

**POLITICAL.**

**No War in a Better Cause.**

The determination of the United States to expel Spain from Cuba has not been arrived at with any undue precipitation. Indeed, if ever the intervention of one state in the affairs of another was justified, it is in the case of the United States and Cuba. People on this side of the Atlantic are naturally in touch with the historical side of the Cuban question, and are so deeply interested in its more immediate aspects, that they form but an impatient fringe of the real and terrible provocations suffered by the United States.

It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that it is a piece of America dropped into the New World. While all around it liberty flourishes, while it has seen the Spanish colonies on the mainland win their independence, and the British colonies in the same hemisphere granted the fullest rights of self-governing communities, it has been condemned to an administration little short of medieval, like the Pashas of Armenia, its chief functionaries attain their positions by bribery and repay themselves by extortion. Except to drain it of its wealth the mother country does little for it. Scarcely a tenth of the area of the island is under cultivation, and many districts are actually less explored than the wilds of Central Africa. Until a few years ago it was governed by decree, and its governors were invested with authority which they rarely failed to use oppressively and which generally they applied with revolting cruelty.

The rebellions which have thus been forced on the maddened natives—whites and blacks alike—have been repressed with a disregard for human life and amid horrors which any Sultan might envy. During the first five years of the last rebellion over 2,000 Spaniards admit of that they shot 43,500 prisoners in addition to 13,600 Cubans killed in battle. That was the period of Valmaceda's bloody administration—scarcely more than twenty years ago—when the whole world cried shame on the Spaniards. Cruel as this kind naturally beget reprisals, and hence the mode of warfare to-day is on both sides little short of savagery. Eighty thousand men perished fighting in the 1895-78 rebellion, and during the civil war of the last three years over 100,000 lives have been sacrificed to

this Cuban Moloch. What European State would tolerate a condition of things like this in its own doors? Since 1849 the United States has been unintermittently occupied in policing the coast of Florida in order to prevent filibustering expeditions leaving for Cuba. During the whole of that period she has been plagued in various irritating ways by the disorders in the island—strained relations with Spain, diplomatic difficulties with other powers, excitement among her own population, injuries to trade, and so forth. She has not yet determined to get rid of the nuisance. She has resolved to give peace to the island once and for all. Sticking at the root of all the trouble, she has called upon the Spanish government to yield up the colony or to have it unworthily administered. No one can blame her, and many will applaud her. Military glory is not to be won by beating Spain, and it is not for that or even for an extension of her dominion that the United States will fight. Her object is to give peace and a stable government to a spot on the earth's surface which has scarcelly known either the one or the other throughout its history. If wars are to be waged at all they could not be undertaken in a better cause.—London Graphic.

**What He Would Be.**

"I regret to say," she said reprovingly, "that you do not always use words with a due regard for their exact meaning." He bowed with becoming humility. "Now, if I had bitten you," she went on, "crossing the dog, would I not be mad?" He shook his head. "No," he replied with much feeling, "he would not be mad; he would be dead."—Chicago Post.

The jury was out several days and then failed to agree. That shows the folly of masculine juries. A jury of women would have disagreed much sooner than that.

**DEAFNESS OF TWELVE YEARS STANDING.** Detached Cataracts produced deafness in many cases. Capt. Ben Connor of Toronto, Canada, was deaf for twelve years from Cataracts, all treatments failed to relieve. Dr. Agnew removed the cataracts and relief in one day, and in a very short while the deafness left him entirely. It will do as much for you.—34. Sold by W. E. Terrill & Co., and Collins Blakley.

**CATARRH, CONSUMPTION, CANCER AND BRIGHT'S DISEASE.**

CAN THESE DREAD DISEASES BE CURED?

**Dr. J. Fraser Barbrick**

Boston's Most Successful Nerve and Blood Specialist, says:

There is naturally no such thing as an incurable disease. Disease becomes incurable by neglect and improper treatment. Improper treatment may damage the system as well as cause loss of time, and is therefore as dangerous as neglect. Improper treatment is due rather to inexperience than to chronic and incurable disease. In many cases disease is produced by the general practitioner can be cured by the specialist. I quote a few cases below to prove these assertions.

