TURNS MILK INTO MONEY THE U.S.

Cream Separator Does It.

SURELY—SIMPLY—SWIFTLY—SAFELY—STEADILY

Ten Years' Use Furnishes Ample Proof.

"I am pleased to be able to say to you that I have used the United States Cream Separator for more than 10 years. I used the first one for several years, and later exchanged it for a larger one of the latest styles. I am satisfied that the U. S. Separator is the best separator for farm purposes and that its wearing qualities are of the best, and cheerfully recommend the U. S. Cream Separator to anyone intending to purchase a separator for its durability, simplicity and construction. It is a clean skimmer and easily cared for. We have used our separator twice a day and skimmed the milk from 30 cows, and it never failed to do the work which it was required to do. To all appearances it will last a good many years to come." R. Sendale, Wis., March 8, 1905. F. H. SCRIBNER.

The U. S. Separator holds the World's record for cleanest skimming.

VERMONT FARM MACHINE CO., Bellows Falls, Vt.

Distributing Warehouses at Chicago, Minneapolis, Omaha, La Crosse, Wis., Sioux City, Ia., Kansas City, Mo., Salt Lake City, Utah, San Francisco, Cal., Portland, Ore., Buffalo, N. Y., Portland, Me., Montreal and Sherbrooke Que., Hamilton, Ont., Winnipeg, Calgary, and Vancouver.

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900 DROPS

CASTORIA

A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Recipe of Old Dr SAMUEL PITCHER

Pumpkin Seed
Alx. Senna
Rochelle Salts
Anise Seed
Peppermint
Bi Carbonate Soda
Worm Seed
Clarified Sugar
Wintergreen Flavor

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac Simile Signature of

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At 6 months old

35 DOSES—35 CENTS

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CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over Thirty Years

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THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

INVESTORS

Who Know the Value of Securities

And the demand there is for good investments will find it to their advantage to write us. Our loans are safe and the income regular, making an ideal investment for trust funds, savings banks and individuals.

Our 18 years experience in placing these loans enables us to offer them as eminently safe. Description of loans furnished on application.

VERMONT LOAN & TRUST CO.

F. B. PUTNAM, General Agent. Brattleboro, Vt.

Railroads.

Boston & Maine.

WINTER ARANGEMENT.

In effect Oct. 10, 1904.

Trains leave, Brattleboro, northbound:

11.10 a. m. for stations to Windsor, Lancaster, St. Johnsbury, Newport, Sherbrooke, Montreal, via. C. P. Ry., Quebec, Burlington, St. Albans and Montreal.

2.20 p. m., Montreal express.

4.35 p. m. White River Junction passenger.

10.18 p. m. night express. Daily.

7.57 a. m. Sunday paper train to Windsor.

SOUTHBOUND.

For Northampton, Holyoke and Springfield, 5.18 a. m. (daily), 9.07 a. m. (week days), 2.17 p. m. (weekdays), 4.23 p. m. (daily).

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

Central Vermont Railway Co.

Southern Division.

Effective Jan. 1, 1905.

Trains leave Brattleboro as follows:

5.18 a. m. daily for Springfield, week days for New York.

7.25 a. m. week days for New London; connects at Millers Falls for Troy; at Palmer for Boston.

7.50 a. m. week days for South Londonderry.

9.07 a. m. week days for Springfield and New York.

10.15 a. m. week days for Millers Falls and Boston, connecting at South Vernon for Keene and Springfield.

2.17 p. m. week days for Springfield and New York.

4.23 p. m. week days for New London and New York via. Norwich Line steamers; connects at Palmer for Boston.

4.23 p. m. daily for Springfield and New York.

5.45 p. m. week days for South Londonderry.

Subject to change without notice.

G. C. JONES, General Manager.
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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

The New York Tribune-Farmer and THE VERMONT PHŒNIX One year each, $1.75

IN OUR OWN STATE.

MARY ROGERS MUST HANG.

Justice Peckham Says There is No Federal Question in Case—Gov. Bell Says Law Must Take Its Course.

Judge Rufus W. Peckham of the United States supreme court, at Albany Friday declined to grant a writ of error which would allow the case of Mrs. Mary Rogers to go to the United States supreme court. Application was made by Attorney Butler of Rutland.

