The Free Press.

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE
Railroads.

TRAINS LEAVE BURLINGTON.

Going North and West, 4:00, 6:50, and 11:30 a. m., and 4:25, 5:35 and 6:55 p.m.
Going East, by Central Vt. R. R., 7:35 and 11:30 a. m., and 5:35 and 9:35 p.m.
Going South, by Rutland R. R. 8:25, 10:40 a m and 1:40 and 7:05 p. m.
Going East, by Burlington & Lamoille R R, 10:00 a. m., and 5:10 p m

TRAINS ARRIVE AT BURLINGTON.

From the North and West, 8:30 10:40 a. m., and 12:20, 6:20, 7:05, and 10:40 p.m.
From the East by Central Vt. R. R., 8:10 and 9:20 a. m., and 12:05, 5:20 and 6:30 p. m.
From the South, by Rutland 4:50 and 11:30 a. m. and 5:20 and 6:05 p. m.
From the East, by Burlington & Lamoille R. R., 12:40 p. m., and 5:15 p. m.

Stages.

STAGES LEAVE BURLINGTON.

For Winooski (from Van Ness House), at 6:45, 9:00 and 11:00 a. m.; 2:00, 4:00 and 6:10 p. m.
For Grand Isle (from American House and Van Ness House), via Malletts Bay House, South Hero and Iodine Springs House, at 3:30 a. m.

STAGES ARRIVE AT BURLINGTON.

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

Steamboats.

STEAMERS LEAVE BURLINGTON.

Steamer A. Williams (from wharf foot of King St.) for Port Kent, Plattsburgh, Gordon's, Adam's, Ladd's, North Island City and Maquam at 7:30 a. m.
Steamer Reindeer for Port Kent, Plattsburgh, Gordon's, Adam's, Ladd's and North Island City, 5:20 p. m.

STEAMERS ARRIVE AT BURLINGTON.

Steamer A. Williams, from Maquam, North Island City, Ladd's, Adam's, Gordon's, Plattsburgh and Port Kent at 5:30 p. m.
Steamer Reindeer, from North Island City, Ladd's, Adam's, Gordon's, Plattsburgh, Port Kent, 10:10 a. m.

Jeannette's Hair.

Oh, braid the curls that you wear, Jeannette,
Let me tangle my hand in your hair, my pet.
For the worst to me has no daintier sight
Than your brown hair resting your shoulders white.

It was brown with a golden gloss Jeanette,
It was finer than the silk of the floss, my pet,
'Twas a beautiful mass falling down to your waist,
'Twas a thing to be braided and jewelled and kissed,
'Twas the loveliest hair in the world, my pet.

My arm was the arm of a clown, Jeannette,
It was sinewy, bristled and brown, my pet,
But warmly and softly it loved to caress
Your round white neck and your wealth of tress,
Your beautiful plenty of hair, my pet.

Your eyes had a few musing glory, Jeannette,
By reading the old, old story, my pet,
They were gray with the clouded tinge of the sky
When the frost leaves quickest to snap the dry,
And they marched with your golden hair, my pet,
Your lips—but I have no words, Jeannette,
They were fresh as the twitter of birds, my pet,
When the spring is young and the roses are wet
With the dew drops in each red bosom set,
And they suited your golden love's hair, my pet.

Oh, you tangled my life in your hair, Jeannette,
'Twas a sunken and golden snare, my pet,
But so gentle the bondage, my soul did implore
The light to continue your slave evermore,
With my fingers enmashed in your hair, my pet.

Thus over I dreamed what you were, Jeannette,
With your lips and your eyes and your hair, my pet,
In the darkness of desolate years I mourn,
And my tears fall bitterly over the stone
That covers your golden hair, my pet.

—*Miles O'Reilley.*

A Modern Madrigal.

Come, for the birds are merry in the warren,
And the lamb's first bleat is heard in the mead:
Come, be Phyllis, and I'll be Coryn,
Though flocks we have none to fold or feed.

