For the Children.

THE BLUE JAY.

O Blue Jay up in the maple tree,
Shaking your throat with such bursts of glee,
How did you happen to be so blue?
Did you steal a bit of the lake for your crest,
And fasten blue violets into your vest?
Tell me, I pray you,—tell me true!

Did you dip your wings in azure dye,
When April began to paint the sky,
That was pale with the winter's stay?
Or were you hatched from a bluebell bright,
'Neath the warm, gold breast of a sunbeam light,
By the river one blue spring day?

O Blue Jay up in the maple tree,
A-tossing your saucy head at me,
With ne'er a word for my questioning,
Pray, cease for a moment your "ting-a-link,"
And hear when I tell you what I think,—
You bonniest bit of the spring

I think when the fairies made the flowers,
To grow in these merry fields of ours,
Periwinkles and violets rare,
There was left of the spring's own color, blue,
Plenty to fashion a flower whose hue
Would be richer than all and as fair.

So putting their wits together, they
Made one great blossom so bright and gay,
The lily beside it seemed blurred,
And then they said: "We will toss it in air;
So many blue blossoms grow everywhere,
Let this pretty one be a bird!"

—*Susan Hartley Swett, in St. Nicholas.*

Maggie Darnley's Experiments.

"There!" said little Margaret Darnley in despair, as she stood, broom in hand, at the north door. The dust, and bits of paper, and string, and clippings of cloth which she had been collecting from all over the room with her broom, kept drifting back persistently when she tried to sweep them out at the door.

"Why don't you try the other door, Maggie?" asked her brother Jack, who sat by the window.

"That is just the queer part of it," said Margaret. "I tried the other door first, and it is just as bad there. The wind can't blow in exactly opposite directions at once, can it?"

"May be it shifted while you were sweeping the dirt across the room," said Jack.

"Well, that would be funny," said Margaret; "but I'll try it again. It will be a sort of nixperiment, I guess."

"A sort of what?" asked Jack.

"A nixperiment," said Margaret. "I listened to your flosophy-teacher the other day, and Mr. Baird said that everything in science had to be—something by nixperiments."

"Verified by experiments," said Jack, laughing. "Yes, that's so, and now we'll see if there's any philosophy about this dirt."

So Margaret swept the dirt carefully across the room again, while Jack looked on.

"There!" exclaimed Margaret, "look at that!"

Jack did look, and had to confess that it was too much for his philosophy. "Stop," said he, "I'll see which way the wind is really blowing." Margaret shut the door and sat down to wait. The poor little arms were quite tired by this time, for Margaret was only ten years old.

"It's the stillest day we've had this season," cried Jack, bursting in. "The weather cock turns tail to the south, so whatever wind there is comes from the north. Let's try the south door again."

To the surprise of both Jack and Margaret, the dirt, which had been so perverse and contrary, went out this time without making much trouble.

"That's it—the wind shifted, don't you see, Maggie?" said Jack, with a wise look. "That's the way with science. Science believes nothing till it has thoroughly proved it. That's what experiments are for, and that's the beauty of science."

"Open the draft, Jack, and put in some more wood. What makes this room so cold?" called their father from a small adjoining room, which he used as a study. "What's that you were saying about science?" he added, with a quizzical look.

Jack, with a very grave and scientific look, explained their experiment in natural philosophy.

"Ah!" said his father, "the wind shifted, did it? How many times?"

"Why, four times, father," said Margaret. "Just as quick as lightning—almost," she added, seeing her father raise his eyebrows. "I swept the dust from one door to the other just as quick as I could, but by the time I got there, the wind got there too, and blew the dirt back every time."

"Suppose we try the experiment again," said Mr. Darnley.

"Oh, I've swept all the dirt out now," said Margaret.

"Well, here are a few feathers which gave you the slip, little Pearlie," said her father. "We can try the experiment with them. Put in some more wood and make the room pretty hot."

"What for, father?" asked Jack.

"It is necessary to our experiment."

Jack put in the wood. This was mysterious and interesting.

"Now, Maggie," said her father, when the room was uncomfortably warm, "sweep out these feathers."

