

GIRLS IN SECRET DEBATE.

The Sylvania young ladies determined a few days ago that in the course of human events the times were mellow for a secret organization: it was to be a kind of a secret debating club, and boys of all ages were of course excluded. They said it was to be a "girls secret" society, and they solemnly declared they were going to have it that way or not at all. For about an hour the young ladies sat and conversed, yet no one had the courage to propose an organization. At last, however, one of them suggested that they get to work. They knew they ought to have a President, but how to elect one was the question. One girl said she had heard her father say that all Presidents ought to be elected by a popular vote. So they selected a young lady whom they considered a favorite with every one, and she declared which one of their number should be presiding officer, and thus the President was elected by a popular vote. Next a Secretary was chosen by the voice of the whole assembly. It tickled the girls immensely to vote, and after they said "Yes!" or "No!" they would all laugh for the space of about five minutes. When order was permanently restored the President announced that a question was open for discussion. The words had hardly had time to escape her lips before sixteen girls leaped from their chairs and sixteen simultaneous voices shouted, "Mr. President!" The scene that followed beggars the pen. Imagine sixteen girls all making a speech on the same subject at the same time. The President rapped and rapped on the table and tried to bring them to order, but her voice as well as the sound of the gavel was lost in the din. It was evident that the debaters were prepared for the discussion, for as time wore on they warmed up to the question, and their sixteen unexpansioned voices made the ceiling rattle. The lamp began to sway, the Scriptural mottoes that hung on the wall rose and fell, and every now and then a chair would be sent furiously across the room as an excited speaker advanced nearer to the front. The bending of sixteen pairs of arms in unceasing gesticulations confused and dazzled the eye like the revolving of rapid machinery, and amidst this direct confusion to the label that fell upon the ear. Occasionally two opposing arms would become entwined as they aspired together to the ceiling. Then there was an instant pause in that locality, and eyes would gaze back on eyes that glared with the fire of debate. Sometimes a fair debater would stop for a second at the end of a sentence to catch her breath and see what effect her oratory was having on the rest; but when she saw that they all rushed heedlessly on she plunged once more into the maddening speech, and her voice was heard above the roar. The President, a good talker herself, had at last yielded to the fearful odds against her and sank back into her seat, wrapped in silence and despair; the Secretary buried her face in her hands and wept, but still those sixteen richly freighted orators floated gallantly on over the stormy waves of debate. But, as time wore on, nature's exhausted forces began to rebel, and at last, like the Deacon's wonderful one-hoss shay, there was a grand collapse, and the whole sixteen in the same instant dropped panting from the ranks. After a fearful silence of about a minute, one of the girls got up to remark that she thought it was perfectly disgusting for all the other girls to commence talking when she started to speak, to which there followed an excited chorus of voices which said plainly, although the words were not distinguishable, that each one was under the same impression. By a powerful use of the gavel, aided by her foot, the President was able to quell the mutterings of this second storm and declare peace in Warsaw again. The armistice, however, was of short duration. The girls began to call for the decision of the Clair. Each one was sure she had made the best point, and she talk her brow warming to the purple. The President arose and in a few words stated that she could not decide the question from the fact that she had not been able to distinguish a single word that was said. That was enough. The last syllable was still lingering on her lips when pandemonium broke loose again. Cries of "Treason!" rent the air, and in a great throng they made for the President and brought her down from the chair with force of arms. The scene was indescribable. The wildest excitement prevailed, and amidst the confusion, while battle cries and shouts filled the room, the reporter made good his escape, and once more in the open air faltered, thanks to heaven, for life.

My words appeared to touch him. He shook my hand, thanked me for my forbearance and left me. I slept with a clear conscience until 8 o'clock, then I awoke to find that watch, purse and diamond scarf-pin were all gone. He touched me deeper than I did him. I was so mortified that I did not report my loss, but if I ever meet that smooth-faced, penitential young hypocrite, there will be a sudden funeral, and either he or I will ride in the hearse. —St. Louis Globe Democrat.

THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONVENTION.

