

AS FRIEND MEETS FRIEND.

There is the Same Greeting in All Countries.

The First Salutation is Invariably an Inquiry About Health—The Danger of Closed Doors and Windows—The One Cure for Neuralgia.

"How do you do?" is the phrase all over the world. In every language the first greeting inquires about the health.

Nothing robs tired, aching nerves of all irritation like appropriate nerve food. Paine's celery compound best meets this need.

MRS. L. VAN ZILE.

Mrs. L. Van Zile of 262 Liberty Street, Paterson, N. J., whose portrait is given above, writes as follows:

"I enclose you one of my pictures, that you may show it to suffering humanity and tell what Paine's celery compound is doing for me. I am still using it, and it is doing great work for my family. I have recommended the remedy to several sufferers.

"Am taking it for neuralgia with great benefit."

Paine's celery compound is the one true specific for all diseases resulting from an impaired nervous system or impoverished blood. Try it.

DOWN IT, OR IT WILL DOWN YOU.

The Stomach Not Easily Dethroned When Once It Obtains Mastery.

One of the greatest misfortunes that can happen to a man in his earthly career is to discover that he has a stomach. He may know it theoretically or recollect the lessons in physiology of his school days, but when he finds out by actual, personal experience that he has a stomach he is pitted.

The maxim that one never enjoys a good dinner until after it has been eaten is a refinement of modern and degenerate days, containing much sound philosophy from a certain standpoint.

Working a Racket. The tramp was looking fairly respectable, and as he moved along the street a brilliant idea occurred to him—how to work a racket for a breakfast—and he went into the first good looking residence he came to and knocked at the front door.

Do Flying Fish Fly? A very common error made in natural histories where this fish is mentioned is that it does not fly. Its supposed flight is nothing more than a prolonged leap.

A King Who Could Change the Winds. King Ericus of Sweden publicly confessed that he was a sorcerer and magician. He was the owner of an enchanted map, which he pretended enabled him to control the spirits and change the direction of the winds at pleasure.

Hurd's Finest Stationery at the BANNER Stationery store.

INDIANS AND LUNATICS.

The Farmer's Respect for the Letter Once Saved a Yale Professor.

"One very peculiar characteristic of the Indian," said Major Barbour, a former plainsman now metamorphosed into a clubman and raconteur, "is his reverence, amounting to absolute fear in many instances, of an insane person. They never harm one whom they believe to be mentally affected. I remember one striking instance which will illustrate. I was a member of the expedition headed by General Custer that made a tour through the Yellowstone valley and that section of the country the year before the Custer massacre.

"It was put on foot in the interest of science, and we had a lot of fellows from the Smithsonian institution and about a dozen Yale professors. It was a big party, comprising two or three companies of cavalry, one of infantry and some artillery, so the Sioux, who at that time simply swarmed over that country, were afraid to tackle us. But they hung around us all the time, and General Custer gave orders after two men who were hunting had been killed that no one should leave camp without permission.

"Those Yale professors just worried the life out of the soldiers. Every professor had a detail of five men who had to watch him. They would go around picking up bugs and chasing butterflies all over the prairie and would break up rocks and powwow over them with magnifying glasses until the soldiers swore that every man of them was a howling idiot.

"One day the worst old fellow in the crowd, a bugologist, who wore two pairs of glasses—one red and one green—managed in some way or other to get out of the sight of his detail and wandered two or three miles away. He ran plump into a gang of Sioux. He walked up to them and offered to shake hands. They grabbed him, and the first thing they did was to dive down into a big green baize bag he carried.

"They pulled out lizards and pieces of clay and bits of rock and bugs and the worst assortment of truck imaginable. Just about this time the old professor caught sight of a peculiar looking bug. He caught it, pulled out his glass and began to study it. That settled it.

