

Bailey and A. W. Silaby. Delegates to the county convention: Hale G. Bailey, D. W. McAllister, F. W. George, William Rollins and E. W. Smith.

Children's day will be observed at the Congregational church next Sunday. The pastor will speak in the morning to the children. In the evening there will be concert exercises and speaking by the children.

Orange.

Children's day was observed with appropriate services last Sunday.

Much interest is felt among our citizens in the case of Bert Crockett v. City of Barre, now on trial at Chelsea.

Miss Anna Carpenter, a former teacher here and now teaching in Barre, spent Saturday and Sunday with Rosa Boles.

Mrs. C. C. Lord and children of West Topsham were in town several days last week, Mr. Lord spending Sunday with them.

Dr. Hunt of Montpelier was called to town last Wednesday to council with Dr. H. L. Watson of West Topsham in the case of Mrs. Bert Richardson. They are in hopes that in time she will regain her usual health.

East Orange.

The roads are being repaired, Will Craig of Orange running the road-machine.

Rev. Mr. Jones, Free Baptist, preached last Sunday. The sermon was followed by a communion service.

Children's day is to be observed next Sunday with appropriate exercises at the church at half past three in the afternoon.

Mrs. Rowe of Wait's River was a guest at M. R. Hamilton's last Saturday.

Miss Edith Davis is spending the week at Green Mountain Seminary, Waterbury Center. Mr. and Mrs. Bell of Hardwick are visiting the Hutchinson families. Mr. and Mrs. Scott Paine spent last Friday with friends in Barre.

Platfield.

L. Bart Cross of Montpelier was in town Monday.

The Ladies' Aid Society meets with Mrs. Fred Perrin to-day.

Rev. J. Edward Farrow of Wilmington was in town the last of the week.

Rev. J. Newton Perrin of Williamstown visited at Deacon S. B. Gale's last week.

The Washington County Congregational convention held here was well attended.

About thirty attended the concert by Sousa's Band at Montpelier Monday evening.

Help is at work putting in a new culvert near the S. B. Gale woods on the Montpelier & Wells River railroad.

Mrs. R. DeYoung of Middleburg, Iowa, writes: "I have used One Minute Cough Cure for six years, both for myself and children, and I consider it the quickest acting and most satisfactory cough cure I have ever used." W. E. Terrill & Co., Montpelier, Vt.

North Pomfret.

Miss Edna Spear is again at home.

Miss Lou Wood is home from Maine.

George Green is now running a hulled-corn cart about town.

Another carload of cattle was sold and went out of town last week.

Owing to the sickness of the teacher, the school in district No. 3 did not keep after Wednesday of last week.

Summer boarders have begun to arrive. Mr. Charak and a little daughter arrived at Justin Bugbee's last week, Mr. Charak returning to Boston after a two or three days' stay.

Randolph Center.

Lemuel Murphy, for a long time landlord of the Randolph House, died Friday afternoon, after a long illness.

Mr. Gee, who had leased the Damon farm again this year, left it last week, as did also Mr. Ryder, who leased the David Howe farm for three years and has occupied it about a year.

R. C. Diemer, while returning from the creamery Saturday morning, drove into a lot near R. M. Damon's and went to speak to some one, leaving his team and a three-year-old boy. The horses ran, throwing the boy out, severely bruising and cutting his head, but it is hoped no permanent injuries were inflicted.

As announced last week, the thirtieth anniversary of the Normal School and the ninetieth of the Orange County Grammar School will be held June 14-15, beginning with the sermon before the graduating class by Rev. C. H. Richardson of Norwich on Sunday evening, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, examinations; Wednesday, at two p. m., meeting of the Alumni Association, with reports, reminiscences, poem by Mrs. Luna Peck, readings and music; at eight p. m., B exhibition, with several novel features. Thursday, at half past ten a. m., graduating exercises, with address by Rev. I. P. Booth of Morrisville; at half past twelve p. m., alumni dinner, with short talks from many of the thousand graduates of the Normal School, all of whom are invited to be present; at eight p. m., concert by the Montpelier Glee Club. The next term begins August 27, and for the benefit of the public, and prospective students the rules for admission are appended: (a) Holders of teachers' certificates showing an average of seventy-five per cent will be admitted without examination. (b) Graduates of academies and high schools approved by the state superintendent will be admitted without examination. (c) Applicants for admission may attend any public examination held by a county examiner, and their papers will be forwarded to the board of examiners and supervisors for action thereon. (d) The board will conduct examinations on the Wednesday of graduation week. (e) A member of the board will be present on the first day of the fall term for the purpose of examining candidates for admission. The examination will be in spelling, arithmetic, physiology, grammar, geography, Vermont history, United States history and civics."