**CATARRH.**

Geo. D. Wood, Esq., proprietor of the American Poultry Farm, Hartland Four Corners, Vt., came to me August 23, 1897. On examination I found the throat fully inflamed all through the stomach and bowels, coated tongue, congested liver. He complained of gas in stomach and bowels, distress after eating, soreness in pit of stomach, belching, heaving, wind, bad taste in mouth, palpitation of heart, faintness and all gone feeling, and was very weak and run down. Diagnosis was Catarrh of Stomach, and bowels, and pleurisy. Mr. Wood, who is Nat'l Deputy of Jr. O. U. A. M., also a member of several other fraternal organizations, in speaking of his case, says: I had been suffering with this complaint for some time. I tried all our home doctors and different patent medicines, but it did little or no benefit. My vitality done me no good. I lost flesh and gradually grew weaker until I was unable to attend to my business. The doctors I called gave me very little hope of a cure, and I had fully made up my mind that I could not live but a short time unless I received immediate relief. Blood commenced getting well the moment I began taking Dr. Barbrick's treatment, and the first month I gained twelve pounds. I continued to improve and today am enjoying as good health as I ever did. Signed, Geo. D. Wood.

**CONSUMPTION.**

Mrs. MARY JACOBS of Manchester, Vt., came to me about eight months ago. On examination I found the Bronchial Tubes and capillaries of both lungs involved. Very weak and debilitated generally. Cough almost constant. Very hard spasmodic attacks in the evening with smothering spells and on retiring and arising. Expectoration very profuse. Sometimes tough and stringy, then again frothy, and at times streaked with blood. Night sweats. She stated she had been examined by family doctors, also doctors in Rutland. They told her she had consumption and was incurable. The Rutland doctor said she wouldn't live six weeks. She is alive and tending to her household duties to-day. Any one can write her. "Dr. Barbrick saved my life." Signed, Mrs. MARY JACOBS.

**BRIGHT'S DISEASE.**

Mrs. O. C. COLE of Halifax, Mass., came to me last September. On examination I found general bloated and tropical condition all over the body. Abdomen and lower limbs very much swollen. Much tenderness across the back in the region of the kidneys. Head and neck circulation very much increased. Urine high blood and mucous and waste matter. She complained awfully of pain in the sides and back, choking and smothering sensations, oppressed feeling in the head, numbness of the limbs, etc. The family doctor pronounced it Bright's Disease, and promised to do what he could for her, but he, considering it a hopeless one. So did she, it seems, for what she says. "My children would have been motherless to-day if it had not been for Dr. Barbrick." Signed, Mrs. O. C. COLE.

"My wife and I both believe this certainly would have been the case if she had not made one supreme effort, and seen this wonderful physician." [ORRILL C. COLE.]

The reader will note that these cases are given more as proof of the arguments put forth in the first few sentences than as testimonials. I have naturally chosen a typical case to represent each disease, but if space would permit I could cite hundreds of people in the state of Vermont alone, who, like the above mentioned persons, sincerely believe I have saved their lives. I publish testimonials only by request or permission, my motive being as much in the interest of the sick and suffering as myself, for I believe that if I point out to hopeless sufferers a way to health, and thereby save life, I am not only furthering the interests of myself and my profession, but also doing a grand and humane work.

**FREE TO THE SICK.** I shall be in Montpelier, at the MONTELLIER HOUSE, for FOUR days only, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, May 12, 13, 14 and 15, and will consult with, examine, and advise all who call on me during this visit FREE OF CHARGE.

