The Free Press.

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE

Railroads.

TRAINS LEAVE BURLINGTON.

Going North and West, 4:00, 4:50, and 11:20 a. m., and 4:25, 5:25 and 6:25 p.m.
Going East, by Central Vt. R. R., 7:55 and 11:30 a. m., and 5:25 and 9:35 p.m.
Going South, by Rutland R. R. 8:35, 10:40 a. m and 1:00 and 7:00 p. m.
Going East, by Burlington & Lamoille R. R., 10:00 a. m., and 4:00 p. m

TRAINS ARRIVE AT BURLINGTON.

From the North and West, 8:30 10:40 a. m., and 12:30, 6:00, 7:00, and 10:40 p. m.
From the East by Central Vt. R. R., 8:10 and 8:30 a. m., and 12:05, 5:30 and 6:30 p. m.
From the South, by Rutland 4:50 and 11:30 a. m. and 5:20 and 6:25 p. m.
From the East, by Burlington & Lamoille R. R., 10:50 a. m., and 7:35 p. m.

Stages.

STAGES LEAVE BURLINGTON.

For Winooski (from Van Ness House), at 6:45, 9:00 and 11:30 a. m.; 2:05, 4:30 and 6:10 p. m.
For Grand Isle (from American Hotel and Van Ness House, via Mallett's Bay House, South Hero and Follett Springs House, at 8:30 a. m.

STAGES ARRIVE AT BURLINGTON.

Leave Winooski (Platt & Allen's), 6:20, 8:30 and 11:00 a. m.; 1:00, 4:00 and 5:30 p. m. (arriving in Burlington about 30 minutes later.)
From Grand Isle at 3:00 p. m.

A Song of Time.

How worn a theme is that of time!
Then why do I begin to rhyme
Upon it now?

Because to-night the air is filled
With voices that will be stilled—
They will not crave.

And always sing the same refrain
Of Time that never will come again,
Of time that flies.

Of all that Time sweeps in his flight
The vocal ring to me to-night,
Time cures all care.

That is what I would fain believe,
My heart therewith I do deceive,
With faith in Time.

O voices singing, to you mute,
You touch a chord on my heart's lute
Not seldom played;

Yet bring all the air around
With a sweet, melancholy sound,
A song of Time!

Of Time that was, I days so fair
When all was young, and love was there—
Long days ago!

Is only? Is only? That will refrain?
I dare not listen where again
To that same song!

Maybe I lived those days too high,
And yielded them for lore of a sigh,
Those days long since!

Yet as they were the fairest yet
Of all the years, then may forget
That happy time?

Though if I could be my fate
To live yet happier days, the date
Of that sweet time,

I'll bury, then, within the grave
Which holds all things forgotten, save
The vesper time.

Nor heed a voice which whispers low,
"The sweetest song is that you know
Of long ago."

So with the voices I hear air
I mingled name, yes, is, was there
A song of Time!

—*Lowell Society.*

PROVIDENTIAL PIGS.

A Pleasant Love Story all of the Present Day.

[From the Cadmus.]

"Oh, missus, missus!! Somefin's done happened."

Blank horror and dismay were depicted upon the face of my small African, as she stood upon my threshold with upraised hands and eyeballs that seemed starting from their sockets. Her pause was one of preparation, for with the innate consideration of her race, she sought to break the news gently to me, but the burden of it was too great for her, and with the next breath she exclaimed:

"Dem pigs done chawed up Miss Lyddy's weddin' gown!"

"Glory," I exclaimed (she had been piously christened Gloriana,) "Glory, how did it happen?"

"Dunno," said Glory. "Pears to me dem pigs has got Satan in 'em. Guess dey's 'scended from de old lot what run down a steep place inter the sea. I'll go an' fetch ye a piece."

She sped out and instantly returned with a tattered shred of India mull that had once been white, and still bore some resemblance to a gown. Poor Miss Lyddy! There was all that remained of her dream of wedding splendor. It was too pitiful! I felt at once that the bonds of good neighborhood had been irretrievably broken, and that Major Hawthorne must be made aware of this last and worst depredation of his unseeming pigs.

But who would break the news to Miss Lyddy.

"Glory," said I, "where is she?"

"Done over to de buryin' place ob her ancestors," answered Glory.

