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Business Directory.

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34tf

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The only $3 SEAMLESS Shoe in the world, without tacks or nails.
Finest Calf, perfect fit, and warranted. Congress, Button and Lace, all styles too. As stylish, easy and durable as those costing $6 or $7. Boys' all wear the W. L. DOUGLAS $3 Shoe.
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Leads the world as a cure for
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Read the following sworn statement of a remarkable case.
DR. G. S. GREEN & CO.—I take pleasure in recommending your Blood Purifier and Nerve Tonic. In August, 1886, I began taking it for scrofulous swelled neck. At the time I could not bend my neck or move my head, and was unable to wear a collar owing to the size of my neck. Now my neck is well and natural in size. I used five bottles in about seven months' time. Had been treated for it previously by physicians to no effect. MARIA O. MARSH.
E. Greensboro, Vt., Aug. 30, 1886.
STATE OF VERMONT, } At Greensboro, this
Orleans County, ss. } 30th day of August, A. D. 1886, personally appeared before me Maria O. Marsh, a person well known to me and entitled to credit, and made oath to the statement above subscribed to by her.
Before me, W. W. GOSS, Justice of the Peace.
The Greatest Blood Remedy Known
excelled in its composition!
Unequalled in its effects!
Unparalleled in its success!
Unrivalled in its merits
Price $1.00 per bottle, six bottles for $5.00. All druggists have it.
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A PREDICTION THAT
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Has just what you want to give for a
CHRISTMAS PRESENT!
Something that will be a benefit to the receiver. A
SUIT!
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SILK MUFFLER,
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CAPS, fancy and otherwise, for children and older ones.
Anything in the line of Boys' or Gentlemen's
CLOTHING
MAY BE FOUND AT
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GENERAL NOTES.

The Duke of Torloma, Syndice of Rome, has been dismissed for requesting the Vicar of Rome to convey to the Pope the city's jubilee greetings.

The New Hampshire Republicans are evidently wide awake, earnest and well organized. The problem of forming a distinct connection with the National League of Republican Clubs without creating new and perhaps conflicting organizations will probably yield a ready solution to the good sense and discretion of those who have it under consideration.

Lord Stanley who has accepted the Governor Generalship of Canada brother and heir of the Earl of Derby is 46 years old and has been in Parliament since 1865. He has been Lord of the Admiralty, Financial Secretary of the War Office, Secretary to the Treasury and Secretary of State for War under Disraeli's two administrations. Secretary of State for the Colonies in Lord Salisbury's first Cabinet and President of the Board of Trade in the present Government. He was made a Baron last year. He married Lady Constance Villiers.

The Catholic World quotes and commends the declaration of Father Kinnerny of Pawtucket, R. I., that the public schools were 'heartless, headless and godless.' It says that things will never work well till the system is divided and diversified to suit different interests and made broader, so that all citizens may be able to adopt it. This frank utterance of the Catholic World is just what we would have. A plain acknowledgement of the Roman Catholic purpose will do more than anything else to strengthen the position of the friends of the public schools and damage the cause of their assailants. The real animus of the crusade against our American educational system cannot stand the light of day.

The Democrats are very much stirred up over the mention of Phil Sheridan's name for Presidency, and are attempting to show that he was born in Ireland He was born in Ohio, and in the list of Republican candidates is not more than twenty miles away.

It is proposed to form a students' missionary association for the United States and Canada among the school-colleges and theological seminaries of the Episcopal church. A preliminary convention to this end is to be held at the General Theological Seminary, New York, Jan. 13 and 14.

Judge Allen B. Morse was recently given a reception in Washington. There were present besides Judge Morse, Congressman Henderson of North Carolina and John B. Tarsney of St. Louis. After he cloth had been cleared Congressman Henderson arose and gave utterance to expressions which caused the greatest excitement. He told the guests that he gloried in the fact that he has been a rebel. Finally he said: "I am glad to say that I represent a district (the district of Salisbury) where 30,000 Union soldiers rotted within the city limits." He was proceeding farther when Mr. Tarsney made a rush for the speaker and clutched him by the throat. "You scoundrel," shouted Mr Tarsney "I was a Union Soldier, and if no one else here will resent your insults I will take back what you said about the Union soldiers murdered in your prison or I'll choke the life out of you." The guests interferred, and Mr. Henderson apologized to the party.

