

Some Rambling Thoughts.

BY "ERMO." [Copyrighted by Dawe & Tabor.] TO YOUNG MEN IN LOVE (31 Article).—Some day, when you have toiled for her awhile longer, and gathered a reasonable amount of worldly goods for her protection and comfort, she will place her hand confidently in yours in the presence of witnesses. With her "I will!" she will forswear liberty. Her wistful eyes will be raised in tender love towards yours as she makes the greatest sacrifice of her life: for that is what it is, as you will appreciate it if you stop to think. What will those eyes see in you? A hero. She thinks you are one, if she is loving you for yourself alone; and I am presuming she is. You are to her a knight, a cavalier, a hero bold; she glories in your strength or your kindness, or some quality that makes her esteem you above all others. Though a hundred men passed before her in review, they are waived aside to her own disparagement, when she compares them with you. Just as ardently as you admire her does she admire you! But is she only dreaming of your heroism and goodness? The dream is one so beautiful for you to consider, that to awaken her to a different reality will be cruel pain. If you are shrouding your real character and deceiving her as to your motives, try now to open your soul wide to the qualities she loves. Let them rush in until you are possessed by them, so that she may never have before her eyes the sorrow and distress of an illusion. Be what she thinks you are; and while she will still remain the more powerful to mould and the greater in heart (how true!) she will nevertheless look up to you as though she were the lesser. What a sweet offering of incense to your proud and happy spirit that will be! Deception as to goodness and nobility until both become habits of the soul is worth the effort of carrying on, and when fully attained will make the life together a growth in the sweetest graces of humanity.

MY KNIGHT. Why do I love him, my noble knight? Is it because of his visage bright? Or his strong right hand and his bounding health? Or his costly garb and his worldly wealth? Is it because of his wooing sweet? Or the gifts that he flings at my favored feet? Is it because of the noble race, Whence he boasts his lineage, proud, to trace? Ah no! 'tis because, for the love of me, He has cheerfully donned his paucity— Stalwart and brave beyond compare, But gentle and kind to his lady fair.

Clad in an armor of truth is he, With the stainless shield of purity, And a sword unsheathed to uphold the right. That's why I love him, my knight, my knight!

You smile at the old fable about the greedy dog that dropped a bone in order to snatch at its reflection in the water below. Beware of similar foolishness! In the present state of your feeling you admire the beauty, the good sense, the modesty the attractive ways of the woman of your choice. You look up to her and she can raise you in all that is worthy. The progress of 1900 years is being enjoyed by you; the ages during which woman has grown, under the influence of a virgin's son, from a creature of utility to the Jew and a creature of pleasure to the Gentile, into a radiant help-meat that draws out of man more fully the divine possibilities of his nature; these ages are epitomized in your love. The gain to you from her devotion is, in a measure, like the gain of the world from her dear sex since the Christian Era. Just as we expect her influence to keep the world continuously progressing, so may your gain keep on growing as you come to a fuller knowledge of her. O, greedy one! Is this not enough? You are a better man because she loves you before marriage. This is the substance now in your possession. Will you forget it all and rush through the gates of love as though the Creator had from all time planned to form this particular woman for your particular pleasure? If you do, the shadow alone will be yours. The substance of love is her entire nature and its effects on you; the shadow is physical pleasure indulged in for your own pleasure. Here is the wrecking point of many a fair ship of marriage that has started joyously over the sea of life. The polar star of united helpfulness is forgotten in the presence of passion's flickering light. The joyousness comes to an end, the act of love now lowered to mere instinct rounds out the full desire, increased indulgence calls for further indulgence, sense becomes the all-in-all, and then—last and worst stage of all—the heart goes wandering anywhere and everywhere seeking physical pleasure, and it becomes almost a matter of indifference whether it be one woman or another that furnishes the pleasure. The fruits of Paradise will then have changed in your grasp to the ashiness of Dead Sea apples. Evil within you will have triumphed over good and the corpse of love be gibed at by the demon of lust.

See the young life as a stately ship riding over the sea like a waterbird gliding. Will the wait till the keel of passion is shed, Or follow love's pole star so pure overhead? Carelessly trimmed, a light hand on the tiller, The billows and surges of evil days fill her. She drifts to the depths that are dulled by the dead; Though the pole star of love shines so pure overhead, Shattered and scorched by the guide he awaited The helmsman lies dead on the vessel ill-fated, Aias for the victim by passion misled. Who trusts not love's pole star so pure overhead.