Poor, faithful soul; even in those last days of her maidenhood, with the vague terrors of matrimony and the still more appalling responsibilities of unsaved heathen souls hanging over her, she did not forget the ancestors. Long lines of Ludkinses lay buried in little sunken hillocks in the family burying-place, which lay just in sight of her sitting-room window. She herself was the last of her race, and until within three weeks it had seemed that the only fate which awaited her was to live out her little space under the ancestral roof-tree, and then take her place in the silent ranks of those who had gone before. But a change had come. It came in the person of a returned missionary from the Micronesian Islands, who had buried the first and second partners of his joys and sorrows somewhere under the palm trees of those tropical lands and had come back to the scenes of his youth to recruit his health, serve the cause and look up partner No. 3. He met Miss Lyddy at a woman's missionary meeting. He called the next afternoon and was invited to stay to tea. He accepted the invitation, and next morning Miss Lyddy came into my room—for I, too, domiciled under the Ludkins roof-tree, for a consideration—and with much hesitation and many faint and delicate blushes, informed me that she promised to share the future lot of the Rev. Nehemiah Applebloom, to take care of his six children, and to support him in his arduous labors among the heathens of the Micronesian Islands.

I was struck dumb with amazement. "Miss Lyddy," I said at length, "have you duly considered this project?"

Her thin figure quivered, and her white face, that had yet a delicate remembrance of youth in it, grew tender with feeling.

"Yes," she said; "I think I have, I have always had a presentiment that I should marry a minister or a missionary." Admirable and prophetic faith! "And Mr. Applebloom says he knew the moment he set eyes upon me that I was ordained to be his wife; so you see it is not the surprise to either of us that it is likely to be to our friends."

I knew then that her mind was fully made up. I demurred no longer, but lent myself at once to discussion of the wedding which I plainly saw was what Miss Lyddy desired of me.

"You will be married in church, I suppose?"

"Oh no," said Miss Lyddy with gentle decision. "I am the last of the Ludkinses. All the Ludkinses have been married at home. I will not go out from under my own roof-tree. If I must seem to forsake the ancestors"—she paused to regulate a little choking in her throat—"I will at least not forsake their traditions. I shall leave a little money with the parish clerk, that he may see that the graves of my dead are kept in proper order, as I always have loved to keep them, and I hope they will forgive my departure; but I will at least go as a Ludkins should. It is my desire to be married in my grandmother's wedding gown."

Miss Lyddy's voice trembled, and there was a humidity in her eyes, at which I did not wonder, for it was much like a funeral after all.

"I thought perhaps," went on Miss Lyddy, "if I brought the venerated relic to you you would tell me if anything was necessary to be done to fit it to me. I don't care for the fashion, you know, and my grandmother as I remember her, was about my height, but, still, you know—something—some changes might be advisable."

"Certainly," I said, "do bring it to me. I should like to see it."

"It is sprigged India (she called it Indigy) mull. My grandfather, Capt. Simon Ludkins, brought it home from over the seas. I'll bring it."

Like some pale and silent ghost she rose then and went to a bureau drawer and unrolled from folds of linen that smelt of lavender, the frail relic of Mrs. Capt. Simon Ludkin's wedding state. It was fine, embroidered mull, the undoubted product of Indian looms.

"It is lovely," I said, "and so well kept that it will be just the thing for you. Will you try it on? We can tell then just what it needs."

Miss Liddy proceeded to disrobe herself and put on the spider-net gown. As she did so, the change in fashion's mandates became only too evident. It had no waist to speak of, and just a little lace-trimmed puff for sleeves. Miss Lyddy was evidently surprised. She had not thought this. I knew well what the troubled look upon her face meant, and I pitied her maiden sensibilities. Could it be possible that her grandmother, Mrs. Captain Simon Ludkins, had ever worn such a gown as this? She said not a word that could indicate the depth of her mortification—but her face was a study for an artist.

"There must be sleeves," she murmured, after a few moments of silent and embarrassed contemplation.

"Yes," I replied cheerfully, as my constrained gravity would allow. "And you might have a flounce and flounce on the bottom."

She looked down. She had not before realized that the skirt of the venerated relic lacked a quarter of a yard of touching the floor.

"However could they!" she ejaculated in an undertone. But she quickly recovered herself, and looked up to me cheerfully over her spectacles.

"How ingenious you are!" she said, with an air of sweet relief. "I knew you would help me out."

We went out together and bought the requisite mull that day, but when we came to put it beside the "venerated relic" of Mrs. Captain Ludkin's it was evident that time had so enriched the color of the latter that the two were most unfortunately unlike.

"We can lay it on the grass," I said, "these June days are just the thing for it, and as it will be evening, nobody will in the least notice."

Again Miss Lyddy smiled gratefully, and declared that my suggestion should be carried out in the most faithful manner.

The Rev. Nehemiah Applebloom—"A lovely name, don't you think so?" said Miss Lyddy, and she blushed and smiled like a school girl in her teens—had but a short furlough, and the marriage was to transpire the next week, so the relic was put out to bleach forthwith. It had already been put upon the grass three days and the three nights, and had been religiously watered by Miss Lyddy at morn and noon and dewy eve, and the next day it was to be taken up early and put into the dressmaker's hands for the necessary alterations, when the dreadful event occurred with which the chapter opens.