SALE'S HONEY is the best Cough Cure, 25, 50c., $1. QUEEN'S SULPHUR SOAP heals and beautifies, 25. THE ANT CORN REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions, 25. BUCK'S HAIR & WHISKER DYE—Black & Brown, 50. BURKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in 1 Minute, 25. SWEAN'S RHEUMATIC PILLS are a sure cure, 50.

FARMERS AND THE TARIFF.

The current number of Harper's Magazine has a lengthy but interesting article by Henry Watterson, the able editor of the Louisville Courier Journal, which advocates a tariff for revenue only. The argument is specious and misleading and has all the dapdoodle which the foes to protection are in the habit of feeding their disciples upon. Mr. Watterson either discredits or ignores all the facts and figures which show how the country has developed and prospered under the protective system, although they are incontestable; and in fact his whole argument is conclusive of nothing except th show that his devotion to free trade theories outweighs all consideration of fairness and candor in dealing with the subject. Senator Edmunds, who is to reply to Mr. Watterson in the February number of Harper's, has a fine opportunity to demolish the Kentucky editor's assumptions and fallacies.

One of the most extraordinary statements in Mr. Watterson's article is that the tariff affords no protection to farmers. The editor of the free trade Chicago Tribune has also declared recently that western farmers have no protection for their products. It speaks well for the courage of these gentlemen that they make this statement with all the facts and solid argument against them but it is not creditable to their intelligence and candor. We find that the tariff on agricultural products embraces the following duties: Wheat twenty cents per bushel; corn and oats, ten cents; rye and barley, fifteen cents; rice, two and one half cents per pound; butter and cheese, four cents per pound; potatoes, fifteen cents per bushel; poultry, ten per cent; peas and beans, ten to twenty per cent; tobacco, manufactured, thirty-five cents per pound, and unstemmed, fifty cents per pound; sugar, from two to five cents, as to quality; on horses, cows, bulls, oxen, steers, calves, sheep, lambs, goats, hogs and pigs, twenty per cent of their value, except when imported for breeding purposes when they are admitted free; beef and pork, one cent per pound; mutton, ten per cent; wool, from ten to twelve cents per pound, and from ten to twelve per cent *ad valorem*; hay, twenty per cent of its value; hops, eight cents per pound calf-skins, twenty per cent, and on hemp, $25 per ton. It is not a common sense view to maintain that the imposition of these duties is of no benefit to our farmers.

But this is not all. The true and logical view is that the home market is more certain and profitable to our farmers than a foreign ones. The enormous extension of manufactures in the United States under a protective tariff has created a home demand for all but eight percent of our farm products. It is undeniable that while tariff has lowered the cost of what the workingman has to consume in the aggregate it has raised the price of that portion of it produced by the farmer. It is assumed by free trade advocates that the average duty imposed on foreign products imported into the United Stated, which is put at forty-six per cent, represents the excess which consumers are obliged to pay upon all articles so covered. But no one has been able to figure out that the actual enchancement of the price to the consumer was more than one-tenth of forty six per cent, because foreign manufacturers and exporters assume a good part of the burden themselves in order to gain a market for their goods in this country. But for the tariff their goods would come much higher to the buyers here.—[Watchman.

ARNICA TO MOTHERS—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the U. S., and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. [Advertisement.]

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP
Cures Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption, and relieves consumptive persons in advanced stages of the disease. Price 25 cts. Genuine. The Genuine Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is sold only in white wrappers, and bears our registered Trade Marks to wit: A Bull's Head in a Circle, a Red-Stripe Caution-Label, and the fac-simile signatures of John W. Bull & A. C. Meyer & Co., Sole Props, Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.
Chew Lange's Plugs—The great Tobacco Antidote!—Price 10 Cts.—Sold by all Druggists.

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When the food does not digest, but ferments and sours, it causes a burning sensation. This is a step in the direction of
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It can be cured—safely and surely—with
DR. SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS,
which will put all the digestive organs in healthy condition.
For Sale by all Druggists. Price 25 cts. per box; 5 boxes for 65 cts; or sent by mail, postage free, on receipt of price. Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son, Philad'a.

