MISCELLANY.

Napoleon's Retreat from Moscow.

At length, however, on the 14th of September, Napoleon stood upon the heights overlooking Moscow. His army now forgot all their past sufferings, their many months of weary marching, the ashes of Smolensk, and the bloodshed of Borodino. Beneath them lay the wonderful city of palaces and shrines, the capital of Holy Russia, the object of their struggles, the place where their leader intended to dictate peace to the world and load them all with plunder.

Napoleon waited for the usual deputation of smiling aldermen, but he waited long and in vain. One hour succeeded the other, but no aldermen of Moscow came to offer him homage; it was all painfully like Smolensk. The hours passed and darkness came, and in this darkness there went up a bright light from amongst the thousand spires. Napoleon remarked that Moscow was a town particularly well adapted for illuminations. Nor was Napoleon single in this opinion. It had been shared by the decamping Russian governor, who had provided such an illumination as even Napoleon might regard with interest. Light succeeded light amongst the buildings of Moscow, and from the heights of the citadel Napoleon readily perceived that these fires must be more than the result of accident. But for the moment no one concerned himself with a burning house more or less; all were too busy selecting good quarters. Moscow was famed at that time for its excellent fire companies, and water was abundant, so Napoleon went to sleep in the palace of the Czars, confident that he would be awakened by Alexander's messenger pleading for peace.

But while he slept the wind blew high and the flames reached out. The men who were sent to order the fires arrested came back with troubled faces. All the local firemen had fled along with the rest, and taken with them every fire-engine.

For a full week Moscow kept her gigantic blaze, in which some 14,000 houses were destroyed. Napoleon hoped from day to day that Russia would sue for peace as humbly as Prussia had done six years before; but days passed and weeks, and nothing came but the sighing of the wind in the lonesome forests round about. Five precious weeks did Napaleon wait in Moscow before he finally decided upon his wretched retreat. On October 19 he started, just one day later than the anniversary of the Leipzig battle, which in 1813 sent him once again on a backward march. Before leaving Moscow, however, he left detailed orders for the burning down of the remaining buildings, and particularly for the destruction of the famous Kremlin. Moscow was ablaze when he entered it, and he left it blazing afresh and more savagely still.

In Napoleon's flames, however, there perished some 10,000 helpless wounded Russian prisoners, whose avenging spirits hovered over the long line of retreating French and gave them no peace. The French left behind them a city full of foul stenches rising from carcasses of charred horses and men. Does it not seem like poetic justice that ice and snow should be reserved as the punishment meted out to these barbarous house-burners?

They were forced to go back over the same road by which they had come, and thus after ten days from Moscow they reached once more the neighborhood of Borodino. No need of sign-boards to this place. The vultures quarreling overhead, the howl of the wolf in the forest—these indicated many acres of unburied bodies slaughtered in the cause of La Gloire! Fifty-two days had passed since the battle, yet the fields were strewn with bodies of horses and men, clothing, boots, saddlery, equipment of all kind. The effects were depressing, and not less so the gaunt creatures who hobbled out from the churches and cabins of the way-side, begging that they might not be left behind to fall into the hands of marauding Cossacks. These were the wounded, who had not strength to join in the triumphal march to Moscow. They were now helped on to artillery caissons and provisions-carts, burdening still further loads already too heavy for the poor beasts of burden. For the French army which left Moscow was very badly supplied with horses, thanks to the unanimity with which the peasants everywhere secreted their property.

The first snow fell on November 4, fifteen days after leaving Moscow. In two days more the thermometer sank to below the freezing-point, and the snow was driven by a cruel northeast wind, which in Europe corresponds to the American blizzard from the northwest. But the cold alone was a small matter, for Napoleon had before this won battles in winter weather. His men were retreating on empty bellies; his horses were dying for want of forage; not only were his troopers without horses, the roads became littered with pieces of artillery and baggage-carts whose horses died in the traces. Men, too, died where they lay down to rest, and each encampment bore next day the looks of a battle-field. It was a sad picture of needless suffering, but the survivors bore it with comparative cheerfulness, for Smolensk was not far off, and there they were promised comfortable winter quarters, warm clothing, and plenty of food.

