# TWENTY-FIVE BURLINGTONS.

## TOWNS, CITIES AND VILLAGES THAT BEAR THAT NAME.

**Many Places Named After Our Own Beautiful City—Some Less Than Ten Years Old and One Was Settled in 1667.**

The Burlington, Iowa, Hawk-Eye, a paper which is as good as the name of the place where it is printed, has for several months been endeavoring to secure from the various cities and towns that bear the name "Burlington," facts concerning their settlement and why the name was chosen by them. The results of the Hawk-Eye's efforts appear in last Sunday's issue. The Hawk-Eye says that "Burlington, Vt., the beautiful city in New England, has been the cause of many of the cities bearing the name while other's have been named by shaking up slips of paper in a box, and drawing one out; by choosing a name easy to pronounce; by copying the name off of "Burlington Route" box cars; while still others were named so long ago that no record can be found of the cause. Some of the towns are less than ten years old and one was settled in 1667. Burlington, Iowa, bears the distinction of being the largest, but it is not exactly known which is the oldest."

Burlingtons are found in Iowa, North Carolina, Maine, Ohio, West Virginia, Kansas, Washington, Vermont, Massachusetts, Wisconsin, North Dakota, Illinois, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Montana, Michigan, Texas, Colorado, Arkansas, Florida, Indiana, Kentucky, Missouri and New York. Burlington, Iowa, has 30,000 inhabitants. It was settled in 1833 and in the spring of 1834 John B. Gray a Vermont man located there and opened the first grocery store. The Hawk-Eye says that he named the little settlement "Burlington," in memory of the city in the Green Mountain State. The Burlingtons in Ohio, Kansas, Wisconsin, Illinois, Texas, and possibly Massachusetts were named after the Vermont city. The Burlington, Kansas, Town company was organized in Lawrence, Kansas, in the fall of 1856. The town was named in honor of the city of Burlington, Vt., of which place some of the prominent members of the company were natives. Conspicuous among the number was Col. O. E. Leonard, who was really the father of the present city.

Burlington, Wisconsin, was named by Silas Peake, in honor of Burlington, Vt

Burlington, Illinois, was named by J. W. Hapgood of Burlington, Vermont, in honor of his native town, and the most prominent of the early settlers who staked their claims here can be mentioned as Hapgood, Van Velyer, Holden, Eaton and Young. They were all Yankees, members of that determined, energetic class of people who wrested a living from the stony soil of the New England States, and their rugged nature and honesty of purpose has left its impress upon this independent little town on the Illinois prairie.

The postmaster of Burlington, Texas, writes that "a man by the name of Timothy Gleason named this town "Burlington" but do not know why, unless it was because he was originally from Burlington, Vt. There are about 30 inhabitants here, whose occupation is farming." This is probably the smallest Burlington in the entire list.

The representative of Burlington, Mass., says that "as the place possesses a beautiful view of widely distant mountains, a resemblance may have been observed to Burlington, Vt., and this may have been the occasion for its name."

The article descriptive of our own Burlington was prepared by City Clerk Allen and, omitting some statistics familiar to a.. our readers, is as follows:

"Why this city was named Burlington, and by whom named, it is impossible to answer positively. In the charter of Colchester, the town adjoining on the north, there were 10 grantees of the name of Burling, and as this town was chartered at the same time as Burlington (June 7, 1763', it is possible that by some carelessness of clerks or mixing up of papers we received the name intended for Colchester, as the name Burling does not appear among our list of original grantees. It is also possible that the name, being of English origin, may have been suggested by some of the original settlers, the decendants principally of the old Puritans who settled in Massachusetts and Connecticut, and thence emigrated to Vermont.

It was settled principally by persons from Connecticut and Massachusetts. The first proprietors' meeting was held in Salisbury, Conn., March 23, 1774, Ira Allen, brother of Ethan, being the clerk, and Ethan Allen, Remember Baker, Herman Allen, Zimri Allen and Ira Allen were represented as having laid out 15 100 acre lots in said township.

The nationality was chiefly English and American originally. Now about one-half of the present populations are French-Canadians, Irish and some Germans and a few Swedes and Polish Jews.