"Which door, father?" asked Margaret.

"It makes no difference," said her father.

"Shall I look at the weather-vane?" said Jack.

"It is not necessary," said his father, smiling.

Margaret tried again, but the feathers all blew back, some entirely across the room.

"There they are, Maggie, close to the south door," said Mr. Darnley. "I'll shut this door, and you may sweep them out at that one."

But Margaret had no better success than before.

"Isn't it curious!" said Jack. "There must be witches at the door, blowing the feathers back."

"That is what ignorant and superstitious people would have said years ago, Jack," said his father, "but science shall teach us better than that."

"Now," continued Mr. Darnley, "let us make two piles of the feathers—one near the south and the other near the north door. Jack, get another broom for this pile. Now, both sweep in opposite directions at the same time. That will show us whether it is caused by the shifting of the wind."

Jack and Maggie tried faithfully, but the feathers went every way but out of the doors, some of them even rising toward the ceiling.

"It's the cold day," said Jack; "they don't like to go out."

"Father, what is the reason, please?" asked Margaret, earnestly.

"Hot air always rises," replied Mr. Darnley.

"Why?" asked Margaret.

"Because," answered her father, "hot air is lighter than cold. When it rises, of course cold air rushes in to fill its place. When you open the door, currents of cold air rush in at the bottom, while the hot air is escaping at the top. Open the door, Jack, and try to drive out a feather above your head, while Maggie tries one at the floor."

The children did so, and, while the feather at the bottom blew in, the one at the top floated out.

"But, father," said Maggie, "we did sweep the dirt out at last. Why was that?"

"Because you had let the room grow cold while you were trying your experiments," said her father, "and as the temperature became more like that outside, the currents were less strong. That is the way your 'wind shifted.'"

Jack looked foolish.

"Science is a fine thing, my son," continued his father, "and great beauty and interest, as well as importance, attach to its discoveries. But the life and soul of science lies in its exactness and thoroughness. A scientific experiment, to be worth anything, must be thorough. You tried an experiment half-way, and then jumped to a conclusion."

"Mother," said Margaret, "how do you sweep the dirt out?"

"I take it up on the dust-pan, Maggie dear," said her mother, smiling.—*Jane Eggleston Zimmerman, in St. Nicholas.*

Boys Who Succeed.

The head of a large business firm in Boston, who was noted for his keenness in discerning character, was seated at his desk one day when a young Irish lad came up, took off his hat, and smiling, said: "Don't you want a boy, sir?" "I did not a moment ago. But I do now, and you are the boy," said Mr. J. He said afterwards that he was completely captured by the honest, frank, all-alive face before him. The boy entered his service, rose to be confidential clerk, and is now a successful merchant.

Thirty years ago Mr. H., a nurseryman in New York state, left home for a day or two. It was rainy weather, and not the season for sales; but a customer arrived from a distance, tied up his horse, and went into the kitchen of the farm-house, where two lads were cracking nuts. "Is Mr. H. at home?" "No, sir," said the eldest, Joe, hammering at a nut. "When will he be back?" Dunno, sir. Mebbe not for a week." The other boy, Jem, jumped up and followed the man out. "The men are not here, but I can show you the stock," he said, with such a bright, courteous manner that the stranger, who was a little irritated, stopped and followed him through the nursery, examined the trees, and left his order. "You have sold the largest bill that I have had this season, Jem," said his father, greatly pleased, on his return. "I'm sure," said Joe, "I'm as willing to help as Jem, if I thought in time." A few years afterwards these two boys were left by their father's failure with but $200 and $300. Joe bought an acre or two near home. He has worked hard, and is still a poor, discontented man. Jem bought an emigrant's ticket to Colorado, hired as a cattle driver for a couple of years, with his wages bought land at forty cents an acre, built himself a house, and married. His herds of cattle are numbered by the thousand, his land has been cut up for town lots, and he is ranked as one of the wealthiest men in the state. "I might have done like Jem," his brother said, lately, "if I'd thought in time. There's as good stuff in me as in him." "There's as good stuff in that loaf of bread as in any I ever made," said his wife; "but nobody can eat it; there's not enough yeast in it."