Next week's letter will be the last in this line of thought for the present, although the subject is not by any means exhausted. I need to emphasize that these articles are direct appeals from my young heart to yours. A saner, better idea of marriage, so fateful in its influence on the generations of the twentieth century, is what we all need. So bear with me in what I have yet to say concerning our relations to the women we love.

Music Lovers.

Whatever relation it may have to the artistic development of the country need not be considered, but it is an indisputable fact, nevertheless, that a large portion of Sousa's audiences attend "The March King's" concerts solely to hear his encores, says the New York Telegram. At every performance of Sousa and his band the requests that reach the conductor for encore numbers, if complied with, would treble the length of the programme. Some of these requests are particularly humorous, and many of them have been treasured for the amusement they still provoke.

On one occasion Mr. Sousa was handed a dainty note, which said: "A society lady requests that you play the overture to 'Tannhauser' as an encore." "This was in the South, and is in direct contrast to the characteristic bluntness of a western lover of melody, who knew what he wanted and wasn't afraid to say so in these terms: "Wagner! Play 'The Liberty Bell.'" While playing at St. Louis two years ago this note was handed to him: "Would it be asking too much if I requested you to play as an encore the beautiful opera of 'Martha.' I believe it is by Sullivan."

Sousa also received this one in St. Louis, at the exposition: "The young lady with me requests that you play your charming composition, 'The Ice Cold Cadets.'" Mr. Sousa suspected the young man was aiming at "The High School Cadets."

This one came from a young man just aching for information: "Bandmaster Sousa, please inform me what is the name of those two instruments that look like gas pipes?" At an afternoon concert Sousa was handed this note:

"Dear Sir—Please play 'Love's Old, Sweet Song.' I've got my girl almost to the sticking point, and that will wretch her around sure."

This from a musically inclined member of the colored race: "A colored lady would like to hear a coronet solo by your solo coronetist."

From an enthusiastic southerner came this earnest request: "Please play 'Dixie' without any trimmings. Music Lover."

Here is another sample of the ingenious request: "A warm admirer of good music would like to hear the 'Maiden's Prayer' on your band."

Rural Free Delivery.

It is reported that the experiments which have been made by the post office department in the free delivery of rural letters have, so far, resulted very much to the department's satisfaction. Fifty thousand dollars was appropriated last winter by Congress for this use and tests of the feasibility of the plan were made in various parts of the country. Early reports which have come in, especially from some districts in Maine and Vermont, tell of the satisfaction of the farmers with the new service and of their willingness to profit by it. It is found that they take many more daily newspapers when they can have them delivered, and also that the number of letters carried shows a vigorous increase. The rural carrier makes one trip a day over a distance of between 16 and 24 miles. He supplies his own conveyance—horse and cart or bicycle. It has been found that responsible men are willing to do this work for an annual stipend ranging from \$175 upwards, the average pay being about \$300. It is estimated that at that rate sixty million dollars (about half the annual pension bill) would provide rural free delivery all over the United States. That would mean, among other things, employment for 200,000 persons. The rural carriers are allowed to eke out their stipend by any supplementary enterprises that do not interfere with their duties, as to sell stamps or stationary and receive and deliver express parcels or telegrams. Where farmers live some distance from the road their mail is left in boxes at convenient points by the roadside, from which also letters are collected.—[Harper's Weekly.]

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Flint Bros.

Circumstances.

His business never leaves a chance To take a holiday, When his wife reads the announcement Of a coming matinee. Life is much too short for trifles, And his time she must not claim, But when a friend invites him out To see a base ball game— That's different.

He vows a man should ne'er complain About the tax he pays, But gladly help the government Its revenue to raise, Each one should swell the public purse, That threatens to grow slim, Yet when the bland assessor comes Interrogating him— That's different.

He ever counsels gentleness, And says no person ought To let himself forget the calm Of philosophic thought, Nothing in life is great enough To justify our ire, But when eleven miles from home, A tack sticks in his tire— That's different.

Greetings.