Napoleon reached Smolensk on the 9th of November, having been three weeks doing the 300 intervening miles, an average rate of speed less than 15 miles a day. How was it possible, we ask, that a man who had conducted campaigns with success under every climatic condition between the Baltic and the Pyramids should have shown such bad generalship in this year 1812, even if we stop at Smolensk to discuss the matter? What had become of his half a million? How is it that he could never get enough of his men together to do the Russians serious harm? Where was his formerly famous commissariat system? and why must his men crawl along so slowly when in past years they had astonished Europe by their forced marches?

Those who are familiar with the movement of large troop masses can alone appreciate the interminable movement required to pass a single army corps, of say 30,000 men, past a given point. In times of parade, on a broad plain and without baggage, it goes rapidly enough; but on a single road, when men can march only four abreast, when long trains of ammunition and provisions have to be added to the equally tedious train of artillery, a commander may consider himself fortunate if a single army corps can pass a given point on a single road between sunrise and sunset of a winter's day. But the army of Napoleon was dragged out to nearly double its needful length by vehicles of every kind, containing clocks, ribbons, jewelry, pictures—everything which could tempt the taste of a soldier, from the field marshal down to the weakest drummer boy. Napoleon himself bore the chief plunder, the cross from the top of the Kremlin—as though to prove that he had conquered the country by desecrating its capital. To do Napoleon justice, he had thought this famous cross to be of gold, according to the popular belief in Russia. But it proved to be nothing but a base metal, gaudily gilded for the purpose of deceiving those far away. Nevertheless, it was carried along in the wretched procession as part of the booty that should, it was hoped, make France believe that the campaign had ended in success.—*Harper's Monthly.*

"Not to be Visited Again."

Some time ago in the state of Michigan a young and enterprising American book agent was in the country, traveling from town to town, selling a work called "The Early Christian Martyrs," which he sold at $5 a copy, delivering the books and collecting the money as he went along.

He had been two days in a certain town and had taken a fair number of orders there, when a little before noon he called in a grocery store, where he found the proprietor alone. The old grocer asked him what he had, seeing from his sample that he was an agent of some kind. He replied: "I'm taking orders for a work called 'The Early Christian Martyrs,' and have only a few copies left."

The old man's eyes beamed with delight as he said, "Is that so? Why, it was only a few nights ago my wife and I were talking about that book and wondering how we could get it. She wants the book bad and so do I." The agent delivered him a copy, and as the old man gave him a $5 bill in payment, he said, "Now, look here, don't you go over to the house and sell a copy to my wife, because we only want one in the house."

"Certainly not," said the book agent. "I wouldn't think of such a thing," and bidding the old man good morning, he left the store. It was then about a quarter to 12, and the train which was to take him to Chicago started at 12:15 P. M. He said to himself, "I have just time to sell a copy to the old lady and get on that train."

So he entered the nearest drug store, and getting the home address of the old man from a directory, he at once hurried there. Of course, he had no difficulty in making the sale, as she was anxious to get the work, and, having received the $5 he made all haste to catch the train.

The old man came for dinner at 12 o'clock, reaching there not long after the book agent had gone. His wife came toward him smiling and congratulating herself upon having secured what she had for so long wished to possess, a copy of "The Early Christian Martyrs." He did not smile, however, but swore angrily, and, muttering something about he would fix him, hurried out, (not stopping for his dinner) in the hope of reaching the station before the train started for Chicago, thinking that the book agent would be sure to leave town as soon as possible after this.

When he came within 200 yards of the station he saw from the top of the hill which sloped down to the station that the train was on the point of starting, so, recognizing a friend of his who was nearly at the bottom of the hill and consequently close to the train, he began shouting and gesticulating to him to stop the book agent. His friend could only catch the words, "book agent," so he approached the book agent, who was smoking a cigar on the rear platform of a car, and asked him what the old man on the hill wanted. The book agent pretended to scrutinize the figure in the distance, of course, knowing full well who he was and what he wanted. In a few minutes he said, as an idea seemed to strike him:

"I know; I know now. That is a customer of mine. He wants a copy of "The Early Christian Martyrs," and like a fool I never called on him. If you want to do him a good turn," he added, just as the train was going to move out, "you had better take the book from me and give it to him, so he won't be disappointed. The price is $5."

The man gave the book agent $5 for his friend and took the book, and the train started for Chicago. As the book agent leaned back in his seat he took out a small book containing a list of the towns, and wrote opposite this town the words, "Not to be visited again."

The Gloom of a Polar Night.

