MISCELLANY.

The Security of Desolation. He who hath seen his grain fields gather blight Heeds not the withering of the garden flowers: He grieves not at the day's withdrawing light Who in a dungeon numbers has dim hours: He feareth not the storm upon his head Whose carments with the rough sait waves ar soaked.

And; he whose fire within his house is dead. Into the outer air will go incleaked.

So be whose life some weak, loved hand he taken.

Fig. 1, taken.

Files not the shaft of banded myrmidon,

Nor trembles when his citadel is shaken:

Foretasting all, he bath no more to shun:

The night, the cold, the dearth, the wound

That men call death, unmoved he shall endure.

AN EVERY-DAY STORY.

"You aren't going to try to arrange that eupboard yourself, are you, mamma? You look tired. Close the doors, and let's forget its existence."
Mrs. Jordan smiled; the suggestion was

so like Bettie. "No, dear, it ought to be done at once.

I can't bear to have such a disorderly con-ner about the house. I'm sure I don't know when Susan will be back, and I don't much care. She never does anything thor-"Then let me do it, mamma," Bettie

spoke more cheerfully than she felt. She had mapped out a different plan for these Saturday morning hours.

"You dear child! It would be such a relief, but I don't like to put it on your shoul-

"Oh, nonsense?" laughed Bettie, "My shoulders are stronger than you think, mamma. What do you suppose all my physical culture lessons have been good

So Mrs. Jordan was cajoled out of the room, and Bettle, perched on the baby's high-chair, attacked the upper shelves. It was a pleasant sight to Aunt Lydia, sitting by the fireplace, under whose deft fingers a little sock was taking form and shape. Her needles never slackened, even while her eyes were fixed on the slender, girlish figure. How unselfish Bettle was growing! What was the reason? Was the little silver cross, with its three suggestive letters,

As the work progressed, Aunt Lydia felt a slight uneasiness. Would Bettie prove faithful, she wondered, when she reached the lowest shelf? You see the day before Aunt Lydia had gone to this same shelf in search of some article, and had come across a box away at the further end. In the one swift glance she gave it as she raised the cover she had a glimpse of Tom's top, some battered tissue-paper flowers, tangled embroidery silks, and sundry old gloves and ribbons: while there were indications of equally interesting developments beneath. Evidently, Susan had made it a sort of dumping-ground for "odds and ends." And now Aunt Lydia wondered if this might not prove too much for Bettie's

"Behold!" said the unconscious Bettie at this juncture, with a flourish that imperiled her standing on the high-chair. "The top shelves are in a state of precision "The top shelves are in a state of precision that it would do your heart good to see," And then she descended to give Aunt Lydia a great hug, and prepare for an attack on the lower shelves, "Do youlknow," she went on, confidentially, "I have turned over a new leaf? I detest work of this kind, but I make myself do it. It's a 'discipline for the mind,' as Miss Brownlee says about algebra. No, that isn't my motive, either," and the round face grew suddenly serious. "I made up my mind suddenly serious. "I made up my mind that I must improve or I should feel as if I were dishonoring that." And Bettie touched the little silver cross.

A minute later Mrs. Jordan put her head in at the door.

"Can you leave that awhile, dear, and take this letter to the post-office." It ought to go on the next mail." "Of course I can," said Bettie, promptly; "and glad of the chance. I'll be ready in

Left alone in the dining-room, Aunt Lydia laid down her knitting and vanished up the stairs. She was back in her place, however, and knitting as placidly as ever, when Bettie returned with her girlish face glowing from exercise and contact with the crisp, frosty air.

"It's delicious outdoors, auntie. I was tempted not to come back till time for And Bettle shook her fist menacingly at the unfinished work. "But, then, I'm nearly through. Only two more shelves to do, and they're easy." Evi-dently, she was in blissful ignorance of the miscellaneous collection in that neat-look-

ing paste-board box. Aunt Lydia watched her pretty niece when the last shelf was cleared and the discovery made. Bettie always sang over her work; and she was in the midst of "God make my life a little light," when a sudden impulse led her to open that whited sepulchre. The song ceased abruptly. Another minute, and the cover was replaced the box pushed back to the end of the shelf. Bettie's voice piped up again; but it was constrained now, and not so clear as

"All through, dear?" said Mrs. Jordan, entering just as Bettle was closing the cupboard doors. "Yes, I see you are. How beautifully you have arranged everything What would we ever do without our helpful Bettle, Aunt Lydia? You don't know what a relief it is, Bettle, to know that ev-erything is in order here." And, with a kiss that brought the blood to Bettle's cheeks, her mother left the room.