The Arabians shake hands six or eight times. Once is not enough. If, however, they be persons of distinction, they embrace and kiss one another several times, and also kiss their own hands. In Turkey the salute is to place the hand upon the breast and bow, which is both graceful and appropriate.

In Burma, when a man meets a woman, he puts his nose and his mouth close to her cheek and draws a long breath, as if inhaling a delicious perfume. He does not kiss her cheek, strange to say. A man is greeted in exactly the same way.

In the greater part of Germany it is considered an act of politeness, not of gallantry, for a man to kiss a woman's hand. In Italy that privilege is allowed only to near relatives, while in Russia it is extended to kissing the forehead.

The men of Continental Europe have a custom that would seem queer, not to say laughable, here. They greet one another with a kiss, if they be friends, not on the cheek, but right on the lips—[Harper's Round Table.]

Try Allen's Foot-Ease.

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. At this season your feet feel swollen and hot, and get tired easily. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It cools the feet and makes walking easy. Cures and prevents swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Trial package free. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

What Some Ladies are Doing.

Mrs. George Wilson of Binghamton, N. Y., is the latest fashion leader. She has covered her bedroom suite of furniture with postage stamps from all parts of the world. To carry out this delightful idea only a trifle of \$62,000 stamps was necessary.

Miss Edith Roth died recently in Boston and left \$10,000 to the Shelter for Unprotected Girls, an institution at Syracuse. The money will be used to erect a new dormitory.

Miss Ellen Glasgow is the name of a young Virginia woman who has produced an exceptionally interesting book called "The Descendant." She is from Richmond, and is less than 25 years of age.

Mrs. Beasley of Philadelphia rejoices in an income of \$20,000 a year, derived from an invention of her own, a machine that hoops barrels.

Miss Mary Secord Packard of Bayonne, N. J., is the first woman to receive the degree of doctor of medicine at Johns Hopkins University.

Louise Imogen Guiney, the poetess, has resigned the postmastership of Auburn, Mass., because of an increase in labor and a decrease in the compensation. She will hereafter devote herself solely to literature.

Isabel Darlington graduated the other day from the law department of the University of Pennsylvania, the only woman in a class of 74. She was also one of the 17 members of the class who received their diplomas cum laude.

Mrs. McKinley was lately presented with a lace handkerchief by Mrs. R. F. Thorne of La Cygne, Kansas, who wished to show her respect and love for "the first lady of the land." The work was all done by hand and contains 30,000 pieces.

We are told that Mrs. John Elitch of Denver, Col., is probably the only woman in the world who owns and personally manages a zoological garden. She drives a large ostrich attached to a light spring wagon. He is a "pacing bird," and travels rapidly in harness. If he sees a banana skin or any similar dainty by the roadside he makes a swift dive for it, no matter how fast he is going. To be drawn by such a bird, and driven at the same time by a woman, must be a trying experience for even the coolest son of Uncle Sam.

The granddaughter of the naturalist John James Audubon, Miss Maria Audubon of Salem, Mass., has worked for 12 years in the translation of her grandfather's unpublished journals, which were written in French, the letters being so small that a magnifying glass was necessary to decipher many of them.

An Up-to-Date Adventure.

George L. Nicholson of Lynn, Mass., reported to the police an encounter with highwaymen on the Salem road recently. He had been visiting a friend in Salem and started to ride home on his bicycle shortly after 11 o'clock. At a dark place in the road, where he was obliged to slow up, a man stepped from behind a tree and thrust a heavy cane against Nicholson's wheel. The rider nearly fell

off, but in a moment began to pedal furiously.

As he scorched along a stone hit him between the shoulders, and he heard a whistle from the man who had attempted to stop him. At the sound another man, accompanied by a bulldog, jumped from the roadside directly before him. The dog leaped and hit the front wheel of the bicycle. The man at the same moment seized the handle-bars and ordered Nicholson to get off and "shell out."

Nicholson dismounted and made a pretence of getting out his pocketbook, but instead he pulled out a small syringe filled with ammonia, which he has successfully used to drive off annoying dogs while riding. He quickly discharged part of the contents into the highwaymen's face. The man howled and put both hands to his face.

Nicholson snatched the wheel, jumped into the saddle and pedaled at top speed toward Lynn. The dog chased him, but more ammonia fixed the brute, and the wheelman escaped further trouble.

Kipling's Autograph.