The following clipping from one of the state papers may be of interest to readers: The marvelous cures made by this wonderful physician and healer have attracted the attention of thousands of people in every walk of life, and have given to the sick and suffering new life and hope. The immense amount of work done by him in the state of Vermont alone during the past season and the stories of wonderful cures told by his patients and heard on every side are evidence of the great success he has met with. Dr. Barbrick, in speaking of his system of treatment, says: "For years I have been treating all forms of chronic, long standing, obscure and difficult diseases. By a method original with me and peculiarly my own, I have successfully treated cases all others have failed and cured cases that have been given up as incurable by other specialists and reputable physicians. This method consists of a systematic application of the true elements of Psycho-Neurotic healing in combination with the Rational Methods of Medicine and Surgery as practiced by me and which I claim to be the only scientific method of applying the healing art, as my own, I have necessary and progressive, safe in its application and positive in its results." Although he treats all forms of chronic, long standing, obscure and difficult diseases and cases more or less incurable cases, he wishes to thoroughly understand that if, after a careful examination of your case, I am in doubt as to the curability of it he will frankly tell you so, and by reserving the right to reject any or all cases. If you are sick remember the days and dates of the doctor's visit, and do not fail to call on him.

Reception Parlors especially arranged at the Montpelier House, May 12, 13, 14, 15. Hours, 9 A. M. to 8 P. M. Sunday, 10 to 4. Also in West Randolph, at the Red Lion Inn, Tuesday, May 10; Northfield, at the Northfield House, Wednesday, May 11; Barre, at the City Hotel, May 16 and 17; Waterbury, at the Waterbury House, Wednesday, May 18; Burlington, at the Van Ness House, May 19, 20, 21. Permanent Office, 210 Shawmut Avenue, Boston, Mass.

**LaGrippe,**

Followed by Heart Disease, Cured by DR. MILES' HEART CURE.



MR. C. G. SHULTS, of Winterport, Iowa, inventor and manufacturer of Shults' Safety Wireless Coupling, writes of Dr. Miles' Heart Cure. "Two years ago an attack of LaGrippe left me with a weak heart. I had run down in flesh to mere skin and bone. I could not sleep lying down, having raised fifteen pounds, and constant fear of sudden death, nothing could induce me to remain away from home over night. My local physician prescribed Dr. Miles' Heart Cure and in a few days I was able to sleep well and the pain gradually lessened, and finally ceased. I reduced the dress, having gained fifteen pounds, and am now feeling better in every way than I have for years."



Clearing the Ship for Action. The Process Set Forth So That Landlubbers Can Understand It.

The average citizen knows little about the magnitude of our modern ships of war, or of the processes by which they are operated. Very illuminating, therefore, is the following bit of description by a correspondent of *Leslie's Weekly*, writing from Old Point Comfort:

Retiring time on board a man-of-war is early, because of the early rising hour and the arduous labor of the day, and at nine o'clock very nearly all the men, except the few on watch, have retired. It was shortly after nine o'clock on the flagship Brooklyn. Forward, the hammocks were swinging, rocked gently by the roll of the ship. In the ward-room five or six officers sat reading, chatting and smoking. On the quarterdeck Lieutenant Doyle paced to and fro in silence, while in their respective cabins Commodore Schley and Capt. Cook and executive officer Lieut. Comdr. Mason sat awaiting a call that they alone knew would be made. The ship, sleeping on the bosom of the ocean, is in port dress and a striped flag was hoisted.

"A steamer's smoke on the port bow!" reports the man at lookout on the bridge. "All right. Can you make her out?" answers the officer of the deck. "A man-of-war, sir," answers the lookout. "Messenger, tell the captain and Mr. Mason," quietly responds Mr. Doyle. Mr. Mason comes on deck, and with Mr. Doyle, watches the boat through glasses.