Mr. Butler argued that there was a federal question involved from the fact the Vermont laws provided no means for a retrial of Mrs. Rogers upon the newly discovered evidence. The highest court of the state had refused a new trial and since the legislature which alone has the power to pardon will not meet until October, 1906, the only recourse is to the United States courts. He held that the state court should not have fixed the date of execution until after the next meeting of the legislature.

In refusing a writ of error Judge Peckham said: "It would be trifling with the administration of the federal courts to presume to grant a writ of error upon these allegations. There is nothing to support the pretense of a federal question nor the allegations that the state constitution and the 14th amendment have been violated. The misfortune of your client is that she has become convicted in the state court.

Mr. Butler said after the decision was rendered that the only hope that remained for Mrs. Rogers now was a further reprieve from the governor and her attorneys would immediately apply for such a stay. If not granted she will be executed June 23 when the present reprieve expires.

The new evidence referred to he explained was the alleged discovery that Rogers had a fracture of the skull which his wife could not possibly have inflicted, also that a physician's testimony showed Mrs. Rogers was insane.

Gov. Bell, when interviewed in Middlebury after Justice Peckham's decision was announced, said: "My stand in the Rogers case is precisely the same to-day as when I first reprieved Mrs. Rogers. Under law I was obliged to grant a second reprieve. Now that a writ of error has been denied, the law must take its course."

Mr. Butler, when questioned at Rutland, said there were legal questions involved in the case which might be brought up, but he did not know whether it was the intention of Mr. Moloney or Mr. Senter to carry the matter further.

Mrs. Rogers' second reprieve was to Friday, June 23, and it seems probable now that she will be executed on that date.

First Selectman Fined.

County Fish and Game Warden Chase of Bennington went to Sunderland Tuesday and arrested E. G. Bacon and E. E. Squires for violation of the fishing law. Mr. Bacon who is the first selectman of the town and a manufacturer, had four trout less than six inches in length, and Squires had five. In the municipal court Bacon was fined $21 and costs, and Squires's fine and costs came to $35.99. Both men paid.

Judson L. Scott, proprietor of the Franklin House at Highgate Springs the past 36 years, died suddenly Friday evening from heart disease.

William Caulstone, proprietor of the Colburn House at Manchester Centre, has been placed under $1000 bonds for alleged violation of the liquor law.

George F. Bixby, a native of Vermont, who was editor and proprietor of the Plattsburg, N. Y., Republican more than 30 years, died in that city Saturday.

The alumni association of Derby academy, under the lead of O. Silver of Boston, has started a movement to raise $1000 which shall be known as a loyalty fund.

Senator Dillingham says the policy of the administration is to place the smaller post offices under civil service rule, and that as a rule changes for cause only will be made.

Ex-Mayor J. S. Carder of Rutland was unanimously elected president of the International Association of Marble Workers at Rutland Saturday in the session which closed the annual convention.

J. W. De Rohn, who conducted the Cambridge Mercantile company in Burlington a short time, has disappeared, and it is alleged that he took with him several hundred dollars which he had collected from merchants of the city.

The station of the Delaware & Hudson Railroad company at West Rutland was burned early Tuesday morning, causing a loss of $5000. J. H. Laney, the station agent, believes the safe containing $25 to $40 was broken open and the building set on fire to hide evidences of the crime.

Charles Murphy, 24, of Bennington was arrested Friday in Hoosick Falls, N. Y., charged with stealing a horse of Dr. H. J. Vrooman of North Adams. He unhitched the horse, which was standing on the street, and drove away with it in broad daylight. He had been drinking heavily. He fought fiercely with the officers when arrested. He was held for trial in the sum of $500.

Rev. Rufus C. Flagg has recently accepted a call from Berlin, N. H., to the pastorate of the Congregational church in Newport. Mr. Flagg is a native of Hubbardton, a graduate of Middlebury college and for several years filled a pastorate in Fair Haven. He was at Wells River three years and then was called to the presidency of Ripon college in Wisconsin, where he was obliged to give up his arduous duties in 1901 on account of ill health.