Like all celebrities, Mr. Rudyard Kipling has been besieged by autograph hunters. It occurred to him that he might make his correspondents contributors to a pet charity of his up in Vermont, the Fresh Air Fund. The following is one of his letters:

NAULAKHA, WAITE, VT. Dear—: Your order of the 22d inst. has been filled, we trust to your satisfaction, and the stuff is returned herewith. We did not know that there would be such a mass of lumber to put through the mill; and we note also, that your order covers at least two supplementary orders—(a) in the case of a young lady, aged nineteen (not in original contract), and (b) an autograph book for which we have supplied an original hardwood cover.

Our mills are running full time at present in spite of business depression; and we are very reluctant to turn away any job that offers. Under these circumstances, and making allowance for time consumed in unpacking, sorting, packing, crating, and returning finished goods, we should esteem it a favor if you could see your way to forward an additional ten dollars to the Fresh Air Fund.

Very sincerely yours, R. KIPLING & CO. P. S. Autographs supplied on moderate terms; guaranteed sentiments to order. Verse a specialty. No discount for cash.—[Book-Buyer.]

The Biggest Silo in the World.

In the town of Aztalan, Wisconsin, is the biggest silo in the world. The Prairie Farmer describes it as follows: "The form of the silo is circular and sixty-two feet in diameter inside, with no partition in it. The center of the roof is surmounted by a cupola, which has many large windows in it that give plenty of light to the whole interior. The extreme height from bottom to top of the plate is forty-three feet. The lower nine feet—most of it below the surface of the ground—is made of stone, the balance of lumber. The studding is 2x6, lined on the inside with three thicknesses of seven eighth inch pine boards with two thicknesses of tarred paper smeared with coal tar between; also a coat of coal tar on the inside. There are two thicknesses of boarding outside, the last one being drop siding. The floor is paved with stone wall, is plastered over with Portland cement. It took 72 cords of stone, 40 barrels of cement, 62,000 feet of lumber and a big wagon load of nails. The cost of the construction was about \$2,400. The capacity, when filled to the top of the plate, figured, according to Professor King's table for estimating the capacity of silos, is 3,228 tons, though on account of its being so broad and deep it is probably some more. This is enough to feed 350 cows 50 pounds each day for 365 days. There are on the farm now 142 acres of corn, most of which is large southern ensilage corn. The growth is immense, but there will not be enough to fill the silo. The number of cows now on the farm, I believe, is a little less than 200, but the intention is in years to come to plant more corn and keep more cows and run the business to the full capacity."

Wishbones Wanted.

A Kansas City firm that makes canned soups of various sorts was surprised to receive from Rhode Island, the other day, an inquiry as to the terms at which it would sell wishbones in thousand lots. This request has revealed to the company a new source of income and one not wholly unimportant. Hitherto the skeletons of the numerous fowls it uses have been ground into fertilizer, but, having discovered that there is a demand for wishbones to be used for various decorative and sentimental purposes, the Kansas city men think that, by properly pushing the trade, they can get more for this one bone than they have been receiving for all the rest.

We live in a country of which the principal scourge is stomach trouble. It is more wide spread than any other disease, and, very nearly, more dangerous.

One thing that makes it so dangerous is that it is so little understood. If it were better understood, it would be more feared, more easily cured, less universal than it is now.

So, those who wish to be cured, take Shaker Digestive Cordial, because it goes to the root of the trouble as no other medicine does. The pure, harmless, curative herbs and plants, of which it is composed, are what render it so certain and, at the same time, so gentle a cure. It helps and strengthens the stomach, purifies and tones up the system.

Sold by druggists, price 10 cents to \$1.00 per bottle.

In the Green mountains in the east part of Lincoln is a big elm tree which measures around the base 30 feet and six feet from the ground 28 feet. They say that five good saw logs, each 12 feet long, could be secured from the tree, which has grown one foot in circumference in the past 18 years.

The publisher of the Brattleboro Reformer announces that after Sept. 1 his paper will be issued as a semi-weekly.

Henry J. Parker of Andover, assistant judge of Windsor county court, dropped dead of heart disease about 6.30 o'clock last week Thursday evening in Woodstock. He was hurrying toward his hotel as a storm came up, when he slipped and fell, expiring almost instantly. Judge Parker was appointed in 1896, succeeding Judge Rounds. He represented Andover in the house in 1874; was county senator in 1888, and held many local offices. During the civil war he served in the 16th Vermont regiment.