"An Indian took him by the hand, led him to a hill close by, and pointing to the army below said, 'Go.' He came back and said that the soldiers totally misunderstood the Indians. 'Why, I found them the most polite and courteous of people,' said he to General Custer. But the old chief afterward told me that they wouldn't have had him stay in that country for anything on earth."—Washington Post.

An African Pest.

With regard to the utility of the crocodile there are diverse opinions. It is certainly a scavenger, though when the rapid currents of most rivers are taken into consideration the importance of his mission dwindles. The author of "In the Marshes of Africa" says that along the banks of African streams it is dangerous to approach the river edge. Water for domestic purposes is obtained from the top of the banks by means of a cup attached to a bamboo pole 20 or 30 feet in length, and in spite of these precautions the death roll is a most ghastly one.

The primitive dugouts used by the natives for traveling on the rivers are in many cases merely deathtraps. While the men are paddling along, barely two inches above the surface of the water, the crocodile seizes his hand and drags him to the bottom.

On one occasion I sent down some letters by a Hindoo merchant, and a few weeks later heard that both letters and postman had been devoured by crocodile. At another time I was strolling along the bank, and hearing cries arrived at the water's edge in time to seize a young boy whose leg had been caught by one of the brutes and torn from him. He escaped with his life, thanks to my timely arrival.

In some places one sees thousands of crocodiles on a mud bank, most of them scarcely 2 inches in length, evidently just hatched from their eggs and lamentable are heard for a fresh victim to the crocodile's insatiable appetite.—Youth's Companion.

Working a Racket.

The tramp was looking fairly respectable, and as he moved along the street a brilliant idea occurred to him—how to work a racket for a breakfast—and he went into the first good looking residence he came to and knocked at the front door.

"Do you want to know how to prevent moths in carpets?"

"No," she replied curtly.

"Want to know how to prevent mold in first floor closets?"

"No."

"Want to know how to clean windows without water?"

"No."

"Would you like the secret of preserving the polish on furniture?"

"No."

He hesitated a moment.

"Excuse me," he said insinuatingly, "can I get something to eat here?"

"Of course you can," she replied promptly. "Why didn't you say so at first? Go on around to the kitchen door." And as he followed her directions he kicked himself four times for ever letting a brilliant thought occur to him how to work a racket.—Detroit Free Press.

Praising the Chinese Servant.

"I have had a good deal of experience with Chinese labor," said Judge Worden of Denver, "and my belief is that the Chinese make the best servants in the world. They will do just what you tell them to do in the way that you tell them to do it. A combination of three virtues constitutes their principal fault—they are industrious, obedient and frugal. Hence they will do more work, do it more willingly, do it cheaper and save more money than any other race of people. The difference in wages is not as great as is generally represented, and the coolies on the fruit farms in southern California, where I have seen more of them than any place else, are paid as well as similar labor is elsewhere. As house servants they are par excellence. They will obey the rules of the household and do not draw the lines as to what their duties shall or shall not be. They can be relied upon and are not given to changing employers."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A King Who Could Change the Winds.

King Ericus of Sweden publicly confessed that he was a sorcerer and magician. He was the owner of an enchanted map, which he pretended enabled him to control the spirits and change the direction of the winds at pleasure. So firmly did his subjects believe in the supernatural powers of their ruler that when a storm raged they would exclaim, "Ah, the king is again waving his magic cap!"—St. Louis Republic.

If the hair is falling out, or turning gray, requiring a stimulant with nourishing and coloring food, Hall's Vegetable Sillian Hair Renewer is just the specific.

—It excels all others. She speaks from long experience. Mrs. S. T. Moore, Jerseyville, Ill., writes: "I can truthfully say that Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup excels all other preparations of a like nature. We have used it for over five years and would not be without it."

—Typhoid fever is epidemic in several towns and cities in Connecticut.

—If you are offered a bottle of Salvation Oil without a wrapper, or mutilated or defaced, don't buy it at any price, you may be sure there is something wrong—it may be a worthless or dangerous counterfeit. Insist upon getting a perfect, unbroken, genuine package, in a yellow wrapper. Be on your guard.