"Glory," I said, "do you keep watch for Miss Lyddy when she returns. Say nothing about what happened unless she misses the gown from the grass. In that case tell her that I thought it was bleached enough and took it up to dry, and you don't know where I put it. I am going out now, but if she asks where, tell her you don't know.

Glory was faithful, and had besides the natural craft of her race, and I knew that she could be trusted. As for me, I swiftly donned my bonnet and set out to find Major Hawthorne. It was a bright June evening, and my walk through the meadow and the grove that skirted Hawthorne dean would have been a delightful one if I had borne a mind more at ease. The major was a gentleman by birth, but he had lived out his fifty bachelor years in a gay and careless way that had seemed to set the gentler part of creation at defiance. In the lifetime of his parents Hawthornedean had been a beautiful estate. It still retained many marks of wealth and cultivated ownership, but it was easily run down, as the home of a bachelor is apt to be. The grove which had once been the pride of the place, was grown up with brush now, and the sere leaves of many summers' growth rustled under my feet as I walked through it. At one point, coming suddenly around a thick clump of undergrowth, I heard a chorus of tiny snorts and the scampering of numberless hoofs, and knew that I had invaded a haunt of the major's last agricultural freak, the very breed of Berkshire pigs that were the scourge of all my borrowed woes. Away they scampered their snouts well raised in the air, and each with a curl in his tail that seemed too ornamental to be wholly the product of nature and to justify the village rumor that the major's own man put those tails in curling paper every night. They had the air of spoiled children, every one, and were evidently the major's pets. But that didn't matter, they had ruined Miss Lyd ij's wedding gown, to say nothing of other aggravating exploits which do not belong to this story, and I was determined to have satisfaction out of their owner.

I found the major sitting on his piazza, with an after-dinner look on his handsome good-humored face. He rose to meet me with an air of old-school politeness, dashed with a faint wonder that I a woman, should have had the hardihood to approach a place so little frequented by women.

"Good evening Miss Grace, I am happy to see you. In what can I have the honor to serve you?"

He had read my face and knew that I had come on a mission.

"Major Hawthorne," I said paying no attention to his offer of a chair, "I have come on a very painful errand."

"Sit down madam," said the major, politely. "I cannot possibly permit a lady to stand on my piazza. I ought, perhaps, to ask you to walk in, but it is rather stuffy inside, this evening."

"No," I said, "I will sit here, if you please." To tell you the truth, indoors, as seen through the windows had not the most inviting look, and I was glad to compromise.

"You have no doubt heard"—plunging in *medias res*, "That Miss Lydia Ludkins is about to be married."

"Married! Miss Lydia! No! Hadn't heard a word of it," said the major, in genuine amazement. "Who is the fortunate man, pray?"

"The Rev. Nehemiah Appleblooa, a missionary to the Micronesian Islands, who has come home to recruit his health and find a wife."

"I know him," said the major. "Saw him down at the station—a long, lean, lank individual just fit for his vocation; no temptation whatever to cannibals! But what the deuce is he going to do with Miss Lydia? What will Balaam's Corners do without her?"

"Balaam's Corners must do the best it can," I said—I fear a little sharply—for my mind was still in the most aggressive state toward the major.

"They are to be married next week and—"

"What will become of the 'ancestors?'" interrupted the major, in whom surprise seemed to have gotten the better of habitual politeness.

"Oh, she made arrangements with Mr. Crow about that."

"Just like her. Dear, faithful girl."

The major had all his life loved all the sex—not one—and I was not to be beguiled by this show of feeling.

"She had set her heart upon being married in her grandmother's wedding gown."

"Old Mrs. Captain Simon? I remember her well. A mighty fine woman. She never would have gone to the ends of the earth with a missionary. It's the craziest scheme I ever heard of."

I began to fear I should never get to my errand.

"It was put out on the grass to bleach, being a little yellow with age. It was a lovely embroidered India muslin that the old captain brought home from India himself."

"How well I remember him in my boyhood! A jolly old soul! A granddaughter of his to go off to the Cannibal Islands to be eaten up by the savages! I won't have it!"

"Her heart is set upon going," I continued. "The wedding gown was put out to bleach, and this very afternoon those Berkshire pigs of yours—they are a nuisance to the whole neighborhood Major—trampled and rooted it to pieces, so that it is utterly ruined."

"Little black rascals," said the major with a chuckle behind his neckcloth.

"And I have come without her knowledge, to tell you of it, because I was sure that under the circumstances a gentleman of your breeding would feel in honor bound to make some reparation to Miss Lydia."

The major mused and looked at his boots for a moment in silence.

