In General.

Chinese Money.

One of the most troublesome questions to contend with in traveling in China is that of money. As is well known, the Chinese have no other currency than the copper cash, about fifteen hundred of which are worth at Peking a Chinese ounce of pure silver, called by foreigners a "tael of sycee." Silver is naturally used in commercial transactions, but as bullion only, and by weight, so every one has to have a set of small scales. The inconvenience that this weighing entails would be comparatively small were all these scales throughout the empire uniform, but such is not the case. They differ considerably from one town to another, and even in the same locality. Thus at Peking there is a government standard, a maritime customs standard, and a commercial standard. The same diversity is found over all the empire, and the consequent complications and even serious loss in exchange are a continual vexation. Nor is it possible to escape this loss by carrying copper cash with one; for, putting aside their excessive weight, there is not even a standard cash in China. Those used at T'ientsin are not used at Peking; those at Peking are not current, except at a discount, at T'aivuan. Here I bought a very debased kind of cash, giving one "large cash" for four of them; a hundred miles farther south these small cash were at par, and even, in a few cases, at a slight premium over the intrinsically more valuable large one. The Mongols, Tibetans, and Turkestanese have never consented to use the Chinese copper cash, although it is the standard money of the realm. The first-named people use silver ingots or brick tea, the others have a silver currency of their own.—*Century.*

A Shot with the Old Musket.

How many of us can remember our first shot at game? I was slightly built and ten or eleven years of age when I discovered that a flock of wood-ducks frequented the creek. I resurrected the old family flintlock musket, which family tradition said had seen service in the War of the Revolution, and had been used in the war of 1812 in the endeavor to repel the British, when Buffalo was burned. The flint was gone. I searched the field where I had seen flint Indian arrow-heads, and found one out of which I manufactured a passable flint for the old gun. I obtained some blasting powder from a neighbor and crushed it fine. For shot I cut some pieces of lead to a suitable size, wadded the powder and shot firmly with tow. I proceeded to the creek, crawling through the short brush as only a boy or rabbit can do, trailing the old musket, which was so heavy I could barely with the exercise of much will power bring to my shoulder. Arriving near the point where I believed the ducks were located, I carefully raised my head above the brush. The ducks rose. I brought the old gun to my shoulder and pulled the trigger. The old musket went off and so did I—head over heels, seeing stars the names of which I never knew. I picked myself up with a bruised shoulder and a bloody nose, and the old musket, good for further service, and—five ducks! Stars, bruises and bloody nose were forgotten. Glory! I guess I huzzaed. And was I not the hunter of hunters among my mates, of whom there were many? Over a half century has passed since I made that shot, to me then a famous one. Yes, but where are those mates? Of them all, I almost alone remain.—*A Correspondent, in Forest and Stream.*

Two Men and a Bear.

I was a boy of ten years. My father and family resided in New Brunswick, where the Digdigquash River met the ocean. But few settlers were there, and the forest primeval stood around the dwellings of those few. Bears were plenty, and, like all bears, fond of mutton, sometimes chasing the sheep even to the doors of the inhabitants. Many had been victims of the hunter's gun, yet their number apparently had not diminished. One day my father and a neighbor of the name of McLean were crossing the river in a log canoe, when they discovered a bear swimming in the same direction. Dexterously plying their paddles, they came between him and the place where he intended landing. This cut-off enraged the animal, which immediately made for the canoe, putting one paw on its low gunwale. A smart blow with the edge of a hardwood paddle made the fellow relinquish his grasp. After a good deal of hustling, McLean managed to get hold of the bear's hind legs, holding one on each side of the stern of the canoe, father, at the same time, with his paddle keeping the craft upright until the creature was drowned, and thus the game was secured. He was a large brute and a very old offender.—*Forest and Stream.*

"Sniggering" and "Guddling."