Come for a ramble down through the dingle,
For Spring has taken the Earth to bride:
Leave the cricket to chirp by the ingle,
And forth with me to the rivulet-side.

Lo! how the land has put from off her
Her virgin raiment of Winter white,
And leaping in the eyes of the Spring, her lover,
Who flings her a garland of flowers and light.

Hark, how the lark in his first ascension
Pills heaven with love songs, hovering on high:
Taught to us for the Spring's intention,
Trust to the morn for a stormless sky.

I know the mead w for daffodowndillies,
And the haunt of the cresses purple and gold:
I'll be Coryn, and you'll be Phyllis,
Springs to-day are as sweet as of old.

HIRAM'S FOLKS.

The True Story of the Trouble in the Briggs Family.

[From Harper's Bazar.]

"So Hiram's folks has made money, eh?" said old Mr. Biggs.

Miss Paulina Prickett had invited the Biggs family to tea, with hot waffles, quince preserves, Sally-lunns, angel cake and the best quality of Young Hyson, to celebrate the purchase of a new tea set—white French china, with a gold band on the edge—in which she had indulged. Inviting the Biggs family as Paulina very well knew, was better than advertising the whole thing in the newspaper, for there was a goodly number of them, and they always talked to everybody about everything. The Biggses seldom invited company themselves, because, like John Gilpin's wife, they had a frugal mind, but they always came in full force when they were bidden.

"Yes," said Mrs. Horatio Biggs; "in the book business, I'm told."

"I knowed a book maker once," observed Miss Prickett, liberally ladling out the golden syrup of the quinces, "as only got 90 cents a day, and found himself."

"That was a book-binder, Aunt Prickett," said Esther, her niece, who was serving up the waffles nice and hot, with a countenance considerably inflamed from the vicinity of the kitchen stove.

"Well, where's the difference?" sharply retorted Miss Prickett.

"And everybody knows as printers don't get no wages to signify," joined in Mrs. Luke Biggs, who wore a green dyed silk with plated bracelets, and a cameo breastpin as large as an individual butter plate. "I saw one once standing on the steps of a newspaper office, and he wore a dreadful shabby hat, with no coat, and a shirt as was all blacks and grease spots, only fit for the washtub."

"Printers have to dress according to their work, I suppose," said Luke, surlily.

The Biggs family had not been like Dr. Watts' proverbial birds, which "in their little nests agreed." Horatio Biggs had overreached his two younger brothers in business, and had set up a "general store" in Biggsville, out of the result of sharp practice, with a tall, angular wife who despised Mrs. Luke because she had once worked in a factory, and scorned Mrs. Hiram because she was a teacher when her husband first met her. Luke Biggs was a selfish, grinding, miserly fellow who drudged away on the old farm because he was too parsimonious to spend the money necessary to enter any other business, and Mrs. Luke's chief end and aim in life was to screw enough cash out of her husband to outdress the other matrons and maids of the neighborhood. Miss Josepha Biggs, the unmarried daughter, made dresses for "the genteelest families only," and old Mr. and Mrs. Biggs lived in a wing of the old homestead, and when they were not quarreling between themselves made common cause against Mrs. Horatio.

Under the circumstance it was not to be marvelled at that Hiram Biggs, who had contrived to get an education from his slender share of the family money (a few thousand dollars left by a distant relative, and gobbled up at once by the Biggses), and the young wife he had married, had found the atmosphere too full of disagreeable electricity, and removed to New York.

"Take my word for it," said Mrs. Horatio Biggs, "you are making a mistake."

"Don't you expect us to support you when you come back here without a cent," said Mrs. Luke, ruefully sighing.

"Hiram's marriage has been his ruin," whispered Miss Josepha. "I offered to pay his wife 50 cents a day to help trim dresses in busy times, but she declined it."

"Elizabeth always was too proud to put up with us plain people," said Mrs. Biggs, Sr., with the quiet malice that occasionally develops itself in a mother-in-law.