Early in the afternoon Ethel Manderson

called. "Put on your things, can't you, Bettie? Mamma wants you to go sleigh-

Of course, Bettie flew to her room for her warmest wrappings; and the result was a long, blissful ride through city and country roads, to the music of jingling sleigh-bells. It was not till evening that she thought again of the slighted box. She felt uncom-fortable when she joined the group around

the fireplace in the library, "Let's have anagrams," suggested Tom, h running for the box of letters. "You give h we a word, Bet, and I'll give you one."
"Well," but Bettie's voice was somewhat

reluctant. She was bright and quick, how-ever, and guessed her words too easily for Tom's satisfaction.

them too fast. I haven't made out the one THE STORY OF THE you gave me yet. Here's another word for you, though. It isn't very long, but it puziled me the other day."

Tom shook the letters vigorously in his

two hands, and delivered them over to Bet-"That isn't hard," she announced almost

"That isn't hard, "she announced almost immediately. "It's 'daughter."

"Well, now, aren't you smart?" And Tom looked disgusted. "You can wait awhile for the next one. I shan't bother with you till I guess my own."

"That suits me," said Bettie. I'm going downstairs, anyway. There's something

want to do there."
No one but Aunt Lydia suspected what the business was, and she did not guess he cause of the sudden decision.

It was that last anagram so unconsciously given by Brother Tom. Bettle's conscience was in a sensitive state that evening, which made it an easy transition from the word in her hand to the thought of the daughter ahe claimed to be—the "King's Daugh-ter;" and her resolution was taken. That detestable box should be cleared before she

slept that night. It wasn't pleasant to sit there all alone in the dining-room, assorting that heterogeneous collection, for Bettle was a sociable ittle body. But the coals glowed brightly in the open grate, as if they wanted to the upper end of the street, and Samuel cheer her; and, as her fingers flew over the Wells of Brattleboro, who lived in the distasteful work, a warm feeling crept into her heart.

Long-lost treasures, it seemed, had found their way to Susan's dumping-ground. "If here isn't my best paint-brush!" And Bettie's eyes shone as she drew it out by its long handle; "and, actually, my tube of yellow ochre!"

What in the world is this?" she said, as she found a neat little tissue-paper package, and opened it wonderingly. "If isn't Aunt Lydia's lovely pink pincushion! And here's a paper pinned to it."
So there was; and on it were just three words, "For faithful Bettle." Well, well! What a wonderful woman Aunt Lydia was, anyway! How did she know anything about the box, when even Bettle had been Ignorant of its existence." How confident shirk, or she would never have placed there that dear little reward for her to find! Aunt Lydia must have been disappointed her! The thought made Bettie's fingers fly faster than ever, till the work was fin-Somehow, she did not want to throw her strong, young arms around Aunt Lydia until her conscience was quite, quite

It was a light, quick step that came be-aind the big arm-chair a few minutes later. "Who's a darling?" whispered Bettie, to over her embarrassment; "and who gave her horrid niece her very prettiest and pinkest pincushion?

"Who's a dear little King's Daughter?" asked Aunt Lydia. "What are you two talking about?" said Tom. "Giving conundrums? Come over here, Bet. I've got a new word for youa regular puzzler!"—Bertha Gerneaux Dacis, in the Christian Register.

Mixed Metaphors.

A certain politician condemning, the government for its policy concerning the in-come tax, said: "They'il keep cutting the wool off the sheep that lays the golden eggs until they pump it dry,"

Extract from a speech made at a meetng to promote total abstinence: "The glorious work will never be accomplished un-til the good ship 'Temperance' shall sail from one end of the land to the other, and with a cry of 'Victory!' at each step she takes, shall plant her banner in every town, ity and village in the United Kingdom."