I never heard the term "sniggering" used in England for what is here said to be "jigging," but have always heard "snatching" for this process. "Sniggling" is a method of catching eels by means of a needle passed into a worm. "Trimmering" is a set line with one or two hooks for fish of prey. "Leistering" is a form of spearing. "Tickling," or in Scotland "guddling," is the taking of trout from beneath a bank by tickling the belly with the fingers and then suddenly clasping the fish and throwing it out. "Bobbing" is catching eels with a clot of worms threaded on worsted. "Dibbling," "daping," "doping," are convertible expressions for the use of the real insect instead of the artificial in fly-fishing. "Lobbing" refers to the use of a bunch of the ordinary garden worms on the hook. Doubtless there are other elegant terms in the vocabulary of the semi-poacher, but I do not recall them now. "Guddling" is distinctly "heathenish," it strikes me.—*A Correspondent, in Forest and Stream.*

MAKE matters of care matters of prayer. This is the wisdom of the anxious. To lay the matter before the Lord is to take the sting out of trial.—*Spurgeon.*

Carlyle and the Bride.

We were inside passengers by a mail coach, and before it started a young bride and bridegroom on their honeymoon joined us. The bride was charming, and Carlyle courteously talked to her about sight seeing and the pleasures of traveling, mounting at times to higher themes, like a man who never had a care. He got out of the coach for a moment at a roadside inn, and the bride, whom I happened to have known at Belfast, from whence she came, immediately exclaimed, "Who is that twaddling old Scotchman who allows no one to utter a word but himself?"

I was so tickled by this illustration of the folly of scattering pearls in unsuitable places that I burst into a guffaw of laughter, which was not easily extinguished. In the evening Carlyle asked me what I had been laughing at so boisterously. I told him, expecting him to be as much amused as I was. But philosophers, I suppose, don't like to be laughed at by young brides, for he was as much disconcerted by the incident as a beau of four-and-twenty.—*C. Gavan Duffy, in Contemporary Review.*

Pheasants and Partridge.

The Prince of Wales and eight companions put in less than five hours of pheasant shooting on a recent occasion and secured a bag of 2,236. So much for the incubator system of hatching game birds and the battue system of securing them for market. But one well-educated shot-proof American partridge has more game wrapped up in his feathers than a barnyard full of such English pheasants; and when a man has chased around through the brush for hours after the old bird and finally laid hands on it, he trudges home with a vastly richer store of satisfaction than an average of 49.933 pheasants per hour can ever give the participant in a battue.—*Forest and Stream.*

Repartee in the Classroom.

A member of the Harvard class of 1860 is responsible for the following:

The elucidator of the mysteries of chemistry was then Professor Job Cook, a very sedate man and never intentionally guilty of a joke.

One day, in a recitation, he said to a student, "Mr. Slack, how do you slack lime?"

The student, supposing the pun upon his name to be intentional, answered quick as a flash, "Cook it, sir."

Of course the class roared, but instead of enjoying the apt repartee the professor took it as a personal affront and reported Mr. Slack for a reprimand. —*Boston Herald.*

Duck Canneries.

A Captain DeHaas, just back from a gold-hunting trip in Alaska, suggests that somebody might make a fortune by starting a cannery for wild geese and ducks at the mouth of the Yukon river, where the fowl congregate in immense numbers in the spring of the year. We print this for the edification of the esteemed correspondent who wrote from Paris the other day that he would be glad to see sport with the gun put an end to in America. A few of Captain De Haas' springtime duck canneries, judiciously established at the right points in the far north, would solve once and forever the spring shooting question.—*Forest and Stream.*

The Queen May Have No Gifts.

The deprivations of the queen's life are pathetically illustrated by an incident which occurred not long ago. An American lady sent her majesty an immense collection of the flowers of this country, pressed and mounted. The queen was delighted with the collection and kept it for three months, turning over the leaves frequently with great delight. At the end of that time, which was as long as she was allowed by court etiquette to keep it, she had it sent back with a letter saying that, being queen of England, she was not allowed to have any gifts, and that she parted from it with deep regret.—*Helen Watterson, in Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Practical Sayings.