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BLADDER TROUBLES CURED

I have been troubled for a year with kidney troubles. When I would desire to urinate, I would have an irritating pain in the neck of the bladder. At times the urine would be high colored, at other times light colored. When bending over I would be subject to severe pain across my spine. I tried several kidney cures without effect. I read about Dr. Hobbs' Sparagus Kidney Pills, and bought a box. I continued using the pills three months. They have regulated my urination. The pain in my spine has ceased, and I feel like a new man. Wm. Lomb, Seabrook, N. H.

HOBBS Sparagus Kidney Pills.

HOBBS REMEDY CO., PROPRIETORS, CHICAGO. Dr. Hobbs' Pills For Sale in ST. JOHNSBURY, VT., by BOYNTON & EASTMAN, Pharmacists, 36 and 38 Eastern Ave., and C. C. BINGHAM Dispensing Druggist, 37 Main St.

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Nearest of the large hotels to the Union Station, Steamers, business and amusement centres.

ROOMS largest in the city for the price. (\$1.00 per day and upward.) FARE always the best and only the best. The special breakfasts (nine to choose from) at 40 cents, and the table d'hote dinner at 50 cents are not excelled in any hotel in America.

European Plan. C. A. JONES, Proprietor.

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"Northwestern Limited." Through Sleeping Cars from New York and Boston to Cincinnati, Indianapolis and St. Louis, via Boston and Albany R. R., New York Central to Buffalo; L. S. & M. S. Ry to Cleveland. Big Four Route to destination. Elegant Connections with all trunk lines in New York and New England. Ask for tickets via Big Four Route. B. O. McCORMICK, Pass. Traffic Mgr. D. B. MARTIN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt. BIG FOUR ROUTE, CINCINNATI, O.

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KOLA RAYS! The Great Nerve Renovator. On sale at all Drug Stores. CRYSTAL SPRING BOTTLING CO., Barnet, Vt.

Tickets to Everywhere. We represent six of the best Steamship Companies; Cook's Tours to all parts of the world. We can build you a ticket to all points on this Continent. If you are going to travel call and see us; it will cost you nothing, and we may be able to serve you to great advantage, as we have the best equipped office outside of Boston and New York. E. E. KNOTT & CO., General Ticket Agents, Woodbury & Walker Bldg., Burlington, Vt.

Don't Break Your Back

With the old Lawn Mower, but buy a new one. We have them at prices that will suit you and the Mowers are all right.

Garden Tools

Ought to be used this weather unless you prefer weeds to fresh vegetables. We carry the largest line of garden tools in town. Also a complete line of hardware.

GOSS & SWETT, The Carpenter Store, Prospect Street.

Fine Furniture

Beautifies the home and makes life worth living. We have the goods and have now plenty of room to exhibit them. The finest line of

Desks, Bookcases and Easy Chairs, Ever seen in St. Johnsbury. You can select a present for every member of the family in our store and get a gift suitable to each one. Money isn't honey, this year, so don't waste your earnings on canny or useless knick-knacks, but buy something useful that will shorten the winter evenings with its comfort.

HALL & STANLEY, Music Hall.

Reduced Prices FOR Seasonable Goods.

Piazza Rockers, \$1.75, Formerly \$2.50 and \$3.50. Ash Chamber Suits at \$15, Formerly \$20. Seven pieces in this set and a great bargain. Fancy Oak and Plush Rockers, Willow Chairs, Etc. N. R. SWITSER & CO. Eastern Avenue.

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Is what every gentleman desires when he leaves an order for a new suit at his tailor's. That is what I can guarantee. A Cutter of 30 years' experience, has been engaged to take charge of my Custom Department. I have a large stock of

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for the Summer of 1897. A better quality and variety cannot be found. I invite your inspection. E. C. BROOKS, 64 Railroad St., St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Always Fresh— Always Crisp. That is the way a cracker should be—that is the way you will always find the "HANOVER." They have a peculiar flavor and delicious crispness which you cannot find in any other cracker made. Get them—try them—you will like them. Every grocer has or should have them. GEO. W. SMITH & SON, Bakers and Confectioners WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT.