

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

WHAT IS IT?
A strictly vegetable preparation, composed of a choice and skillful combination of Nature's best remedies. The discoverer does not claim it a cure for all the ills, but boldly warrants it cures every form of disease arising from a torpid liver, impure blood, disordered kidneys, and where there is a broken down condition of the System, requiring a prompt and permanent tonic, it never fails to restore the sufferer. Such is BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS. Sold by all druggists, who are authorized by the manufacturers to refund the price to any purchaser who is not benefited by their use.

PRICE, \$1.00.
FOSTER, MILBURN & CO., Props.,
BUFFALO, N. Y.

IN ORDER

not to lose time during

THE DULL SEASON

we have concluded to sell our present

LARGE STOCK OF OFFICE

STATIONERY!

consisting of

A Ton of Letter and

BILL PAPER,

—AND—

200,000 Envelopes

—AT THE—

COST OF THE STOCK.

Call quick and secure the benefit of this great

chance.

J. GEORGE ULLERY,

Reformer Job Department, Brattleboro, Vt.

June 16, 1885.

In Time of Peace**Prepare for War!**

SOME OF THE SYMPTOMS ARE:

Constipation, Right Appetite, Yellow Eyes and Skin,

Pain in Right Side, Sleeplessness, Cold Tongue,

Dull, Heavy Feeling, Distention to the Navel,

Mind, and Fluctuating or Irritable Spirit.

CELERY COMPOUND!

acts upon the Liver, relieving it of its surplus of

bile, gently acts upon the Bowels, clearing the

system, and the purified blood is carried to all

parts of the system, and the system is brought

back to its normal condition, and the system is

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THE DEAD POET'S CREED.

My soul drinks in its future life,
Like some green forest thrice cut down,
Whose shoots, left to the summer's sun,
And skyward spread a greater crown,
While sunbeams gild my aged head,
And bounteous earth supplies my food,
The lamps of God their soft light shed,
And distant worlds are understood.

Say not my soul is but a cloud,
Resultant of my body's powers;
She plumes her wings to fly to God,
And will not rest outside His powers.

The Winter's snows are on my brow,
But Summer's suns more brightly glow,
And violets, lilies, roses, now,
Seen sweeter than long years ago.

As I approach my earthly end,
Much plainer can I hear afar
Immortal symphonies which blend
To welcome me from star to star.

The tomb is not an endless night;
It is a thoroughfare—a way
That closes in a soft twilight
And opens in eternal day.

Moved by the love of God, I find
That I must work as did Voltaire,
Who loved the world and all mankind;
But God is love! Let none despair!

Our work on earth is just begun;
Our monuments will later rise,
To mark the summits in the sun
And shine in bright eternal skies.

—Victor Hugo.

THE MOTHER'S EXCUSE.

Upon the covered table
They innocently lie;
Dimpled and brown—a boyish sight
Dear to a mother's eye.
What though they disobey commands?
They are such loving little hands.

Nay, can I utter words of blame,
Or pettily frown?
Remembering how an angel came,
And, bending softly down,
Led from my sight to heavenly lands
Two strangely quiet little hands?

Faint not, O fond, ambitious heart!
Whisper besets thy way.
Trustfully, simply do thy part,
In patience, day by day.
Praying that he who understands
May guide aright these little hands.

—Lillian Plunkett.

IF MAY FORGETS.

If May forgets not April's flowers,
June will;
Even hearts that throbb and thrill like ours
Grow still.

July forgets what birds and flowers
June had;
Even hearts whose joy is deep as ours
Grow sad.

The pale leaves bear not what the flowers
Heard told;
Even hearts as passionate as ours
Grow cold.

—London Spectator.

THE HUT BY THE WATEREE.

A Tale of South Carolina.

By WALTER JACKSON.

There were no ladies on the southern-bound

express that night, and most of the passengers

were either reading or dozing in their seats.

A few, with faces pressed against the mist-clouded

glass of the windows, stared drearily out into

the darkness, through which, at intervals, the

light of some cabin-fire gleamed fitfully.

At all of his fellow-travelers, with their

stupid, ill-mannered faces, Claude Rothwell had

long since tired of gazing. He had drawn his

head over his eyes, and was settling himself

more comfortably for a short sleep, when the

sudden hollow rumbling of the wheels beneath

him caused him to lift his head and listen.

"The swamps of the Waterree," he said, to

himself. "Dick must be trying to make up the

time lost at Florence. He is slinging us over

these treacherous rocks."

He had hardly uttered these words when a

succession of sharp, sharp shocks from the

whistle rang through the wet October night.

The rattle of chains and the grinding of break-

shoes against the wheels instantly followed.

Several of the passengers bounded from their

seats as if they had been galvanised.