Roxbury.

Children's day will be observed at the Congregational church next Sunday.

Mrs. A. L. Wheeler was called to St. Albans on Friday by the serious illness of Miss Ethel Eddy.

Miss Susan Atkins attended the Epworth League convention at Montpelier. Rev. Henry Waitbridge of Rochester, N. H., was in town Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rice of St. Johnsbury are visiting relatives in this village. Miss Mina Brown of Barre is at G. A. Young's. Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Spalding and Mr. and Mrs. E. Spalding of St. Albans are visiting in town. Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Fitts went to Windsor Wednesday.

South Ryegate.

M. F. Sargent finished sawing his lumber last Saturday.

Dr. J. B. Darling was thrown from his wagon last Friday, breaking two ribs and bruising him quite badly.

The lumber, stone and other building materials are all on the ground for the Gibson barn. A gang of wood and stone workmen began operations Tuesday morning. The size of the barn will be forty-two feet by eighty-four feet, two floors and a basement.

Communion services will be observed at the Reformed Presbyterian church next Sunday. The usual preparatory services occur on Thursday and Saturday. Rev. Mr. Kallough of Topsham will assist.

Thetford.

Mrs. Henry Cummings is visiting relatives in Jefferson, N. H. Anna Webster and her sister, Mrs. John Lord, have gone to Concord, N. H., to visit friends.

Mary Chase gave a lecture in Academy Hall on Friday evening. Subject, "Woman Suffrage." Miss Harlow of Post Mills is teaching the village school.

Julia Fletcher has returned to Boston to her former place in the Old Folks' Home. Mrs. Luther Yarrington is visiting a sister in Massachusetts.

Tunbridge.

Mrs. James Goodwin improves slowly.

The Grand Army Post is making im-

provements in its building to accommodate the library.

The health of Mamie Nelson is about the same.

Charles Rolfe spends Sunday at his home from Bethel.

Mrs. Albert Dean of Keene, N. H., is visiting at S. A. Dean's.

Fred Slack had his leg reset at the hospital in Burlington. He is doing well.

Fred Fuller attended the county conference of Congregational churches at Williams town.

The hotel and the house formerly occupied by John Kibby are being painted, under the direction of Hon. Aaron King.

The grip has taken a new hold, having among its victims Mrs. Hale Duvell, Henry Howland and Mrs. Edward Rowell and her mother.

Rev. J. P. Demeritt attends the graduation exercises of Robinson Seminary at Exeter, N. H., this week, where Miss Helen graduates and is one of the speakers.

Our band prospers finely under its leader, Arthur Folsom, as its outdoor concert Saturday evening showed. With uniforms complete it will compare favorably with its neighbors.

The measles start as though aiming to seize all victims. Those already secured are Roy and Daisy Rolfe, Glen and Emma Rowell, Helen Tucker, Mabel Wright and Daisy Diamond.

Warren.

Lyman D. Heath, aged seventy-six, an old and respected citizen of Warren, died suddenly last Sunday morning.

East Warren.

The patrons of the creamery here were paid fourteen cents for April butter.

The wire is being strung on the new telephone poles, and the line will soon be in working order.

Supreme Moment of a Launch.

That a launch is a matter of mathematics, as well as of great skill and labor, is shown by the fact that the man of science who has the matter in charge always makes a set of calculations showing the strain of the ship and its precise condition at practically every foot of the journey down the ways. If a boat should get in the way, or if it should take an unusual length of time to knock out the keel blocks, or if any one of half a dozen things should cause serious delay, the scientific man knows just how long he can wait and just how far the limit of safety extends.