The interstate commerce commission has rendered a decision in the case of the Capital City Gas company of Montpelier, against the Central Vermont Railway company and the Rutland Railroad company, in favor of the complainant. According to the records in this case, the carriers made a joint rate of 90 cents per ton on bituminous coal from Norwood, N. Y., to Montpelier, Vt., when intended for "railroad supply," and a combination rate of $1.85 per ton which applied on such coal carried between the same points and used for manufacturing or other industrial or domestic uses. These rates are held by the commission to constitute unlawful discrimination.

Deputy Sheriff Russell arrested Eugene C. Greene in North Bennington Monday. Greene was indicted two years ago by the county grand jury on a charge of stealing $600 from Mrs. Sophronia Skinner in North Bennington. He has been in Hartford, Conn., since. He was at home on a visit to his wife and family when Deputy Russell who was on his way to Rutland with a prisoner, saw him on the station platform, and giving his prisoner to another officer, jumped out and arrested Greene. He was locked up in jail and will have a trial at the present term of the county court. A son was in jail a month on suspicion of being implicated in the killing of Fred Bartlett, near North Bennington, April 30.

A. H. Gilmore, son of Gen. W. H. Gilmore of Fairlee, believes he has solved the secret of rapid transit by water. Mr. Gilmore is business manager of the Daily Press and proprietor and editor of the Evening Telegram of Newport News, Va. He proposes to put the screw propellers ahead of steamers instead of in the rear. He says that the principle is simple, that a cart can be drawn more easily than it can be pushed, and this is what he proposes to do with the steamboat—pull it, not push it. The propellers will be constructed differently from those now in use at the stern. On a large vessel the device will extend 15 to 20 feet in front of the bow, and will create a vacuum which Mr. Gilmore says the boat must naturally follow.

Fred W. Johnson Under Trial for Murder.

The grand jury of the Bennington county court reported at Manchester Friday a true bill against Fred W. Johnson of Bondville who shot and killed his brother, Jay Johnson, Feb. 23. Johnson was first held for manslaughter, but later was rearrested on the charge of murder in the first degree and bail was fixed at $2000. His trial began Wednesday before Chief Judge John W. Rowell. Johnson's attorneys are O. M. Barber of Bennington, F. C. Archibald of Manchester and A. E. Cudworth of South Londonderry. It is understood that a strong effort will be made to clear Johnson on the plea of self-defence. An unusually large number of witnesses were before the grand jury.

Michael Cain, 18, of Bennington has been bound over to the grand jury under $3000 bonds, charged with assaulting two young girls.

Robert McGilton of Rochester was fined $100 in the Addison county court Monday for having in his possession May 30 in the town of Goshen the carcass of a deer.

The Vermont State Spiritualist association will hold its next quarterly convention at Grand Army hall in Montpelier, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, June 23, 24, and 25.

Harry McCormick, the alleged forger, who escaped from the Addison county jail in Middlebury May 30, was captured Saturday in Franklin, N. H., where he was at work as a painter.

Robert McGibbon of Rochester was arraigned in the Addison county court Monday on the charge of killing a deer illegally and was fined $100 and costs which he has made arrangements to pay.

E. G. Bacon's large saw mill at Sunderland on the main line of the Rutland railroad was burned recently, the fire probably starting from a spark from a locomotive. The loss is $7000 to $10,000, with no insurance.

Dr. E. P. Bigelow, 39, a well known physician of Wolcott, and a prominent citizen of that place, died Monday night of tuberculosis at the home of his parents in Stowe. Dr. Bigelow was a graduate of the medical department of the University of Vermont in the class of '97.

The story comes from Thetford, a station on the Passumpsic railroad, that a deer sprang from a thicket as a freight train was passing through a strip of woods in that town on Monday, landing on a flat car and falling between the car and caboose, breaking its neck.

William H. Davis, pastor of the Elliott Congregational church of Newton, Mass., died recently in Clifton Springs, N. Y. He was born in Chelsea, Vt., in 1851. He was a trustee of Dartmouth college and a member of the prudential committee of the American board of missions.