—Ex-President Harrison, who is traveling across the continent to San Francisco, is getting a veritable ovation at all the cities where he stops.

—Elderly people remember their spring bitters with a shudder. The present generation have much to be thankful for, not the least of their blessings being such a pleasant, thoroughly effective spring medicine as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is a health-restorer and health-maintainer.

—A gang of girl counterfeiters has been unearthed in Omaha, and two of its members are under arrest, with the prospect of others being soon behind the bars.

—For all derangements of the throat and lungs, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the speediest and most reliable remedy. Even in the advanced stages of consumption this wonderful preparation affords great relief, checks coughing and induces sleep.

—The Pope refuses to condemn Henry George's books.

—The usual treatment of catarrh is very unsatisfactory, as thousands can testify. Proper local treatment is positively necessary to success, but many, if not most, of the remedies in general use afford but temporary relief. A cure certainly cannot be expected from snuffs, powders, douches and washes. Ely's Cream Balm, which is so highly commended, is a remedy which combines the important requisites of quick action, specific curative power, with perfect safety and pleasantness to the patient. The druggists all sell it.

—Paris is panic-stricken. Everybody carrying a parcel is suspected and watched by the police. Metal boxes are regarded as presumptive evidence of evil intentions.

THE SUPERIORITY

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla is due to the tremendous amount of brain work and constant care used in its preparation. Try one bottle and you will be convinced of its superiority. It purifies the blood, which the source of health, cures dyspepsia, overcomes sick headaches and biliousness. It is just the medicine for you.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, carefully prepared from the best ingredients.

—A dispatch from Kittingan, Penn., says: The wife of David Rosberger, a farmer living near here, gave birth to five children, three girls and two boys. All the children appear healthy and are likely to live.

TENNYSON ON SPRING.

We have the word of Alfred Tennyson for it that in the spring the young man's fancies lightly turn to thoughts of love. It is singular that the great laureate omitted to mention the fact that it is in the Spring that a considerable portion of the human race turn to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Probably nothing but the difficulty of finding a good rhyme for that invaluable remedy deterred him. Certain it is that the old-time domestic remedies are generally discarded in favor of the standard blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla, which has attained the greatest popularity all over the country as the favorite spring medicine. It purifies the blood and gives mental, bodily and digestive strength.

Wolves are unusually fierce this winter in Russia, and advices from Saratoff give terrible accounts of peasants on their way to the city markets devoured by the starving animals.

SPECIMEN CASES.

S. H. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was troubled with neuralgia and rheumatism his stomach was disordered, his liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large liver sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle Electric Bitters and one box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold at C. D. Gibson's drug store.

—Five cases of smallpox were discovered in a single tenement in New York city.

A HOUSEHOLD TREASURE.

D. W. Fuller of Canajoharie, N. Y., says that he always keeps Dr. King's New Discovery in the h. use, and his family has always found the very best results follow its use; that he would not be without it, if procurable. G. A. Dykeman, druggist, Catskill, N. Y., says that Dr. King's New Discovery is undoubtedly the best cough remedy; that he has used it in his family for eight years and it has never failed to do all that is claimed for it. Why not try a remedy so long tried and tested. Trial bottle free to C. D. Gibson's drug store. Regular size 50c. and \$1.00.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

AN OLD AND WELL TRIED REMEDY.—Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. It is pleasant to the taste. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Its value is incalculable. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other.

—A large amount of smuggled opium has been seized in the State of Washington.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, better, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all eruptions, and positively cures piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25c per box, For sale by C. D. Gibson.

FEW WOMEN IN PRISON

DOES THAT PROVE THAT THEY ARE BETTER THAN MEN?

A Newspaper Woman Has Been Investigating the Subject—A Penitentiary Warden Tells Her That the Courts Are Lenient, but She Refutes Him Easily.