During the scientific researches in Nova Zembla, says Constantin Nossiloff in an article quoted in Current Literature, I had the sensations and experience of the long Arctic night. It began November 3 and ended January 20. September was pretty comfortable. Then suddenly snow covered the mountains. The Samoyedes, my only companions, put on their winter clothing, the fishing boats set sail for Archangel, the ground froze, the sun lost its warmth and heavy snows fell. Winter had come in earnest. On the day when the sun showed itself for the last time all hands went out of doors to bid it farewell. It remained in sight for half an hour only. For a few days longer there was a morning twilight. Then this faded and gave place to black night. The stars shone the whole 24 hours. The huts of the colony were buried under the snow, of which thick whirlwinds filled the air. The wind shook the huts to their foundations. Sometimes for days together the inmates of the different huts could hold no communication with each other, though the huts were side by side.

If any one went out he was seized by the wind and had to be dragged back by means of ropes. In this darkness and desolation the aurora borealis did much to cheer and entertain them. It lasted sometimes for five days in succession, with splendors of color it seems impossible to describe. To enjoy the spectacle I used to remain for hours in a hole in the snow, sheltered from the wind. I have never seen anything more terrible than a tempest during the Polar night. Man feels himself overwhelmed in immensity. When there came a lull in the storm the men ventured out, to breathe the air and purge their lungs of the exhalations of the smoking lamps fed with seal oil. Twilight appeared again in the middle of January, and on the 20th the sun rose above the horizon, while the members of the little colony stood in line facing it and fired a salute. No one had died or been seriously ill, but all had the look of corpses and were feeble as convalescents after a long sickness. Health returned with the appearance of the sun.

Helen Keller's Tribute.

The late John P. Spaulding of Boston provided the funds for the education of the noted deaf, dumb and blind girl, Helen Keller. Rev. Edward Everett Hale received from Miss Keller the following note, intended to be read at Mr. Spaulding's funeral:

"Farewell, dear kind friend. Our Father has called thee home sooner than we expected, but we shall meet again in a little while in God's beautiful 'Somewhere.' Meanwhile, life here will be sweeter and better for thy deeds of love, and thy dear name shall be tenderly cherished in many loving hearts. Kindest of friends, farewell. When we meet again we shall know that pain and sorrow were sent to lead us heavenward, and when you welcome me home the tears in my eyes will be tears of joy."

Vermont Boys in Wyoming.

The Life That They Lead in Caring for 3600 Sheep---Tariff Comment.

C. A. Cull and W. E. Cull, sons of Rev. and Mrs. Thomas Cull of Brattleboro, have been in Wyoming the past eight years, five as herdsmen and three years as owners of sheep. A letter written by the former to a Vermont friend was printed recently in the Poultney Journal, and from it the following quotation is made:

We have 3600 head of sheep to winter; it would be a novel sight for an eastern person, or what we westerners call "tenderfeet," to see our outfit. During the summer months we travel around with our sheep, have a heavy mountain wagon to draw our tents and provisions in, the wagon is rigged with bows and canvas and is a typical emigrant outfit. This season we had four saddle horses besides our draft team to draw the wagon. Horses are so plentiful that every one rides here and we stockmen want two or three so as to have a change. People usually ride on the long run and one horse could not do the work. When an eastern farmer desires to drive 15 or 20 miles, he usually sits up all night so as to get a good start the next morning, while we will saddle our horses at noon and cover 30 or 40 miles by night.

These mountains are full of small streams and we travel from one stream to another, camping in one place until the feed is eaten off and then moving to a fresh range; we use no corrals or yards for our sheep during the camping-out season. We select a side hill or sage brush to protect them from the cold wind and they soon become contented to the system and lie as well as they would in a yard. This camping out, though, has its drawbacks: we are obliged to sleep around our sheep, having nothing but the sky for a roof. We use heavy canvas sheets to roll our bedding in, and in case of a rain or snow we are as dry as though we were in a house, but dressing these frosty November mornings in the open air is no pleasure. One would make an acrobat, so nimble does he become in the art of getting on the inside of a suit of clothes. These hills and mountains are full of bears, mountain lions, wild cats and wolves and every precaution has to be taken to keep them out of the sheep. We carry heavy Colt's six shooters, and are always ready to accommodate anything in the way of a wild animal. During the warm weather another drawback about sleeping on the ground is the rattlesnakes. One usually has cold chills shooting up and down his spine when retiring for the night for fear he might have a snake for a bed fellow. We carry plenty of good whisky, and a bottle of medicine good Mrs. Guilder of East Poultney sent us and feel as though we could stand them off.