Edward Clark of Montpelier, a "trusty," escaped from the state prison at Windsor Saturday while employed in painting the warden's house. He was committed to prison in October, 1903, from Montpelier to serve a ten years' sentence for assault on a woman. His good behavior earned him the privilege of working outside the prison buildings. He disappeared about 2 o'clock. Some of the officers thought that he drowned himself in Runnymede lake, but the waters were dragged without result. Clark is 55 years old and was dressed in striped prison clothes when he disappeared.

The Vermont Woman's Suffrage association, at its 21st annual meeting held in Springfield last week, elected these officers: President, Mrs. Julia Pierce; vice presidents, Mrs. Laura Kezer of Rochester, Rev. H. L. Canfield of Woodstock, Rev. Alvin M. Smith of Plainfield; secretary, Mrs. Lora Moore, Barnard; treasurer, Mrs. Mary E. Tucker, Brattleboro; executive committee, Mrs. Eliza Eaton of Barton Landing, Rev. C. H. Pennoyer of Springfield, Rev. F. E. Adams of Rochester. The place of the meeting next year was not decided, but Brattleboro and St. Johnsbury are under consideration.

LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG.

The "Loch Lomond" of America.

Lake Memphremagog, in Northern Vermont and Canada, is one of the most charming resorts in the Green Mountain State. This lake is thirty miles long and two and a quarter miles wide, and over two-thirds of its length is in Canada. In early days a favorite haunt of the Indians for fishing and camping; it was named by them Memphremagog, meaning "beautiful water." The Steamer "Lady of the Lake" leaves Newport sailing the entire length of the lake to Magog, occupying about four hours. The view as witnessed from the decks of the steamer is magnificent; the charms of the rocky and uneven shore; the towering cliffs, the long stretches of green forest land and the distant peaks of Owl's Head and Orford Mount, with intervening sweeps of beautiful valley land, present a panorama which appears more beautiful at every turn.

The "Switzerland of America" this region has been called, and many people see in Memphremagog another Loch Lomond, while the Canadian portion has frequently been termed the "Geneva of Canada." In order to get a comprehensive idea of the marvelous scenic surprises of this region, send two cents in stamps to the General Passenger Department, Boston & Maine Railroad, Boston, for their beautiful illustrated booklet, entitled "Valley of the Connecticut and Northern Vermont."

The Disease in Newbury.

I must tell a story of Hon. Horace W. Bailey, United States deputy marshal for Vermont, with office located in Rutland. The story, however, has nothing to do with Rutland. When Mr. Bailey was a member of the temperance committee of the house, at the time Hon. A. M. Fletcher of Cavendish was chairman of the committee, he remarked at one of the meetings that his people—meaning the inhabitants of Newbury—were satisfied with the law as it then was, which was the prohibitory law.

"Why change the law," dramatically exclaimed Mr. Bailey, "when my people can drive into town with their jug in their wagon, get it filled with whatever kind of liquor they desire for medicinal purposes and return home happy?"

"And what seems to be the prevailing disease in your section, Mr. Bailey?" inquired Chairman Fletcher.

"Thirst," was Mr. Bailey's prompt reply.

DR. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

Pleasant to Take, Powerful to Cure, And Welcome In Every Home.

KIDNEY AND LIVER CURE

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is adapted to all ages and both sexes, affording permanent relief in all cases caused by impurity of the blood, such as Kidney, Bladder and Liver Complaints; cures Constipation and Weaknesses peculiar to women.

It proves successful in cases where all other medicines have totally failed. No sufferer should despair as long as this remedy is untried. It has an unbroken record of success for over 30 years, and has won hosts of warm friends.

Are you suffering from any disease traceable to the causes mentioned? If so, Dr. Kennedy has staked his personal and professional reputation on the statement that Favorite Remedy will do you good.

Send for a free trial bottle and booklet containing valuable medical advice on the treatment of various diseases. Write also for an "Easy Test" for finding out if you have kidney disease. Address Dr. David Kennedy's Sons, Rondout, N. Y.

REMEMBER, the full name is Dr. David Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY, made at Rondout, N. Y., and the price is $1.50 (six bottles $6.00) at all druggists in the United States, Canada and foreign countries.

THE LETTER-BOX.

By Rene Bazin.

Translated by H. Twitchell.

No words could convey an adequate idea of the atmosphere of peace which enveloped the country priest of whom I am to write. His parish was small, fairly moral, comfortably off, and accustomed to the ways of the old curate who had presided over it for thirty years.