There is always one supreme moment in a launch, and it is at a time that escapes the average spectator. It is when the vessel gets fairly well into the water. This is when an important factor known as the "moment of buoyancy" comes into play. If you can imagine a vessel sliding down an incline without any water into which to drop, you can see that the vessel would tip down suddenly at the end which has left the ways and would rise at the end still on the incline. But really in successful launches the stern of the vessel is gradually lifted up by the water, and this throws the weight forward on that part of the ship still resting on the ways. The force of the water is called the "moment of buoyancy," and the natural tendency of the ship to drop to the bottom of the stream is called the "moment of weight." Now, the moment of buoyancy must always be greater than the moment of weight, but it must not be very much greater, for if it were it would throw too much weight forward on the part of the ship still on the ways and might break them down or injure the plates or keel of the ship. When the great English battleship *Ramilles* was launched, this did really happen, and so great was the strain near the bow that parts of the cradle were actually pushed right into the bottom of the vessel. It is this danger of disaster that causes the scientific launcher to make the most careful calculations as to the conditions surrounding the ship at every foot of her journey into the water. "Launching a Great Vessel," by Franklin Matthews, in *St. Nicholas*.

Canadian Legislators.

It is a mistake to think that the act which led to the confederation of the various provinces in 1867 has attained no higher meaning in the life of the Canadian people than that of a constitutional union. It carries with it a meaning of far deeper import—a union of hearts, whose offspring is oneness of patriotic aim and purpose. Of course it would be idle to say that the Canadian people are a unit upon all questions of vital interest to the life and growth of the Dominion. The geographical interests of Canada are so varied that there must necessarily be at times some friction and clashing of provincial needs and ambitions. This is the case at Washington. This is the case, too, in so small a confederation as the cantons of Switzerland.

A stranger visiting the gallery of the Canadian house of commons is struck with the dignity and decorum which mark the proceedings and surround even the warmest and keenest of debates. Parliamentary procedure being rigidly adhered to, there is little room for unseemly encounters, which usually grow out of uncalled for personalities in the heat of a discussion. Sometimes, however, when the house has been sitting for hours, wearied with the prolixities and incoherencies of some member from "way back," suddenly, as if through unity of desperation, the usual dignity of the house is relaxed, and grave members from such intellectual centers as Montreal and Toronto play the schoolboy and outvie one another in "shying" blue books at the heads of slumbering and inoffensive members.

Of the 215 members that make up the house of commons in point of ability and gifts 20 per cent of them are below mediocrity, 20 per cent occupy the plane of mediocrity, 40 per cent possess admitted ability and the remaining 20 per cent are men of commanding talent.—*Donahoe's Magazine*.

Hard Mattresses for Rheumatism.

I want to enter my protest against the spring mattress. For a long time I have been troubled more or less with muscular rheumatism in the back and limbs, and it is always worse at night than in the day-time—so bad, in fact, that I am compelled some nights to get up and walk around to start the circulation and thus reduce the pain. I have always slept on a spring mattress because it was soft and yielding. Recently I have tried the plain, old-fashioned bed-slat instead of the spring, and I find that my muscular rheumatism is due more to the use of a soft bed than to any physical troubles of my own. The firm bed under me has quite removed the pain, and I sleep very comfortably. I have recommended its use to several friends who have been troubled as I have been, and they report the same excellent results. It is not necessary to make the bed disagreeably hard; two thick mattresses make a comfortable bed.—*Letter in New York Sun*.

"Do you expect to suffer from hay-fever this summer, Mrs. De Long?"
"No, unless my husband's business improves."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A Lost Type.

Oh, for a glimpse of a natural boy—
A boy with freckled face,
With forehead white 'neath tangled hair
And limbs devoid of grace:

Whose feet toe in, while his elbows flare,
Whose knees are patched all ways;
Who turns as red as a lobster when
You give him a word of praise.

A boy who's born with an appetite;
Who seeks the pantry shelf
To eat his "piece" with resounding smack—
Who isn't gone on himself:

A "Robinson Crusoe" reading boy
Whose pockets bulge with trash;
Who knows the use of rod and gun
And where the brook trout splash.

It's true he'll sit in the easiest chair,
With his hat on his tonsiled head;
That his hands and feet are everywhere,
For youth must have room to spread.

But he doesn't dub his father "old man,"
Nor deny his mother's call,
Nor ridicule what his elders say,
Or think that he knows it all.

A rough and wholesome natural boy
Of a good old-fashioned clay;
God bless him, if he's still on earth,
For he'll make a man some day.