An Irishman, in the midst of a tirade gainst landlords and capitalists, declared that "if these men were landed on an un-inhabited island, they wouldn't be there half an hour before they would have their hands in the pockets of the naked savages." Only a few weeks ago, a lecturer at a

meeting gave utterance to the followof an unseen hand. We pursue the shadow, the bubble bursts, and leaves the ashes in sneaking after Ethan Allen than she was

One of the regulations of the West Boston Bridge company reads: "And the said proprietors shall meet annually on the first At about 11 o'clock at night the sheriff

sore off the palm of merit when he declared horns nor retire into its shell."

Consistency is a Jewel. First drug clerk: "Great Scott! I've kept that woman waiting three-quarters of an hour! Forgot all about her perscription, Second drug clerk: "You'll have to charge her a good, stiff price, so that she'll think you had a lot of trouble making it

Hope Crushed to Earth Will rise again in the bosom of a dyspeptic wi ough to substitute for the pseudo tonics which have bamboozled him out of his belief in the possibility of cure, the real invigorant and stomachic Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The billous, the nervous, the dyspeptic, the rheumatic alike de-rive speedy benefit from this helpful botanic medicine. Persons suffering from indigestion will gain no positive permanent good; from the flery, unmedicated stimulants of commerce often used recklessly. The Bitters is immeasurably to be preferred to these as a tonic, since its pure hasis is modified by the conjunction with it of vegetable ingredients of the highest remedial exscience. Malaria is prevented and remedied by t and it infuses vigor into the weak and stekly. A wineglassful three times a day is the average

English Seavin Limment removes all hard, soft or calloused himps and blemishes from horses, blood spavins, curbs, splints, sweeney, ring bone, stides, sprains, all swoice throats, coughs, etc. Save \$50 by the use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure ever known. Sold by Geo. E. Greene, Druggist, Brattleboro.

e a word, Bet, and I'll give you one."
"Well," but Bettie's voice was somewhat fuctant. She was bright and quick, hower, and guessed her words too easily for om's satisfaction.
"Say, now," he protested; "you guess product of the purpose of seeing that every family gets copies of their little books, "Beauty" and "Astrology." These books may be obtained by sending your address accompanied with a stamp to the Angier Chemical Co., 20 Irvington St., Boston, Mass.

WESTMINSTER MASSACRE

Which Occurred on March 13,

And in which William French Fell "the First Martyr of the Revolution" --- the Events Which Led to the Ontbreak---Incidents of the Fatal Night --- French's Epitaph.

The anniversary of the Westminster massacre suggests that some account of it may be interesting to some persons. It occurred on the 13th of March, 1775. The territory now forming the counties of Windham and Windsor then formed the county of Cumberland in the province of New York, under the reign of King George III. It had a Court of Common Pleas which was to sit in the name of the King,

on Tuesday, the 14th of March, in the courthouse at Westminster, Thomas Chandler of Chester was the chief judge, and Noah Sabin of Putney, who lived at house now the woman's summer retreat of the Brattleboro Retreat, were assistant judges. William Paterson, who lived in Hinsdale, now Vernon, on the river portheast of South Vernon, was the high sher-

iff. Samuel Gale, whose wife was a daughter of Judge Wells, was clerk of the court and lived at Westminster. Samuel Knight of Brattleboro, who lived just north of the Brooks library in the only house in what is now the East village of Brattleboro north of Whetstone brook, Crean Brush of Westminster, and John Grout of Chester, were the practising lawyers. Opposition had arisen among the people to the sessions of this court, whose adgments were burdensome and were feemed a part of the oppressions of Great Britain under which the colonies were suffering and preparing resistance.

On the 3d of February a town meeting of Fulham now Dummerston "Voted that the Court of Common Pleas be put by for a time," and on the Friday before court was to sit a company of about forty men from Rockingham went to the chief judge and requested that it should not be held. The sheriff from these and other things feared resistance and on Sunday arranged for a posse of about thirty-five men from Brattieboro, ten from Newfane and some from Putney, to be present, some with guns. The people opposed to the court, to the number of about one hundred, mostly from Fulham, Putney west hill, Westminster West and Rockingham, took possession of the courthouse at these ok possession of the courthouse at about 4 o'clock Monday afternoon. At about sunset the sheriff, at the head of his posse of about sixty, caused the King's proclamation against riots to be read at the door and demanded admission, which was refused. He said if not admitted he would blow a lane through those inside who would all be in hell before morning. Charles