For fruit stains, dip the spots several times in hot milk. Keep flowers fresh by putting a pinch of soda in the water. Keep a small box filled with lime in your pantry and cellar; it will keep the air dry and pure. Prick potatoes before baking so that the air can escape; this will prevent their bursting in the oven. Soda is the best thing for cleaning tinware; apply it with a damp cloth and rub well, then wipe dry. For sore throat, beat the white of an egg stiff, with all the sugar it will hold, and the juice of one lemon.—*Good Housekeeping.*

Origin of Domesticated Dogs.

The Eskimo dog is derived from the wolf. Doubtless the first dogs which were trained to serve mankind were the jackals of Asia, which are to this day very intelligent and docile when tamed. There was a kind of dog kept by the ancient Egyptians which was evidently obtained by breeding from a slenderly built species that is wild in Africa at the present time.—*Interview in Washington Star.*

Keep Oleanders Cool.

Keep oleanders in a cool, light cellar or room during the winter months, where the temperature is a few degrees above freezing point. It will be found that plants thus cared for blossom more freely during the summer than those wintered in a warm sitting room. It is half hardy and will stand without injury five degrees of frost.—*Daisy.*

Artificial Voices Supplied.

A knowledge of the physiology of the human larynx has made it possible to supply artificial voices to persons who have been deprived of their own. Many instances are given where, by the insertion of suitable rubber membranes, they have been of great practical use in speech.—*New York Times.*

Literary Notes.

EASTMAN'S ANNUAL SEED CATALOGUE for 1892 contains, as usual, a select list of the choicest seeds for the vegetable and flower garden, thoroughly reliable and specially adapted to our latitude and climate. Among the special offers this year we note the following: "A present to every customer"; "Ten dollars for a pansy blossom"; "Ten dollars for an ear of sweet corn," etc. Sent free by the Eastman Seed Company, East Sumner, Maine.

THE ARENA PORTFOLIO.—We have received a copy of a magnificent portfolio published by the Arena Company, Boston, containing the portraits and autographs of twenty-four of the leading thinkers and writers of the present generation. Each portrait is printed on heavy-coated paper, eight by ten inches, with India tint, giving the finest possible effect. At the nominal price of fifty cents the portfolio would cost $12, but the publishers have placed the price complete at $4. Yearly subscribers to this paper can have the *Arena and the portfolio* for the sum of $5.25.

PROTECTION OR FREE-TRADE—WHICH? Do you want to keep thoroughly posted on the effects of the new tariff law, as shown from week to week? Do you want to know all about the policy of protection and have an answer to every false statement of the free-traders? Yes? Then subscribe for your home paper and the *American Economist*, published weekly by the American Protective Tariff League, New York. (Sample copy free). The *Economist* is an acknowledged authority on protection and should be widely read. The yearly subscription of the *Economist* is $2.00 but we have made a special arrangement with the publishers by which we can send you the *Economist* and the VERMONT WATCHMAN for $3.00.

A GOLDEN NUGGET.—A striking novelty is this golden table corn, with its beautiful rich cream color. It is claimed by those who know it that it is very sweet, early and tender, and a superior corn. We notice Vick recommends it very highly. The *Floral Guide*, which comes to us bringing a bouquet of carnations on the front cover, with a splendid bunch of brilliant poppies on the back, gives full description of this new corn, which is only fifteen cents a packet. *Vick's Floral Guide* is worthy a place in the home of anyone who expects to make a garden the coming spring. By all means send ten cents to James Vick's Sons, Rochester, N. Y., for the *Guide*, and you can deduct this amount from your first order. It will pay you well.

THE February issue of the old-time *Musical Record* appears in a new dress of easily-read type. It has for a frontispiece illustration a fine portrait of Paderewski, the noted pianist, with biographical sketch by the editor, Dexter Smith. An appreciative sketch of Dr. Lowell Mason, with the different departments, Helpful Hints, Editorial Etcetera, Major and Minor, Editor's Letter Box, and many other editorial and carefully-clipped musical items, make this by far the strongest issue of this favorably-known journal. Its publishers, Messrs. Oliver Ditson Company, Boston, are determined to largely increase its circulation, and therefore offer to send a sample copy of it to any one of our readers, and we feel sure many of our musical friends will be glad to send a postal-card request for it to them.