The convention of the Christian Endeavor Societies which closed in New York on Saturday was remarkable, not more for the large number of delegates in attendance than for the harmony and earnest enthusiasm that marked its deliberations. Coming almost immediately after the political conventions of the four parties who are contesting the control of the administration of the Government of a great Nation for the next four years, in each of which there were wide differences of opinion as to the availability of candidates and the wisdom of policies, this convention of twenty thousand delegates, representing a society of a million and a half members assembled together animated by a common purpose and laboring for a common end. From the very nature of the organization, the Christian Endeavor Convention was largely composed of young men and women. Wise and able teachers there were among them, those who had labored for many years in the cause of Christian living and Christian doing, but the vast majority were but newly enlisted, and animated by the enthusiasm that comes with a purpose half accomplished if it is well begun. By no means the least encouraging feature of the convention was the broad catholicity of spirit that prevailed among the delegates. They were representatives of all the so-called evangelical denominations. Doubtless they differed in interpretation of doctrine and in meaning of revelation, but in the one purpose of "Christian endeavor" they were united. Whether or not this convention or the great organization represented by it is destined to make a permanent impress upon the religious thought of the time, this much is certain: The cause of true Christianity is immeasurably advanced by the enlistment of so many young and ardent disciples of the Master for the purpose of helping their fellow men to better living, to better knowledge of the trials and perplexities that are the accompaniment of every life, and teaching them by precept and example that the best service is obedience to the commandment that includes all others, "That ye love one another." —Messenger.

—The children's health must not be neglected. Cold in the head causes catarrh. Ely's Cream Balm cures at once. It is perfectly safe and is easily applied to the nostrils. The worst cases yielding to it. Price 50c.

SHALL WE TRY IT AGAIN?

The Herald, in a recent article on the use of campaign funds, refers to the peculiar character of the Harrison campaign of 1840, which was kept up with great vigor for nearly a year. It is stated as an evidence of its spontaneousness that men readily left their business in the day time to engage in political meetings and celebrations. There are yet many living who can attest to the truth of the almost universal giving up of business to politics, for the reason mainly that there was little else to do, and the revolution in the Government which followed showed the intensity of the public feeling. Very innocently the cause of that great "commotion-motion" in the language of the popular song of that day, is quietly left out of sight, lest some of the Democratic masses should learn something which would enlighten their eyes upon the beauties of Jackson-Van-Buren Democracy, which are becoming popular in these days. The autocratic power of Jackson, so much vaunted then, but a power now deprecated as of great danger to the people, caused the removal of the Government deposits from the United States Bank to State banks, styled deposit banks, but more generally known as "pet" banks from their management by friends of the administration. These funds of the Government were mainly used for speculative purposes, and there ensued a period of prosperity, as it was called, which demanded the charter of a multitude of banks throughout the country, with little or no capital, to make money easy, and loans to everybody. The Free Silver advocates, Greenbackers, and those who wish a return to State bank issues, all of which make up the larger portion of the Democratic masses clamoring for more of an easy currency, were resolved to enter upon the same wild, impolitic schemes which will end only to ruin to the masses with the building up of fortunes and monopolies by the shrewd, cunning, and those who are already millionaires.

The lesson to be learned is that a reaction followed the inflation period, to an almost universal bankruptcy of the country in 1837, when the worst failures were the "pet" Government banks. Prospective cities throughout the West, and less than speculative schemes in the East, came to an end as in a flash, and multitudes of young men who went out to make fortunes in merchandizing were forced to the land to get their bread. The "wild cat," "red dog" and other currency, so plentiful, became worthless, and it was a long time before such banks as were solvent were able to resume specie payments. When men talk of hard times they know little of the straits to which the working classes were reduced at the time. So universal was bankruptcy and so difficult to get relief from insolvency that the reaction was necessarily slow. The crash came immediately after the inauguration of Mr. Van Buren as President, and although he was in no way responsible for the disasters which fell upon the country, unless as executor under the will of Gen. Jackson, his administration was forced to bear all the responsibilities therefor, notwithstanding the famous saying of Jackson: "I take the responsibility." The people bore up under their burdens as well as they could, and were ready to devote all their energies for the election of his successor, the unanimity of which was one of the most remarkable in the history of the country. The question now recurs, are we ready for a repetition of a like disastrous period? —Boston Journal.

—One of my children had a very bad discharge from her nose. Two physicians prescribed but without benefit. We tried Ely's Cream Balm, and, much to our surprise, there was a marked improvement. We continued using the Balm and in a short time the discharge was cured. —O. A. Cary, Corning, N. Y.

—Mrs. Fuller, wife of the Republican nominee for governor, and Mrs. Stranahan, wife of the nominee for lieutenant-governor, were in their girlhood classmates at the Glenwood Ladies' seminary at West Brattleboro under Principal Orcutt.

A GOOD STORY OF INGALLS.