Davenport, a carpenter, who lived by the common in Fulham, answered that if those

outside undertook to come in they would all be in hell in fifteen minutes. The Sheriff and his posse soon withdrew. Mrs. Brush, who had been a widow Montusan, told them that if the judges were not women in men's clothes they would give the order to drive the rebels out of the courthouse at once, and bring the leaders to trial for treason; that they had authority and arms, and had only to contend with traitors who would run at the sound of their own voices. Her daugh-ter, Frances Montusan, told her that she thought they had a just cause; and to re-member that there were Green Mountain Boys on the other side of the mountains; g: "All along the untrodden paths of and that Ethan Allen would come to asthe future we can see the hidden footprints sist them. Her mother answered that she should not be more surprised to see her was crazy, and Sheriff Paterson that the

proprietors shall meet annually on the first
Tuesday of June, provided the same does
at the head of his posse, being refreshed,
again demanded admission which was upon. William French of Brattleboro was killed; Daniel Houghton of Fulham was that "the British lion, whether it is roaming the deserts of India or climbing the forests of Canada, will not draw in its others were wounded and all were driven

out, or taken prisoners. An affidavit made at the time states of the fire from the House, that one of their Balls entered the Cuff of the Coat of Ben-jamin Butterfield, Esquire, one of his Maj-esty's Justices of the Peace for the said County of Cumberland, which went out of the elbow without hurting him and then went through his Coat Sleeve and just grazed the Skin, that a pistol was dis-charged by one of the Rioters at Benjamin Butterfield the Son of the above named Justice Butterfield so near that the powder burnt a large hole in the breast of his Coat, and one William Williams received a Here William French his Body hes large wound in the head by one of the Balls discharged by the said Rioters.

Those who were driven out rallied their eighbors and friends in great haste; Solomon Harvey, "practitioner of physic," rode to Fulham without his bat. Ethan Allen did not come, but Capt. Robert Cochran did, from Bennington, with 25 Green Mountain Boys, through Marlboro, across meeting-house hill in Brattleboro. Others came from both sides of the river. to the number of about 400 in all, who surrounded the village and took the judges, sheriff, clerk and lawyers, and others most prominent in the posse prisoners. An inquest was held by Timothy Olcott of Rockingham, coroner, the original record of which is framed and hangs in the state library at Montpelier, which charged the sheriff and several of his posse with murder, and they were taken by the county au-thorities to the jail in Northampton for safe keeping from the exasperated people. Joseph Hancock of Hopkinton, Mass., was at Westminster. Mrs. Gale sent him to her mother in Brattleboro who sent him and Oliver Church of Brattleboro to Judge Wells and Mr. Brush, who were in New York in attendance as members of the colonial assembly from Cumberland county, to inform them of what had happened. The prisoners were afterward taken by the New York authorities from Northamp-ton to New York and released. Here are some of the accounts for entertaining the

posse: March 12th, 1775, William Patterson, Esqr., to March 12th, 17th, Whitehall James Cummings, 11r., James Cummings, 11r., To vittling Left, Osgood's men to Eleven meals of £ 9, 11, 0

Vitials, £ 0, 11. C To Six mugs of flip, 5. Narch 14, Herekich Boyden of New-Fane and his men Nine meals of vittles, 0, 9, 0 To a mug of flip and three guill of Rum, 0, 2, 3 To vittling thirty-five men from Brat. To Liquir and bors keeping,

York Curry, £4, 16, 556 James Cumminos.

March the 13th to March the 19th, 1775. William Patterson, Dr., for victuals the Possey had of Mr. Ephraim Banney, One hundred and forty meals of victuals at 7th Pr meal. E 4, 10, 0 Liker of all socts, 0, 12, 0

William Patterson to John Norton, Dr., March ye 18, 1773, for victualling Westmoreland men one hundred and twenty meals at 1s. \$6, 0, 0 To fore gallons of Rum.

To vitualling the Possay forty two meals at 1s. Pr. meal.

To liquer.

To vitualing Walpole People twenty six meals at 1s.

To entertaining the Committee with vittuals and Liquer, all, L. money, Bay,

18, 10, 614 York money.

