

Phillips Phonograph.

DEVOTED PRINCIPALLY TO THE LOCAL INTERESTS OF NORTH FRANKLIN, ITS SUMMER RESORTS, MOUNTAINS AND LAKES.

Vol. III.

PHILLIPS, FRANKLIN Co., MAINE, TUESDAY, AUGUST 2, 1881.

No. 48.

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Per Year.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

O. M. MOORE, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

OUR GUNNER'S SHOT.

AN INCIDENT OF OCEAN LIFE.

Our noble ship lay at anchor in the bay of Tangiers, a fortified town in the extreme north-west of Africa. The day had been extremely mild, with a gentle breeze sweeping to the northward and westward, but along towards the close of the afternoon the sea breeze died away, and one of those sultry, oven-like atmospheric breachings came from the great sun-burnt Sahara.

Half-an-hour before sundown the captain gave the order to the boatswain to call the hands to go in swimming, and in less than five minutes the forms of our tars were seen leaping from the gangways, the ports, the nettings, bowsprit, and some of the more venturesome took their leap from the arms of the lower yard.

One of the studding sails had been lowered into the water, with its corners suspended from the main yardarm and the swinging boom, and into these some of the swimmers made

Among those who seemed to be enjoying the sport most heartily, were two of the boys, Tim Wallace, and Fred Fairbanks, the latter of whom was the son of our old gunner, and in a laughing mood, they started out from the studding sail on a race.

There was a loud ringing shout of joy on their lips, as they put off, and they started through the water like fishes. The surface of the sea was as smooth as glass, though its bosom rose in long and heavy swells that set in from the Atlantic.

The vessel was moored, with a long sweep from both gables and the buoy of the starboard anchor was far away on the starboard quarter, where it rose and fell with the lazy swells like a drunken man.

Towards the buoy the two lads made their way, Fred Fairbanks taking the

lead, but when they were within about twenty or thirty fathoms of the buoy, Tim shot ahead and promised to win the race. The old gunner watched the progress of his son with a vast deal of pride, and when he saw him drop behind, he urged him on with a shout, when a cry reached him that made him start as if he had been struck by a cannon ball.

"A shark! a shark!" came from the captain of the fore-castle, and at the sound of the terrible words the men who were in the water leaped and plunged towards the ship.

Right abeam, at the distance of three or four cables' length, a shark-wake was seen in the water, where the back of the monster was visible. His course was for the boys.

For a moment the gunner stood like one bereft of sense, but at the next he shouted at the top of his voice for the boys to turn, but the little fellows heard him not. Stoutly the two swimmers strove for goal, all unconscious of the fearful death-spirit that hovered so near them. Their merry laugh still rang out over the waters, and at length, they both reached the buoy together.

Oh, what drops of agony started from the brow of our old gunner. A boat had been put off, but Fairbanks knew that it could not reach them in season, and every moment he expected to see the monster sink from sight, and then he knew all hope would be gone. At that moment a cry reached the ship that went thro' every heart like a stream of fire—the boys had discovered their enemy!

The cry started old Fairbanks to his senses, and quicker than thought he sprang to the quarter-deck. The guns were all loaded and shotted fore and aft, and none knew their temper better than he. With a steady hand, made strong by a sudden hope, the old gunner seized a priming and picked the cartridge of one of the quarter guns; then he took from his pocket a percussion wafer, and set it in its place, and set back the hammer of the patent lock. With a steady, giant strength, the old man swayed the breech of the heavy gun to its bearing, and then seizing the string lock, he stood back and watched for the next swell that would bring the shark in range. He had

distance ahead of his mark, but a single moment would settle his hopes and fears.

Every breath was hushed and every heart in that old ship beat painfully. The boat was yet some distance from the boys while the horrible sea monster was fearfully near. Suddenly the air was awoken by the roar of a heavy gun, and as the old man knew his shot was gone, he sank back on the combing of the hatch, and covered his face with his hands, as if he had failed, he knew that the boy was lost.