This is a great country for game, antelope, deer, elk, sage chickens, mountain grouse, rabbits, and if a hunter is looking for blood he can tackle a bear or mountain lion.

We are now on our last camp for the season and shall move to our ranch about Dec. 1. We are in the Black Hills in what is known as the Sybille Springs country.

We have leased a ranch on Dutton creek for the winter. This ranch is located in the foot hills of the great Medicine Bow range of the Rockies and is a most delightful place for the winter. The house and buildings are built in the bush to protect them from the wind and storms.

Our sheep are now in one band but as soon as we move to the ranch shall cut them into two bands, as 3600 are too many sheep to run in a single herd for the winter. We seldom feed sheep unless there is a heavy fall of snow and no wind. Usually the wind blows all the snow away, so stock can graze during the entire winter. That is why we can run so many sheep in this western country.

We sold our wool last spring for 8½ cents per pound at the freight house in Laramie, and felt well pleased with our sales, for it was the highest price paid for wool on the Laramie plains in three years. We expect to see a Republican president next fall and then confidently expect a tariff on wool. That the coal and iron interests of the South should be protected and the great wool raising industry of the North and West be placed in competion with foreign countries with their pauper labor, is to a western sheepman an outrage; even Cleveland's party is becoming sick and disgusted with the "stuffed prophet" and would be glad to unload him at any price.

Mary French Field Will Read Her Father's Works.

If it be true, as has been reported, that Mary French Field, the eldest daughter of the late Eugene Field, is to take to the platform and read her father's works, the public can, at least, have the satisfactory knowledge that it will listen to a young woman thoroughly conversant with her theme, writes Edward Bok. In fact this young lady knows her father's works better than he knew them himself. Often when reciting one of his poems upon an impromptu occasion in his own home, he would forget his own lines and look to his daughter for his "cue." This she would invariably give, and instantly, no matter which of his poems he was reciting. She always made it her business to know whatever her father wrote, and before a poem went to its publisher it was given to her and she committed it to memory. Of course, whether she can give proper expression to the reading of the poems remains to be seen. Few "readers" ever recited Field's poems well—none ever read them as he did himself. He could throw an amount of feeling and tenderness into a recital of "Little Boy Blue" that would bring tears to the eyes of the strongest man. None other did he recite so well, so pathetically as this little classic—probably the most beautiful thing that Eugene Field ever wrote; certainly the best he recited. Mary Field is a young woman of 19, the eldest of the Field children. Because she learned to walk very early her father christened her "Trotty," and she was scarcely ever called anything else. She is like her father in a great many ways and inherits many of his qualities. She is a striking looking girl, and in this respect, at least, would make a favorable impression upon any audience.

Kodaking a Kontinent.

By an Amateur.

CHICAGO, Jan. 17, 1896.

Dear Phœnix—The conventoinal author, after writing a book, usually prefixes one chapter explaining to his readers the ideas which the book is intended to contain, and in many instances it might be well that he add another chapter explaining why he should have written anything at all. Your correspondent has no intention of writing a book, neither does he purpose to offer any explanations regarding the object of writing these notes by the way. The reader himself must decide if it has been worth his while to glance at these "snap shots" made from a car window during a somewhat extended tour over a very interesting portion of our continent.

My route from Boston was by the way of Fall River and the line of magnificent boats which ply between that city and New York. What memories the names of the fleet awaken—the Plymouth, Pilgrim, Puritan and Priscilla; what associations are called up when we attempt to realize the changes which have been wrought since these historic names had their birth in the New England colonies. The vessels bearing these names are without doubt superior in construction and equipment to any in the world for the navigation of inland waters. They ply through the waters of Long Island sound with the regularity of clockwork, leaving their respective termini like so many huge shuttles, weaving into the warp of commercial patronage the fabric of a nation's prosperity.

Arriving in New York I found myself a patron of the "Royal Blue" line, which is the designation given that portion of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad line embracing the route from New York to Philadelphia, Wilmington, Baltimore and Washington. The Pennsylvania railroad is a strong competitor for this service, and the two systems form an ideal competition in railroad travel, sending out from either terminus more than 20 express trains every 24 hours. From New York to Washington the distance is 230 miles. The two lines do not average more than 10 miles apart, and it is safe to conclude that within five miles of the extreme eastern point of the Pennsylvania railroad to the same distance west of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, inclusive, the homes of one-twelfth of the entire population of the United States may be found, and these 5,500,000 people control more than one-tenth of the entire wealth of this country, deducting the amount owned by the general government. Who shall wonder at the immense patronage and financial success of railroads with such royal environment!

