflection and the rays return to our level after having taken a much longer journey than if they were direct. In this way they reach us from far off regions by a kind of celestial mirage, conveying the color (which as said above, is blue) of the denser layers traversed. —Popular Science News.

Why is it that woman's tears lie so perilously near the surface, and why will she call down upon herself the ridicule and sometimes even the terror of man by giving way to lachrymose outbursts? Douglas Jerold says, cynically: "What women would do if they could not cry, nobody knows. What poor, defenceless creatures they would be!"

When a woman weeps because she is in sorrow nobody blames her. Then her tears are sacred even to a scoffing man. But when a woman cries in self-defence because she is worsted in an argument, or because she is angry, she lowers her dignity and resorts to babyish measures. It is no wonder then that her brother man smiles scornfully, and retires from the contest resolving never again to argue with a woman. When a boy he was taught that in fighting he was to "choose a fellow his own size." He feels that he has not done this, and despises himself accordingly, while at the same time he cherishes a grudge against the woman who, after entering into a discussion with alacrity, withdraws in tears. He feels that she is ungenerous in thus challenging him to appear in the light of a brutal bully.

The New Woman must learn to control her tearful tendencies.

The largest pie ever known was that described in the Newcastle Chronicle for the 6th of January, 1770. It was shipped to Sir Henry Gray, Baronet, London, Mrs. Dorothy Patterson, housekeeper at Hawic, being the maker. Into the composition of this great pie entered two bushels of flour, twenty pounds of butter, four geese, two turkeys, two rabbits, four wild ducks, two woodcocks, six snipe, four partridges two neat's tongues, two curlews, seven blackbirds, and six pigeons. It weighed twelve stone, and was nine feet in circumference at the bottom. It was furnished with a case on wheels, for convenience in passing it round to the guests.

The receipt for this pie is given here as a hint to those of our readers who may be thinking of getting up a picnic within the next two or three weeks. A half dozen pies of this size ought to be enough for at least one picnic.

Marvelous Results.

From a letter written by Rev. J. Gunderman, of Dimondale, Mich., we are permitted to make this extract: "I have no hesitation in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery, as the results were almost marvelous in the case of my wife. While I was pastor of the Baptist church at Rives Junction she was brought down with pneumonia succeeding a gripe. Terrible prostrations of coughing would last hours with little interruption and it seemed as if she could not survive them. A friend recommended Dr. King's New Discovery; it was quick in its work and highly satisfactory in results." Trial bottles free at H. C. Pierce's drug store. Regular size 50c and \$1.

"What kind of money are you in favor of?" inquired the energetic statesman. "Which metal do you prefer as currency?" "W-a-a-l," replied Farmer Cornstassel, "I dunno 'z I kin tell. But, the one thing, I do know, is ef I put in my time stan' roun' argyn' an' warryin' 'bout it, I'm purty doggone fible not ter get either of 'em."

Hallow'en is a festival that should be especially honored by young people. There are so many amusing and good-natured tricks, and so many innocent bits of "white magic" appropriate to the time, that no self-respecting youngster should allow its observance to be omitted by careless "grown-ups."

There, for instance, are the "snap-dragon" and the "bobbing for apples" and the blowing out of a candle hung at the end of a stick suspended on a twisted string and balanced by an apple so contrived as to deal a smart blow upon the cheek of the too lingering candle-blower. And there are the many charms and contrivances that, once consulted in honest faith by rustic lovers, are now the pastime of boys and girls during an autumn evening.—St. Nicholas.



Flour and Feed.

N. M. SCOT Has put in a good line of Feed which he will sell at bottom prices. Best brands of Flour always on hand. Please give me a call. Barton, Oct. 6th, 1895.

The World has the Money

and we have the goods. These two truths are very emphatically impressed upon our mind. We are certain that the money part of it is correct, for all around we see evidences of returning prosperity. Money waiting to get into circulation, provided the holders of the same can get fair, square, equal value for their cash. As to the goods, we know we have them (the goods for the money) and they are right here in our store, goods bought intelligently, displayed rightly and sold that the purchaser knows he has made a wise and economical investment. Every time they are goods just bought, just open for inspection and to be sold on merits, and at prices that will not only invite patronage in the present but sustain the reputation of our store as an up-to-date establishment in every respect. Come and see this stock! Know, while everything is fresh and complete! We have the right kind of goods, that you will readily admit. We charge the right prices, that comparison will convince you.

Thanking the public for past favors we again urgently invite you call and inspect our Fall and Winter stock which we have spared pains to make complete in every respect, promising careful attention your needs and the fairest prices know, we await your coming.

HOYT & HARRIS, Barton Landing, Vt.

SALVATION OIL

The modern Pain Annihilator, will positively cure Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains, Bruises, Cuts, Sores, Earache, Backache and all other aches. SALVATION OIL is sold everywhere for 25 cents. Only the genuine will do the work.

Chew LANGE'S PLUGS, The Great Tobacco Antidote, 10c. Dealers or mail, A. C. Meyer & Co., Baltimore, Md.



HOW IS THIS FOR \$2.00? Only one sample of our many bargains in Chairs.

CARPETS AND SHADES.

We have just received a nice line of Carpets and Shades. Always glad to show goods. D. D. BEAN, Barton, Vt.