The village ended with the rectory. Beyond this, meadows sloped gently away to the river, and from them in summer rose the songs of birds mingled with the perfume of growing plants. Just behind the house was a garden, bordering the meadows. The first rays of the sun fell upon it, the last ones also.

One could find cherries there by the month of May, the gooseberries much earlier; while a week before the Assumption, usually, one could not pass within a hundred yards of the spot without breathing the heavy perfume of ripening melons.

Now, the curate of Saint-Philemon was by no means a gourmand; he had reached the age when the appetite is only a remembrance. His back was bent, his face wrinkled, one of his little gray eyes was sightless behind his great round glasses, and one ear was so deaf that he had to turn about and present the other when any one addressed him on the wrong side.

It was not he who ate the fruits of his orchard; lawless urchins stole their share, and the birds took theirs. Blackbirds feasted there the year round, singing their loudest in payment; orioles, birds of passage, assisted them during the weeks of greatest abundance; sparrows clamored for their rights, and tomtits—a prolific, greedy species—clung, back downwards, to the branches, turning, climbing, pecking a grape here and a pear there—genuine marauders, offering as a recompense their cries, shrill as the rasping of a saw.

Old age had made the priest indulgent even to them. "Brutes never correct their faults," he said; "if I were to condemn them on that account, how many of my parishioners should I not have to condemn for the same reason!" He contented himself, therefore, with clapping his hands on entering his garden, so as not to have to be the witness of two outrageous depredations.

There would then be a general uprising of wings, as if all the blossoms around, broken off by a strong wind, had begun to fly—gray, white, yellow, and red. Peace followed for five minutes. But the silence was so great in this little village, where no sound of industry or traffic was heard, that if the repentance of these feathered vandals had continued the abbe would surely have fallen asleep over his breviary.

Fortunately, the return was prompt; a bold sparrow would lead the way, followed by a blue jay, and soon the whole band of robbers were again at work. The abbé could then pass and repass, open and close his book, muttering, "They will not leave a thing this year;" it made no difference; not a bird paid the slightest attention to him.

Birds know very well that those who are in sympathy with them will show themselves indulgent. Every spring they nested around the rectory in greater numbers than anywhere else. The best places were all quickly taken—hollows in the trees, holes in the walls, three-branched forks in the apple and pear trees; and one could even see brown bills like swordpoints protruding from bunches of hay filling every available spot on the roof.

One year, every desirable place being occupied, I suppose, a tomtit spied the slit under the slanting board covering the letter-box placed at the right of the entrance to the presbytery. It slipped inside, came out apparently satisfied with the results of the exploration, and at once set about building a nest in the newly discovered region, forgetting nothing that would make it warm—feathers, wool, hair, and even bits of lichens from the old trees.

One morning Philomène, the housekeeper, rushed angrily out into the garden, with a paper in her hands. She met the curate strolling along under an archway of laurel-trees.

"Look at this paper, monsieur! See how dirty it is! They are a pretty lot!"

"Who, Philomène!"

"Why, those miserable birds you allow around here. They will be nesting in your soap-bowls next."

"I have only one."

"They have even had the impudence to hang a nest inside your letter-box. I opened it because the postman rang, and that doesn't happen every day. It was full of hay, hair, threads, feathers of every kind, and in the centre was a thing I never saw before hissing like a viper!"

The priest began to laugh, like a grandfather when he is told of the pranks of a favorite grandchild.

"It must be the coal tomtit," he replied. "Nothing else would devise such a scheme. Above all, don't meddle with it, Philomène."

"No danger of that; it isn't such a beautiful object!" replied the old woman, disdainfully.

The abbé hastened away across the garden, through the house, down the walk to the gateway which shut in the presbytery, and, with a careful hand, half opened the box, which would have held the annual correspondence of the whole village.

He was right. The cone-shaped nest, its color, the composition of its woof, and its transparent lining, confirmed the conjecture of the delighted old man. He listened to the hissing of the invisible mother, then said:

"Never fear, little one! I understand your case; twenty-one days of incubation and three weeks for raising your family are what you want. You shall have them; I shall take the key away, so that you will not be disturbed."