"What's the matter?" asked one, throwing

up a window and thrusting out his head.

"Is this the way they blow down breaks here-

abouts?"

Others stared about them in uneasy silence.

They felt the speed of the train momentarily

slackened. Another window went up—another

and another. At the same time the car, and laid

his hand upon the tongue of the car, and laid

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"Ang!" grunted the wood-passer. "I've

seen an argil dis night."

The engineer drew Rothwell to one side.

"God knows," he answered in a low tone.

"But let me whisper to you a moment, old

friend. You remember how mysteriously a

very dear friend of yours, Miss Ashton, disap-

peared—"

The young man lifted one hand as he stepped

back a pace, and his dark cheek blanched.

"Hush!" he said, in a deep, vibrant voice.

"I left Mobile because I could not bear to re-

main after—But, interrupting himself, "what

has she to do with that?"

He pointed as he spoke, to the yawning gap

in the trestle.

"Listen," returned the engineer, "and you

shall hear. As you are probably aware, we

left Florence at nearly half an hour late, and

reached Columbia on time, when I first saw the

light. It darted through the trees like a will-

I saw it had not a moment to lose, and, open-

ing with the chorus of toots that you heard—

I thought we were going to be derailed. I in-

stantly reversed the engine. Then I saw that

the person who had signalled us was a woman.

The waiting lantern above her dress and

shawl. The old "Sixteen" was thundering

down on her, and she would not move, standing

as she was in the center of the track. Moments

passed. It looked as if she wanted to die.

My heart leaped into my throat. I jumped out

on the running board, and was about to step

down on the front of the engine, when a man

suddenly rushed from among the cypresses on

the left, and seizing the girl by the waist, drag-

ged her off the track, the pilot grating her

heels on the rails. He saw her face. It was as

dead as the black hair flying around it, and

the great wild eyes on fire. Now, listen to me,

my friend. As sure as I am a living man, the

lady who saved us was none other than your

old love. The engineer paused. Claude Roth-

well was looking at him with a dumb agony in

his handsome dark face. "Well?" he whis-

pered. "The engineer, in a low voice, pronounced

the name, "Miss Clara Ashton."

Rothwell lifted one hand to his shaking lips.

"What," he muttered, "could she be doing

here?"

"I don't know," returned his friend, shaking

his head. "I can't guess. But, Claude, I never

could see through that affair you confided to

me. There must have been some terrible mis-

take. Surely Miss Ashton would not have in-

terfered with a train against you?"

Rothwell interrupted him.

"Which way did she go?" he asked.

The engineer swung his lantern toward the

left.

"The last I saw of them," he added, "the

man had her in his arms, and was springing

like a cat over the rails and into the water.

Just as the engine was stopping, and—But,

Claude Rothwell, where, in the name of com-

mon sense are you going?"

He had reached the end of the words, when

the young man had suddenly quitted his side

and springing down the embankment, had it

not been for the dim light the lantern shed

on him, would have almost been swallowed up

in the gloom among the cypresses.

"Don't trouble yourself," he cried. "I am

going to guess this mystery. Murray—"

A loud guttural broke from the astonished no-

ne. The conductor muttered an oath of surprise.

Murray stared after the man and woman, who

had disappeared. "Come back!" he called. "Don't

make an utter fool of yourself!"

The mocking laughter of his friend was the

only reply, and the voice that uttered it was

already far away.

This determination of Rothwell, however—the

determination to follow the man and woman, to

whom the engineer had spoken, through those

pathless low grounds, in the darkness of a

what mysterious way her life was linked to that

of the man who had twice crossed his path.

He believed now, as he wandered on through

the depths of the cypress swamps, the

thing, lying water beneath the heavy mist above,

that the end of that task was near at hand.

Deeper and deeper he plunged into those sep-

arated and silent woods, the little lantern

attached to his waist but served to show the

roots and knees rising from the sullen waters

around.

He was already drenched with the white vapor

that hung over all things like a pall, and

dripped from the masses of mistletoe in the

branches of live-oaks above in the gloom

of the night. The mist was something like a will-

ow. True, she had warned the engineer of his

danger, and thus, no doubt, had saved many

lives. But this was something of that man,

what could he expect of her? Would they

not seek to kill him for his hardship?

A deep breath escaped his lips.

(Of course, he was not so vile! I will risk it,"

he muttered, at last.

He walked forward as he spoke, and through

the slender, whistling stems of the young ash-

trees that grew there, caught the red gleam of

a light near him.

It came from the window of a low, dark mass

a few paces distant—the cabin he was seeking.

At the moment of his seeing it, Rothwell

heard, or thought he heard—the sound of a

man's angry voice. On tiptoe he stole forward,

and, peering behind the door, almost held his