"Miss Grace," he said at length, "I thank you for the service you have rendered me in this matter. Will you have the goodness to say to Miss Ludkins, with my compliments, that I shall do myself the honor to wait upon her to-morrow at 10 o'clock, to adjust this unfortunate matter? I beg in the meantime that she will give herself as little solicitude as possible, for though I cannot restore the ancient and venerable dry goods. I will do the best that is possible under the circumstances to make the loss good."

He bowed over my hand, and the audience was evidently concluded. Was I satisfied? No, indeed! What woman would not have felt wronged to be left at the end of a mission of disinterested benevolence in such a state of doubt and uncertainty as this? But I was obliged to go home, nevertheless, and wait as patiently as I could for the stroke of 10 next morning.

Glory had been in hearing when the message had been delivered to Miss Lyddy, and she too, was on the watch. At last she scudded in from the hedge, her ivories all a glisten, and her eyes wide-open and full of a rather incomprehensible mirth.

"He's a comin'," she said; "and such a sight!"

At that minute the gate clicked, and up the walk strode, indeed, a most astonishing figure. The major had gotten himself up in a continental suit, which he must have fished out of the unknown depths of the ancient attics of Hawthorndean; black velvet coat with lace ruffles at the wrist, knee-breeches, white satin waistcoat, slippers with shoe buckles, powdered wig and cocked hat. He was six feet tall, portly and well formed, and he looked every inch a signer of the Declaration at the very least. He was followed by his colored man, who carried a large brown paper parcel.

"He's come a courtin' missus," said Glory; "ye can see it in his face."

I had not the instinct of Glory, and doubted; but what his errand was I was dying to know.

But he disappeared into Miss Lydia's parlor, and I was left outside to temper my impatience as best I could. Presently Glory entered on tiptoe.

"Missus, missus," she whispered; "de do's swung open jes de leas' crack, an' it's jess opposite de big murror, an' if ye come out here in de hall ye can see it all in de murror as plain as day, an' it's a heap better'n a play."

It was a temptation, but believe me, dear readers, I resisted it. Only as Glory ran back to her peeping, I followed to pull her away and sent her out of doors—that was simply my duty—and there he was full on his knees before her, and she with that wrapt, seraphic look upon her face which no woman wears except on the most vitally interesting occasions. But, Glory disposed of, I went back to my sewing and waited as best I could the conclusion of the momentous interview. The major came out at length, as smiling as a May morning, leaving the brown paper parcel behind him.

It was very still in Miss Lydia's room for a quarter of an hour, and then she, too, emerged from her retreat. Spread over her hands was a gown of cream colored brocade, embellished with the loveliest roses in full bloom, with blue forget-me-nots trailing here and there among them. It had an ample waist, elbow sleeves and a train a yard and a half long.

"My dear Grace," said she, "the major has brought me his mother's wedding gown to be married in."

"It is beautiful," I said; "but who is to be the bridegroom?"

She smiled as angels do, and looked afar; a delicate flutter of pink hung out in her cheek to deprecate her recreancy, as she whispered in a tone of gentle but consummate triumph; "The major himself! Didn't he look grand in his knee breeches?"

"And Mr. Appleblooa?"

"Major Hawthorne will adjust that matter."

"That matter, indeed!" She spoke as though it were already as remote from her as the pyramids.

"I congratulate you, Miss Lydia," I said, growing formal, for she had behaved shamefully.

"Don't blame me," she murmured. "Major Hawthorne declares he has loved me since I was a child, but never thought himself worthy of me, the gay deceiver, and Mr. Appleblooa, you know, is only the acquaintance of a day."

I wanted to ask her how she had disposed of her prescentiment, but I did not dare.

Major Hawthorne subscribed fifty dollars to the Micronesian mission, and sent Mr. Appleblooa elsewhere to look for a wife, and the verdict of Balaam's Corners was that he had done the handsome thing.

"Fore goodness!" said Glory, "ef dare weren't a clar relation between dem pigs an' Providence, den I don't know nothin'."

Miss Lydia took the same pious view of the matter, and made the major the most dainty and dignified of wives.

HEIR TO ONE HUNDRED MILLIONS.

The Young Man Who Will Inherit Jay Gould's Property.

[From the New York Journal.]

Mr. Gould's figure is slightly under the average height, just turned twenty-three years of age, solid, well-knit and full-proportioned. He is muscular and strong, with broad shoulders and deep chest, and looks like a man fresh from the inspiring exercises of a German Turn Verein; his complexion is dark and his hair jet black. He has a frank, sensitive mouth, a shapely nose, and a full intellectual forehead. His eyes are a dark brown, clear and bright. Mr. Gould is a famous boxer and fencer. He has a free-and-easy manner that comes from his contact with the brokers and speculators of Wall street. He shakes hands heartily. There is nothing about him of that *hauteur* frequently assumed by men of far less money as well as far less brains.