The most prominent men among the first settlers are Samuel Allen, Moses Catlin, John Johnson, William Coit, Daniel Farrand, William C. Harrington, Samuel Hickok, Stephen Keyes, Lyman King, Samuel Lane, Stephen Lawrence Phineas and Luther Loomis, Stephen Pearl, Zaccheus Peaselee, Seth Pomeroy, Moses and George Robinson, Nathan Smith, Elnathan Keyes, Rev. Dr. D. C. Sanders, besides the Allens before named.

The reason they chose this location was because the site of the city is at the head of the finest harbor on the lake, about midway the length of Lake Champlain, and where it is broadest (about 10 miles). The Winooski river, one of the largest tributaries of the lake, took a bend about one-half mile from the lake, where was a fine water power. The country between the lake and the Green Mountain range, some 20 miles east, was promising farming land and well wooded. It was on the water way between Montreal and Troy. Albany and New York, and its situation was most lovely and picturesque.

The present population is estimated at 19,000. When it was organized a city, February 21, 1865, the population was 7500 At that time its grand list of property for taxation was $2,211,035. In 1895 it is 12,138,-750.

The chief occupation of its people is manufactures, principally of lumber and cotton and woolen cloths, boots and shoes marble and iron in its various forms, proprietary medicines, etc.

Senator Edmunds and our former ambassador to England, Edward J. Phelps, are representatives of the character of the town. Orphan asylums, sanitariums, various charitable institutions, are features of the city's benevolence. The famous University of Vermont is located here, but its graduates are located in every State in the Union. Here the Ethan Allen monument raises its shaft toward the heaven in memory of the brave hero of the revolution whose capture of Fort Ticonderoga is a part of the history of the country.


**Your Worst Enemy Writhing**

With the rheumatism is an individual whom, if you have a Christian spirit, you would forgive. He is, no matter what his delinquencies, punished enough. Nothing short of Tophet could enhance his misery. Moreover, he is in serious peril. The disease is always prone to attack his heart and kill him instanter. As a means of curing this disease, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has the highest reputation and the most authoritative professional sanction. Its use in the preliminary stage of the complaint is the wisest precautionary measure rheumatic invalids can possibly adopt. The Bitters is also a remedy of the greatest utility in malarial and kidney trouble, dyspepsia and liver complaint, constipation and nervousness. It counteracts the effects of hardship and exposure in damp or inclement weather, and is a capital promoter of appetite and sleep. Give this fine remedy the persistent trial to which all meddlines of standard reputation are entitled.

**Bucklen's Arnica Salve.**

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Churchill & St. Johns, successors to George L. LaFountain & Co.


## CHAMPLAIN HISTORY.

**Graphic Pictures of Three Wars—Our Storied Lake and Valley.**

(Prof. L. S. Packard.)

How comprehensive is the meaning of history. Reaching in its breadth from fact to romance, beginning in fable and myth, its tireless stream still flows on, an unfinished story. The Red Man, the Frenchman, the Englishman and the American have all pressed back and forth through the interesting Champlain valley; each bent on his own purpose. They wrought for themselves. We read the story of their achievements and call it history; the stream flows on; our doings of to-day are added to theirs and become history for those who will come after us. It is not my purpose now, to embark on this stream. But rather to select a few historical pictures; striving to show their pointings; the courses lying behind them and the consequences of the acts which they portray. But first permit me as an egotist and alone to view in memory's glass a few pictures of my own. I recall an old red school house, one mile from my home in Central Massachusetts, where I used to study geography. "What lake lies between Vermont and New York?" was a question which often attracted and fixed my attention. To my boyish mind, Vermont was the land of maple sugar, and New York that far distant State, whence came great loads of flour, made from pure Genesee wheat. And, as I looked at the map and saw Lake Champlain, with its pouting lips, kissing the queen's dominion, I used to wonder if I should ever travel so far from home as to see that beautiful lake. The providential circumstances of the man have answered the wondering question of the boy. I have seen it from the deck of the steamer when the crisp breeze of one of September's fairest days brought bracing health to every fibre of a sick and weary body. The surmised pictures of youth were enlarged and gilded with a new charm. I rowed over its dancing waters when the waves tossed their white caps into my boat, and the possibility of danger added a keener zest to the sense of safety; and still the charm grew. I have floated upon it when it lay in perfect stillness at set of sun. Was it the lake? Nay! 'Twas the Sea of Glass. And earth, and air, and sky, and water all were beautiful—beautiful as the promised mansions of rest.