The retort, though disagreeable, was true. The quick, wide-awake energy which acts as leaven in a character, is partly natural. But it can be inculcated by parents, and acquired by a boy, if he chooses to keep his eyes open, and to act promptly and boldly in every emergency.—*American Rural Home.*

Bobby's Blunder.

Bobby's father builds boats by the bay. Bobby and his friends run and jump and skip on the wharf. They hang on the ropes and swing from the booms of the vessels. They jump into row-boats and rock them till the water comes over the sides. Then they shake themselves and laugh and sit in the sun until their clothes are dry. Bobby often tumbles into the water, but he always comes up like a ball! He loves that bay, and says, "This kind of water does not drown folks!" One day a new boat lay waiting for its mast. The men in the boat-house heard a noise like that of a great sea-bird flapping its wings on the deck. They ran out and there lay a little body, dressed in short pants and red stockings, beating the deck with his hands and feet. It was Bobby—all but his head! And where was his head? Down in the dark hole of the boat! The howls and sobs told that Bobby's head was still on his neck. Bobby's father took a small saw, and sawed a piece of plank out of the deck. He had to saw very near the little white neck, but he did not even scratch it. Then he pulled Bobby up by his heels. The little face was very red. He was nearly dead. They gave him some water; and when he was better, asked, "How did you get your head down there?" As soon as Bobby could get breath enough, he said, "I thought that mast-hole would just fit my head; and so it did! But my ears and nose wouldn't let it came up again when I wanted it to." "What did you think when your head was down there?" asked his father. Bobby caught his breath again, and sobbed out, "I thought if my head had to stay down there, I couldn't see the torch-lights tonight!" A man said, "You'd better keep away from the water." Then Bobby sprang to his feet and cried, "It wasn't the water's fault that I put my head into the mast-hole." Every summer we expect to hear that Bobby has been drowned. But the first face we see, staring in at the stage door, is always Bobby's.—*Our Little One.*

"It is my way," says a boy who never remembers anything that he is told, who leaves open gates, who forgets errands and mislays every tool and every book with which he is trusted, and for all the trouble he causes he thinks it excuse enough to say, "It is my way." "It is my way," says a girl who snaps and snarls and scolds at her little brothers and sisters, who falls into sulks at the first word of reproof, however kindly given, and who keeps the family in hot water with her temper. "I can't help it; it's only my way."

A young lady at an examination in grammar was asked why the noun bachelor was singular. She replied immediately, with much *naivete*, "Because it's very singular they don't get married."

A boy says in his composition that "onions are the vegetable that make you sick, when you don't eat them yourself."

Deferred Matter.

Notes and Comments.

To the question, "What is likely to be the outcome next year?' in a recent interview upon presidential prospects, Henry Watterson of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* says: "You might as well forecast a horse race, the verdict of a petit jury, or the caprice of a woman. No man's opinion is worth anything."

The balloon, in which it is proposed to cross the Mediterranean from Marseilles to Algiers, is named the Albatros. She is under the direction of the aeronaut, Mr. Jovis. The car, which holds comfortably ten persons, is furnished with an air bladder which, it is said, will prevent the balloon from being submerged. The aeronauts have a special costume, waterproof and buoyant, that can be put on under their other garments in case of need. The great question is that of food and water. The Albatros may perhaps be forced to be almost stationary for several days.

Boston Times: "That Blaine precipitated the quarrel between Garfield and Conkling has often been charged and denied, but is generally believed. It is now said that the Garfield papers, soon to be published, contain letters and telegrams which show that Robertson's appointment as collector of New York was made at the instance of Blaine, against Garfield's wish and judgment. Garfield was great and good but amiable and weak. Blaine was neither. But the quarrel belongs to the past. President Arthur's sagacity will keep it from entering the future. It is the most stupendously absurd fact of history that one man's calling another 'a turkey-cock,' nineteen years ago, should have changed national destiny."