I have been studying prison statistics, and I find the average proportion is 20 women to 1,000 men. In the case of the Columbus (O.) penitentiary there are only 28 women to nearly 2,000 men. At the Western penitentiary in this state there are 19 women to over 1,000 men. Talking with the courteous warden of this latter institution a few days since, I asked him for his theory and got it with readiness. It was with a mind made up that he answered, "It is largely owing to the leniency of the courts that more women are not convicted."

"But," said I, "people must be arraigned before they can be convicted, and there are proportionately so few women brought to trial. Either they do not violate the law, or they are more clever in covering up their tracks, and this with a cleverness that amounts to talent, and even if this last be true does there not still remain something to be said for them from a worldly point of view? The Spartans taught their youth the sin was not in stealing, but in being found out, you know." And the warden agreed that the Spartans were not all dead yet, or at least that their teachings had lived after them, but would concede nothing to women on the ground of morality.

Women are something of a bother to men, but to wardens in particular, I have concluded, and having known them both wisely and well I suppose when one such custodian insists that women of a low grade are worse than men of the same grade we should accept his judgment without question. But what I want to find out is why there are not as many women as men of this same grade? Warden Wright goes further and is especially positive that women in general are not better than men, and that once they are more incorrigible, and it is his experience that there are not so many reformations among women convicts as among the men, by which we may infer that women love wrongdoing.

Out of the fullness of his knowledge Mr. Wright argues that by the time women land in the penitentiary they are so steeped in sin as to be quite past redemption here, and I got the impression he had not much hope of them hereafter.

But let us see about the iniquity of women. In the first place, there are more women than men in the world. Therefore if women are more immoral than men ought they not to commit at least an equal number of crimes?

But they have not equal opportunity. They are not in the world as men are, therefore are not so beset by temptations, is the reply. But we may deny this, since there are now over 500 occupations for women and all crowded until there is scarcely any room, even at the top, whereas in 1850 there were but 40 employments in which women earned a living.

They are now by the hundreds working shoulder to shoulder with men in all the professions and a majority of the trades. And are they not subjected to the same temptations? It is now quite the exception to find a man on the cashier's stool in a store and restaurant, etc., and could there be a better card to woman's honesty? And yet it has been said women are only given this place and like places of responsibility because they can be hired for less money. So more the temptation to steal then. If women are so prone to go to such lengths to gratify their love for dress, as has been asserted, would they not, unless morally better, be more likely to steal than men who are paid a living salary and have less provocation?

But who ever heard of a woman running away with funds entrusted to her? There is no such curiosity on exhibition in the human menagerie at the Western penitentiary at least, though, to tell the truth, there is a greater one—that of a horse thief! The mention of this freak feminine suggests one more "manly pursuit" as free to women as to men. Why do not more women steal horses? They admire them, and surely a stolen horse is worth as much owned or sold to a woman who would steal as to a man?

And are not women as clever with the pen? Then why not Jane the penman as well as Jim? Yet how seldom we hear of women forging!

Prison reports the country over for 1891-2 show an alarming increase in the population of such institutions, but such statistics do not show a proportionate increase in crime among women. One of the propelling forces leading to criminality upon which the authorities are quite agreed is "the desire to live beyond legitimate means," and ever since women began wearing "store clothes" they have been accused of this very thing. Why, then, do they not steal to gratify this desire as their brethren do?

Through the courtesy of the warden I was permitted to visit the woman's department of the Western penitentiary. So far as I know I then stood for the first time face to face with a criminal of my own sex. I assure all who have not had the experience that it is a painful one, even though one cannot fully realize the situation just at the time. That character can be read in the countenance had up to that time been a pet theory of mine. It has been exploded.