These family details may in some measure account for the animus displayed over the waffles and angel-cake at Miss Prickett's tea-party that afternoon.

"Well," sniffs Miss Josepha, "according to my idea of things bookmaking ain't no business at all. If it was carpentering, now, or the hardware line, or if Elizabeth had energy enough to go into the millinery trade, instead of paying $4 in good, hard money for a spring hat, as she did when she was staying here in April! But I've no faith in their calculations, and never had."

Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Biggs, however, had ambitions which the family never dreamed of. Hiram's tastes had always been of a refined and literary nature, and several simple stories of rural life, which he had ventured to send, with fear and trembling, to a popular monthly magazine, had been accepted and liberally paid for. And Elizabeth, though she could not trim hats, and abhorred the dressmaking business, had a delicate fancy with her pencil in illustrating the ideal dreams of others, and she, too, tried her luck and succeeded in the artistic world, much to her own amazement. And as time went on their good fortune became more pronounced. Mr. Biggs wrote a satirical novel under the nom de plume of "Paul de Savez," which had a wide and brilliant circulation; Mrs. Biggs illustrated a popular poem which was brought out in an edition de luxe at Christmas. And the young couple become the fashion.

The Biggses, of Biggsville, not being literary, were a long time in finding out that their kinspeople were succeeding in the world. At first they declined to credit the thing at all, having a settled idea that the "bookmaking business," as they persisted in calling it, was but a grade above the avocation of the rag picker. But when at last they realized matters they decided that Hiram and Elizabeth ought to be encouraged.

"I've never been to New York," said old Mr. Biggs. "Folks tell me it's quite a stirring place. I guess I'll go and stay a spell with Hiram's folks. And it'll be a good opportunity for mother to buy herself that new alpacky gownd she's been cacklin' about this ever so long."

"I don't see why I shouldn't see the world as well as other folks," remarked Mrs. Biggs senior.

"I shouldn't wonder if I went along too, to get a look at the fall fashions," said Miss Josepha.

"Well, while we're about it," suggested Mrs. Horatio, "Why don't we make up a party and get excursion tickets cheap? I've always wanted to see what the city was like myself, only I don't care about paying hotel prices."

Mrs. Luke entered with ardor into the scheme, and the old man sat down, with a single sheet of fibrous paper, a muddy inkstand, and a stumpy steel pen tied on a stick with a thread, to concoct a letter, in which he formally notified "Hiram's folks" of the pleasure which they might prepare themselves to expect.

The document was brought just as Hiram Biggs was getting into the spirit of his morning's work in his study, with Elizabeth dreaming at an adjoining table, and the breath of a vase of Niphetos roses perfuming all the room.

"My dear," said he, looking aghast at his wife, "what are we to do? All the family are coming to visit us. With the proof-sheets of my last novel coming in, and your etchings of 'Wild Rose' only half completed."

"We must do the best we can, Hiram," said Elizabeth, perplexedly knitting her pretty brows together.

"My darling child, there's no 'best' about it," groaned Hiram, tearing his hair—which, being brown and curly, looked none the less picturesque for the operation. "You don't know the peculiarities of the Biggs family as I do. You will be dragged up and down Grand street, Eighth avenue and the Bowery from morning until night—you will have to visit every show theatre and picture gallery in New York, and pay all the bills. Your housekeeping will be picked to pieces, your dress criticised, and ten to one my mother will offer to come here and take charge of the baby, while Josepha will volunteer to improve your most cherished drawings."

Mrs. Hiram Biggs glanced with terror at the plump baby who, in charge of its white-capped nurse, was being carried up and down the pavement in front of the house. Then she looked piteously around the pretty Brussels-carpeted library, with its deep, crimson-curtained bay windows, its tall Dracena plants in majolica vases, its oil paintings and Japanese scrolls, its cage of green paroquets and shelves of china and bric-a-brac, and pictured to herself the whole Biggs family spreading themselves over its sacred precincts; she was only human, too, this young wife; she could scarcely help remembering how Mrs. Horatio had snubbed her when she first came, a timid and shrinking bride, to the Biggs farm-house; how Mrs. Luke had once refused to lend her 25 cents, in Hiram's absence, to pay the charges on a telegram, alleging as a reason "that it wasn't never good policy to have business matters between relatives," nor how old Mrs. Biggs had cried and said "that Hiram had shown dreadful poor judgment in selecting his wife," while Miss Josepha had taken especial pains to contradict every statement she made, and Luke and Horatio had ignored her altogether.