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Advertisements.

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Administrator's Sale.

I shall offer for sale **Thursday, April 7, 1892,** the home place of the late Eber C. Hayes, at Waterbury Center Village, consisting of four acres of land with dwelling-house, barn and saw-mill thereon. In the saw-mill there is a Lane Manufacturing Company circular saw-mill, one planer, splitting saws and tables and a full set of machinery and apparatus for making cider; also seven acres of meadow land within a short distance of the home place; also twenty-five acres of pasture land about two miles from Waterbury Center Village; also dwelling-house and barn and seven acres of land on "Loomis Hill" and 100 acres of timbered land on "Hog Back Mountain." There have been cut on the timbered land the past winter 1,700 spruce logs, which the purchaser of the mill can have the first privilege of buying. About 800 of the logs are now in the mill-yard. I shall also offer for sale at the same time all of the personal property belonging to said estate, consisting of seven horses, one cow, four wagons, two sleds, one sleigh, harnesses, one mowing-machine, one horse-rake, chains, whiffletrees, a lot of small farming tools, an indefinite number of bench tools of every name and kind, bedsteads and springs, stoves, crockery, ironware, tinware, tables and numerous other articles that are found useful and necessary in housekeeping. Further information in regard to the property may be had by addressing

FRANK N. SMITH, *Administrator*,
Waterbury Center, Vt.

Waterbury, Vt., March 28, 1892.

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A limited amount of the capital stock of the Company is offered for sale at par on the following terms: Twenty-five per cent, to be paid December 1, 1891; twenty-five per cent, March 1, 1892; twenty-five per cent, June 1, 1892, and the balance September 1, 1892. For full particulars address any officer of the Company, or F. E. DONAHUE, Montpelier, Vt., and J. C. ENWRIGHT, Windsor, Vt.

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Our Boys and Girls.

My Old Rag Doll.

Last night I searched the garret for a long-forgotten book,
And as I pried and looked about, down in a dusty nook,
I found what made me all at once forget what I was after,
And filled my eyes with springing tears and stirred my voice to laughter;
And up I took it wonderingly, with cobwebs, dust and all,
And held it close against my heart—
My old rag doll.

Dear relic of my childhood—of that happy, happy time
When life meant play and sunshine and every joy was mine;
When care was all unknown to me and every bright to-morrow
Was but an echo of to-day! There rarely came a sorrow;
But when my fair horizon was stirred by sudden squall
There was naught that gave me comfort like
My old rag doll.

The old, familiar, dirty face, with features done in ink;
And the little ribbon tied with many childish prink,
And the dusty plaid merino of the little time-worn gown,
And the tiny knitted stockings o'er the shoe-tops slipping down—
There on the garret floor I sat and brooded o'er them all
And longed for that sweet childhood with
My old rag doll.

And though I am a woman, with a woman's work and care,
And though I look each morning for the silver in my hair,
And all my golden childhood is but a happy dream,
Somehow to-day its perfect joys a little nearer seem
Since I found her in the garret, with cobwebs, dust and all,
That dearest relic of the past—
My old rag doll. —*Judge.*

Hunting a Rhinoceros.

While Parker Gillmore was in Gasa Land he was one day taking an afternoon rest, when Sunday, his faithful Zulu guide, came hurrying into the inclosure, his countenance fairly shining with pleasurable excitement. He had found a black rhinoceros asleep in an open glade not far from the camp, and without waking the beast had hastened to his master. Mr. Gilmore donned his shooting clothes and set out eagerly in search of the long desired game.

He describes the fray as follows: Our course led us through heavy timber till the more open lands were reached. These were skirted through grass and brush almost up to my hips for a distance of about 200 yards, when my attendant enjoined upon me the strictest silence. From the expression of his countenance I felt sure that the game was not far distant, and I was not without fear that the foolhardiness of my man might bring me closer to the dangerous animal than was desirable.