There they sat in the light sewing room, working away as demurely and industriously and apparently as contentedly as if at a boarding school. Smiling and good humored, too, as if never a thought of evildoing had crossed the mind. There were pink and white blouses, the soulful blue eyes one reads about, and clear skinned brunettes, with the equally striking dark eyes of that quality commonly called mournful, but whether blonds or brunettes I think the most expert observer, without having known they were criminals, could not have guessed it, nor could he have picked out from the lot those having had murder in their hearts or on their hands.—Meg in Philadelphia Times.

Proved It.

"My wife will bear witness," said the prisoner at the bar, "that at the very time I am accused of burglarizing Mr. Smith's premises I was engaged in walking the floor with my infant child in my arms, endeavoring to soothe it by singing 'Rock-a-bye, Baby.'" "The prisoner is discharged," remarked his honor. "He can prove a lullaby."—Ram's Horn.

What She Forgot.

Visitor.—So you have a little baby brother? Little Girl.—Yes'm. I prayed for a little baby sister, but I suppose the angels had run out of girl babies. I forgot to tell them there wasn't any hurry.—Good News.

A Large Line.

The marvelous success of Hood's Sarsaparilla is based upon the corner stone of absolute merit. Take Hood's throughout the spring months.

The Postmaster's Subterfuge.

"One of the most pathetic scenes that ever came under my observation," said a southerner, "was at a country store on the Big Sandy river in West Virginia. I was there as a special postoffice inspector and was sitting in the store one bitterly cold night. A feeble old woman, wearing a thin calico dress and a faded sunbonnet, came in timidly, as if fearing bad news. 'I don't reckon you ain't got nothin for me,' she said to the storekeeper. 'Yes; I've got a letter,' and the old woman clutched it to her bosom as if it was the dearest thing on earth to her, and with a quick step born of happiness she walked out. 'I wrote that letter myself,' said the storekeeper to me. 'Her son went down the river on a raft three years ago and was drowned. The old woman could never understand that the boy was dead, and she writes to him every week, just backing her letters. 'My Boy Bill, Down the River.' It hurt her so not to get any answers that every week I write to her and sign Bill's name.'"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Novel Use For Cranks. "The only way to dispose of the crank question," said the man with the long hair and soiled shirt front, "is to arrest all suspicious characters, examine them, and every one who don't know the difference between right and wrong confine him perpetually in the courthouses."

"What for?" asked the prosecuting attorney. "What for? Under modern legal requirements where—I repeat—where would you find such a petit jury?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Poky Old Place.

Lady Betty (proud of old ancestral mansion, where the family have lived ever since the reign of Henry VIII)—Just fancy what papa's having done! He's having the electric light put in!

Prosaic Sister-in-law (from Chicago)—I'm real glad to hear it. It'll be the making of the place.—London Punch.

He Wanted to Find Out.

A little boy whose experience with elevators had been a very limited one was brought to the city by his mamma, and in the course of two or three hours' shopping the little fellow was taken up and down in different stores a good many times.

Finally the two went to an office building, took chairs in a rather small room and waited.

"Where are we now, mamma?" asked the boy.

"In Uncle Rob's office."

He glanced around the rather contracted quarters and then asked: "When does it go up?"—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Money.

Professor White.—When did money first come into use? Brown.—The exact date isn't known, sir, but it was subsequent to the failure of the tower of Babel.

Professor White.—Indeed! How did you learn that? Brown.—By inductive analysis, sir. Money talks, and everybody has always understood its language.—Kate Field's Washington.

A Waste of Money.

"Oh, misery!" cried the editor. "What's the matter now?" "I just threw a poet out of the window, and his wife, who was waiting for him below, has presented one of our insurance coupons at the cashier's desk. He had it on him! Another £100 gone, when 5 shillings would have bought not only his poem, but his everlasting gratitude."—London Tit-Bits.

A Curious Oath.

