A WOMAN'S BACK.

The Aches and Pains Will Disappear if the Advice of This Citizen is Followed.

A woman's back has many aches and pains.
Most times 'tis the kidneys' fault.
Backache is really kidney ache;
That's why Doan's Kidney Pills cure it.
Many Brattleboro women know this.
Read what one has to say about it:

Mrs. Langille of 56 Elliot street, says: "I was taken with pains in my back and hips and as weeks and months went by they became more severe and lasted me longer. Finally a kidney weakness commenced to trouble me which was very distressing and caused me a great deal of annoyance. I could not do any hard work, the most trivial tired me out, and I had no energy to do anything. If I was on my feet for any length of time I was taken with a dizziness and a blurring before the eyes. I often got so weak and nervous I could not stand longer and almost fell over. The constant pains in my back and hips became so severe that it made me sick at the stomach. My daughter got me Doan's Kidney Pills at a drug store. They did me a wonderful lot of good. I felt much better and stronger in every way than I had for some years. I have every confidence in Doan's Kidney Pills."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name Doan's and take no substitute.

Sold by Geo. E. Greene, 63 Main Street, Brattleboro, Vt.

A BREVET BACHELOR.

By Gwendolyen Overton.

There are more things in the service than brass buttons and dashing cavalrymen and dying at the post of duty and the rest of the stock phrases of romance. There are a few fixed principles and some prejudices which it is just as well not to run up against, because the service can take revenge upon occasions. Ordinarily a moderate amount of tact and common decency will take you through until you have learned those things which are set down in neither the drill manual nor the regulations. But Miss Hadley had only beauty and pure cheek. She came from somewhere down the southern way—Los Angeles or San Diego or something to visit the Strongs at Angel island. And from the moment she set foot upon the landing she began to make herself unpopular. She had had visions of stepping ashore among a group of kneeling lieutenants, rather after the fashion of the accredited paintings of the "Landing of Columbus" or the "Jesuit Fathers." But the lieutenants were busy, or they were taking naps or sitting on their front porches, with their feet on the railings. They crossed the bay to the city daily and graced every cotillon and function worth speaking of, and beautiful girls were not new. They had never even heard that Miss Hadley was beautiful. They were in deep darkness concerning the local belles of—wherever it was, down south.

However, several of them met her at dinner that night, and the rest called afterward, as is the custom. Miss Hadley did not know it was the custom. She thought it was all on her own account and that the post was beginning to come to its senses, which made her yet more arrogant. Some dispositions thrive upon being made much of, returning courtesy with good coin; the latent meanness of others warms to life, as the snake on the woodchopper's hearth. As if there were not enough unattached men to occupy her, she turned her attention pointedly to La Roche, and when she saw his wife wince she redoubled her energies.

La Roche was French and flirtatious and clever, and, whatever else was to be said of Miss Hadley, she was clever, too, in a worldly sort of way, but Mrs. La Roche was stupid, and blushingly aware of her stupidity. Still, she was a good hearted little thing and had done a kind turn to every one in the garrison at one time or another, and it resented seeing her made jealously wretched, her pale eyes filling and her lips quivering as the beauty drew La Roche to a remote corner and leveled her batteries upon him. Everybody was scandalized, and the feelings of the bachelors were hurt. It was just a little too insolent. So they sought a punishment to fit the crime, and this is what they devised:

There was one man who had not called that first night. It was Proctor, the adjutant. He had been over in the city at a dinner. When he came back, by the first boat, in the morning, a deputation met him at the wharf and carried him off to his quarters and told him what was expected of him.

"I'm not sure that I like the part, though, you know," said Proctor when they had explained. They impressed upon him that the dignity of the service demanded it, also that it would be good for the girl. Proctor said it would fall through at once.

"We only want it to last a day or two," said the deputation.

On that understanding he consented. "But I won't lie, you know," he told them. "You'll have to do any of that."

"It won't be necessary," they assured him. "If she asks—which is unlikely—we will say with one accord that you are a brevet bachelor." You will not find the definition of that in the tactics.

So Proctor went over to the Strongs' quarters and found Miss Hadley, got up in the sort of mourning robe that it is not customary to display to the gaze of several hundred soldiers, more or less, in a corner of the porch with La Roche. Proctor ousted him in about ten minutes. He fought openly, dwelling upon the charms of La Roche's four small children, the details of the cunning things they said and of the last attack of croup of the youngest, how its "da-da" had nursed it and how the babies loved him. Miss Hadley laughed. That hurt La Roche's self esteem, and he went home.