Hiram laughed. "My little darling," said he, "I can interpret that look. You shall not be tormented out of your existence to become a convenience to a swarm of relations-in-law, who didn't any of them care a copper cent for you. If they had ever treated us decently it would be a different matter. As it is—"

"But, Hiram, you can't send word to your father and mother and brothers and sisters not to come," pleaded Elizabeth.

"No," said Hiram Biggs, thoughtfully, "I shall do nothing of the sort. But I shall send no word at all."

"They'll come, all the same," said Elizabeth.

"But," said Hiram, with sparkling eyes, "they don't know where we live."

"They'll look out your name in the Directory," sighed Elizabeth.

"It isn't there," said Hiram chuckling.

"Not there?" repeated his wife.

"Don't you remember that we didn't move in here until the middle of June? How could our names be in the Directory?" argued Hiram.

Mrs. Biggs clasped her hands dramatically. "There's a family of Biggses in the next avenue," said she—"'H. Biggs, Books, Stationery, and News Agents.' They'll go there."

"Well, let them," said Hiram. "Just as they please, so long as they don't come here. And he threw the letter of Biggs pere into the scrap-basket, secretly feeling himself to be avenged on the family for all the slights and jeers and neglect that they had cast not only on him, but on his gentle little Elizabeth.

"But, Hiram," said Mrs. Diggs, "it seems so dreadful."

"Not half so dreadful as a visitation of the whole Biggs family would be," said Hiram, with a groan.

But Hiram knew little of the perseverance and energy of the Biggses if he believed that so trifling an impediment as a lack of invitation or a delay in sending addresses would keep out the invasion. It was Canute and the ocean over again; and in three days the whole family arrived, all packed into one hack to save expense, with a perfect Leaning Tower of Pisa of baggage on the roof, the driver perched in front nobody knew how, and Mrs. Luke's two little boys astride of the very apex of the tower.

At the first wholesale grocery store on Barclay street a directory was handed in and duly studied, and the driver, "hanging half-way down, like one who gathers samphire, dreadful trade," was bidden to drive No. 26,012 Thirteenth avenue.

"H. Biggs," said Mrs. Horatio.

"Bookmaker and news agent," added old Mrs. Biggs, in a high falsetto.

And the man chirruped to his horses and drove on.

"Humph!" sniffed Miss Josepha, who had had the good luck to secure a window, "if this is Hiram's elegant city mansion, it don't come up to my ideas of style. Brown brick, with dormer windows, and only two stories high; and the while front a store, with the shutters up, just exactly as if there had been a death in the family."

"Dear me!" said old Mrs. Biggs, "how you do startle one! But there ain't no crape on the door."

"Mother takes everything so dead in earnest," said Mr. Luke Biggs, scornfully.

"Lemme see," said Mrs. Horatio, crowding across the old lady, and giving her best hat a "poke" not intended by the milliner. "Well, I declare! I guess the bookmaker's business ain't so dreadful full of money, after all."

"And a liquor store next door and a pawnbroker across the street," jeeringly observed Miss Josepha.

"P'raps that's the way folks lives in New York," said old Mr. Biggs, who was squeezed nearly flat between his wife and Mrs. Luke on the back seat.

"Tain't what I expected to see," said Mrs. Horatio, in accents of scarcely repressed scorn.

"I don't know how they can accommodate us all," sighed old Mrs. Biggs, vainly endeavoring to straighten her bonnet.

"That's their lookout," said Mrs. Luke, leaning comfortably back, with the head of her boot balanced on her father-in-law's most sensitive corn.