"Call the musicians," says Mr. Mason sharply, to the messenger, and the musicians come. Still the big ship and its inmates sleep, still the officers in the wardroom chat and smoke, while others have already retired. Still Mr. Mason and Mr. Doyle keep the glasses up. "Sound the call to general quarters!" says Mr. Mason, and the drum rolls and a diaphanous trumpet shrill treble. Then comes a transformation that knows no equal for its suddenness of action and shifting of scene. From the quarters port forward, men dressing themselves as they come, never waiting for shoes or stockings. The siren shrieks forth its weird steam blast, the big gong clangs, the drum rolls, and before their clamor has ceased its echo every part of the ship, from the depths of the hold to the top of the military mast, is filled with active, bustling men. From both forward and aft bridges the bright search-lights have begun to work, and the rest of the fleet wake, quicker, almost, than thought, and the bugler blows "Silence!" while the men, at a fearful tension, the most difficult, nerve-testing period of the whole situation, await orders.

What has occurred during the three minutes consumed in putting this big engine of war in shape to hurl death and destruction is marvelous in its intensity, and a great tribute to the ability of Captain Cook and his corps of officers. It is hardly possible to recite its details, but here are some of its features as noticed by me as an eye-witness. At the note of warning 500 men have, in the first order, taken their various stations and begun the work of "clearing ship for action." In the three and one-half minutes consumed they have closed over 200 water-tight doors, thus making compartments that will keep the ship afloat, although some compartments may be injured. They have couched all the hose to the fire-plugs, covered the small boats with wet canvas to keep them from flying splinters if hit; put up splinter nets to rop about the pilot-house, gun-positions, and other exposed places; taken down davits, hand reefs and anchor-davits, and laid them on deck so as to give the guns a clear sweep; removed everything movable or destructible from deck; covered all hatches with steel covers; lowered all interfering ventilating pipes; dropped overboard small boats, gangways, pain-tubs and other deck furniture; lashed the anchors more securely; and furnished all the extra mechanical devices necessary for the service of the guns.

In the heart of the vessel the engineers have coupled the four big engines and turned steam on in the 75 auxiliary engines. All of the big boilers have been fired up and the smokers are pouring in coal; the dynamos have been put in service to work battle circuits; the turret turning engines tried; the ammunition hoist engines and steering engines, fire pumps and ventilating and force draught blowers made ready. Two-thirds of the engineer corps stay in the main engine and fire-rooms and one-third go to the auxiliary engines.

Magazines have been opened and preparation made for ammunition shipment to each of the 40 guns by the hoists and cars prepared for fast delivery. In the fighting tops of the military masts the men have hoisted up ammunition for the one-pounders, and are ready with their guns. On the bridges the signal men, range finders, and searchlight men have made ready and are at work. In the pilot-house or conning-tower the men are at the wheel, and others at the speaking-tubes and other devices controlling the ship by signal.

In the sick bay the surgeons have gotten out cases of glittering instruments, rolls of lint, splints, bandages and other gruesome suggestions of possible disaster and death to some. In the torpedo-rooms gratings have been removed, air pressure turned on for the purpose of charging air flasks; the heavy torpedoes rolled in and the tubes prepared. And lastly, the American flag, Old Glory, that has floated from the flag-staff at the stern of the ship, comes down with the staff, while two Old Glories take its place at the truck of each of the military masts, the breeze whistling through their folds defiance to an enemy.

Three minutes have elapsed. On the forward bridge Commodore Schley and Captain Cook stand watching the enemy's approach. "Silence!" blows the bugle, and there is death-like stillness. "Load!" comes another signal, and there is a second's bustle as the charges are rammed home in the big guns. Then "Silence!" again comes the order, and the guns are ready for use at the word "Fire!" But there is no firing and no enemy. Commodore Schley has tested his fleet and found it ready. Upon each ship exactly similar work has been done—a practical demonstration of the discipline in the United States navy.

**LOCAL EVIDENCE.**

**One Line of Montpelier Evidence is Worth a Column of Foreign Testimony.**

Make a mental note of this. The endorser is well known in Montpelier. His veracity is unquestioned. You are reading local evidence, investigating home testimony. Montpelier news for Montpelier people. Isn't it from Florida or Michigan. Suspicion can't lurk around it. Honestly is its prominent characteristic. Home endorsement its salient point.