Then Proctor started in to do as he was bid. It was a pleasant game enough. Miss Hadley could be agreeable when she chose. She was the one man at a time stamp of girl, and for the nonce Proctor was the man. He staid all the morning, also to luncheon, also all the afternoon. Part of the time they played together on the mandolin and guitar, and for the rest they talked. Then he staid to dinner and until some time after "taps." When official duties called him off, he was back again surprisingly soon.

Of course there was the chance in this kind of thing that Miss Hadley might grow sick of him. But he took it. There was the better chance that she would be very much flattered, and Proctor believed that he was the sort of fellow who could be interesting for 18 hours at a stretch.

"It's not fair," Mrs. Strong protested to her husband.

"You'd have thought it so if it had been me instead of La Roche," he suggested.

"But it's not fair to Ella," she insisted weakly.

"Ella will think it a good joke, which it is. He has written her the whole thing. He told me so."

"But is it right of us? Miss Hadley is our guest."

"Oh, no, she's not. That's a mistake. We are here on sufferance. You are useful to order the meals and I to guard her against intruders on their tete-a-tetes." He reminded her of episodes in proof of this.

"Has she asked you about him?" Mrs. Strong wanted to know.

He said that she had. "And I told her that he was a brevet bachelor. Proctor himself came in at the moment, and she dropped it. Now you be still for a day or two, and let things take their course." And they took it at a hand gallop.

Miss Hadley might have guessed that one first lieutenant could never have afforded all the fancy boxes of flowers and candies that came over for her in Proctor's name by about every boat, but she did not stop to reflect probably, and she was mightily pleased, both with herself and him, whereupon she was still more disagreeable to every one else.

But a tiny cloud began to float across her blue sky. The flowers and sweets were many and arrived regularly, and when they wanted Proctor at the adjutant's office they sent for him to the Strongs. And yet, though the week of her visit was drawing to a close, he was no nearer to lovemaking than upon the first day. She grew a trifle uneasy. It was not that she wanted Proctor, but that she wanted to know she could have him. So she condescended, in the dilemma, to speak to her host. "Mr. Proctor is a desperate flirt, don't you think?" she asked. It was meant to be light, but it was a shade anxious.

That would have been Strong's chance to have put an end to a joke that was going too far. It had got away from them, and the man to stop it refused to arise. Strong funked. He looked mean and said that he had never known Proctor to flirt. "He is swathed in red tape, as a general thing has notions of duty and the rest of it." Then he went off and swore at Proctor in his own breast. Which is human nature.

Proctor for his part swore at everybody else openly. "I'm so far in it now that I don't know how to get out," he said. And they grinned and suggested that he tell the truth and shame the devil.

"And feel more of a confounded ass than I do now."

"Consider; you are avenging us," cooed the bachelors.

He said rude things about them. They asked what he would like them to do.

"Shall we come in a body the next time you are en tete-a-tete and explain, or shall we do it while you are absent and can't defend yourself? Any way you put it you will look a good deal of a cad, you know." They chuckled.

Proctor sulked. "Mrs. Strong has got to do it," he announced.

"Mrs. Strong won't. She feels about as small as you do. She goes around with the look of a stage conspirator. You might draw off gradually," they advised.

"I might make a qualified flat of myself!" said Proctor. "I've done it as it is." He departed to keep an engagement to walk around the island with Miss Hadley.

When they started, he made the solemn resolve that before they got to the quarantine station she should know all, but she swung into the post as blissfully ignorant as she had left it. He had funked again.

And at this point fate came to his aid. They sat on the steps of the Strongs' quarters resting, when an orderly brought a telegram for him and a box for Miss Hadley. The box contained violets. Proctor was pleased to think what those little attentions were costing the other bachelors, but he glanced at his own card lying in the purple fragrance with loathing. Then he opened the telegram and put it hastily in his pocket.

Miss Hadley asked what it was. He said that it was from some one he had to meet at the train tomorrow.

"Which train?" said Miss Hadley.

"The train from the east," said Proctor.

She told him that she, too, was going to the city on the early boat, for a few hours. "We may strike the same one coming back."

He thought it would probably be his unmentionable luck.

And it came to pass as Miss Hadley had predicted. They struck the same boat. She came aboard hurriedly, just as the gangplank was being drawn in, and she looked about for Proctor, calmly, possessively, as though he must, of course, be there. But he was not to be seen. So she stood and talked to a group of post people, as the boat swung out into the bay and the foggy wind blew stiffly about them. She was not sensitive, yet she was dimly aware that they were civil beyond their wont; even there seemed a vague sympathy in their manner. But she was busy and abstracted, watching for Proctor. He might be below deck or in the cabin.