"Did n't Know 't was Loaded"

May do for a stupid boy's excuse; but what can be said for the parent who sees his child languishing daily and fails to recognize the want of a tonic and blood-purifier? Formerly, a course of bitters, or sulphur and molasses, was the rule in well-regulated families; but now all intelligent households keep **Ayer's Sarsaparilla,** which is at once pleasant to the taste, and the most searching and effective blood medicine ever discovered.

Nathan S. Cleveland, 27 E. Canton st., Boston, writes: "My daughter, now 21 years old, was in perfect health until a year ago when she began to complain of fatigue, headache, debility, dizziness, indigestion, and loss of appetite. I concluded that all her complaints originated in impure blood, and induced her to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine soon restored her blood-making organs to healthy action, and in due time reestablished her former health. I find Ayer's Sarsaparilla a most valuable remedy for the lassitude and debility incident to spring time."

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Ayer's Sarsaparilla,
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

SULPHUR BITTERS
The Greatest Blood Purifier KNOWN.
This Great German Medicine is the cheapest and best. 128 doses of SULPHUR BITTERS for $1.00, less than one cent a dose. It will cure the worst cases of skin disease, from a common pimple on the face to that awful disease Scrofula. SULPHUR BITTERS is the best medicine to use in all cases of such stubborn and deep seated diseases. Do not ever take BLUE PILLS or mercury, they are dead ly. Place your trust in SULPHUR BITTERS, the purest and best medicine ever made.
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The Invalid's Friend. The young, the aged and infirm find SULPHUR BITTERS a fine thick, rich tonic. Its use. Remember what you read here, it may save your life, it has saved hundreds. Don't wait until to-morrow, but get some at once, it will cure you. Sulphur Bitters is Your Kidneys are out of order. Use SULPHUR BITTERS. If you are sick, no matter what ails you, use Sulphur Bitters! Don't wait until you are unable to walk, or are flat on your back, but get some at once, it will cure you. Sulphur Bitters is Your Liver out of order. Use SULPHUR BITTERS. Don't Wait!
Try a Bottle To-day!
Are you low spirited and weak, or suffering from the excesses of youth? If so, SULPHUR BITTERS will cure you.
Send 3 2-cent stamps to A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass., for best medical work published.

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ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD IN HEAD, CATARRH, HAY-FEVER, DEAFNESS, HEADACHE. PRICE 50 CTS. ELY BROS. OWEGO, N.Y. U.S.A.
Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.
HAY-FEVER TRY the CURE.
A particle is applied into each nostril; no pain, agreeable to use. Price 50c. by mail or at druggists. Send for circular. ELY BROS. Druggists, Owego, N. Y. 43

4 DECADES
HAVE COME AND GONE SINCE THE SUFFERERS FROM COLDS, COUGHS, LUNG AND BRONCHIAL TROUBLES FIRST WERE BY THE USE OF WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, AND YET IT TIMES NOT OF CURING. SEE THAT "I. BUTTS" IS ON THE WRAPPER.
WISTAR'S BALSAM WILD CHERRY

RICHLY Rewarded are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, old or young; capital not needed; we start you.—Everything new. No special ability required; you reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us and learn all about the work that is to make fortune at once. Address STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. 49 1

A PROMPT SOLUTION.

It was a typical country store. There were soap and pins, and needles and better paper, red back combs and paper collars and suspenders in glass cases in the front, crockery and calico and tinware and overalls and cowhide boots displayed on the shelves, and butter and dried beef and buckwheat and kerosene and molasses and codfish in friendly confusion in the rear. Its motly variety was indeed, a necessity. Lamphier's was the one store of Unionville.

If Lamphier's was the typical country store Lottie Lamphier was not the typical country store keeper's daughter.

So John Stockham, Mr. Tamphier's clerk from the next town, had though when he saw her tripping into the store one morning after a spool of thread and a pound of coffee. She was her father's housekeeper.