For a moment after the report of the gun had died away upon the air, there was a dead silence, but as the smoke arose from the surface of the water, there was at first a low murmur breaking from the lips of the men—that murmur grew louder

and stronger until it swelled to a joyous shout. The old gunner sprang to his feet and gazed out upon the water and the first thing that met his view was the huge carcass of the shark floating with his belly up—a mangled mass.

In a moment the boat reached the daring swimmers, and half dead with fright, they were brought on board. The old man clasped his boy in his arms, and then overcame by the powerful excitement he leaned upon the gun for support.

I have seen men in all phases of excitement and suspense, but never have I seen three hundred human beings more overcome by thrilling emotions, than on that eventful moment, when they first knew the effect of our gunner's shot.

Letter from the Rangeley Lakes.

RANGELEY, Me., July 30th 1881.

At the Rangeley Lake House there has been over fifty arrivals the past week, and all seem much pleased with the beautiful scenery and good fishing they have enjoyed. A number of boarders have returned to their homes and others have come to take their places. Often two by two, the gents leave the Hotel for a run by moonlight, a swing in the hammock, or it may be a drive to the Mountain View House. The following boarders have taken rooms the past week: Mr. Van Schaick and two sons—Harry and Geo., of New York; Franklin Bradley and two sons and Henry Cannon, of New Haven, Conn. Among the arrivals we notice Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Smith of Philadelphia Dr. Packard, Geo. A. Gibbs of New York, W.B. Griffith, W. A. Gardner, Fred S. Whitwell of Boston, Geo. F. Hutchings and wife of Worcester, Mass., O. B. Bates, Geo. D. Aury of Clinton Mass., E. Calvert and wife, Lewiston, G. A. Washburn Hartford Ct.

One cannot afford to leave Rangeley without taking a trip down the Lake by the little steamer Mollychunkamunk to the Mountain View House, where a pleasant company will wave you a welcome from the piazza. Here we find every room engaged after next week, and the coming month will be a merry and happy one to those who shall pass the time there. With the boarders here we notice an An-Horace and Hattie Blanchard, Mr. City, Mrs. Farrar and child, of Boston, J. D. Stanford, of Lewiston, also an artist, A.L. Brackett, of Boston, who has painted very fine pictures of trout. Last week he sent to Boston a picture of one which had weighed 8 1-2 pounds. This was painted on birch bark, full size and was very fine. Before I close let me give a bit of advice to the traveler which is this—One should never return from Rangeley without the company of the "Dr." and a fish-horn.

—T.—

The "expiatory" church, to be built on the spot where the late emperor of Russia was slain, is to be raised by subscriptions from the whole empire. St. Petersburg alone has paid nearly \$50,000.

The "Phonograph."

- EXTRA -

Free to Phonograph Subscribers Who Pay in Advance.

Phillips, Franklin Co., Me.

Tuesday Afternoon, Aug. 2.

Phono. & Extra
At \$1.00
Per Year.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

O. M. MOORE, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

We hereby give notice, that our offer to give the PHONO. and Extra (half the size of this paper and issued Tuesday days) to advance paying subscribers at \$1.00 each, will hold good until the commencement of the third volume, Sept. 3d, 1881—the paper to be Republican in politics after that date, the Extra being already committed. All subscribers whose subscriptions are then (Sept. 3) paid in advance, will receive the Extra free until their subscription next expires—be it one week, six months, one year or ten. After Sept. 3d the price of the paper and extra will be \$1.50 per year, to new subscribers and renewals—remember, after that date.

It is not a little mortifying to our citizens that they were wholly ignored by the committee of arrangements, for the Press excursion, and therefore have no voice or lot in the apology for a reception which is only left to give them. Under the circumstances, a good square dinner is the only courtesy they can be assured of, though many will gather at the depot, undoubtedly, and give the visitors a silent welcome. It would have been an easy and delightful matter for our free and social people to have tendered the excursionists a reception and public dinner, without delaying them in their arrangements to leave town as soon as dinner was partaken of. In the absence of all other opportunity, the PHONO. and Extra extends them a hasty and hearty greeting; bids them eat, drink, and be merry from dainties of the land through which they journey will be tendered them, with all the courtesies of the occasion.