At length he appeared from the other side of the deck, walking with—another girl. The girl glanced at her with a half smile. She was so pretty that Miss Hadley's lips set, and she forgot what she had been saying.

Proctor and the girl strolled to the stern and stood there. Then Proctor caught Miss Hadley's amazed eye, and he raised his hat. But she beckoned. It was assurance, to say the very least, but he went to her, leaving the other girl. The group would have been glad to melt away, but some way it couldn't.

Then Miss Hadley's admirable and perfect cool cheek reached its zenith. "Who is your pretty friend?" she asked. Brummel could not have been more superb.

There was a pause. Some one might have helped Proctor out, but no one did. A snicker came from the group and turned into a cough. Then the man in Proctor came to his aid, the realization that it was all everybody else's fault, anyway—Miss Hadley's, in particular. He looked at her in stern reproach. "She's my wife, Miss Hadley."

The very winds and the screw were hushed. In the silence Proctor's eyes began to shift. But Miss Hadley's own were on his face, and they never wavered. Somewhere in their limpid depths there was a twinkle. About the corners of her mouth there was an unmistakably amused twitch. She raised a bunch of violets to hide it. They were the ones that had come the day before. He moved uneasily and met the eyes peering above the flowers again. This time they held him.

"I wonder"—Miss Hadley's voice came slowly, with a distinctness that must have penetrated even to the stern—"I wonder whether it is I or you—all, who feel the most cheap? Take me to meet your wife, Mr. Proctor."

And he took her.—Argonaut.

You Notice He Said "Reside."

Strange Lady—If a pair of eyeglasses should be discovered by any of your help, will you have them dispatched by the next post to me?

Store Clerk—Certainly, miss. In what part of Boston do you reside?—Philadelphia North American.

SWITCHED OFF.

By Kilbourne Cowles.

Louise Blakely was sitting in the dining car, preparing to enjoy her supper, when the brakeman came in and announced that the car would have to be vacated, as, owing to some accident, it could not be carried farther.

Notwithstanding the fact that Louise was deeply in love and even now on her way to visit the family of her fiance, she was possessed of a healthy young appetite, and she looked longingly at the tempting array of dishes which had been set before her just previous to the stern edict of the brakeman. It was cruel to be torn away from such a good supper, still untouched, she thought, and, yielding to a sudden impulse, she hastily wrapped a chop, some rolls and a generous supply of olives in a napkin and carried them with her into the sleeping car.

She was conscious of the amused glances of one or two of her fellow passengers, particularly a white bearded, benevolent looking old gentleman, whose eyes twinkled as she marched into the car with head held haughtily erect and the napkin safely clasped in her hands, but she reflected that she had paid for her supper and she had a perfect right to stay the pangs of hunger, even if she did appear a little ridiculous. Louise was a very independent young woman; if she had not been she would never have won her father's and mother's consent to take this trip. They had not been able to see the tragedy in the separation of two loving hearts for a period of some 60 days.

"Just think of it, mamma, dear," she had said; "if you don't allow me to accept Jack's mother's invitation it will be two whole months before we are together, for Jack says he can't possibly leave his business again until after the spring trade."

"But I don't like the idea of your going out to Chicago alone," her father argued.

"And you don't know his people," supplemented Mrs. Blakely. "It might be most awkward for you, Louise."

"You will put me on the train, papa, and I certainly know enough to take care of myself until Jack meets me, so you see there is no objection to my going alone. And, mamma, one of my reasons for wishing to make this visit is to get acquainted with Jack's people. I think every girl ought to make it her Christian duty to become acquainted with her prospective relatives, so she will go into the family with her eyes open," she said, with a fine assumption of wisdom. Of course she triumphed in the end. Mr. and Mrs. Blakely had not spoiled her systematically for 23 years for nothing.

Just as Louise was settling down to eat she was horrified to discover that her pocketbook was missing. She beckoned wildly to the porter, who was leisurely pacing the platform.

"Won't you please run down where the dining car is and get my pocketbook? I left it on the table. I will be so much obliged to you."

"I'ze sorry, miss, but it's 'gainst the rules to leave the car," he answered with importance.

Louise turned in desperation to the conductor, who seemed just about as adamantine.

"Can't he go, really?" she pleaded. "My ticket, checks and money are in my pocketbook. Oh, what can I do?" Her voice broke into a sob, and the white bearded old gentleman, who had been listening to the conversation, said as he laid his hand kindly on her shoulder:

"There, there; I'll go for you."

"Oh, thank you! How good of you! I hate to have you go, and yet I want my pocketbook."

"The train may start at any moment; you may take great chances, sir, of getting left," remarked the conductor, not attempting to conceal his disapproval.