Soon we halted and listened. All was silent to my ear except the occasional utterance of an unknown bird—a rhinoceros bird, as afterward appeared. A short farther advance rewarded us with a sight of the feathered stranger, which was about the size of the English starling. Every few seconds it ascended about twenty feet, uttered its call and at once returned to its perch.

Just then I became aware of a new sound. It resembled the heavy breathing of a large animal when asleep. Sunday called my attention to it by placing his hand beside his ear, but I had already heard it.

My guide again motioned me to follow him, and I followed for several yards. Then another halt took place. Sunday was all excitement. Still he did not lose his self possession, for by pantomimic action he expressed a wish that I should substitute new percussion caps for those already on the nipples of my rifle.

That there was danger enough I was thoroughly convinced. There was neither rock nor tree near that could afford the least shelter if my aim was faulty and the rhinoceros chose to attack us. However, it was a case of "in for a penny, in for a pound."

I indicated to Sunday that I was ready for the fray. He broke with a sharp, quick movement a branch of a bush, and almost at the same instant the rhinoceros stood before me, not fifteen yards distant.

The first action of the huge, unwieldy beast was to turn his head to the windward. This movement prevented my getting the shot I desired, and I waited for perhaps one or two minutes. Then the ponderous head came slowly around. I raised my rifle, made due allowance for the shortness of the range and pressed the trigger. The usual crashing sound announced the striking of the bullet, and then began a scene which beggars description.

From the moment the rhinoceros was struck it commenced spinning around without altering materially its locality, at the same time squealing in the shrillest tones. This movement may have been the result of the concussion of the bullet on the brain, or it may have arisen from a desire to discover from what direction it had received the injury.

While this performance lasted it was impossible for me to put in the second barrel, but at last the motions ceased and the screams subsided into long drawn breathing. The wound was mortal, but I wished to put the creature out of its misery as soon as possible, and at the first opportunity fired again.

The result surprised me. The rhinoceros rushed forward for ten or twelve strides. The pace, for so cumbersome a brute was astounding. Then suddenly the whole animal machinery failed, and the animal fell—dead, I believe, before the carcass was stretched upon the ground.

I was uncommonly well out of the fray, but I resolved for the future to leave black rhinoceroses alone when out in the open, with no cover within reach.

Time Tables.

Central Vermont Railroad.

Commencing Jan. 17, 1891.

Trains Going South and East will Leave Montpelier as follows:

9:10 A. M. MAIL, for Fitchburg, Boston, Springfield, New London and New York.
12:40 P. M. FAST TRAIN, for Boston via Lowell and New York via Springfield.
2:10 P. M., Mixed for Northfield and Roxbury.
5:55 P. M. PASSENGER, for White River Junction.
12:40 A. M. EXPRESS, for Boston via Lowell and all points in New England.

Trains Going North and West:

2:50 A. M. EXPRESS, for Montreal, Ogdensburg and the West.
6:23 A. M. ACCOMMODATION, to St. Albans, Burlington and Rutland, Troy and New York.
10:00 A. M. PASSENGER, for Burlington, St. Albans, Richford, Rouse's Point and St. Johns.
3:50 P. M. PASSENGER, for Burlington, St. Albans, Montreal, Ogdensburg and the West.
7:25 P. M. FAST EXPRESS. Pullman Sleeping Car to Chicago.

Trains leave for Barre at 3:15, 7:00 and 10:05 A. M. and 2:25, 4:10 and 7:45 P. M. Trains leave for Williamstown at 10:05 A. M. and 4:10 P. M.

Through tickets to Chicago and all points West for sale at the principal stations.

J. W. HOBART, General Manager.
S. W. CUMMINGS General Passenger Agent.

Montpelier & Wells River

and Barre Branch R. R.

Taking Effect Nov. 9, 1891.