The driver having by this time tumbled off his perilous seat, and rung the door-bell twice without evoking any signs of life from within, looked appealing toward his fares.

"What am I to do?" said he.

"Ring again," said Mrs. Horatio.

And the hackman rang again, this time with so much energy as to pull the whole bell-wire out and precipitate himself backward on the pavement, like Hamlet at the first sight of his father's ghost, at which the little boys laughed engagingly, and a hat box tumbled down from the Leaning Tower into the gutter, where it split open like an over-ripe nut, revealing Mr. Horatio Biggs' best black felt hat.

"Boys, boys, do steady up there!" screamed Mrs. Biggs. "Look! There's some one coming at last. Is it Hiram? Or is it Elizabeth?"

It was neither one nor the other, as it happened, but a stout old woman in a flannel dressing-gown, carpet slippers and a red nose.

"Mr. Biggs' folks to home?" shrilly inquired Mrs. Horatio, who had constituted herself spokeswoman for the party, without any formal appointment.

"Oh, yes," answered the old woman, in a snuffy, confidential sort of tone, "they're to hum. But p'raps the children hadn't better come in."

By this time the hackman had opened the door of the vehicle, and the tide of Biggses had begun to flow out on the pavement. But Mrs. Luke stopped abruptly on the carriage step, with her father-in-law's bronzed visage peeping over her shoulder.

"Not come in," said she. Why, we're their relations—come to visit 'em."

"Not but what they're a deal better, and the doctor says there ain't no more danger of contagion," reassuringly added the old woman.

"Contagion," echoed the Bigga family.

"Hadn't you heard?" said the old woman, with the solid satisfaction which old women generally evince in communicating any startling piece of information. "Well, it ain't no secret in the neighborhood, especially as people ain't best pleased with the Board of Health's concludin' to insulate 'em here instead of sendin' 'em to hospital. They've every one of 'em had the small-pox. And that's the reason the store is shut up. I'm here to nurse 'em. I ain't afraid of the small-pox, bein' as I've had it already."

(Which was a self-evident fact to any one who looked upon her broad, smiling countenance.)

"Bless me!" said Mrs. Luke, promptly retreating into the hack "Very thoughtless of Hiram's folks not to let us know. Mother! Josepha! Harriet Ann! come in at once. Pick up the hat-box. Tell the man to drive back to the ferry as fast as he can. P'raps we'll be able to catch the 4 o'clock train back to Biggsville."

"I didn't know suggested the old woman, rather disappointed at this sudden withdrawal of the invading forces, "but you might have come to help nurse 'em."

"Nothing of the sort," Mrs. Horatio answered, as, forcing herself into the already overfull hack, she slammed the door with an emphatic bang, and shouted to the driver to "go on."

"The—small-pox!" groaned Mrs. Biggs senior. "And not one of the children has been vaccinated!"

"We'd better stop at the nearest drug store and have it done at once," said Mrs. Luke breathlessly.

"I'll be dreadful expensive," said Mrs. Horatio.

"But it'll be cheaper than having the small-pox," argued Mrs. Biggs.

So, after this important sanitary ceremonial, during which the Biggs boys bawled as if they were being flayed alive, the family returned, without loss of time, to Biggsville.

And Hiram's folks did not have the pleasure, then or ever, of entertaining their relations. In fact, they never dreamed how near they had been to that happiness. The Biggsville Biggses declared over and over again that they never should forgive their city relations, but as Hiram's folks did not know, they were saved from any overwhelming pangs of conscience. They wrote a letter to the Board of Health, reproaching them bitterly with the bad management of the varioloid case in Thirteenth avenue, but they never got any answer from that august body. In short, the Biggs family were very angry, but they would probably have been angrier still if they had known with what fortitude Hiram's folks endured the privation of their society.

NERVOUS MEN.