But enough of fancy.

There are other pictures of wider scope and greater significance. Back of them lie causes big with destiny; and out of them a hand points to the then future greatness of our country. They are not wholly pleasing pictures. Some are red, clouded with the smoke of battle. Shouts and groans and the clash of sabre; the musket's rattle and the cannon's roar are the music to which the panorama moves by.

The date of our first is Sept. 11, 1814. The scene, Plattsburgh and Cumberland bay. England has a second time determined to invade the United States by this inviting, but costly and deceptive waterway. For this purpose she has built on the Sorrel river powerful vessels of war and fleet gunboats. For this purpose she has sent over 15,000 troops, trained to fighting in European wars, and drawn from the victorious army of Wellington.

In the gray mists of this morning 12,000 Englishmen threaten 1500 Americans upon the land. Upon the waters 16 vessels, carrying 94 guns and 1000 men, bear down upon the American fleet of 14 vessels, 84 guns and 850 men. Strong odds in favor of the invader. But the battle is not always to the strong. The God of battles is here; and who can invade when men guard their hearthstones? It is Sunday; the bells will not toll for church to-day, but they will toll for the dead. For, to-day, as oft before, hearts must bleed, and men must die that country may live, and other hearts be glad. The contest begins; and upon land and upon water, for two hours, destruction and death fill the air. And then—the 12,000 veterans hastily retreat, and a few unhurt gunboats creep away! All the rest is ours. But what matters if we have so many hundred prisoners and so many shattered vessels of war at our mercy? We shall see.

The most potent cause of this second war with Great Britain was her arrogant assumption of the right to take from the deck of American vessels, wherever met, such men as she might claim as deserters from her service. This assumed right was enforced for many years, until an outraged nation would endure it no longer. War was declared—a war in which, by the divine order of a just recompense, the most daring feats were performed, the most gallant actions fought, and the greatest victories won upon the water. The real battle of Plattsburgh was the naval battle; it has been called the decisive battle of the war. And when on that day the flag of England went down before the stars and stripes, the claim to the odious right of search went, too, and England virtually acknowledged that our own beautiful flag not only was the equal of all flags of all nations, but more, that whoever stood, claiming protection, beneath its sacred folds was safe.

Our next picture bears date of July 5, 1777. The scene is Ticonderoga. It was sketched across the ocean. The English government had marked out the plan and provided the prominent figure. Seven years before the date just named Gen. Carlton, commanding in Canada, had professed to possess the water line between the Gulf of St. Lawrence and New York bay, in order to hold the colonies. Was not New England the head of the rebellion? Was not Boston in New England? And did not George the Third so cordially hate its people as to say, "I would as lief fight Bostonians as to fight the French?" And had not Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain boys come out of New England and incontinently turned English soldiers out of Fort Ticonderoga. New England must be cut off. And as a fitting leader for this great and sure expedition Gen. John Burgoyne was selected. The man who had boasted that with 10,000 men he could march anywhere through America. He reached Quebec on the 6th of May and was immediately placed in command of 7000 trained troops, the flower of the English army. Indians and Canadians to several thousands were added. Never has Lake Champlain seen so grand a sight as when Burgoyne and his hosts moved up the valley. The canoes of the Indians and his own boats covered the water from shore to shore. On the east side his German mercenaries, on the west his English troops. To withstand this overwhelming force, St. Clair had only 2000 men, holding Forts Independence and Ticonderoga. So small was his force that although he fully knew the danger, it was impossible for him to take or fortify Mt. Sugar Loaf, now called Mt. Defiance. The evening of July 4, Fort Ticonderoga is fully invested. The morning of the 5th sees it rendered untenable by the guns of Burgoyne, dragged to the top of the mountain during the night. The hours of that momentous day are spent by St. Clair in quiet preparation, and at night he silently slips away. The fort was abandoned, and the glorious work of Ethan Allen done two years before was well undone. The Central figure of this picture which I wish to point out is, not Burgoyne, looking down from Mt. Defiance into an empty fort; but England herself, looking down from the height of her power on this Western continent. Never again shall her flag float safely over so broad an area as on the 5th day of July 1777. Never again shall her arms be so much feared as on the day, when it was known throughout the colonies, that Ticonderoga had been given up. Henceforth, every movement of the patriots was for concentration and strength. Every movement of Burgoyne was for dispersion and weakness. A few weeks pass and the proud boaster is a prisoner of war, and the first act is closed, which made sure the independence of these United States. The surrender at Saratoga is the closing scene.