Leave Montpelier at 8:15 A. M., 1:10 P. M., 4:25 P. M.; Arrive at Wells River at 9:50 A. M., 2:30 P. M., 6:50 P. M.

Leave Wells River at 8:05 A. M., 10:20 A. M., 3:45 P. M. Arrive at Montpelier at 9:50 A. M., 11:50 A. M., 5:10 P. M.

Trains leaving Montpelier at 8:15 A. M. and 1:10 P. M. make close connections at Wells River for all points in the White Mountains, and for points north and south on the Passumpsic railroad; also for Boston and all intermediate points.

Train leaves Montpelier for Barre at 11:25 A. M. Train leaves Barre for Montpelier at 2:55 P. M.

Suburban Train Service.

Leave Montpelier at 6:35 A. M., 8:30 A. M., 10:10 A. M., 11:55 A. M., 1:30 P. M., 3:00 P. M., 5:15 P. M., 7:00 P. M., 9:00 P. M. Leave Barre at 7:45 A. M., 9:00 A. M., 10:40 A. M., 12:40 P. M., 2:20 P. M., 4:15 P. M., 6:00 P. M., 7:30 P. M., 9:30 P. M.

Train leaving Montpelier at 11:55 A. M. connects through to the quarries, making trip round the mountain; returning leaves Barre at 3:05, arriving at Montpelier at 3:30 P. M.

Train leaving Barre at 7:45 A. M. connects at Montpelier with the train for Wells River.

W. A. STOWELL, *Superintendent.*
F. W. MORSE, *General Passenger Agent.*

Legal Notices.

ORVIS JONES' ESTATE.
COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

The undersigned, having been appointed by the Honorable Probate Court for the District of Washington, Commissioners, to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Orvis Jones, late of Waitsfield, in said district, deceased, and all claims exhibited in offset thereto, hereby give notice that we will meet for the purposes aforesaid at dwelling-house of Mrs. R. P. Jones, on the 7th day of May and 7th day of September next, from one o'clock P. M. until four o'clock P. M., each of said days, and that six months from the 11th day of March, A. D. 1892, is the time limited by said Court for said creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

Dated at Waitsfield, this 18th day of March, A. D. 1892.
R. J. GLEASON, } Commissioners.
84-86 P. E. LOCKWOOD, }

CLARK S. GRAY'S ESTATE.
COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE

The undersigned, having been appointed by the Honorable Probate Court for the District of Washington Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Clark S. Gray, late of Calais, in said District, deceased, and all claims exhibited in offset thereto, hereby give notice that we will meet for the purposes aforesaid at the residence of Charles Gray on the 8th day of June and 8th day of September next, from one o'clock P. M. until four o'clock P. M., each of said days, and that six months from the 9th day of March, A. D. 1892, is the time limited by said Court for said creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

Dated at Calais, this 17th day of March, A. D. 1892.
C. W. H. DWINELL, } Commissioners.
84-86 ALBERT GEORGE, }

SAMUEL S. KELTON'S ESTATE.
STATE OF VERMONT, Washington District, ss.

In Probate Court, held at Montpelier, in and for said District, on the 26th day of March, A. D. 1892:

An instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Samuel S. Kelton, late of Montpelier, in said District, deceased, being presented to the Court for Probate: It is ordered by said Court that all persons concerned therein be notified to appear at a session of said Court, to be held at the Probate Office, in said Montpelier, on the 22d day of April, A. D. 1892, and show cause, if any they may have, against the probate of said instrument: for which purpose it is further ordered that notice of this order be published three weeks successively in the *Vermont Watchman & State Journal*, a newspaper printed at Montpelier, in this state, previous to said time appointed for hearing. By the Court.—Attest,
83-87 HIRAM CARLETON, Judge.

EZEKIEL HOLT'S ESTATE.
STATE OF VERMONT, Washington District, ss.