Dr. Albert Day of Boston says that one of the chief predisposing causes of inebriety is civilization, entailing, as it does in its modern development, so great an expenditure of nerve force. Its action in this way is seen more among those who ive by brain work or are engaged in indoor occupations. He also holds that atmospheric influence is another undoubted exciting cause of this affection, a paroxysm, for example, being caused by exposure to sea air, easterly winds and some similar changes. It has been said that there is an inborn element in the nature of man which develops inebriety. "Could we trace the cause of this," he adds, "we should doubtless find that the whole race is tainted with this disease, coming down to us through the ages in obedience to the laws of heredity. Our fathers from earliest history were addicted to drunkenness."

Literary Notices.

We acknowledge the receipt of A. B. C. Pathfinder Railway Guide for June.

Around the Ranche, by Belle Kellogg Towne. V. I. F. Series. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price $1.25. Here is a story by a new author which will at once attract the attention of its readers. The scene is laid partly in Colorado and partly in an Eastern city. The principal character is a spirited, impetuous girl, reared among the mountains, but ambitious for improvement. She is made the central figure of many vivid pictures of life among the miners, and her experiences in the city, chafing against the restraints of society, but finally achieving her purpose to "get to the top," are so sketched as to give the narrative a cumulative interest to the end. For sale by Phinney.

But Yet a Woman, by Arthur S. Hardy. Boston. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price $1.25. The Boston *Advertiser* speaks thus of this charming book: "It is a French story, simple in plot, but charmingly told. The heroines are lovely and natural women; the lover is a good, manly, but not remarkable young physician. The old uncle; his friend, a violinist who has taken all the rough things in life serenely; Father LeBlanc, the wise, kind, tender, helpful priest without a touch of asceticism, with a keen enjoyment of the pleasant trifles in life, and a profound belief in human agencies; Ursule, the devoted and single-hearted Sister of Mercy; the eminently respectable and elegant De Marzac, a count and journalist, whose outside show of virtue almost deceived his own conscience; the Russian patriot, betrayed by his friend and unconsciously avenged by his widow; the Spanish courier, with his faithful service and his silent vengeance; all the subordinate characters, even the servants, are clearly brought out and drawn. Every touch is both strong and delicate. The conversations are admirable, the style is often brilliant, and the epigrams keen and sparkling; the author touches tenderly and thoughtfully the deep things in human life, and the mysteries of sorrow and death.

Items of Interest.

The British consul general at New York positively denies that there is any foundation for the rumor that Queen Victoria intended to abdicate the throne, on account of age and infirmities.

Mayor O'Brien of St. Paul, Minn., was inaugurated the other day, and next day he ordered all the gamblers in the city to close their places. The dispatch says that a war also on places of ill-repute will be commenced immediately.

Seven hundred and sixty Irish immigrants arrived in New York on the British steamer Belgravia last week. They are an installment of many thousands of Irish poor whom the Brittish government intends to ship to this country. Half of them are children.

The President betook himself to the cottage at the soldiers' home last week Monday. He will remain there until about the 10th of July, when he will go to Newport for a short stay. From there he will go on board the "Dispatch" for a trip along the coast as far east as Mount Desert.

Now is the appropriate time to revive circus stories, even if they have done duty on several previous occasions. This one is now on its rounds: "In one of the rural districts in the south part of the state a Sunday-school class had just finished singing,

'I want to be an angel,
And with the angels stand,'

when the teacher, observing that one of the boys had not contributed his voice to swell the sacred refrain, said: 'And you want to be an angel, too, don't you, Willie?' 'No,' replied Willie; 'not right away. I want to be a circus rider a good deal first.'"

New Advertisements.

Hear what one member of the profession testifies regarding the scientific preparation of a brother member.

Mr. Dawley has been in the drug business in the city of Providence twenty-five years as clerk and proprietor in good standing, and knows whereof he affirms.—Ed.