Mr. L. B. Butterfield, of No. 41 Elm street, on a paved by the Cotton Mfg. Co., says: "I was working in the tangle room I have a great deal of lifting to do and the room is wet and damp. I think this was the cause of my kidney trouble of which I was a sufferer for the past three years. There was a urinary weakness which was very annoying and inconvenient at times. Sharp pains in the small of my back extended downwards and were worse during the night. I would often get up in the morning feeling lame and sore and out of sorts on account of being deprived of needed rest. If I did any hard lifting a sharp pain caught me in the back. My wife saw Doan's Kidney Pills advertised and I got a box at Lester H. Green's drug store. After taking them a few days I could see a change for the better and when I had finished the treatment my backache was gone. They cured the pain and other difficulties entirely. I have been about my work as usual since then and have not felt the least sign of my former difficulty. You can safely put my name down for one who has been cured by using Doan's Kidney Pills."

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

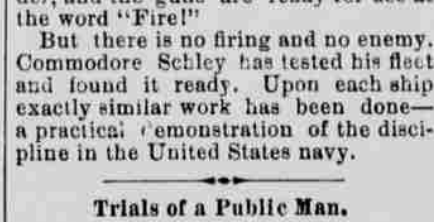
REMEMBER THE NAME DOAN'S AND TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.

**DEAFNESS**

Can be cured by Phono Pneumo Massage. Cataracts can be removed without pain. Send For Book!

**BELVIDERE Eye and Ear Sanatorium and Hospital.**

Office 49 Kirk Street, Lowell, Mass.



It has a clean cut, symmetrical look that pleases the eye and accords to which a chain wheel seems to be engendered and complicated. The construction of the new chainless wheel is simplicity itself.—Boston Journal.

"The factory that has turned out this novel idea is more than twice as large as any bicycle establishment in existence, and for twenty years it has produced an unbroken series of successes."—Chicago Inter-Ocean. "It will run longer with a single turn of the crank than the fastest running wheel now in use."—Philadelphia Press. "All the driving mechanism is enclosed, so that it is impossible for dust to get in the bearings."—New Orleans Picayune. "The wheel runs smoothly, easily and is admirable in up-grade work. It's a heavy, and no mistake."—Columbia Commercial. "It costs more to be sure, but then good things always come high."—Evening Gazette, Haverhill, Mass. "The wheel is a model of grace and beauty."—Buffalo American.

"Finest bicycle ever made and easiest to propel."—New York Press.

POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn. Catalogue free from any Columbia dealer, or by mail for one-cent stamp.

**F. E. LANG,**

Columbia Dealer, - - Montpelier, Vt.

consumption reaps his richest harvest where diseases of the throat and lungs are neglected. **HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TAR**

If you have ever tried Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar you know what a safe-guard against throat and lung troubles. Sold by druggists. Pike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.

**M. W. Wheelock's Real Estate Agency**

AND INTELLIGENCE OFFICE, AT MONTELLIER BOOK BINDERY.

Have bargains in houses, lots and other valuable property. Places wanted for first class electric, male, hotel cook, girls for house work, laundry work, etc. No expense for registering.

**LADIES Who Have Used Them Recommend as the BEST DR. KEEFE'S Hair Growth Brandy PENNYROYAL PILLS.** Immediate relief, no danger, no pain. Used for years by leading specialists. Absorption of food, and prevention of other troubles, the cure of indigestion. Send ten cents for sample and book. All druggists or by mail, BOSTON, MASS. KING MEDICINE CO., Box 1950, BOSTON, MASS.

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**SOLDIER'S BUDGET.**

War Hor-es.