The date of our next picture is July 8, 1758. The scene is the same as in the last; but the name is now Fort Carillon. It is alive with French troops, confident in the assured strength of many years' possession. Montcalm is in command. A few days before Abercrombie had left Fort William Henry, at the head of Lake George, with 15,000 of the best troops that England and the colonies could furnish. With new uniforms, with unstained banners, with burnished arms and stirring music, the grandest spectacle this continent had ever seen, this army moved down Lake George for the capture of Fort Carillon. On the morning of the 8th the assault is begun; it continues five hours; and then, this magnificent army of a half day before, with humbled pride and fearful loss, is forced to retreat. With stained uniforms and trailing banners, it hopelessly turns away to whence it came. The Englishman retreats, the Frenchman holds the fort. But neither is the retreating Abercrombie nor the victorious Montcalm the central figure of this crowded picture. It is France herself, looking down from the pinnacle of her glory on this Western continent. On this 8th day of July, 1759, she holds possession of a greater area in North America than all the other nations of the world combined. Twenty times as much as England. Five times as much as England and Spain together. And her threat to drive every English settler from the valley of the Ohio literally executed. But this was a last success.

In a short time, comparatively, she holds nothing here. We are at the beginning of a chain of decisive events, and they follow each other in astonishing rapidity. On the 26th of the same July Louisberg was surrendered to Gen. Amherst. On the 26th of August the French fort, Frontenac, was yielded to Gen. Bradstreet. On the 24th of November Fort Du Quesne fell and restored to England the command of the Ohio valley. On July 25 of the next summer, after an heroic defense of three weeks, the French flag went down before the red cross of England, at Fort Niagara. On the 26th, Ticonderoga was abandoned by the French, and in a few days their flag ceased to float over Crown Point, and disappeared forever, with the single exception of the mouth of the Mississippi, from that territory now known as the United States. On the 13th of September the historic glories of Quebec are enacted. Wolfe dies happy in knowing that the French retreat, Montcalm too soon to feel its disgrace. On the 18th the city is formally surrendered to the English. On the 8th of September, 1760, Montreal opens its gates to Gen. Amherst. All that France has discovered, acquired or possessed England has taken; and the English speaking race still holds.

The termination of the French rule in America was attended by many pathetic and tragic scenes. The story of Acadia has melted many a heart, and, catching its romance, Longfellow has sung it into one of the gems of our language. But, in the picture of the Frenchman, turning his back upon this beautiful valley, which had been his by right of discovery and possession for 150 years, there is more than pathos, more than tragedy. It teaches the result of an underlying, active, resistless principle of action. I mean the motive from which nations and men fight. It has been said that the Frenchman fights for glory; the Englishman for an idea. For the former, if the missionary to the Indians of New France received the benediction of the church, his soul was satisfied; if the common soldier received the praise of his commander and the general, the decoration of his sovereign, it was enough. To the ruler, the vision of a vast French empire on this Western continent was a dream of glory. To that end, trading posts were established throughout the valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi. With Quebec and Montreal as strongholds, they began to follow these trading posts with military posts. In the Champlain valley they built forts at Chambly, Crown Point and Ticonderoga, expecting to extend the chain to Manhattan island. In the West they built Frontenac, Niagara and Du Quesne, intending to thus possess the whole valley to the Gulf of Mexico. Think of what those intentions were. Study your maps a little and you have before your minds the grandest, boldest scheme of empire and glory ever conceived since the days of Caesar.