In Probate Court, held at Montpelier, in said District, on the 19th day of March, A. D. 1892:

Daniel R. Culver, Administrator of the estate of Ezekiel Holt, late of Middlesex, in said District, deceased, presents his administration account for examination and allowance, and makes application for a decree of distribution and partition of the estate of said deceased. Whereupon, it is ordered by said Court that said account and said application be referred to a session thereof, to be held at the Probate Office, in said Montpelier, on the 7th day of April, A. D. 1892, for hearing and decision thereon: And, it is further ordered, that notice hereof be given to all persons interested, by publication of the same three weeks successively in the *Vermont Watchman & State Journal*, a newspaper published at Montpelier, previous to said time appointed for hearing, that they may appear at said time and place, and show cause, if any they may have, why said account should not be allowed and such decree made.

By the Court.—Attest,
84-86 HIRAM CARLETON, Judge.

PRENTISS M. SHEPARD'S ESTATE.
STATE OF VERMONT, Washington District, ss.

In Probate Court, held at Montpelier, in said District, on the 7th day of March, A. D. 1892:

Clinton Cutler, Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Prentiss M. Shepard, late of East Montpelier, in said District, deceased, presents his administration account for examination and allowance, and makes application for a decree of distribution and partition of the estate of said deceased. Whereupon, it is ordered by said Court that said account and said application be referred to a session thereof, to be held at the Probate Office, in said Montpelier, on the 14th day of April, A. D. 1892, for hearing and decision thereon: And, it is further ordered, that notice hereof be given to all persons interested, by publication of the same three weeks successively in the *Vermont Watchman & State Journal*, a newspaper published at Montpelier, previous to said time appointed for hearing, that they may appear at said time and place, and show cause, if any they may have, why said account should not be allowed, and such decree made.

By the Court.—Attest
83-87 HIRAM CARLETON, Judge.

ELIAS HEATH'S ESTATE.
STATE OF VERMONT, Washington District, ss.

In Probate Court, held at Montpelier, in said District, on the 24th day of March, A. D. 1892:

Julius S. Wheelock, Administrator, *de bonis non*, of the estate of Elias Heath, late of Woodbury, in said District, deceased, presents his administration account for examination and allowance and makes application for a decree of distribution and partition of the estate of said deceased. Whereupon, it is ordered by said Court that said account and said application be referred to a session thereof, to be held at the Probate Office, in said Montpelier, on the 14th day of April, A. D. 1892, for hearing and decision thereon: And, it is further ordered, that notice hereof be given to all persons interested, by publication of the same three weeks successively in the *Vermont Watchman & State Journal*, a newspaper published at Montpelier, previous to said time appointed for hearing, that they may appear at said time and place, and show cause, if any they may have, why said account should not be allowed and such decree made.

By the Court.—Attest,
83-87 HIRAM CARLETON, Judge.

PRENTISS M. SHEPARD'S ESTATE.
STATE OF VERMONT, Washington District, ss.

In Probate Court, held at Montpelier, in and for said District, on the 7th day of March, A. D. 1892:

Clinton Cutler, Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Prentiss M. Shepard, late of East Montpelier, in said District, deceased, make application to said Court, with the consent and approbation in writing of the legatees and devisees of said deceased residing in the State of Vermont, for license to sell all of the real estate of said deceased, to wit: Home farm, situated in East Montpelier and Plainfield, in said District; also the Nash lot, so called, situated in said East Montpelier; also the orchard lot and one-third interest in about fifteen acres of cedar lot, situated in said Plainfield, representing that the sale thereof would be beneficial to the legatees and devisees of said deceased, and those interested in his estate, in order to convert said real estate into money. Whereupon, it is ordered by said Court that said application be referred to a session thereof, to be held at the Probate Office, in said Montpelier, on the 14th day of April, A. D. 1892, for hearing and decision thereon; and, it is further ordered, that all persons interested be notified hereof by publication of notice of said application and order thereon three weeks successively in the *Vermont Watchman & State Journal*, a newspaper published at Montpelier, in this state, and which circulates in the neighborhood of those interested, before said time of hearing, that they may appear at said time and place, and, if they see cause, object thereto. By the Court.—Attest.
83-87 HIRAM CARLETON, Judge.