"I will risk it for this little woman," said Louise's new friend as he started on his uncertain errand.

Going back to her seat, she tried not to worry. She philosophically decided to eat her lunch, and, opening the napkin, was startled to see, side by side with the chops, rolls and olives, her lost pocketbook.

Instead of rejoicing, she gazed upon it with loathing almost and sat perfectly still with it and the untasted food in her lap, sadly awaiting the return of her knight.

Every sound of whistle or engine bell sent terror to her heart, and she did not draw a peaceful breath until at last, just before the train started, the old gentleman appeared, looking weary and disheartened. He stopped before her, about to inform her of his fruitless search, but she tragically pointed to her pocketbook and burst into tears, which seemed to soften any wrath he might have justly felt at her carelessness, for, to her relief, he passed on and disappeared into the smoking compartment. She did not see him again during the remainder of the journey.

The next morning, when Jack took her hand to greet her as she stepped smilingly off the train, he reached his other hand over her shoulder.

"Why, hello, father!" he said. "I wish I had known you were coming home on this train. You might have met Louise and taken care of her."

She turned and blushed as she recognized her benefactor of the evening before.

"Well, well; so this is your sweetheart," he said, smiling reassuringly at the much disconcerted Louise. "Well, Jack, my son, she needs a protector."—What to Eat.

Doctoring Among the Khirghis.

Outside the doorway of the kibitka (or black tent) lay a man writhing in agony. Behind him and sitting on his haunches was one of the ugliest and most repulsive individuals I have ever seen. Osman (the dragoman) described him as the doctor. This fellow had a huge instrument with two strings upon which he continually strummed, chanting all the time in a doleful manner, and winding up the end of each verse of his song with a piercing shriek. The man on the ground was attacked by dysentery, and this, I was informed, was the method by which the Khirghis were cured. When the doctor had got half way through his song, a couple of Khirghiz approached, carrying two sheep. One was placed at the head and the other at the feet of the patient, and at a given signal each Khirghiz whipped out his knife and cut the throat of the animal, so that the blood should fall on the head and feet of the man to be cured.—R. L. Jefferson's "A New Ride to Khiva."

Railroads.

BOSTON & MAINE RAILROAD.

ON and after Oct. 1, 1899, trains on this road will leave Brattleboro for all points north at 11:10 A. M., 2:31, 5:48 and 10:10 P. M.

The 11:10 A. M. train is mail train from Montpelier, St. Albans, Rutland, Burlington, Montreal and the Passumpsic road.

The 2:31 P. M. train is the Montreal and New York day express.

The 5:48 P. M. train is mail train for White River Junction and Rutland.

The 10:10 P. M. train is express for Montreal, Sherbrook and Quebec with sleeping cars attached. This train runs daily (Sundays to Montreal only).

Going south trains arrive in Brattleboro from Bellows Falls and points north at 5:23 A. M. (night express) 9:10 A. M. (mail) 2:10 P. M. (mail), 4:35 P. M. (Montreal and New York day express.)

At 8:30 P. M. mixed train from Windsor.

All trains make close connections with Boston and Albany road both east and west of Springfield.

D. J. FLANDERS, Gen'l Ticket Agent.

CENTRAL VERMONT RAILWAY CO.

Southern Division.

Corrected to January 1, 1900.

GOING SOUTH.

Trains leave Brattleboro as follows:
5:28 A. M., for Springfield and New York (Daily).
8:00 A. M., for Millers Falls, Palmer and New London. Connecting at Millers Falls with Fitchburg R. R., at Palmer with Boston & Albany R. R., at Willimantic and at New London with N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R.
9:10 A. M., for Springfield and New York.
10:25 A. M., for Millers Falls and points on the Fitchburg R. R.
2:13 P. M., for Springfield and New York.
4:25 P. M., for Millers Falls and stations on Fitchburg R. R., Palmer and New London and New York via Norwich Line.
4:35 P. M., for Springfield and New York.

GOING NORTH

Trains arrive at Brattleboro as follows:
10:25 A. M., from New York via Norwich line and New London.
11:08 A. M., from Springfield.
1:00 P. M., from Boston via Fitchburg R. R. and Millers Falls.
2:31, 5:43 and 10:05 P. M., from Springfield and New York. (10:05 P. M., runs Daily).
8:50 P. M., from New London, connecting from Palmer, Millers Falls and intermediate stations.

☞ Subject to change without notice. Trains run week days only except otherwise noted.

E. H. FITZHUGH, Vice President and General Manager, St. Albans, Vt.
S. W. CUMMINGS, G. P. A., St. Albans.