Is there under the face of heaven a more pitiful sight than a man who has lost nerve power and vim? And why is the sad spectacle so common? Because diseases of the kidneys, bladder, liver, and urinary organs are so prevalent! There is really no end of it, either. Hunt's Remedy, the great kidney and liver medicine, is a positive cure for even the worst maladies of this class. Many a man who has lost nerve, vigor, manhood, energy—everything that makes life worth living—has been quickly and fully restored by Hunt's Remedy.

4&eow

Bradley's Phosphate is especially rich in Phosphoric Acid, the most essential element of plant food, and the one most apt to be deficient in barnyard manure. Where Phosphoric Acid is liberally supplied, with the proper proportions of other plant-food elements, all crops are much more nutritious in quality, the fruit more thoroughly manured, and the yield is always very much increased.

W. T. Brown, of Peacham, makes the following statement.—

"In the spring of 1881 I applied about 400 pounds of Bradley's Phosphate to ½ of an acre of potatoes, and I dug 220 bushels of as nice potatoes as I ever saw.

"Where I did not put on any phosphate the potatoes would not pay for digging. They were small and watery. But where I used it they were large and mealy and I had the largest crop in town. I know the 400 pounds of Phosphate saved me over $15. I could pick 75 potatoes from the top of the hill that would fill a bushel basket. I also tried it on corn, with as good results."

4&eow

Persons who are very susceptible to sudden changes of weather would do well to keep a supply of HAYT'S SPRUCE GUM in the house. This syrup is a scientific preparation of the Gum which exudes from the Red Spruce Tree, and holds a large quantity of the Gum in perfect solution, never separating. Its remarkable power in relieving certain forms of Bronchitis, and curing obstinate, hacking Coughs, is now well known to the public at large. No remedy can equal it as a safe and thoroughly reliable Cough Medicine. Sold by all chemists. Price 25 and 50 cents per bottle.

May15, w1m

A Happy Family.

Polled from the breast, squeezed from the bottle,
Stomachs will sour and milk will curdle.
Baby hallooingh all that night,
Household bumping heads in awful fright,
Don't deny, 'twas thus with Victoria,
Night was hideous without **Castoria!**
When colic left; for peaceful slumber,
All said their prayers and slept like thunder.

apr26,w1m

Our watchful Guardian and faithful Protector restored to active duty again.

MR. HENRY A. WATERMAN, of the city of Providence, R. I., for many years the faithful and vigilant night watchman of the Barstow Stove Company's very extensive establishment, having been confined to his home several weeks by a very distressing illness, on resuming his duties again avails himself of this early opportunity for stating briefly a few plain facts.

MR. WATERMAN says, —

"A few months ago I was taken down with a severe sickness, which confined me to the house quite a long time, and much of the time I was so very lame as to be unable to walk, and my left leg from the hip to the toes, became monstrously swollen, and I suffered extremely from the constant intense pains produced by so great inflammation; I was trying the various so-called cures all the time, and was under the treatment of a physician seven weeks, but getting no substantial relief. At this time an old time friend, a police officer, called upon me, and during our conversation informed me of the great benefit which he had obtained by the use of Hunt's Remedy, and added me to try it, as he considered it a wonderful medicine. I commenced taking Hunt's Remedy, having very little faith that it would do much in such a stubborn case as mine, but my doubt was soon dispelled, for before I had taken two bottle I began to get better, the severe pains disappeared, the swollen leg gradually decreased in size, and I was encouraged to continue the use of the Remedy; and the improvement to my health continues, my appetite is good. I have regained my strength, and I am now performing all my duties as watchman at the foundry. Every night I go up and down stairs more than one hundred times, and am in good condition, and feel that my recovery is due to Hunt's Remedy alone. My severe sickness and terribly swollen leg was caused by the diseased state of my kidneys, and I think that it is a most valuable medicine that will so speedily relieve and cure such a severe case as mine. I therefore most cheerfully recommend Hunt's Remedy to all afflicted with Kidney Diseases, as I know it to be a safe and reliable remedy."

"PROVIDENCE, Dec. 5, 1882."