—Detroit Free Press.

The Mouse and the Candle.

A little mouse once lived under a pantry where all manner of good things were stored. He fed so well on these dainties that he became quite fat and very conceited, too, for he thought that the good things were placed in the pantry for his especial benefit. "These good people," said he, "do all in their power to make me happy. I, too, can make them happy by tasting of all the nice things they place before me." So every night he went regularly from dish to dish, nibbling a little bit from one and a little bit from another until he had nibbled at all the dainties, besides leaving other signs of his midnight visit.

One very hot summer's night as he crept into the pantry he saw there two tall white things, with beautiful shining bodies. He didn't know that they were only wax candles, so he gazed in admiration of their beauty, wondering who or what they could be. "Perhaps," said he, "they are the good people of the house," and as he mused thus the candles began to bend over with the heat. "Oh," said he, "they are bowing to me!" so he drew himself up proudly, and then bowed stiffly to the candles, while they bent lower and lower until their heads almost touched their feet. Then the mouse ran off and began his round of tasting of the dainties on the dishes.

Well, it happened that he felt very sleepy that night, so presently he sat down and rested against one of the candles, and there he soon fell fast asleep. Now, while he slept the candle melted with the heat and dropped upon him until it quite covered all but his nose, but when the early morning came the air grew chilly, and the wax became hard again, so that the mouse was held a prisoner in the candle's cold clutch.

At last the mouse awoke and was horrified to find that he could not move hand or foot, for he was completely covered with hard cold wax, which held him as firmly as an iron case. He squeaked and whimpered, but no help came. Then he cried: "Oh, fool that I was to fall into such a trap! My father has often said, 'Beware of the exalted when they bend low to the humble.'" As he said these words a servant entered the pantry and took up the candlestick, but when she saw the mouse's nose she screamed and threw the candlestick into a pail of water, and the poor mouse was drowned, and that was the sad end of the conceited little mouse.—*New Budget*.

The Enchanted Pumpkin.

When your little brother or sister has a birthday party, and you want a novelty as a centerpiece for the tea table, try the "enchanted pumpkin" and see what fun it will make for the guests.

It ought to be a prize pumpkin, and a big one. Scoop out all the inside. That will do well enough to make pies out of for grown up people on days that are not birthdays. Then stuff it full of toys tied up in mysterious looking bundles.

To each package tie a bright ribbon, letting the loose ends fall out over the sides of the pumpkin; then carefully replace the cap or stem part, which you cut off, so that it will look as if it were still whole, and place it on your tea table. Surrounded by ferns and colored autumn leaves and decorated with the drooping ends of the ribbons, it will make a very pretty centerpiece.

When the feast is over, set the children to guessing how many seeds are in the pumpkin. When all have guessed, tell each to take hold of one of the ribbons, and when you say "Three!" they must pull on the ribbons, and in that way they will see how many seeds are in the pumpkin.

Of course each little guest secures a pretty gift.—*Exchange*.

A Dog-Possessed Doll.

Its mistress was a little girl who loved dolls as well as dogs, and when out walking she taught her dog to carry her doll. And what do you think happened? The dog fell in love with the doll! Doggy would carry dolly about for hours and take it into his kennel to be his companion.

But, sad to say, the dog's feelings were tampered with. When other little girls learned of his attachment, they would knock at the owner's door and say, "Please can your dog come and give my doll a walk?" The result was he became a general lover and would walk out with any kind of doll that came to his door.

But mark how he was punished! He became the slave of his passion. Not content with carrying a doll when asked to do it, he began to prowl around, and whenever he saw a doll in a child's arms he would walk up stealthily and seize it and carry it off. He has been known to capture four on a single day.

And all the children of the place and their fathers and mothers are up in arms against that dog, and they declare that if that doll possessed dog does not mend his ways he will be brought to an early grave.

PENSIONS of \$6 to \$12 a month are paid soldiers, rich or poor, with slight disabilities, contracted in or out of service, under act of June 27, 1890. Those now pensioned under this act can complete any suspended, delayed or rejected claim under the old law, and receive the arrears. Widows entitled, without regard to cause of soldier's death. No charge unless successful. Address, T. J. Deavitt, Montpelier, Vt.

SUFFER in order to be wise, and labor in order to have.