Mr. D. says: "For many years I have suffered, intensely at times, with what is generally called rheumatism. When first attacked I was confined to my bed and could not walk a step. I could not bear the weight of the bedclothes, so excruciating was the agony I endured. I always noticed that before these attacks came on my kidneys were affected; before there would be any pain in my limbs or any swelling of joints or limbs, the color of the secretions from the kidneys would be very dark and the odor strong and feverish. The last attack was very severe, about five years ago, and I was confined to the house several weeks, and was unable to attend to business in three months. During the time I was confined at home and the time of my convalescence I employed four of the best doctors that I could obtain, but none of them gave me permanent relief, for they did not go to work at the cause of the trouble. Having been acquainted with the propietor of Hunt's Remedy a long time I was induced by him to give it a trial, hoping that it might reach the seat of the disease; and after taking one bottle I found myself very much improved, and after taking the second I was feeling better than I had after any previous attacks. During many months previous to taking the Remedy my hands and fingers would be much swollen and stiff every morning; my left side, in the region of stomach and spleen, was very lame and sensitive; at times I would be taken with severe cramps over the spleen, and be obliged to apply mustard or cayenne for temporary relief; I was very nervous nights and could not sleep; I was obliged to be very particular in my diet, and my physical system was sadly demoralized. Since I have taken Hunt's Remedy systematically all these things have changed; I have no swollen hands or limbs, no pains or cramps in the side, can eat all kinds of food, sleep soundly and get thoroughly rested, and my kidneys are active and perform their functions promptly, thus taking out of the system all the poisonous secretions which contaminate the whole system where the kidneys do not act efficiently. My friends, what Hunt's Remedy has done for me it will do for all of you. I believe it to be the only sure cure for all diseases of the Kidneys, Liver, and Urinary organs. Respectfully, E. R. DAWLEY,
454 Broad Street."

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Admiration
OF THE
WORLD.
Mrs. S. A. Allen's
WORLD'S
Hair Restorer
IS PERFECTION!

Public Benefactress. Mrs. S. A. Allen has justly earned this title, and thousands are this day rejoicing over a fine head of hair produced by her unequaled preparation for restoring, invigorating, and beautifying the Hair. Her World's Hair Restorer quickly cleanses the scalp, removing Dandruff, and arrests the fall; the hair, if gray, is changed to its natural color, giving it the same vitality and luxurious quantity as in youth.

COMPLIMENTARY. "My hair is now restored to its youthful color; I have not a gray hair left. I am satisfied that the preparation is not a dye, but acts on the secretions. My hair ceases to fall, which is certainly an advantage to me, who was in danger of becoming bald." This is the testimony of all who use Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer.

"One Bottle did it." That is the expression of many who have had their gray hair restored to its natural color, and their bald spot covered with hair, after using one bottle of Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer. It is not a dye.

SULPHUR BITTERS

The Greatest Blood Purifier ON EARTH.

This Great German Medicine is composed of Yellow Dock, Mandrake, Gentian, Dandelion, Juniper Berries, etc., combined with the Extract of Sulphur, which makes it the Greatest Blood Purifier known. Do not ever take BLUE PILLS or arsenic, they are deadly. Place your trust in SULPHUR BITTERS, the purest and best medicine ever made.

Is Your Tongue Coated with a yellow sticky substance? Is your breath foul and offensive? Your stomach is out of order? Use SULPHUR BITTERS immediately! Is your Urine thick, ropy, cloudy, or high-colored? IT IS Diseases!

Poor Water. Your Kidneys are out of order? Use SULPHUR BITTERS. If you are sick, no matter what ails you, use Sulphur Bitters! Don't wait until you are flat on your back, but get some at once, it will cure you. Sulphur Bitters is The Invalid's Friend. The young, the aged and tottering are soon made well by its use. Remember what you read here, it may save your life, it has saved hundreds. Don't wait until to-morrow, Try a Bottle To-Day! Are you low-spirited and weak, or suffering from the excesses of youth? If so, SULPHUR BITTERS will cure you.

Bell's One Minute Cure for Toothache kills pain instantly. Price, twenty-five cents.

HEART TROUBLES.
ONE IN THREE HAVE THEM
And think the Kidneys or Liver are at Fault.