He did so, in fact. After he had made his morning rounds in the parish, he thought again of the tomtit, that it might possibly be disturbed by the arrival of some mail, that a letter might be dropped in upon it during the brooding period.

The event was not very probable, as letters were rare in the parish. Still, as the holiday of Saint Robert was nearing, the priest thought it would be prudent to write these words to the three remaining friends death had left to him: "Do not send me any holiday greetings this year. It would be disagreeable for me to receive a letter just at present. Later I will explain, and you will understand my reasons."

The friends thought his eyesight had failed him, so they did not write.

During the whole three weeks of incubation the curate did not pass through the gateway once without thinking of the little eggs dotted with red lying there so close to him. When the twenty-second day arrived, he bent over and listened, his ear against the opening of the box; then stood up, exclaiming gleefully:

"They are chirping, Philomène! they are chirping! Now, there are some things that owe their lives to me; they shall not regret it, nor I either!"

Meanwhile, in the green parlor of his palace, in the capital of the department, the Bishop of the canton was deliberating with his advisers over appointments he was about to make. After having made some provisions, he expressed himself thus:

"Messieurs, I have a candidate in every way suitable for the living of X——; but it seems to me fitting to at least offer this charge and honor to one of our oldest clergymen, the curate of Saint-Philemon. He will not accept it, doubtless; his modesty not less than his age will prevent him from doing so; but by making the offer we shall have rendered all possible homage to his worthiness."

The five were unanimous in their approval of this course of action, and that very evening a letter was despatched from the palace signed by the Bishop and containing this postscript: "Reply at once, my dear abbé, or rather come to see me, as I shall have to send in my appointments within three days."

The letter reached Saint-Philemon on the very day of the hatching of the tomtits. The postman with difficulty thrust it into the slit of the box; it dropped to the bottom, where it lay like a white floor on a dark chamber.

The time at last came when the blue, blood-filled tubes on the wings of the nestlings were adorned with down. Fourteen little tomtits, peeping, tumbling about on their soft claws, stretching their mouths open to the widest extent, waited for the morsels from the mother-bird, ate them, digested them, and clamored for more. This was the first period of life, before the dawn of intelligence. With birds it is of short duration. Soon there were quarrels in the nest, and it began to yield to the assaults of little wings; then there were falls over its edges, excursions along the side of the box, and long stations near the entrance of the cavern through which entered light and air from the outside world.

Stationed a distance away, the curate witnessed this garden-party with extreme pleasure. On seeing the little ones come out from under the slanting board two and three together, fly off, return, pass inside, then out again, like bees from a hive, he thought: "Their infancy is over, and a good start is made; they are fledged now."

The following day, during the hour of leisure after dinner, he repaired to the box, key in hand. "Toc, toc," he rapped. There was no reply. "I thought so," he murmured. He then opened the box, and, with the débris of the nest, the letter fell out into his hand.

"Great heavens!" he exclaimed, recognizing the seal and the writing. "A letter from Monseigneur, and in what a condition! and how old!"

He grew pale as he read it.

"Philomène, hitch up Robin at once," he called out.

Before obeying, the old servant came out to see what had happened.

"What is it monsieur?" she asked.

"The Bishop has been expecting me for three weeks."

"That time can never be made up," replied the old woman, curtly.

The absence lasted until the following afternoon. When the priest returned, he was very calm; but calmness is sometimes the result of an effort, and one has to struggle to maintain it.

By the time he had unhitched Robin, fed him his oats, changed his cassock, and emptied a box of some little purchases made during his trip, it was the hour when the birds in the branches were chatting over the events of the day. It had been raining, and drops of water fell from the leaves shaken by bohemian couples seeking a good resting-place for the night.

On seeing their master and friend coming down the sandy walk, they flew out and circled around, making an unusual amount of noise, and the tomtits, the fourteen nestlings, scantily fledged as yet, made their first attempts at spirals around the pear-trees, and tried their voices for the first time in the open air.

The curate watched them with a paternal eye and the melancholy tenderness with which we often regard those who have cost us dear.

"Well, my little ones," he said at last, "but for me you would not be here, and but for you I should be a priest of the canton. I do not regret anything, mind you, only do not be so insistent; your gratitude is too noisy."