She had seemed to John, in her crisp pink calico and her natty straw hat, the most jauntily stylish girl he had ever seen, as well as the prettiest.

That was four months ago. Lottie came down to the store frequently. Of course it was a necessity that she should for something was always needed at the house.

Certainly John was far too modest to dream that his presence could have the remotest influence on her comings and goings.

But he had not neglected his opportunities. He had talked to her as he tied up her sugar or rolled up her lining cambric, and smiled at her over the kerosene can and molasses barrel, and Lottie had not been prudishly backward in responding. The first snow found them very good friends indeed.

The one blot on this extremely pleasant companionship was Mr. Lamphier. Whether Mr. Lamphier was guilty of the notion that his clerk was an undesirable party, and therefore a dangerous companion for his daughter, or whether he was possessed of an ignoble fear of the loss of a good housekeeper, or whether he had developed a streak of the unreason and contrariness not entirely unknown to old gentlemen who are undergoing their first touches of rheumatism and feeling the need of an older pair of glasses—What Mr. Lamphier's motive was was doubtful.

But he was plainly opposed to John Stockham's growing admiration for his daughter.

The scene which took place one snowy December morning had come to be a common one.

Lottie came down to the store at half past eight. It was earlier than she generally came, and the fact accounted for the blackness of Mr. Lamphier's frown.

Her new brown dress was extraordinarily stylish and becoming, and John fairly blushed with delighted admiration at the sight of her.

Lottie had nothing to get but a pound of rice, and it was impossible to be very long about getting that. But Lottie was a young person of ways and means.

Good morning, Mr. Stockham, she called out cheerily.

John was replenishing the fire at the back of the store.

Good morning, Miss Lamphier,' he rejoined with subdued enthusiasm.

Mr. Lamphier's sharp eyes were upon him, and he did not venture to join her.

What are these, pa? cried Lottie, immediately Do come and show me how they work, Mr. Stockham.

They were patent mouse traps. It was improbable that Lottie was ignorant of their function or that John believed that she was, but he got himself to the front of the store with alacrity.

It's the loveliest weather, Mr. Stockham, Lottie observed, forgetting the mouse trap Elegant!

Is it? said John, not brilliantly but devotedly, looking his admiration on Lottie's bright eyes and red cheeks.

Oh, yes; the snow's a foot deep, and I had to wade, but I like that.

Do you like walking alone—by your self? John ventured,

Oh, well, I suppose it would be pleasanter with somebody along, she responded with her eyes on a row of stove polish boxes.

I should say so, decidedly, said John growing bolder.

Stockham? Mr Lamphier called snappishly, please attend to customers.

The customers' consisted of old Dan Murdock, who came regularly to sit over the stove, but never bought anything; but John was obedient.

There was a period of silence, and then a clatter from the front.

Oh, goodness! cried Lottie, in a tone of horror, I've knocked down a box of curtain fixtures. Mercy! do help me to pick them up.

John rushed to her side. He did not know whether she had knocked them off purposely, but he hoped she had.—Lottie knew, but she looked quite innocently regretful.

They groped about together for the missing curtain fixtures among the old boxes under the counter. Occasionally their hands touched each other.

We'll never find them all, said Lottie

I hope we won't. I'm willing to keep on hunting, John rejoined with a sly, shy glance at the pretty face near him.

I've got a lot of things to do at home, said Lottie; smiling back at him. I am running a new hat—

You couldn't improve on that one, John put in with another admiring glance.

And if I'm going to have rice pudding for dinner it ought to be going on, said she musingly.

But she kept on feeling aimlessly about for curtain fixtures.

I'd be glad to walk home with you if my time was my own, said John, wistfully.

You've never been to the house, have you?

You've never invited me, John said, with a gentle reproach. Not that I'd dare to come if you did, he added with a faint motion of his head toward Mr Lamphier.

Lottie sighed.

If you could get an evening off, she suggested timidly. Pa isn't home until half past ten or so, and—

John turned a radiantly grateful face upon her.

You know I'd be delighted, Miss Lottie, he almost gasped. I'd—

Stockham? Mr. Lamphier's voice was alarmingly near. I want that box of spices opened immediately.