The Bad and Worthless

are never *imitated* or *counterfeited*. This is especially true of a family medicine, and it is positive proof that the remedy *imitated* is of the highest value. As soon as it had been tested and proved by the whole world that Hop Bitters was the purest, best and most valuable family medicine on earth, many imitations sprung up and began to steal the notices in which the press and people of the country had expressed the merits of H. B., and in every way trying to induce suffering invalids to use their stuff instead, expecting to make money on the credit and good name of H. B. Many other worthless nostrums put up in the same style as H. B., with variously devised modifications of the words "Hop" or "Hops" in their names, or in any way connected with them or their manifest imitations or counterfeits. Beware of them. Take none of them. Use nothing but Hop Bitters. Be not misled by any name, or any specious pretence, or a business or claims of great Hops on the white label. Trust nothing else. Druggists and dealers are warned against dealing in imitations or counterfeits.

Apr 14 4w1m

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

Public Benefactress. Mrs. S. A. ALLEN has justly earned the 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, leaving it the same vitality and luxurious quality 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. And it is the one bottle of Mrs. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER. It is not a dye.

March 21, dw12w-wm

AT NICHOLSON'S THE HATTER, 55 Church St., Burlington, Vt., Can be found the largest and best selected stock of

HATS,

for Men, Boys and Children ever shown in the state of Vermont, embracing all the novelties in the New Spring Styles. He is also offering a much larger stock of

CLOTHING,

than heretofore, and his prices for good, durable, stylish goods will be both much lower than his competitors.

Full Suits $4, $5.50, $6.50, and better. All Wool Suits for $7.50 than can be bought elsewhere for $10.

PANTS

ranging in price from 75 cents per pair to $9.00, for good, all-wool goods. He carries the largest stock of

White & Fancy Shirts

shown in the city. Good, White Laundried Shirts, linen bosoms and wristbands, reinforced bosoms handmade button holes, 75 cents each. Fancy Shirts from 50 cents upward.

☞If you want a Trunk or Traveling Bag always go to NICHOLSON'S, he has the largest assortment, and sells the cheapest. Please call and examine goods and prices.

55 CHURCH ST., BURLINGTON, VT.

April 6, w3m

$72 A week made at home by the industrious. Best business now before the public. Capital not needed. We will start you. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time, or give your whole time to the business. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily and honorably. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. 19ely

J. W. JONES, SUCCESSOR TO D. Kern, Jr., and C. P. Currier & Co., DEALERS IN

All kinds Flour, Grain, Feed, Oat and Corn Meal, Cotton Seed Meal, Peas, Beans, Grass Seed and Baled Hay.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

148 CHURCH ST.

(*CASH PAID FOR GRAIN.*)

ORDERS BY TELEPHONE.

April 2, w1f

WANTED—A competent girl for general housework in small family. Call at or address 144 College St., Burlington.—apr19,wtf

Miscellaneous.

HOME COMFORT.

After a Rainy Ride a Country Physician Tells What He Thinks of Some People.

"I wonder whether some people would have when they need a doctor and can't find one," exclaimed Dr. Dyspepsia, as he came in to his office in a cozy little village in the hilly part of the State of New York. After a tedious night ride of many miles "I have been down among the mountains to see a man, who the messenger said, was very sick and not likely to live the morning, unless he had immediate help; and found him suffering from a rather severe attack of colic, which his family might have relieved in ten minutes, if they had the sense of small sqs. [illegible] to the house. [illegible] and when [illegible] pain [illegible] and [illegible] a [illegible]

"Why, [illegible] you [illegible] house?" [illegible]

"In the [illegible] only put a BENSON'S CAPCINE POROUS PLASTER on the man's stomach, he would have been [illegible] right in an hour, and saved me a dreary ride."

In all ordinary complaints it exists no doubt. All diseases are eliminated from the system by what may be usually called a plaster—a strengthening or relaying of the [illegible]. Benson's Capcine Porous Plaster is. It is not the [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]