Why did it fail? When George Washington, as the ambassador of Gov. Dinwiddie of Virginia, bore a letter to the commander of the French, on Lake Erie, asking why he was there, the Frenchman's dream was brought face to face with the Englishman's idea. The English settled this Eastern coast from Maine to Georgia, filled with the pervading idea of home. The very circumstances under which the most of them left their homes forbade return. They came here to stay, knowing if this could not be their home they had none this side of eternity. And when this English idea of home, with all that is sacred within it, and all that is good growing out of it, met the Frenchman's dream of glory, the dream faded and the idea possessed the land. For that idea men have braved all dangers, faced all odds and fought until eternity dawned upon them. It is that idea which has made, and still makes, us the longest and hardest fighting nation of the world, the happiest and freest people on the globe.

The red man, the Frenchman, the Englishman, has each, in turn, claimed and occupied this wonderful valley. But we change the scenes no more. Ring down the curtain of the past; we are the actors of to-day. What will be, when some future race shall shift our scenes and ring down our curtain, we know not. He only knows, who has seen and directed all these changes from the beginning. Africa has her broad lakes with royal names; Europe her gems dropped into Alpine valleys and among Brittany's hills; South America lifts her wonder of the Andes far above the clouds, more than 12,000 feet above us; North America boasts her vast chain of inland seas from Ontario to Superior; and yet, in the wonderful teachings of its geological story, in the value of its geographical shape and location, it its great historical events past, and present historical associations, in the beauty of its settings, in the fair women and brave men, peaceful dwellers within the friendly inclosure of its ancient shores, Lake Champlain is the peer of them all.

## DIMITY DRESSES.

(From Harper's Bazar.)

Some of the daintiest yet most unpretending wash dresses will be of dimity, sheer, and fine, with the corded lines extremely small. The colored grounds are newest, yet there are many with white surfaces so nearly covered with clusters of small yellow, rose, or green figures, leaves, or flowers that they produce a colored effect, and these are said to wash particularly well. By way of trimming they have insertions of Valenciennes lace let in—not merely laid on—in large squares on the entire waist and sleeves, and forming an effective row about the hem of the skirt. Some of these insertions are an inch and a half wide. They are also formed into open-looped bows and applications of ribbons are used in the same way. A large bow of lace is let in at each side of the top of the front of the waist, and a single one in the back. These have very simply cut belted waists, their only seams under the arms, unless a large figure requires an under-arm form, and they are occasionally worn over half-low linings, and the waist is cut down in a very small square about the throat. This is for extremely hot places and for very young women and girls yet in their teens.

Large collarettes of satin or of taffeta of the color prevailing in the dimity are worn with such waists. They are completed by a ruffle in which the lace is inserted. Simpler gowns, high about the neck, are completed by a draped stock of ribbon with a very large bow at the back, and a belt to correspond.

The full skirt is worn over an entirely separate skirt of the dimity, gored closely, and trimmed with a flounce of the same edged with Valenciennes lace that has a scalloped edge. The outside skirt is trimmed down either side with ribbon, starting at the belt, and ending at the knee in a bow with flat open loops and waving ends.

Though color prevails in the dimity frocks, one of the most charming yet made is of white and black, with a large collarette of clear green taffeta ribbon finely tucked in clusters to alternate with insertions of Valenciennes. This is bordered by a deep ruffle of the ribbon, in which Valenciennes an inch and a half wide is inserted. Narrower insertions of Valenciennes are let in to form plaids on the entire waist and sleeves. The waist has no fullness at the top, but is gathered into a belt. The lace crossbars are about four inches square. The neck has no high collar, and is cut down slightly square in front where the taffeta collarette rolls over. Bishop sleeves are also crossbarred with narrow insertions. The skirt has a row of these lace plaids inserted above a deep hem. It is made quite wide at the foot, and is not closely gored at the top, even at the front and sides, being shirred in two or three rows below the belt. It is worn over a separate skirt of the same dimity, quite closely gored, and trimmed with a flounce of the same edged with scalloped Valenciennes lace.


Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

# Blood Too Thin

That's the reason you are sick. Your blood is thin to a dangerous degree. Thin blood means weakness. Weakness has been eagerly awaited by the tiny disease germs that are in every system. While the blood is rich and red, you are strong and can withstand these germs. It is when the blood is thin that these germs will commence to eat your life away. Take Blood Wine. Blood Wine makes pure blood and fills it full of rich, red, healthy blood corpuscles. Don't suffer with the diseases that arise from thin blood.