Mr. Lamphier's head projected itself over the counter. He glared down at the startled pair beneath it.

John looked at Lottie. There was a daring light in his eyes.

I'll come this evening.

He formed the words inaudibly with his lips, and hurried away.

Mr. Lamphier slapped the package of rice on the counter frowningly.

Lottie brushed off her dress, readjusted her veil, extracted a piece of citron from a jar and nibbled at it and went out with a parting smile for John Stockham.

If Lottie put on her best dress and her prettiest ruchings and her silver hair pin and bracelets that evening after her pa had gone back to the store, and if some body knocked at the kitchen door at 8 o'clock, and if the kitchen resounded for two hours thereafter with pleasant chat and harmless bandinage and light hearted laughter—if these things occurred surely it was nobody's business.

I don't need to tell you how I've enjoyed the evening, Miss Lamphier, said John earnestly, as he rose at last lingeringly. I know I shouldn't have come: but—I couldn't help it, and I can't be I did.

Certainly not, said Lottie, with pretty warmth.

I should like to come again, John pursued; but of course this isn't the right why—

I don't care—so now! said Lottie vaguely. If pa will be so unreasonable, I don't know what else we can do. Goodness, what is that, John?

She spilled the air apprehensively.

John sniffed too.

I've smoked he declared.

Mercy! where?

We'll have to investigate, said John, as he took off the lamp.

They went into the back entry, and found it blue with smoke, Lottie gave a little scream.

Something's afire, said John. Don' be alarmed, Miss Lamphier, he added, solicitously.

He opened the wood house door.—They were choked by the rush of smoke and hot air. Their startled gaze revealed one side of the wood house alive with licking, darting flames.

John Stockham's practical mind was working quickly.

Where's the sink, Miss Lamphier? he demanded, and a water pail—two if possible. We'll have to work sharp to stop it. It's got a good start.

They did work. They rushed to and fro with heavy pails of water, half blinded by the smoke, hot from the flames, dripping with spilled water.

At the end of a confused fifteen minutes they sat down, exhausted and dizzy in the doorway and surveyed the scene.

One wall of the woodhouse was burned black. At one point the moonlight was streaming in through a hole made by the flames,

It shone on the recumbent form of red faced, browsy and obviously inebriated tramp, sleeping peacefully on a pile of kindling wood. It shone on a dirty clay pipe thrust into a little mound of shavings, which were still smouldering. It shone, furthermore, on Mr Lamphier standing in the wood house door and staring in.

Lottie was more than equal to the occasion, She was not a person to let a golden opportunity escape her.

She rushed over to her father and put both hands around his arms with a tragic little shriek.

Oh, pa! she cried, just look! Just imagine what you've escaped! The house would have been burned down in another minute—in one minute-all burned down! Mr. Stockham has saved it. If he hadn't been here and we hadn't smelled smoke and come out there, found the wood house all ablaze and worked like crazy to put it out, just think what would have happened! It was that horrid tramp. He'd got in here somehow and gone to sleep smoking, and his horrid pipe had set things on fire. I'm so glad Mr. Stockham was here—ain't you pa, dear?

Mr. Lamphier looked at his daughter and then at Stockham and at the blackened wall and at the serenely slumbering tramp.

Ah, yes! he responded. It was fortunate you happened along, Stockham.

There was a tinge of irony in his tone and some grimness in his smile, but Lottie did not mind that—nor did John Stockham.

They realized that by a fortunate turn of events Mr. Lamphier was defeated and made to appreciate and admit the fact.

They cared little for the burned beams and their dripping clothes; the slumbering tramp seemed to be an angel in disguise.

Well, it's the way to do, Lottie declared a few weeks later, when she and John Stockham were safely engaged and Mr. Lamphier had given them his blessing and intimated that he'd thought of taking a partner and that John might possibly do; it's the way to do. If we'd just stood back as meek as mice and waited for pa to come round and invite you up to the house—mercy! I can not bear to think of it!

AN INTERESTING DIAGRAM.

Commence in the centre of the following diagram and read in any direction and the answer is the same, viz: James G Blaine. The diagram may be read in more than 500 ways from the center:

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—[Chicago Tribune.