"I have very little time for out-door sport," said Mr. George Gould to the Wall street man of *The Morning Journal*, "although I am very fond of them. I only had one month away from business last Summer and about the same time the season before. I have always been a great believer in athletic sports, and have spent much time in the gymnasium. I am very fond of the water, and take much pleasure in my yacht when I can get an afternoon or a day off. I am partial to horseback riding. Fox hunting and polo are attended with more danger and are not so interesting to me. I am much at home travelling, and have seen considerable of the United States and Europe. I find, however, that a person to be a business man must devote himself to his work. To keep pace with what is going on, I is necessary to be on hand. I prefer to be here in Wall street rather than spending my time in the pursuit of pleasure. I am happier while engaged with something that requires constant attention. I would not go from the street if I could."

"Speculation, then, is your grand passion, as the French would put it?"

"That is about it," replied Mr. Gould. "I am not prepared to say that my love for speculation comes from inheritance or constant association with the ways and means of speculators. When I am away from the office I want to get back, and I feel more at home here than anywhere else. If I have one inclination that is stronger than the rest it is for the very business that I am in, and I would not change places with any one."

Wiggins.

[From the New York Times.]

Of course Wiggins' storm was a failure. Every sensible person knew that it was impossible that Wiggins could forsee weeks in advance what sort of weather we should have on a given day. Nevertheless, there were thousands of people who, prior to the 9th, had a lurking faith in Wiggins, and that perhaps he might be a true prophet. What Wiggins really did was to take the chances that in a particularly stormy month there would be a storm on a given day. A third prophet would have hedged and instead would have prophesied a storm between the 7th and the 12th of the month. Such a prophet would very lively have hit the truth, but he would have received little credit for it, since nobody expects five consecutive days of pleasant weather in February. Wiggins, on the other hand, selected the 9th of February, and no other day as the date of the part cular storm, knowing if there should be a storm on that day his reputation would be made and no argument could shake the public faith in him. Had his prediction been fulfilled, probably half the people in this country would have believed in the terrible storm he predicted for some day in March, and the approach of that day would have caused a real panic. Wiggins knew that Vennor had fallen into disrepute by making too cautious prophecies, and he resolved to stake everything on the success of a single prediction. Fortunately for the public peace of mind he has failed, and henceforth he may prophesy ten hours a day without getting anybody to pay attention to him or to buy the almanac which bears his name.

"ON MY BACK ACHES!"

How often we hear it said. Well may the victim complain, for the kidneys are suffering; and when that is the case, there is always danger—great danger. Kidney diseases, if let run, too often end fatally. There is, however, a sure cure for them. Hunt's Remedy, is a medicine that does not fail to cure kidney, bladder, liver, and urinary complaints. Even Bright's Disease, the terror of physicians, is cured by Hunt's Remedy, the great kidney and liver medicine. Try it, and cure your backaches before it terminates in something worse.—Jlw1w

Ladies are the Best Judges

on all matters connected with the toilet. They have decided that SOZODONT is what they will have. "When a woman will, she will, you may depend on it; and when she won't, she won't, there's an end on it." This accounts for the popularity of SOZODONT.—Feb25ed&w

An eminent physician of large practice says: "I have obtained the formula from which Adamson's Botanic Balsam is prepared, and can recommend it as a safe and reliable remedy for coughs and colds."—Feb21,mwsaw

Everybody is using, and everybody is recommending to everybody's friends, Sozodont from Bottles as a reliable tooth medicine, a true tonic. Feb21,d&w1w

Good Babies.

"Tis a jolly day from East to West,
For children thrive, and mothers rest,
The darling girls all named Victoria,
And with the boys they **Castoria,**
It is a fact, there is no "may be,"
A mother's milk can't save the baby,
While she **Castoria** digests their food,
Gives them health and makes them good.

Feb9w1m

A Bright Idea.—Instead of using liquid preparations of acid and ammonia for polishing silver ware, which destroy, try **Electro-Silicon,** a perfectly harmless powder, producing great brilliancy. Avoid imitations. Grocers, Druggists.