HYPERTROPHY, or enlargement of the Ventricles. *Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator has good record.*
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WATER in the heart case. (Accompanies Dropsy). *Use Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator,—relieve promptly.*
SOFTENING of the Heart. (very common)
PALPITATION. *Dr. Graves' Regulator is a sure remedy.*
ANGINA PECTORIS, or Neuralgia of the Heart. *Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator shows immediate results.*
☞A Startling Fact! Heart troubles in the aggregate are inferior only to consumption in fatality—**Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator** is a specific. Price $1. per bottle, six bottles for $5. by express. Send stamp for eminent physicians' treatise on these diseases.
In Nervous Prostration and Sleeplessness, Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator has no equal.
F. E. Ingalls, Sole Agent in America, Concord, N. H.
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$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me.

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If the Good People of New England

Are contemplating a Summer Trip, we would suggest that they visit the following points in Wisconsin, Minnesota and Iowa:

MILWAUKEE, WAUKESHA, PALMYRA, MADISON, PRAIRIE DU CHIEN, PEWAUKEE, LAKE SIDE, HARTLAND, NASHOTAH, GIFFORDS, OKAUCHEE, OCONOMOWOC, KILBOURN CITY (Dells of the Wisconsin), SPARTA, FRONTENAC, ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS, PRIOR LAKE, BIG STONE LAKE (Ortonville), SPIRIT LAKE, LAKE OKOBOJEE, CLEAR LAKE, Lake MINNETONKA, WHITE BEAR Lake, BEAVER DAM, ELKHART LAKE and ASHLAND,

Stars of the first magnitude, all radiant with health and pleasure-giving properties, will do well to bear in mind that the steady-going, reliable and comfortable public servant, the

Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul
RAILWAY,

Continues to run its Palatial Coaches and Parlor Cars over its magnificent lines between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul, Minneapolis and all principal cities, villages and towns in the mighty

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and continues to give unbounded satisfaction to its immense hosts of patrons, because of the perfection of its track, equipment and service.

Numerous daily trains (except Sundays) each way between Chicago, Milwaukee and all points named. Excursion and Commutation Tickets in keeping with the requirements of the times, between Metropolitan and Suburban places at rates to suit Kings, Lords, Commons, the Republican and Democratic Citizens and Sovereigns of the "Land of the Free, and the Home of the Brave." Let it be remembered also that this old

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traverses the Bonanza Regions of Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota and Dakota, and that a Tourist Ticket between Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis, over the **Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway,** gives the possessor of it a choice between three finer routes than can be found elsewhere on this continent, all owned and managed by this company, and a round trip ticket by it affords the traveler a grander variety of everything pleasing than can be found on any other railway. Come and see for yourselves.

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P. S.—Send to Mr. Carpenter for a "Reconnoissance of the Golden Northwest," handsomely illustrated. Mailed free.

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By the central position of its line, connects the East and the West by the shortest route, and carries passengers, without change of cars, between Chicago and Kansas City, Council Bluffs, Leavenworth, Atchison, Minneapolis and St. Paul. It connects in Union Depots with all the principal lines of road between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. Its equipment is unrivaled and magnificent, being composed of Most Comfortable and Beautiful Day Coaches, Magnificent Horton Reclining Chair Cars, Pullman's Prettiest Palace Sleeping Cars, and the Best Line of Dining Cars in the World. Three Trains between Chicago and Missouri River Points. Two Trains between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, via the Famous

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A New and Direct Line, via Seneca and Kankakee, has recently been opened between Richmond, Norfolk, Newport News, Chattanooga, Atlanta, Augusta, Nashville, Louisville, Lexington, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and Lafayette, and Omaha, Minneapolis and St. Paul and intermediate points.

All Through Passengers Travel on Fast Express Trains.

Tickets for sale at all principal Ticket Offices in the United States and Canada.

Baggage checked through and rates of fare always as low as competitors that offer less advantages.

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GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE

At your nearest Ticket Office, or address
R. R. CABLE, Pres. & Gen'l M'g'r. **E. ST. JOHN,** Gen'l Tkt. & Pass. Agt.,
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Parties who have any work they wish done in either of the above lines will consult their own interest by sending it or writing for prices to

MARTIN W. WHEELOCK,
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This plaster is absolutely *the best* ever made, combining the virtues of hops with gums balsams and extracts. Its power is wonderful in curing diseases where other plasters simply relieve. Crick in the Back and Neck, Pain in the Side or Limbs, Stiff Joints and Muscles, Kidney Troubles, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sore Chest, Affections of the Heart and Liver, and all pains or aches in any part cured instantly by the *Hop Plaster.*

HOP PLASTER

☞Try it. Price 25 cents. Sold by all druggists. Hop Plaster Co., Manufacturers. Mailed on receipt of price. Carter, Harris & Hawley, General Agents, Boston.