MARKETING IN THE UNITED STATES OF COLUMBIA.

The markets in South American cities are situated in the largest *plazas*, Beef is sometimes good, but as the average South American does not scruple to use an animal that has met an accidental death, families sojourning there prefer to buy their beef of a resident who has killed a steer for his own use. Owing to the scanty supply of ice and the intense heat all meat soon spoils, and the natives depend largely upon *tasajo* or jerked beef. This is beef salted and hung in the intense heat of the tropical sun, where it soon dries, but acquires a very disagreeable odor. It is, however, preferred to fresh beef by native South Americans and a certain quantity of *tasajo* is imported to New York markets every season to supply South Americans who are residing in that city. In Bogota *tasajo* is fried and boiled, the favorite modes of cooking with native cooks. Mutton and lamb are found in market, but they are stringy and poor. Chickens vary in quality. No care is given fowls in South America. They are left to run wild and are apt to be tough. The native cooks remedy this toughness by boiling the chicken till it is in shreds and nearly flavorless. My adventuresome little friend, who attempted to go to church without a mantilla, visited the market with an escort. Her face was closely swathed in the detestable head-covering and she could not exactly see where she was stepping. Suddenly she found under her feet the most nideous green lizard, shorter than a small alligator, but fully three feet long. 'An iguana,' explained her husband when she had recovered from her fright. That ends marketing here,' she said, but I was afterward amused to hear she had become quite fond of iguana's eggs. This lizard is a favorite article of food; its flesh is similar to frog-legs in flavor. It is kept in the cottages of the poor, as a domestic animal, chiefly for the sake of the eggs. It is a harmless little creature which plays with the children and runs about the rafters of the cottage with the pet monkey. The natives never allow its eggs used for food to be deposited, but at certain times they cut a slit in the side of the creature and remove the string of eggs. The animal crawls away and in a day or two the wound heals and it seems to suffer no inconvenience. I confess these eggs seem very unpalatable, but they are regarded as a great delicacy and are eaten with avidity by everyone. Even the monkeys devour them with relish. They are quite similar in flavor to turtle's eggs.

There is plenty of good fish in South America. The dorado fish is very abundant and so unwary of the fisherman that the natives simply tie a piece of plantain to a string and it swims ashore and is easily taken with a hand-net. Shell fish are poor in quality. The shells of South American oysters are so soft that they crumble at the touch and are hopelessly mixed with the oyster. There are soft shell crabs in market about the size of a dollar. There is no vinegar; the juice of the lime, a delicious substitute, takes the place of vinegar. The only butter in market is canned Danish butter, which retails as $2.00 a pound. It is excellent in flavor, but where it is too expensive for ordinary use, olive oil takes its place. The markets at Christmas time present a very festive appearance and are gaily dressed with branches of Mandarin orange trees in fruit and flower.—[Amy C. Shanks, in Good Housekeeping.

Boston Mamma—You musn't speak of your legs, Flossie, when we have company. It isn't polite.

Flossie—What should I say, mamma, drumsticks?

LAURA BRIDGEMAN.

How Judge Barrett Discovered the Unfortunate Girl and Found for Her a Benefactor.

To the Editor of the Herald:—The reference to myself in your recent notice of the 50th anniversary of the life of Laura Bridgeman, at the Perkins Institute for the Blind, located in South Boston, Mass., has caused interested inquiries of me as to particulars. Several years ago a brief statement was printed in the Vermont Standard, and reprinted in the Rutland Herald. Those inquiries lead me to make a brief restatement.

In May, 1837—being then a junior in Dartmouth College—I was helping the selectmen of Hanover in making up assessments and tax bills. The business was done at Mr. Bridgeman's—Laura's father—some seven miles from the college, where I spent several days. I then saw Laura—a very sprightly child, some seven or eight years old—deaf, dumb, blind and destitute of the sense of smell. This condition was caused by scarlet fever, when she was two or three years old.