Senator Ingalls of Kansas has been elected an honorary member of the Minneapolis Cod Liver Oil Club. There was no doubt about his eligibility, and his election was unanimous. Ingalls' meager endowment of flesh has been the occasion of a good many stories, one of the best of which was related the other night by another Kansas man at the West. "You know how lean Ingalls is," he said. "Well, down in Atchison there is a doctor who is a great friend of the Senator. This doctor had been greatly annoyed by a newaboy who would come into his office very unceremoniously and pester him by trying to sell papers. "One day when Ingalls was in the office the boy was heard coming up the stairs, and the doctor decided to put up a job on him. He rushed out an articulated skeleton, and placed it in a chair by the desk, and then the two men withdrew to the back room. "In rushed the boy, and, without noticing what was at the desk, came directly up to the skeleton. When he looked up and saw it grinning at him he was nearly scared into convulsions, and bolted for the door, yelling bloody murder. The joke tickled the doctor, but Ingalls' conscience pricked him, and, going to the window, he looked out at the boy who was standing below crying. "Come up stairs, my boy," he said, "I'll buy one of your papers." "But the newsie began to yell harder than ever, and between his sobs he managed to blubber out: 'Oh, you can't fool me, even if you have put your clothes on.' " —From the Minneapolis Tribune.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

NEWS AND NOTES.

—Remember that even a hog cannot be injured by injured by cleanliness.

—When you talk to a man about his sins, don't stand over him with a club.

—Keep better stock and keep it better, is the "stock" theme now. Not a bad one.

—Few men have the knack to handle more than a hundred fowls and care for them properly.

—Mankind will be most prosperous and happy as each individual applies himself to that for which he is best fitted.

—It has been said that what the short-horn is to cattle, the Dorking is to poultry. It is essentially the meat-producing fowl.

—"Breed goes in at the mouth," for to feed, as the principal factor, must the major part of all stock improvement be ascribed.

—As a rule, a setting hen is nearly always fat, and to prevent her from setting simply keep her in a condition unfit for laying.

—The greater part of injuries received from bulls are done by the so-called gentle kind; just as it is that the gun not loaded is the one that kills.

—The New oleomargarine law has had an amendment made to it that prohibits any family furnishing their domestic oleomargarine for cooking or eating purposes.

—The draft of a farm machine is increased by allowing the parts that work against each other to rust? The man who shelters his farm machinery saves his horses as well as his machines.

—Don't imagine a ten-acre pasture will support innumerable cattle. The result of overstocking pastures is death to the pastures and starvation to the cows, and those are dead losses to you.

—Although the Merino wool will not supply the place of coarser materials for the manufacture of some fabrics, yet it will come nearer than any other one grade in supplying the wants of man.

—Mr. Thayer of Wisconsin who grows berries commercially, said: "The secret of laying down a blackberry or raspberry plantation is to bend below the dirt line and not above. You must do the bending in the root."

—The best way to salt horses is to have a little compartment in one corner of the wood box, in which keep a hump of rock salt. Neither cattle nor sheep, and not even hogs, will eat too much salt if it is kept always within their reach.

—Some bright road improvement fellow went into print with the urgent advice to get the roads photographed while they were bad and show them to farmers after they become good, so they will not forget. Nery good idea, that.

—The farmer should realize that farming has not yet reached perfection; that improvements are possible in a thousand things; and his constant study and careful observation should be to discover the better plan, says the American Homestead.

—The needs which pigs have for salt and ashes are well known, but not generally practiced. While pigs are roaming in the fields and woods they do not need the ashes, but when confined to their winter quarters, and fed concentrated food, a weekly supply of wood ashes will be of inestimable value to them.

—It has always been the fate of the Democratic party to lag about a generation behind the march of human progress. The Free Trade doctrines which it is endorsing with such formality and emphasis are a relic of the Southern Confederacy and have been repudiated even by the Tories of Great Britain, who ordinarily are about the last persons to acknowledge that the world moves.

—Henry Waterson has a picturesque way of putting things—or at least did have it, before the convention. He announced to Kentucky and the country—atropos of his publicly expressed opinion that for the Democratic party to nominate Grover Cleveland would be to walk through a slaughter-house into an open grave—that he was not a slave nigger, but a free nigger. In an interview at Chicago he said: "In 1864 we had a war candidate on the peace platform, in 1868 a hard-money candidate on a soft-money platform, in 1872 a Republican on a Democratic platform, and in 1880 a Protectionist on a Free Trade platform. In each instance disaster followed." This was a faithful picture, and that of 1892 will make a companion one to "hang on the line."

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