# TAKE BLOOD WINE

[Trade Mark.]

and it will feed your blood into strength. You'll get well. See what Mr. Parker says.

*Gentlemen:*—"For ten years I have been troubled with a bad case of Eczema on my hands and face. I have been treated by a number of the best physicians of the city but could get no relief. Hearing of the wonderful success of "Blood Wine" thought I would try it, and to my surprise I commenced to improve at once, until now I am completely cured of the worst known of skin diseases. I cannot say too much for your valuable remedy." Truly yours,

ALFRED PARKER,
20 Garden St., Worcester, Mass.

Blood Wine is sold everywhere in large bottles for 50 cents. Don't allow the druggist to sell you something else which pays him a larger profit. **It is BLOOD WINE that will make you well.**

**Made and Guaranteed by**

**THE LOUIS DAUDELIN CO.,**
**WORCESTER, MASS.**


## OVER THE COFFEE CUPS.

**Breakfast Table Talk With Just a Hint of Spice in It.**

The rising orator of the backwoods of Canada was lately addressing an assembly of fellow patriots. In the course of his speech his patriotism was bubbling over, and his eloquence was a surprise even to himself, for this was what he said: "The British lion, whether it is roaming the deserts of Afrca or climbing the forests of America, will not draw in its horns nor retire into its shell."

When one says of anything that it is "not worth a straw" one means to imply that it is worthless. The older saying was "not worth a rush" and this brings out the origin of the phrase. In the days before carpets it was the custom to strew the floor with rushes. When guests of rank were entertained rushes, green, fresh and sweet, were spread for them but folk of lower degree had to be content with rushes that had already been used, while still humbler persons had none, as not even being worth a rush.—Exchange.

Mrs. W. E. Russell, the wife of the young ex-governor of Massachusetts, is one of Cambridge's cleverest club women. She is a sunny optimist and would have a club "for the encouragement of happy people." It would be organized about her favorite little creed, a two line poem from Robert Louis Stevenson's "Child Verses":

"The world is so full of a number of things
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

In his book, "A Little Tour in America," Dean Hole of Rochester, England, quotes with unction many specimens of what he regards as typical American humor. When he was in Cincinnati, the thing that most impressed him was the following bit of doggerel, which he heard recited in that city:

Little Willie from his mirror
Sucked the mercury all off,
Thinking in his childish error,
It would cure his whooping cough.
At the funeral Willie's mother
Smartly said to Mrs. Brown:
"'Twas a chilly day for William,
When the mercury went down."

A hot-tempered "down East" parson was for some time disturbed by the members of the choir. Finally he found a way of quieting them. After a long prayer one Sunday he announced a hymn as usual and added: "I hope the entire congregation will join in singing this grand old hymn, and I know the choir will, for I have heard them humming it during the prayer."—Lewiston Journal.

John Oliver Hobbes, Mrs. Craigie, is amazed at the way American women enjoy their own entertainments, clubs, etc., entirely without the society of men. English women, she says, would love each other to death. Men are real necessities in English society, but over here they are not at all needed. And Mrs. Craigie smiles, sighs and tactfully says that American club women must be very bright or they could not be so interested and entertained by each other.


Beecham's pills for constipation 10¢ and 25¢. Get the book at your druggist's and go by it.

Annual sales more than 6,000,000 boxes.

Think and ask for NEW BRUNSWICK RUBBERS, the best made. Wholesale by Warren Boot & Shoe Co., Boston.