The interest excited by thus seeing her caused me to state the case to Dr Muzzy, then at the head of Dartmouth Medical college, and to ask him to see her. He did so. We then conferred as to whether there was any place or means for treating the case, with a view to ameliorating her condition in life. He told me of the Perkins institute, and of Dr. Howe, who had it in charge. By my request he wrote to Dr. Howe. In response, Dr Howe went to Hanover on the occasion of the commencement in July of that year and was introduced to me by Dr. Muzzy. I thereupon carried him to Mr. Bridgeman's and introduced him to the family, stating the purpose of our visit and how it had come to be made. Negotiations and arrangements ensued that resulted in Laura's going into the care of Dr. Howe at the institute, where, in the course of 50 years just elapsed, she has developed into the wonderful historic and personal character now long known to the intelligent world.

This answers the question very often asked, "How did Laura happen to be taken in charge by Dr. Howe?" Except the statement published as above mentioned, in the Standard and the Herald, I have seen no suggestion on the subject in any thing that has been printed about her. Perhaps this may not be entirely without interest to some of Dr. Howe's surviving friends. JAMES BARRETT.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure.
This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariable cures the worst cases of Cough, Croup and Bronchitis, while its wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without a parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a cough we earnestly ask you to try it. Price 10 cent, 50 cents and $1. If your lungs are sore, chest or back lame, use Shiloh's Porus Plaster. Sold by J. T. Shurtleff, Bennington.

THE ATTEMPTED STRIKE ON THE READING RAILROAD.

There is good reason for the belief that the convention of Reading railroad employes, which, contrary to the general expectation, has ordered a strike of the freight train men and coal handlers is very far from being a representative body. It probably contains, as such conventions almost always do, the hot-headed and loose tongued members of the labor organizations along the line of the railroad, who are chosen as delegates, not because of their sound judgment and acquaintance with their fellow workman, but because as their prominence as agitators. As long as the Knights of Labor were a compact and well disciplined army, to disobey which was a terrible thing, these agitators had it pretty much their own way, and generally succeeded in dragging their conservative and more prudent brethren into any strike which they might see fit to order. Times have changed since Martin Irons's word paralyzed the business of the whole section of the country. With all their boastings it would seem that the chiefs of the Reading strike are doomed to a bitter disappointment. The rank and file of their order are no longer willing to obey their commands without question. They think for themselves again, see that public opinion is against a strike, and disearn the vast army of the unemployed eager to step into their places if they leave them. As a last resort the 30,000 Reading miners may be called on to join the strike, and if they obey the order serious embarrassment is certain to ensue. Present indications are that the strike will utterly collapse before its promoters can go to this extreme. If it does, the disagreement of the corporation and its employes will be merely prolonged, to break out in an open rupture again at any time. What the public interests—and these are paramount—demand is a final settlement of the present controversy acceptable to both parties to it. Such a settlement the people of this corner of the country have a perfect right to demand of the Reading officials and their workmen.

As to the incendiary circular of the German Socialists of New York, it would seem hardly to deserve a mention in connection with the strike. It is issued at this particular time for the same reason that Spies, Parsons and their fellow conspirators seized on the troubles in the Chicago stock yards and packing houses to push their fatal propagandism. This Socialistic utterance is far from likely to stir to arson and bloodshed men who, when they ordered their strike, took prompt occasion to offer $2000 as a reward for testimony to convict any man who may use use violence to the Reading property.—[Boston Journal.

Answer This Question.
Why do so many people we see around us seem to prefer to suffer and be made miserable by indigestion, constipation, dizziness, loss of appetite, coming up of the food, yellow skin, when for 75 cents we will sell them Shiloh's System Vitalizer, guaranteed to cure them. Sold by J. T. Shurtleff, Bennington, Vt.

THE GREAT FLOOD IN CHINA.

For nearly three months past an immense area of northeastern China, which before was a fertile, densely populated plain, has been a lake of muddy water. Eleven cities are reported inundated and an unknown host of the teeming Chinese population are without homes or means of subsistence. The Chinese government has taken steps to relieve the distress, but suffering and death on an enormous scale must inevitably result from a long continued flood of this magnitude in a region where every rood of ground that possibly can be utilized for the purpose is made to do its full share towards the maintenance of human life. The Hoang Ho, or Yellow river, whose overflow is causing all this desolation, is one of the greatest rivers of the world. It is about