Feb22w1w

Webster, the lexicographer, defines Catarrh to be "a discharge of fluid from the mucous membrane, especially of the nose, fauces, and the eustachian passages, caused by a cold in the head. It is a disease common alike to all classes of society. Unlike an ordinary cold, it cannot be cured by family remedies, but requires an antidote drawn from the annals of medical science. The preparation so universally known under the name of Ely's Cream Balm is a sovereign, and lasting cure for Catarrh. It is a remedy unsurpassed, yet thoroughly efficacious remedy. "I have been troubled with Catarrh so badly," writes B. F. Leonard, A. M., of Red Bank, N. J., "for several years that I scarcely recognized my voice. Tried various remedies without avail. One bottle of Ely's Cream Balm did the work. My voice is fully restored and my head feels better than for years." 50 cents only. Feb20ed&w1w

☞ Every color of the Diamond Dyes is perfect. See the samples of the colored cloth at the druggists. Unequaled for brilliancy. Feb21,d&w

The best known Remedy for all affections of the Chest, Lungs or Throat is Dr. SWAYNE'S WILD CHERRY COUGH SYRUP, and it is constantly used by thousands of persons suffering from the above diseases, and in nearly every instance it affords immediate relief. In cases of incipient consumption, where the patient passes sleepless nights, one or two doses of the syrup has such a quieting, soothing effect that relief ensues and the Cough speedily disappears. Try it and be convinced. Sold by all druggists. Price 25 and 50 cents per bottle.—Feb15w4m

$1500 per year can be easily made at home working for R. G. Hascoe & Co., 10 Barclay Street, New York. Send for their catalogue and full particulars. Nov4w1-wly

Constitutional Cough Syrup.

CONSTITUTIONAL COUGH SYRUP is sold on the "No cure, no pay" principle. It contains no opium nor anything injurious. Why suffer with coughs and colds when for 25 or 50 cents you can get a bottle at Bullrose & Grant's drug store. nov14,1t,h,&w

Meusman's Peptonized Beef Tonic, the only preparation of beef containing its *entire nutritive properties.* It contains blood-making, force-generating and life sustaining properties; invaluable for **Indigestion, Dyspepsia,** nervous prostration and all forms of general debility; also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration overwork, or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. CAWKER, HAZARD, & CO., Proprietors, New York. Sold by Druggists.

Oct 18, 1m&w

A GOOD INVESTMENT.—One of our prominent business men said to us the other day: "In the spring my wife got all run down and could not eat anything; passing your store I saw a pile of Hood's Sarsaparilla in the window, and I got a bottle. After she had taken it a week she had a ravenous appetite, and did her everything. She took three bottles, and it was the best three dollars I ever invested. C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

KIDNEY-WORT
IS A SURE CURE
for all diseases of the Kidneys and
LIVER
It has specific action on this most important organ, restoring it to healthy action, whether the cause be torpidity and inaction, stimulant or the healthy secretion of the bile, and by keeping the bowels in free condition, effect the regular discharge.
Malaria. If you are suffering from malaria, have the chills, are bilious, dyspeptic, or constipated, Kidney-Wort will surely relieve and quickly cure.
In the Spring to cleanse the System, every one should take a thorough course of it.
GOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price $1.
KIDNEY-WORT

DR. CLARK'S Indian Cures all diseases of the Liver, Bowel Blood, Mili cacy in healin diseases, and The BEST RE Guaran —AGENTS Laboratory 77 West 3d St. Ne KIDNEY

DR. CLARK JOHNSON: I was afflicted with Kidney disease of your Indian Blood Syrup restored me Aug 16, ditaw&wlf

Our Reporter's Vacation Notes.

DURING his rambles this season, our Mr. M. has taken upon himself the task of satisfying our numerous readers that whatever goods are manufactured in our goodly city of Roger Williams, are of as high a grade, and as fine in quality as can be produced in any spot on the globe. Especially is this so when the skilled Pharmacist of many years' experience resolves to extract from the finest botanical specimens of the vegetable world the most potent cure for some special disease. In proof of his assertion that Providence, R.I., affords the best, he relates an interview with an acquaintance, given him while sojourning temporarily at her residence. She says, "About a year I suffered severely from Rheumatism in my limbs, and Neuralgia in the head, which I endured two or three months with as much patience as possible, being under the treatment of an excellent doctor, and trying many kinds of medicine without any marked effect. At last a medical friend advised me to try Hunt's Remedy, because he attributed my severe suffering to the bad condition of my kidneys, which were not performing their proper functions, and I commenced taking it, and in a few days the neuralgia had departed, my headache had entirely disappeared, the swelling in my limbs and joints had gone, and I have not had a touch of it since. More recently I was troubled with impurity of the blood, which showed itself in severe eruptions on my face. I again resorted to Hunt's Remedy, and after taking it a short time was completely cured of that complaint. Hunt's Remedy has proved very beneficial to me in attacks of sick headache, which it always alleviates, and I notice the improvement as soon as I take the Remedy. This Remedy has strengthening elements, for it has made me feel much stronger, and has been very beneficial to my general health. I most heartily recommend it to all sufferers like myself. MRS. L. O. TANNER, No. 156 Pearl Street."