York money. 18, 10, 614
for victuals and drink for themselves the Possey and Gard, Bust is to say, and Gard, Bust is to say.
Alliam Patterson, Esqr., Thomas Chandler, Esqr., Noah Sabin, Esqr., Benjamin Butterfield, Esqr., William William, Esqr., Sam'i Gale, Esqr., William Gorton, William Williams, Thomas Elies, Oliver Wells, Thomas Sargents, Richard Hill, Joseph Willard, Capt, Henj Burt, The above names was imprisoned together and their billor cost for victuals and liker from tuesday the 14th to Sunday 19 day following is thirtien pounds, Eight Shulings, twe pence York money,

2, 6, 13, 5, 6, 10. money, again comings, ave pence York.
And victuals for the Possey and liker is 6, 13, 45,
Capt. Butterfield's till for himself and
men that guarded the Prisoners is
Seventeen Pounds, fourteen Shillings
and Nine Pence, 17, 14, 0

To cash paid Josiah Arms, Cash paid Zach'k Gilson. To Ferriage over West River.

A77, 10, 111 Last of expenses (paid by Sam'l Gale) in bringing part of the Posse from Westminster to N. York occasioned by the late that in the County of Cumberland, viz., N. England Money. March 20th, Expenses at Westmore.

March 21st, expenses at Northfield, 22d, at Greenfield, 23d, at Greenlied, and Deerneld, and Deerneld, and Deerneld, flarch 23, expenses at Northampton and on the road, Advanced Capt. Butterfield's men who Guarded us to bear their ex-

penses home, larch 35th, Paid Mr. Wright, the Guoler, at Northampton for Bor'd, dvanced the Constable for Sundries larch 35th, Paid Mr. Wright, the Gaoler,
April 4th, Sundry small articles,
Advanced Malachi Church to look out
for the Threatening Mob,
April 5th, Sundry small articles,
Paid Mr. Wright the Gaoler,
Advanced Malachi Church,

Expended at Southampton, Westfield, Westfield, 0, 18, 8

to &c., The balance amounting to 23, 15, 014

to &c., The balance amounting to 23, 15, 014

topenses of Sundry persons brought

shown from Cumberland County to

New York and their expenses were
Richard Hill's Bill berewith delivered) 2, 7, 7, 6

Hark Langdon's, Do

Expenses of Board at New York, viz.

William Fatterson, Samuel Gale,

Noah Sabin, William Willard, Benja,

Butterfield, Samuel Knight and

Richard Hill, from the 13th April to

the 4th of May 3 weeks at 26, each, 21, 0, 0

Left, Osgood was Lieut, Christopher Osgood who lived on Newfane Hill. Besides him and Hezekiah Boyden, Nathaniel Stedman and Moses Kenney went from Newfane and to Northampton. Moses Kenney lived at the Kenney place west of Newfane Hill, now owned by a descendant. Nathaniel Stedman lived on the hill east of Fayetteville, long afterwards occupied by him and his descendants. William French was the only person from Brattleboro there with those in opposition to the court party. His father lived at the French place on the road to the ferry next to Dummerston line. An exact copy of his epitaph is printed at the end of his article.

In a ballad, published soon after, this

erse refers to him and his connections. But Vengeance let us Wreak, my Boys, For Matron, Maid and Spinster: Whose joys are fled, whose Homes are sal, For the Youth of Red Westamaster.

He has been justly regarded as the first martyr of the revolution.

Benjamin Butterfield, Esquire, lived over West River, next above where A. F. Waite lives: he was not the commander of the guard; his son Benjamin, a carpenter fived where the cellar-hole is at the south west corner of the old cemetery on meet-ing-house hill, above Centreville.

Noah Sabin was a member of the Congregational church in Putney. He was refused communion after this affair, but was admitted again April 29, 1781, and became a "most stable and useful member." Samuel Knight became afterwards chief

Frances Montusan became a widow Bu chanan and was afterwards married, on February 16, 1784, to Ethan Allen, at Westminster, and lived to great age in Burlington. This account of the part at that; and told the others that the girl taken by her mother and herself was received from her many years after the occurrence. Ethan Allen's work entitled "Reason the only oracle of man," was published in 1784. He presented to her a copy on a fly-leaf of which he had written: Dear Fanny, Wife the Beautiful and Young: he partner of my Joys, my dearest self, pride of my life, your sexes pride and justiern of polite ness, yet sincear. To thee a compliment I make of treasures rich, the oracles of reason.