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PROSPECT HOUSE,
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Foss' Beach, Rye, N. H.

This house is a **Private Boarding House,** and is located on a high elevation of land, with a good lawn in front, commanding a magnificent view of the Isles of Shoals and the beautiful coast of Rye and Hampton, while the sea view is unsurpassed. It is also within five rods of one of the finest bathing beaches in Rye, two miles in extent. Good fishing from the rocks or in boats. This house has a good drainage. Post-office address,

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Box 364. Take Foss' Beach coach at Portsmouth for this house. Nearest house to the beach. Mail twice a day. Board $5 to $8 per week; Children $3 per week. 61-04

School Furniture for Sale!

Seats and desks for ninety pupils are now offered for sale by the Montpelier Union School District. They are modern in style, in fair condition, and well adapted to the wants of a country school. Can be seen at the Union School building, or at the auction rooms on Main street. Call soon for good bargains.

BY ORDER OF COMMITTEE.
Montpelier, August 21, 1882. 36-tf

New Advertisements.

A. C. BROWN'S
Insurance Agency,
MONTPELIER, VT.

Capital Represented, $150,000,000.

In these days of doubt and uncertainty in business, especially in the standing and solvency of Fire and Life Insurance Companies, the attention of insurers is respectfully called to the following list of *reliable* and *substantial* Companies represented in this Agency.

Life Company.

Connecticut Mut. Life Ins. Co.
OF HARTFORD.
A. C. BROWN, General Agent for Vermont.

Thirty-fifth Annual Statement.
Assets, December 31, 1880, - - - - - - $49,492,829 38
Surplus, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 3,381,158 48
Ratio of expense of management to receipts, 7.7 per cent.

Fire Companies.

Northern Insurance Company
OF ENGLAND,
Organized in 1836. - - Assets, $25,225,596.

Imperial Fire Ins. Company
OF ENGLAND,
Organized in 1803. - - Assets, $12,270,000.

Phœnix Assurance Company
OF ENGLAND,
Organized in 1782. - - - Assets, $5,107,125.

Pennsylvania Fire Ins. Comp'y
OF PHILADELPHIA,
Organized in 1825. - - - Assets, 1,500,000.

Philadelphia Fire Association
OF PHILADELPHIA,
Organized in 1820. - - - Assets, $4,000,000.

Insurance Co. of State of Penn.
OF PHILADELPHIA,
Organized in 1794. - - - Assets, $650,000.

New York City Insurance Co.
OF NEW YORK,
Organized in 1872. - - - Assets, $425,000.

Continental Insurance Comp'y
OF NEW YORK,
Organized in 1852. - - - Assets, $3,100,000.

Manhattan Fire Insurance Co.
OF NEW YORK,
Organized in 1872. - - - Assets, $900,000.

Connecticut Fire Insur'ce Co.
OF HARTFORD,
Organized in 1850. - - - Assets, $1,500,000.

First National Fire Ins. Co.
OF WORCESTER, MASS.,
Organized in 1868. - - - Assets, $300,000.

The Royal Insurance Comp'y
OF ENGLAND,
Organized in 1845. - - Assets, gold, $20,000,000.

London & Lancashire Ins. Co.
OF ENGLAND,
Organized in 1861. - - - Assets, $7,500,000.

Commercial Union Ass'ce Co.
OF ENGLAND,
Organized in 1861. - - Assets, $19,351,671.

Lancashire Insurance Comp'y
OF ENGLAND,
Organised in 1852. - - Assets, gold, $10,000,000.

La Confiance Insurance Co.
OF FRANCE,
Organized in 1844. - - Assets, gold, $6,700,000.

Travelers' Insurance Comp'y
OF HARTFORD,
Paid-up Capital, $600,000. Assets, $4,955,990.42.

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