Great Praise.

ALBERT G. MANN, of Cottage Home, Ill., says: "I have been prostrated for three or more years with Kidney disease; at times I was not able to put on my boots; my wife has often pulled them on for me. I was not so bad as that all the time, but I never knew what it was to be without pain in my back until I commenced using Hunt's Remedy. Since I began to take Hunt's Remedy I have been free from all pain, and take pleasure in saying that it is the best medicine that I ever know for Kidney and Liver diseases."

REST not, life is sweeping by, go and dare before you die, something mighty and sublime leave behind to conquer time. $66 a week in your own town. $5 outfit free. No risk. Everything new. No capital required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want business at which you can make great pay all the time, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. 25wly

THE FARMER'S ANNUAL Hand-Book for 1883.
PREPARED BY
H. P. Armsby, Ph.D., Professor of Agricultural Chemistry in the Storrs Agricultural School, and E. H. Jenkins, Ph. D., Chemist in the Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station.

The book contains in addition to pages for daily memoranda, a large number of tables, presenting in a compact form in full and accurate information on subjects of value to farmers.

The edition of 1883 has been thoroughly revised, and considerably new matter added—the most important addition being a table for proportioning the exhaustion and enrichment of the soil.

PRINCIPAL CONTENTS.

The Metric System of Weights and Measures, with the English Equivalents.
Abbreviations of the Metric System; Long Measure; Square Measure; Cubic Measure; Dry Measure; Liquid Measure; Weight.
Comparison of Monetary Standards of the United States, England, France, and Germany.
Seeds for the Pecks-Relation of Volume, Weight and Measures.
Composition of Round Sticks in Cubic Feet.
Weight of Various Substances.
To measure Grain in a Rectangular Granary or Bin.
To measure Corn in the Ear.
To find the Number of Tons of Hay in a Mow.
Length of Cut-Nails and Number to the Pound.
Teeth of Horses, Cattle, Sheep and Swine.
Emergencies.
Instructions for Disinfection.
Agricultural Experiment Stations.
The Average Purity and Vitality of Some Seeds as found in Market.
Facts with respect to Milk.
Frequency and Duration of Heat in Farm Animals.
Register of Breeding Cattle.
Calendar for determining the Period of Gestation.
Suitable Age for Weaning.
To estimate the Quantities of Manure produced on a farm.
Table for calculating the Exhaustion and Enrichment of Soil.
The Valuation of Commercial Fertilizers.
Average Composition of Farmyard Manure and Fertilizing Materials.
Average Composition of Fertilizing Materials, Analytical.
On the Feeding of Cattle.
Feeding Standards: As per Day and per 1,000 lbs. Live Weight; As per Day and per Head; Compared on a Digestible Basis.
Digestibility of Feeding Stuffs.

The Farmer's Annual Hand-Book will be sent free to any present subscriber to the Free Press who, on renewing his own subscription sends us the name of one new subscriber, or, in place of the new subscriber, is sent in money.

RAYMOND'S VACATION EXCURSIONS.
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Feb 14, W&S2w&w2w

CATARRH A POSITIVE CURE IS ELY'S CREAM BALM
ELY'S CREAM BALM CLEANSES THE NASAL PASSAGES CATARRH COLDS IN THE HEAD HEALS AND PROTECTS THE MEMBRANE. 50 CENTS AT DRUGGISTS OR BY MAIL. ELY BROS. OWEGO, N.Y. U.S.A.
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HAY-FEVER

PURE INDIA TEAS
From the districts of ASSAM, CHITTAGONG, CACHAR, KANGRA VALLEY, DARJEELING, DEHRA DOON, and others. Absolutely pure. Superior in Flavor. The most economical. Requires only half the usual quantity. Sold by all Grocers. JOHN C. PHILLIPS & CO., Agents of the Calcutta Tea Syndicate, 130 Water St., N. Y. Nov 11, S&Awly

JOHNSON'S Blood Syrup
ases of the Stomach, s, Kidneys, Skin and ons testify to its effi- g the above named pronounce it to be MEDY KNOWN TO MAN teed to Cure Dyspepsia.
WANTED.—
w York City. Druggists sell it.
DISEASE.
Tunbridge, Vt., Jan. 20, 1881.
Disease, Rheumatism and other difficulties, and the to health. It is the best medicine I ever used.
C. P. VAN HOWE.

Legal Notices.

Alonzo B. Barker's Estate.

STATE OF VERMONT, DISTRICT OF CHITTENDEN, ss. } The Honorable the Probate Court, for the District of Chittenden.

To all persons interested in the estate of Alonzo B. Barker of Shelburn in said district.