WM. FRENCH'S EFITAPH. In Memory of William French Son to Mt Nathaniel French Who

Was Shot at Westminster March y 13th 1775 by the hands of Cruel Ministereal tools of Georg y 3d in the Corthouse at a 11 a Clock at Night in the 22d year of

For Murder his blood for Vengance cries King Georg the third his Tory crew tha with a bawl his head Shot threw For Liberty and his Country's Good he Lost his Life his Dearest blood

This unique inscription, which is copied terally, was cut on a slab of the blue slate-stone commonly used at that time, and the stone stood on French's grave in the Westminster cemetery until some 10 or 12 years ago when, having fallen into par-tial decay, the portion of the stone containing the inscription was set into a slab of marble for its better preservation, and is a familiar object to all who pass that way. Its place in the cemetery is only a few rods distant from the spot on or near the brow of the hill, across the road, where the old courthouse stood. After Vermont became a state the courts for the county were held there and in Mariboro for a term of years. When Newfane became the county-seat the old building was sold by order of the state and was finally taken down. It was a square two-story building with the court-room and some sleeping-rooms on the second floor, and the first floor used as a tavern and jail.

Don't Part With The Sheep. Since the price of wool on a free trade basis has dropped over 40 per cent below protected prices, sheep even yet may be as profitable as any other branch of farm in-dustry. Horses and cattle bring no return until after the third year, and are selling below the cost of production. The sheep however, through the yield of wool, to say nothing of lambs, give a cash return every 12 months and bring money to the farmer in the spring before there can be any return from his crops. It now seems not improbable that a part at least of the duty upon wool will be restored, and as increase in the flocks is necessarily slow, it is an open question whether in comparison with the low prices of wheat, cotton, horses, etc. sheep are not more desirable than many of

the other branches of farm industry.

A BABY CONTRADICTS THE DOCTORS. All Are Happy, Glad, and Well.

[RPECIAL TO OUR LANS READERS.] The theories of physicians in regard to female complaints suffer a "Water-loo" very frequently, when sensible and thinking women take matters into their own hands.



Women are sometimes compelled to act for themselves, because of the suffer-ing forced upon them by incompetent doctors, who are baffled by very simple complaints, because they are not the

right sex to comprehend them.

Lydia E. Pinkham, when she gave to the world her Vegetable Compound, lifted women from the darkness into light. She placed within their reach &

guaranty, not only of health, but of del-leacy and self-respect.

The following letter is a little story where a "dear little boy" was the

"I have taken three boules of your Vegetable Compound, one package of Sanative Wash, one box of Liver Pills; dear little babe four weeks old, and I am well. 1 have to thank you

"I have spent \$200.00 for doctors' bills without ure I only spent "I was once a victim of female troubles in their worst

form. I have suffered untold agonies every month; and have poultices applied, and then could not stand the

"My physician told me if I became pregnant I would die. I had bladder trouble, itching, backache, catarrh of the stomach, hysteria, and heart trouble, fainting spells and leucorrhoa. Can you wonder that I sing the praises of a medi-cine that has cured me of all these ills? MRS. GEO. C. KIRCHNER, 351 Snediker Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.

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NEATEST, Sold by every Grocer in Vermont.

No, He Didn't.

T was reported that he took the Morrell Cure. but the report was not true. It is doubtful whether it would have done him any good. Still, we hate to give a fellow up, as beyond the reach of anything. The fault in his case would not be that he has drink too long. That has nothing to do about it. There is no doubt but we could take the desire of drink all away from him, but he would continue to "hang around" the loafing places where drink is used and sold (for it is sold in Brattlehoro), and the result would be, that he would soon be drinking again. If a fellow has powder in his coat pocket, he better keep away from a burning building. If not, he may lose his powder, to say the least. To you see the point: "The Morrell Cure is always sure, but men are not." Main Office, Brattlehoro, Vt., D. L. GRIGGS, Secretary.

Think So!

che low prices of wheat, cotton, horses, etc., sheep are not more desirable than many of the other branches of farm industry.

—Justin, Bateman & Co., Circular Hood's Pills cure liver ills biliour.ess, indiscussion, headache. A phagrant laxative. All bruggists.