The following curious oath was until recently administered in the courts of the Isle of Man: "By this book, and by the holy contents thereof, and by the wonderful works that God has miraculously wrought in heaven above and in the earth beneath in six days and seven nights, I do swear that I will, without respect of favor or friendship, love or gain, consanguinity or affinity, envy or malice, execute the laws of this isle justly between our sovereign lord the king and his subjects within this isle, and between party and party as indifferently as the herring's backbone doth lie in the middle of the fish."—Exchange.

Yawning.

There are a great many things about breathing that people do not happen to know. Yawning, which is the relief that the lungs take when the air comes too slowly, is a necessary act and is, like everything designed by nature, for an excellent purpose. It is beneficial to catarrh and to all affections of the throat. It distends the muscles of the throat and nose.—Argosy.

SAVATION OIL

Has made many friends. Why? Because it is the best and cheapest liniment sold. It kills pain!

SAVATION OIL is sold by all dealers for 25c

CHEW LANGE'S PLUGS. The Great Tobacco Antidote!—Price 10 Cts. At all Dealers.

HURD'S STATIONERY—It's the Best

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MARCH, APRIL, MAY.

March, April and May are the arches of a bridge which bind the seasons of life to that of roses. Therefore the spring is a trying time for the average person. The system at this season of the year simply needs cleansing; remove the impurities from the blood, cure that growing trouble, constipation, and you will be able to battle with the coming season in perfect health. Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, more than any other medicine will do this for you. It will purify and dissolve the excess of uric acid in the blood, dispel that worn out feeling, make you sleep and eat well. It is prescribed by physicians every where for just this purpose. Druggists sell it for \$1 a bottle.

Estabrook's Granite & Marble Works MAIN STREET, NEXT TO NEW EXPRESS OFFICE AND OPPOSITE THE NATIONAL BANK, BENNINGTON, VTY.

Having stocked the best and finest granite and marble, domestic or foreign, and set the same on place in the cemetery in any part of the country at reasonable prices and guaranteed first class work. We are also wholesale agents for Iron Fences, Gates, etc., for cemetery enclosures, and would solicit correspondence with cemetery associations who contemplate such work. We also furnish Coping, Pipe Fence or other enclosures for individual lots. We handle North River Blue Stone, Marble and Slate in car loads for walks, curbing, etc. All our heavy work which is to be set at place is done from Bennington in finished as the quarries, where we have a practical quarryman and granite cutter in charge of a gang of men, and shipped direct to nearest railroad depot to the cemetery where it is to be set, in carload lots at special rate. In this way we save the customer 5 to 10 per cent. in cost of his work.

Mr. E. Estabrook has had an experience of 20 years selling and setting monumental work, during which time he has traveled through the Eastern, Middle and Western States and will continue to do so; so that if parties in any part of the country wishing work will drop him a line, on his next trip through their town he will call and show designs and estimates to suit the business. His son, who is a practical granite cutter, will have charge of the shop at Bennington, and parties calling there can see designs and prices. We hope by strict attention to business and furnishing good work at reasonable prices, to merit and receive your patronage. E. ESTABROOK, Manager. Residence 280 Union Street.

WATERMAN'S IDEAL FOUNTAIN PEN

Writes as easy as any pen; does not blot; ALWAYS ready for use.

Chaucey M. Depew, Rev. Lyman Abbott, Rev. Leonard W. Bacon, D. D., Rev. Thos. K. Beecher, D. D., Kate Field, Hon. Wm. E. Gladstone, Col. T. M. Higginson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Hon. John D. Long, John Wanamaker, Gen. Alex. S. Webb, Hon. Carl Schurz, Rev. Heber Newton, and thousands of others.

C. A. PIERCE & CO. Sole Agents for Bennington County.

Call at Banner Stationery Store and examine a full line.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE. Estate of HARRIET ARMSTRONG. The undersigned, having been appointed by the Hon. Probate Court for the district of Bennington COMMISSIONERS, to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Harriet Armstrong, late of Hoosick, State of New York, dec'd and all claims exhibited in offset thereto, hereby give notice that they will meet for the purposes a