Washington should not be visited except in the spring of the year if one wishes to see the local inhabitants at their best. They are "spring poor" in October, but sleek and complacent in May. This state of affairs arises from the fact that they live on the whole country while Congress is in session, but on each other for the rest of the year. The United States government is building an elegant and commodious post-office on Pennsylvania avenue, but very fragile "cob houses" on Capitol Hill. In Washington they swear presidents into office once in four years and swear at them ever afterward. A couple of hours' inhalation of this atmosphere is quite sufficient.

My route from Washington continues via the Baltimore and Ohio along the north shore of the Potomac river to Harper's Ferry in Virginia. It is here that the historic river, overcoming all barriers has cleft its way through those rock-ribbed walls which rise for a thousand feet above the water's edge. Through this seemingly impenetrable gorge the iron horse makes its way, first clinging to the side of the mountain, then hiding itself with the attendant cars in the bowels of rock that cannot be turned, then again emerging into sunlight, each successive effort carrying us higher and higher until, at Cumberland, 100 miles distant, we find ourselves on a level plateau, having recrossed the river which disappears in the wilderness toward the south, between the Shenandoah and Blue Ridge mountains. Ten minutes later we start on the final effort to scale the heights of the Alleghanies, which form the back-bone of the continent east of the Mississippi river.

If space permitted I would recall the historic prominence which a part of the route described holds in relation to the late war between North and South.

Here, John Brown and a few misled allies attempted to conquer the state of Virginia with flint-locks and pipe poles. The little brick building which his "army" used as a fort at Harper's Ferry was removed to Chicago to add inspiration to the great fair and on its site now stands a neat and unpretentious granite monument. I realize that the very road bed over which I rode had been torn up, burned and destroyed, first by one opposing force and then by the other, while the very ground beneath me had drunk again and again the best blood that flowed through the arteries of American citizens.

From Connellsville to Pittsburg we follow the valley of the Monongahela river and pass through a coal and iron region which employs more than 20,000 men in this industry. Thence we hurry through northern Ohio and Indiana, the homes of peace and plenty, toward Chicago, ready for the journey southward toward New Orleans and the lands of eternal summer.

C. H. S.

George Streeter, 30, was killed on the banks of the Connecticut river at East Concord, Friday. When found a large log was lying across his body, and his cant hook was by his side. The appearances indicated that he unfastened the log on his sled and then started to run, but that he stopped to look back and the log caught and crushed him.

A petition to the next Vermont legislature is being signed by the Junior Christian Endeavorers in the state urging that the prohibitory law be strengthened instead of repealed. It started in southern Vermont and will be presented to the Franklin county Christian Endeavor convention Wednesday by State Superintendent Miss Cynthia L. Marvin of Alburgh.

Legal Notices.

STATE OF VERMONT, Marlboro, SS.
By the Probate Court for said District.
To all persons interested in the estate of WM. H. ESTERBROOK, late of Brattleboro in said district, deceased, Greeting.
Whereas, Geo S. Dawley, has presented to this court an instrument purporting to be the last will of said deceased for probate:—You are hereby notified that this court will decide upon the probate of said instrument at the session thereof to be held at the Probate Office in Brattleboro, in said district, on the last Saturday of January, A. D. 1896, when and where you may appear and contest the same if you see cause.
2 E. W. STODDARD, Register.

STATE OF VERMONT, Marlboro, SS.
By the Probate Court for said District.
To all persons interested in the estate of ELIZA M. LUGAN late of Vernon, in said district, deceased, Greeting.
Whereas Mrs. W. A. Slate has presented to this Court an instrument purporting to be the last will of said deceased, for probate:—You are hereby notified that this Court will decide upon the probate of said instrument at the session thereof to be held at the Probate Office in Brattleboro, in said District, on the last Saturday of January, A. D. 1896, when and where you may appear and contest the same, if you see cause.
2 E. W. STODDARD, Register.

STATE OF VERMONT, Marlboro, SS.
By the Probate Court for said District.
To all persons interested in the estate of ELIZA E. PERRY, late of Newfane in said district deceased, Greeting.
You are hereby notified that this Court will decide upon the allowance of the account of J. H. Merrifield, administrator upon the estate of Eliza E. Perry, late of Newfane in said District, deceased, and decree distribution thereof to the persons entitled thereto, at the session thereof to be held at the Probate Office in Brattleboro, in said District, on the last Saturday of January, A. D. 1896, when and where you may be heard in the premises, if you see cause.
3 E. W. STODDARD, Register.