GREETING:—

Whereas, application in writing hath been made to this Court by the guardian of said ward for license to sell certain real estate of said ward setting forth therein that her ward was seized in fee of certain pieces of land in Charlotte in said district, viz.: one piece of 20½ acres, one piece of 28 27-100 acres, one piece of 25-100 acres, two pieces of 15-100 acres, being all and the same pieces of land in Charlotte set to said ward in the distribution of the estate of his late father, Alonzo B. Barker, deceased, and that it would be conducive to the interest of said ward to sell and convert the same into money for the purpose of investing the proceeds thereof in other real or personal estate.

And thereupon, the said court appointed and assigned the 9th day of March, 1883, at the Probate Court room, in said District, to hear and decide upon said application, and ordered that public notice thereof be given to all persons interested herein, by publishing this order, three weeks successively in the Burlington Free Press, a newspaper which circulates in the neighborhood of those persons interested therein, all of which interested persons shall be previous to the time appointed for hearing.

Therefore, you are hereby notified to appear before said court, at the time and place aforesaid, then and there to object to the granting of such license, if you see cause.

Given under my hand, at the Probate Court Room, this 9th day of February, A. D. 1883.

GEO. W. WALES, Register.

Oscar E. Hall's Estate.

THE SUBSCRIBERS, having been appointed by the Honorable Probate Court for the District of Grand Isle Commissioners, to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Oscar E. Hall, late of South Hero in said District, deceased, and all claims and demands exhibited in offset thereto, do hereby give notice that six months from the 12th day of January, A. D. 1883, are allowed by said Court to the creditors of said deceased, to exhibit and prove their respective claims before us, and that we will attend to the duties of our appointment at the dwelling-house of Jerome P. Hall, in south Hero, in said District, on the 12th day of July, A. D. 1883, from ten o'clock in the forenoon till four o'clock in the afternoon, on said days.

Dated at South Hero this 12th day of January, A. D. 1883.

HENRY W. CONRO,
BENAJAH PHELPS, } Commissioners.
EDMUND BARNES.

Phebe L. Isham's Estate.

STATE OF VERMONT, DISTRICT OF CHITTENDEN, ss. } The Honorable the Probate Court for the District of Chittenden.

To all persons interested in the estate of Phebe L. Isham, late of Plattsburgh, State of New York, deceased. GREETING:

Whereas, said Court has assigned the 3rd day of March, 1883, next for the settlement of the administrator's final account, and ordered that public notice thereof be given to all persons interested in said estate by publishing this order three weeks successively previous to the day assigned, in the Burlington Free Press, printed in Burlington, in said District.

Therefore, you are hereby notified to appear at the Probate Court Rooms in Burlington, on the day assigned, then and there to contest the allowance of said account if you see cause, and to establish your right as heirs, legatees and lawful claimants of said residue.

Given under my hand, this 6th day of February, A. D. 1883. GEO. W. WALES, Register.

Charles B. Hadley's Estate.

STATE OF VERMONT, DISTRICT OF CHITTENDEN, ss. } The Honorable the Probate Court, for the District of Chittenden.

To all persons interested in the estate of Charles B. Hadley, late of Shelburn, in said district, deceased. GREETING:

Whereas, said Court has assigned the 3rd day of March next for the settlement of the administrator's account, and for a decree of the residue of said estate to the heirs of said deceased, and ordered that public notice thereof be given to all persons interested in said estate by publishing this order three weeks successively previous to the day assigned, in the Burlington Free Press, printed in Burlington in said district.

Therefore, you are hereby notified to appear at the Probate Court Room in Burlington, on the day assigned, then and there to contest the allowance of said account if you see cause, and to establish your right as heirs, legatees and lawful claimants of said residue.

Given under my hand, this 2th day of February, A. D. 1883. GEO. W. WALES, Register.

Elnathan Allen's Estate.

The subscribers, having been appointed by the Hon. Probate Court for the District of Grand Isle Commissioners, to receive, examine, and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Elnathan Allen, late of Grand Isle, in said District, deceased, and all claims and demands exhibited in offset thereto, do hereby give notice that six months from the 16th day of January, A. D. 1883, are allowed by said Court to the creditors of said deceased, to exhibit and prove their respective claims before us, and that we will attend to the duties of our appointment at the dwelling house of William Allen in Grand Isle in said district, on the 20th day of June, A. D. 1883, from nine o'clock in the forenoon till four in the afternoon, on said days.

NOAH BATES REYNOLDS,
J. A. CHAMBERLIN, } Commissioners.

Hannah Wallston's Estate.

STATE OF VERMONT, DISTRICT OF CHITTENDEN, ss. } The Honorable the Probate Court, for the District of Chittenden.

To all persons interested in the estate of Hannah Wallston, late of Williston in said district, deceased. GREETING