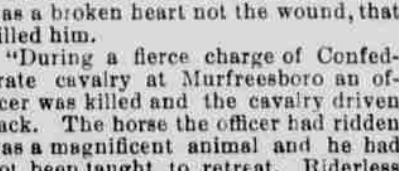
"It is remarkable how quickly horses adapt themselves to the military service," said an old soldier. "Every artilleryman knows that they learn the bugle calls and the evolutions quicker than the men, as a rule. They soon acquire a uniform gait, which is about the same as what we call the route step or the usual marching step. If the horses did not acquire the same gait as the infantry there would be varying distances between the different arms of the service—that is, between the infantry and the cavalry, artillery and the command—and their escorts. In the drills in the artillery service the horses will preserve their alignment as well as the infantry rank."

"I shall always remember one illustration of this trait which I noted at a very exciting and critical moment of a battle during our civil war. In order to save some of our infantry from being surrounded and captured the commander of one of our batteries quickly mounted the cannoners on the guns and put the whole battery at a dead gallop across a stretch of meadow about half a mile wide. I was quite accustomed to such sights; but when that dashing company was half way across the field I noticed the inspiring array, and for a moment was lost in rapt admiration of the magnificent picture. Every driver was plying whip and spur, the great guns were rocking and thundering over the ground, and every man was plying his gun with foam and full animation and excitement, was straining every muscle as he galloped forward, yet a straight line drawn along in front would have touched the noses of the lead horses in front of the six guns. That was an artillery charge, one of the most thrilling sights in the evolutions of the war."

"It is surprising how quickly horses learn the bugle calls. Let the first note of the feed or water call be sounded, and instantly there will be a stamping, kicking and neighing among the horses. Once during a terrible night storm in camp, our horses were seized with such terror that those of nearly every battery broke loose and scattered about. The next morning there was a wild rush among the artillerymen to catch the horses for use. All was excitement, and the horses refused to be caught. An officer ordered the bugler to give the feed call. Horses from every direction came dashing in to the battery, and the rest was so good that it was with difficulty the men could get out of the way of the eager horses. "When it comes to a battle horse seems to know everything that is going on and the reason for it, and does his duty nobly. He enters into the spirit of a battle like a human being. He shows no fear of death, no sign of being overcome by panic in all the wild tumult of the battle's roar. A horse in one of our batteries during the Murrefreesboro fight was hit by a shell, which split his skull so that one side was lacerated. The driver turned the horse loose, but he walked up to the side of the gun and watched the firing, and when a shot was fired follow it with his gaze as if to note its effect on the enemy. When a shell would burst near by he would turn his head and look at it. When he saw the team he had worked with being driven back for ammunition he ran to his old place and galloped back with the rest. When an officer pushed him aside to have another horse put in, gazed at the new one with a most sorrowful expression in his eyes. Then he seemed to realize that the glory of battle was no more for him, and he walked away and lay down and died. The officer declared that it was a broken heart not the wound, that killed him. "During a fierce charge of Confederate cavalry at Murrefreesboro an officer was killed and the cavalry driven back. The horse the officer had ridden was a magnificent animal and he had not been taught to retreat. Rideless he kept on his way and as he passed through the ranks he pulled the reins of him that followed, and his nostrils were extended wide, his eyes fairly blazed and he clutched the bit determinedly, with his teeth as he came on like the wind, with his saddle flaps flying until he looked as if he were himself flying instead of wildly running. Every one gave him room as he dashed toward us. An officer shouted that he would give \$100 to any one who would capture that superb animal, but all seemed too much bound up in admiration of the noble beast to make the effort, and he sped on and disappeared in the blue distance."

**ONE MINUTE COUGH CURE**

cures quickly. That is what it was made for. Prompt, safe, sure, quick relief, quick cure. Pleasant to take. Children like it and adults like it. Mothers buy it for their children. Prepared by E. C. DeWitt & Co., makers of Dr. DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous Gripitis.



**PATENTS**

Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained and all Patents prosecuted with speed and success. Our Office is opposite U. S. Patent Office and we can secure patents in less time than those of any other office. Send model, drawing or photo, with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee for the patent is returned if it is not patented. "How to Obtain Patents," with cost of same in the U. S. and foreign countries, from C. A. Snow & Co.