As he spoke he clapped his hands impatiently.

He never had been ambitious, and he spoke the truth now. Still, the next day, after a night of disturbed sleep, while chatting with Philomène, he remarked:

"If the tomtit comes back next year, let me know. It is troublesome, decidedly so."

But the tomtit never came again; neither did the letter bearing the stamp of the Bishop's seal.

Salt River.

It will create disappointment in political circles to learn that Congressman D. K. Smith has been unable to secure an appropriation from Congress to improve the navigation of Salt river. In the early days of the last century, when Shepherdsville, the county seat of Bullitt county, which lies on its banks, was a place of considerable commercial importance from the manufacture of salt from the wells near by, a magistrate upon convicting persons of drunkenness and other offences against good order would sentence them to be "rowed up Salt river." From this the term came to be applied to unsuccessful candidates for political office, and was once current over the whole country. This is the true history of the saying. The river was in early days an important commercial stream, the products of the counties through which it runs, as whisky, corn, bacon, salt, etc., being sent down on tides, in flatboats, to the Ohio and thence to New Orleans. Perhaps it may never have the advantage of slackwater navigation. It may not be locked, but in a political sense it has been dammed for generations.—[Louisville Courier-Journal.

Ma.—"Willie, what's your little brother crying about?" Willie—"Jist 'cause he don't want to learn anything. I jist took his candy and showed him how to eat it."—[Philadelphia Ledger.

BABY'S ECZEMA

Top of Head Covered with Scales Which Peeled off Taking Hair with Them.

CURED BY CUTICURA

Now Six Years Old with Thick Hair and Clean Scalp. Cure Permanent.

"My baby was six weeks old when the top of her head became covered with thick scales, which would peel and come off, taking the hair with it. It would soon form again and be as bad as before. My doctor said it was Eczema, and prescribed an ointment, which did no good. I then tried Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I washed her head in warm water and Cuticura Soap and gently combed the scales off. They did not come back and her hair grew out fine and thick. She is now a year and a half old, and has no trace of Eczema."

MRS. C. W. BURGES, Iranistan Ave., Bridgeport, Conn., Feb. 21, 1898.

CURE PERMANENT

Mrs. Burges writes Feb. 28, 1903: "My baby, who had Eczema very badly on her head, as I told you before, after using the Cuticura Remedies was cured. She is now six years old, and has thick hair and a clean scalp."

Instant relief and refreshing sleep for skin-tortured babies and rest for tired, worried mothers in warm baths with Cuticura Soap, and gentle anointings with Cuticura Ointment, purest of emollients and greatest of skin cures. This is the purest, sweetest, most speedy, permanent, and economical treatment for torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, and pimply skin and scalp humours, with loss of hair, of infants and children, as well as adults, and is sure to succeed when all other remedies and the best physicians fail.

Sold throughout the world. Cuticura Resolvent, 50c. (in form of Chocolate Coated Pills, 50c. per vial of 60). Ointment, 50c., Soap, 25c. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Boston, Sole Props. Send for "The Great Humour Cure."

Horses. Horses.

I have just received a load of Western Business Horses, and am now prepared to show as nice horses as were ever seen in this section. Among them is a pair of bay horses 5 and 6 years old, weight 2900 pounds. These are low down chunks, very close matched, and an extra fine team. Also a good chestnut team, 6 and 7 years old, weight 2400 pounds. This is a good farm team.

Also several good general purpose horses, weighing from 1100 to 1250 pounds. Have a nice lot of Vermont horses, gentlemen's drivers, pair bay mares, full sisters, 6 and 7 years old, stand 16 hands and weigh 2200 pounds. This is a very nice team and can't be beaten for style and road qualities. A fine brown team, 5 and 6 years old. Stand 15.3, weigh 1100 pounds, a great gentlemen's driving team and very stylish. Bay mare, Morgan build, 5 years old, stands 15.1, and weighs 950 pounds. She is very handsome and stylish and a sharp stepper. Not afraid of anything. Also several other single drivers and business horses.

Have a full line of new and second-hand wagons, harness, robes, blankets, and all kinds of horse goods. Call and see me before buying elsewhere.

E. E. BLOOD, Putney, Vt.

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