STATE OF VERMONT, Marlboro, SS.
By the Probate Court for said District.
To all persons interested in the estate of OTIS B. WHEELER, late of Whitingham in said district, deceased, Greeting.
You are hereby notified that this court will decide upon the allowance of the account of A. A. Butterfield, administrator upon the estate of Otis B. Wheeler, late of Whitingham, in said district, deceased, and decree distribution thereof to the persons entitled thereto, at the session thereof to be held at the Probate Office in Brattleboro, in said district, on the last Saturday of January, A. D. 1896, when and where you may be heard in the premises, if you see cause.
2 E. W. STODDARD, Register.

STATE OF VERMONT, Marlboro, SS.
By the Probate Court for said District.
To all persons interested in the estate of ESTHER H. CARLTON, late of Brattleboro, in said district, deceased, Greeting.
You are hereby notified that this court will decide upon the allowance of the account of Geo. A. Boyden, Administrator upon the estate of said deceased, and decree distribution thereof to the persons entitled thereto, at the session thereof to be held at the Probate Office in Brattleboro, in said district, on the last Saturday of January, 1896, when and where you may be heard in the premises, if you see cause.
2 E. W. STODDARD, Register.

STATE OF VERMONT, Marlboro, SS.
By the Probate Court for said District.
To all persons interested in the estate of LEMON ROBBINS, late of Vernon, in said district, deceased, Greeting.
You are hereby notified that this court will decide upon the allowance of the account of J. C. Allen Executor of the last will of said deceased and decree distribution thereof to the persons entitled, at the session thereof to be held at the Probate Office in Brattleboro, on the last Saturday of January, A. D. 1896, when and where you may be heard in the premises, if you see cause.
2 E. W. STODDARD, Register.

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.
ESTATE OF JAMES EASTWOOD.
The undersigned having been appointed by the honorable Probate Court for the district of Marlboro, Commissioners, to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of James Eastwood, late of Brattleboro in said district deceased and all claims exhibited in offset thereto, hereby give notice that we will meet for the purpose aforesaid, at the house of John S Cutting, in Brattleboro, on the fifteenth day of February, and twentieth day of June, next, from 1 o'clock until 4 P. M., each of said days, and that six months from the fourth day of January, A. D. 1896, is the time limited by said court for said creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.
Dated at Brattleboro, this eighteenth day of January, A. D., 1896.
HENRY AKLEY, } Commissioners
4 L. A. BARNEY, }

STATE OF VERMONT, Marlboro, SS.
The Probate Court for said District.
To all whom it may concern, Greeting.
Whereas A. A. Butterfield, administrator of the estate of SARAH L. DIX, late of Whitingham in said district, deceased, has represented that:
The amount of debts due from said deceased is $ 352.75
The charges of administration, estimated 100.00
$ 452.75
The value of the personal estate, of which has been or may be assigned to the widow is $ 10.00
Balance of debts chargeable on the real estate of said deceased. $ 442.75
Praying for license to sell all of the real estate of said deceased, as it is necessary for the payment of said debts and charges of administration. Whereupon it is ordered that the same be heard at the session of said Court, to be held at the Probate Office in Brattleboro, on the last Saturday in January, A. D. 1896, when and where you may be heard in the premises if you see cause.
2 E. W. STODDARD, Register.

STATE OF VERMONT, Marlboro, SS.
The Probate Court for said District.
To all whom it may concern, Greeting.
Whereas Milon Davidson, executor of the last will of ANNA H. ALLEN, late of Wardsboro, in said district, deceased, has represented that
The amount of debts due from said deceased is, $143.50
The charges of administration, estimated at 80.00
The legacies and other provisions, 170.00
$393.50
The value of the personal estate is 325.00
Balance of debts chargeable on the real estate of said deceased $68.50
Praying for license to sell the whole of the real estate of said deceased as it is necessary for the payment of said debts and charges of administration.
Whereupon it is ordered that the same be heard at the session of said court, to be held at the Probate Office in Brattleboro, on the 8th day of February, A. D. 1896, when and where you may be heard in the premises, if you see cause.
4 E. W. STODDARD, Register.