# NO RADICAL CHANGES,

## BUT GENERAL TRADE SHOWS SOME FAVORABLE FEATURES.

**Cold Weather Hinders Distribution of Goods—Cotton and Woollen Goods Fail to Improve—Increased Bank Clearings—Fewer Failures.**

New York, Feb. 21.—Bradstreet's to-morrow will say:

While no radical improvement has appeared in the general trade situation, more favorable influences are reported than for some weeks. Among the less satisfactory advices telegraphed Bradstreet's are the check to distribution of general merchandise, due to the extreme cold and continued conservative purchases by interior merchants West and Southwest, owing to large stocks of merchandise having been carried over. The drop in the temperature has affected the movement of dry goods, hats and groceries the most. No improvement is snown in demand for cotton and woollen goods, manufacturers of each continuing to find cause for complaint. No more satisfactory view of trade conditions in this and the preceding week is reported than the bank clearings total for six business days ending February 20—$1,093,000,000—an increase of 17 per cent over the total last week, and of 31 per cent over the total for the third week of February, 1895.

Hardly less favorable than the improvements in bank clearings is the sudden drop in the total number of business failures throughout the country, that for the week being 276, against 381 last week and 327 in the corresponding week one year ago.

Exports of wheat (flour included as wheat) from both coasts of the United States this week amount to 3,149,000 bushels, against 2,718,000 bushels last week, 1,808,000 bushels in the week a year ago, 1,730,000 bushels in the week two years ago, 2,560,000 bushels in the corresponding week of 1893, and 3,307,000 bushels in the like week of 1892.

## BENJ. FRANKLIN'S KITE.

**With Which the Philosopher First Drew Lightning From the Clouds.**

(Cassier's Magazine.)

It was a square kite, not the coffin shaped affair shown in story book pictures. To the upright stick of the cross Franklin attached to his pointed rod—a sharp wire, about a foot long—and provided himself with a silk ribbon and a key; the ribbon, to fasten to the string after he had raised the kite, as some possible protection—how much he did not know—against the lightning entered his body; and the key, to be secured to the junction of the ribbon and string to serve as a conductor from which he might draw the sparks of celestial fire—if it came.

When the thunder storm broke he went out on the open common near Philadelphia and faced death—faced the tremendous power of the lightning stroke, before which all people of all ages have quailed in terror; faced what most of the world then believed to be the avenging blow of an angered God. True, he believed that electricity and lightning were the same thing, and therefore had no different properties of effect, but he did not know it.

The best existing theory which accounted for electrical phenomena at that time was his own. The laws of electrical conduction of resistance, now so familiar were not even suspected. Who could predict that the lightning would obey any law? Besides, he had produced tremendous shocks with his Leyden jars in series, and had killed birds with them. More than that, he has been terribly shocked himself by the same means—stunned into insensibility and nearly killed.

He had said, again and again, that an electric shock, if strong enough, would blot out life, though without a pang. If his idea was correct, if his conviction was true, he was now about to face an electric discharge beside which that of the most powerful of man-made batteries would seem weak and insignificant.

All the world knows what happened. The kite soared up into the black cloud, while the philosopher stood calmly in the drenching rain watching the string, until finally he saw the little fibres of the hemp raise themselves.

Then without a tremor he touched his knuckles to the key—and lived. For the spark crackled and leaped to his finger as harmlessly as did that from his old familiar electrical machine, and allowed him to charge his jars with it with the same impunity. He sent the story of what he had done abroad, without a particle of trumpeting. He was not a discoverer for revenue.

No stock market awaited the announcement of his claims; no newspaper stood ready to blaze forth his achievements in the interest of the money jugglers. His own narrative barely fills one of the little columns of the Gentleman's Magazine for Oct. 19, 1752, and it has at its end only the initials B. F.


**A Natural Beautifier.**

Karl's Clover Root Tea purifies the blood and gives a clear and beautiful complexion.

For sale by O'Sullivan, the druggist, Church Street.

**This is what Salva-cea is doing.**

WM. TAYLOR, Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Africa, writes:

"NEW YORK, Nov. 2, 1895.

"I know SALVA-CEA to be an excellent remedy. I have proved its healing virtues, both for bruises and flesh wounds, and also to kill the virus of mosquitoes and chegois."

E. A. GARLINGTON, Major and Insp'r General, U. S. A., writes:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., Apr. 21, 1895.

"I have used SALVA-CEA for soreness or rheumatic pains in the muscles of my arm, which is disabled from a gun-shot wound involving the elbow joint; relief was quick and complete."

E. G. ISAACKS, Pay Office, Navy Yard, writes:

"BROOKLYN, N. Y., Aug. 3, 1895.

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