OrHERS think so, too. They have reason for the should people usually do have a reason for the thoughts they think. Estimated the should be a peculially men. And should be about the bouse. I think that if they employ me to do their plumbing they will be perfectly satisfied with the manner in which it is done. Others think so. Why! Just because I always do my work well. That's why. A. G. JOHNSON, Flat Street.

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Pullen, the grocer, will give to each customer for a short time, free of charge, a ten cent package of tooth picks when purchasing one dollar's worth of granulated sugar.

Get a gallon of Molasses at Pullen's and he will give you a handsome one-gallon jug which sells at 25 cents.

At Pullen's.

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Window Shades

spring stock, about double the thing in the wall paper line we amount we have usually bought, would really like to show you what We used all the taste we had in making our selections we had in cents per roll up, and borders to making our selections, ran short match every pattern. Come in and though on the last few patterns. look at them anyway and if you If you see one you don't ike it will don't find anything to suit you we probably be one of them.

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The matters treated of in these short talks must not be looked at in a speculative view but squarely as one of the important questions of the hour, and from a business stand-point exclusively, and it is on this basis that we feel sure we can and will save you not alone pennies but dollars. This week we call attention to our line of

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As prices have been reduced on acco of raw material being very low we can sell you a spring bed for \$2.50 now, that last year we sold for \$3.50. We would

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10:25 A. M., for Millers Falls and stations on Fitchburg R. R., Palmer and stations on Boston &
Albany R. R., and for New London, and accommodation for Springfield,

2:10 p. M., mail train for Springfield,

4:25 p. M., for Millers Falls and stations on Fitchburg R. R., Falmer and New London and New
York via Norwich Line,

4:35 p. M., for Springfield and New York.

GOING NORTH. Trains arrive at Brattleboro as follows:
0:20 a. s., from New York via Norwich Line, New
London, Paltner and Mülers Falls.
1:10 a. s., from Springfield.
1:05 p. s., from New London, Palmer and Millers
Falls.

10 P. M. from Springfield and New York 15 P. M., from New York and Springfield. 55 P. M., from New London, Palmer and Miller Falls. Falls,
10:10 P. M., from New York and Springfield.
D. MACKENZIE, Supt., New London.
S. W. CUMMINGS, G. P. A., St. Albans.
J. A. SOUTHARD, D. P. A., New London.
New London, Coun., Oct., 1, 1894.

BOSTON & MAINE RAILROAD.

O'N and after Oct. 1, 1891, trains on this road 11,10 a. M., 2110, 5:45 and 10:10 p. M.

The 11:30 a. M. train is mail train for Montpeller, St. Albans. Butland, Burlington, Montreal and the Passumpsie road.

The 2:10 p. M. train is the Montreal and Lyndonville express. The 5.45 P. M. train is mail train for White River Junction and Rutland.
The 10:10 P. M. train is express for Montreal, Sherbrook and Quebec, with sleeping carsattached. This train runs daily (Sundays to Montreal, entry). tached. This train runs daily (Sunmays treal only).

Going south trains arrive in Brattleboro from Bellows Falls and points north at 5:30 a. M. (night express), 6:30 a. M., (mail), 2:10 F. M., (mail), 4:35 F. M. (Montreal and New York day express).

All trains make close connections with Boston & Albany road both cast and west of Springfield.

D. J. FLANDERS, Gen'l Pass gr Ag't.

Sit Down, Please.

BUT not in that chair, for the bottom is gone dressing that will make them look as good as new. Can fluish them in cherry, oak, or otherwise. New wood dusters, varied colors, Just received. Imitation cut glass in many articles, and though the price is small, the goods are nice. Your Grandmother used to pour test from a little blue and white tea not, and we have some now, that are so much like Grandma that you will hardly know the difference. Buying goods in large quantities, as we do, gives us the chance to sell for about the price some others pay for their goods, for we lose nothing by bad dehts, as ours is a cash business, entirely. We might also advertise goods at wholesale price, for that is about the way of it. Shall expect you to call and do your trading before the reads get very musidy, and while our fresh spring stock is unbroken. WIL-COX'S New York Burgain Store, 49 Main Street.

Farm to Let

ON SHARES, the widely known Houghton Farm of Futney, Vt. fully equipped and partly stocked. Apply at the farm to J. H. HOUGHTON. Only first class man with highest references, means and ability wanted. 11-12

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria

Horsford's Baking Powder. Try it.

A Wonderful Invention