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Opp. Patent Office, Washington D. C.

**TIME TABLES.**

Montpelier & Wells River R. R. The White Metal ("Aluminum") Line. Time Table, in effect Monday, Nov. 2, 1897. Trains leaving Montpelier run as follows: 8:10 a. m. MAIL, connects at Wells River with train for South Passumpsic Division. Also with express train for White Mountains Division, and mail train for Plymouth, Concord and Boston. 1:10 p. m. EXPRESS, connects at Wells River with express mail train for St. Johnsbury, Newport and Montreal. Also with express train for Plymouth, Concord and Boston. 4:15 p. m. ACCOMMODATION, connects at Wells River with express mail train for St. Johnsbury and Lyndonville. Also with express train for Plymouth Junction and way stations. Also with express train for Littleton, Whitefield, Ferrisburgh, Lancaster, and Groton.

**BARRE TRAINS.**

Leave Montpelier for Barre at 6:30 A. M., 9:30 A. M., 1:30 P. M., 4:30 P. M., 7:30 P. M. Arrive Barre at 7:00 A. M., 10:00 A. M., 2:00 P. M., 5:00 P. M., 8:00 P. M. Leave Barre for Montpelier at 7:30 A. M., 9:00 A. M., 1:30 P. M., 4:30 P. M., 7:30 P. M. Arrive Montpelier at 8:30 A. M., 11:00 A. M., 3:30 P. M., 6:30 P. M.

**Central Vermont Railroad.**

Commenting January 24, 1898. Trains Going South and East will Leave Montpelier as follows: 8:05 A. M. MAIL, for Pittsburg, Boston, Springfield and New London and New York. Wagner Parlor Car to Boston. 12:30 P. M. FAST TRAIN, for Boston via Lowell and New York. Wagner Parlor Car to Boston. 5:50 P. M. PASSENGER, for White River Junction, connecting with mixed train for Windsor. 12:40 A. M. EXPRESS, for Boston via Lowell and all points in New England, New York and South. Wagner Sleepers to Boston and Springfield. Trains Going North and West: 9:50 P. M. EXPRESS, for Montreal and the whole week days for Ogdensburg, Richford and Ottawa. 10:15 A. M. PASSENGER, for Burlington, Rutland, St. Albans, Richford and House Point, making connections for Rutland, Troy, Albany and New York. 8:50 P. M. PASSENGER, for Burlington, St. Albans, Montreal, New York and Ogdensburg. Wagner Parlor Car to Montreal without change. 5:00 P. M. EXPRESS, for Burlington, St. Albans, Montreal, Chicago without change. Due in Chicago 9:10 P. M., next night. Connects at Essex Junction for Troy, Albany and New York. Through tickets to Chicago and all points West for sale at the principal stations. Suburban Train Service: Leave Montpelier at 8:00 A. M., 11:00 A. M., 1:30 P. M., 4:30 P. M., 7:00 P. M. Arrive at Barre, twenty minutes after leaving time. Leave Barre at 8:00 A. M., 11:00 A. M., 1:30 P. M., 4:30 P. M. Arrive at Montpelier, twenty minutes after leaving time. Trains leave for Williamstown at 12:35 P. M. and 1:30 P. M. Daily, Sundays included. +Sundays only. All passenger trains will stop at the Pioneer Works, to take or leave passengers who are hitchhiking. F. W. BALDWIN, General Superintendent. S. W. CUMMINGS, General Passenger Agent.

**Drew Pay, But Did No Work.**

"Fancy a fellow picking your pocket and asking for a 'charakter,'" said a business man the other day. "That's been my experience. I hired a young man about a month ago to solicit orders for me on commission, with \$20 a week guarantee. As he turned nothing in after a fortnight I began to suspect he was working for another firm and doing nothing to earn the \$20, so I told him that if no order materialized by the end of the week he must not