Farewell, and be happy!

Among numerous omissions in our description of the town, its manufactures, public men, etc., in the edition of last Friday, we surely should not have failed to mention as a distinguished and talented native of Phillips, Rev. Ammi S. Ladd, now of Lewiston, and recently of Portland. Joseph E. Ladd, his brother, is Mayor of the city of Gardiner for the present municipal year.

Reports from the President seem more and more assuring each day. The doctors say they have located the ball.

Excursion of the Maine Press Association.

The Maine Press Association arrived at Farmington Monday evening. The company consisted of the following gentlemen and their ladies:

Ex-Gov. Dingley, wife and two sons.
Col. John M. Adams, of the Portland Argus.
H. A. Shorey, of the Bridgton News, and wife.
A. E. Chase, principal of the Portland High School, and wife.
F. G. Rich, Job Printer, and wife, Portland.
E. H. Elwell, of the Portland Transcript, and Miss Mabel Elwell.
Howard Owen and daughter, Augusta, Dr. Lapham, of the Maine Farmer, and Miss Perham, daughter of Ex-Gov. Perham.
H. K. Morrell, of the Gardiner Home Journal, and wife.

Joseph A. Homan, formerly of the Me. Farmer, and Miss Mary J. Reilly, Boston, and Miss Minnie G. Biddle, of Cambridge.

J. S. Staples, job printer, wife and daughter, Portland.

K. M. Dunbar, of the Damariscotta Herald.

E. M. Barton, Librarian of the American Antiquarian Association, and wife, of Worcester, Mass.

M. N. Rich, job printer, President of the Association, with lady, Portland.

Captain C. W. and Mrs. Keys, of the Chronicle, Farmington.

J. G. Rich, hunter and trapper, Bethel.

F. V. Stewart, Farmington.

The party take dinner at the Barden House and Elmwood, and by Rogers' stages, depart for Rangeley at two or three o'clock in the afternoon.

We learn to-day that some of the party will stop to-night at the Greenvale House, while others will stop at the Rangeley Lake and Oquossoc Houses. They will stop at the Mountain View House till Friday morning and at the Mooselookmeguntic House from Friday morning till Saturday morning.

Our correspondent (Geo.) gives the following account of the reception at Farmington.

A reception was held in the evening by Capt. and Mrs. C. W. Keyes of the Farmington Chronicle, at the residence of Mr. Hiram Ramsdell. The grounds tastily arranged and lighted by a large number of Chinese lanterns. There was a small but good display of fireworks in the street in front of the house under the directions of S. E. Perkins of our village. The Band was present and performed their part to the general satisfaction of all present.

Refreshments—ice cream and coffee, were served to the company.

Speeches were made by M. N. Rich, President of the Association; Ex-Gov. Dingley, Col. John M. Adams, E. H. Elwell and Dr. Lapham. The speakers were profuse in their praise of the ladies and the beauties and intelligence of our village—but then we are used to such things and don't mind it so much. A short but excellent speech in reply was made by Rev. Chas. F. Allen, of this place.

Altogether the affair was a success, although our citizens generally would have much preferred giving our distinguished visitors a public welcome.

The advance guard of the Press Association went in to the Lake last Tuesday.

The second issue of the Wilton Record was as neat as a pin, and contained more sound common sense than several barn-doors covered with "deceptive" chalk-marks. The paper, though, of course principally devoted to the town in which it is published, will be of interest to all sections of the county, and especially to those who feel an interest in Wilton affairs. As for the "patent inside," the publishers are by that means enabled to give more (and good) reading for the small subscription price. See to it that you support it, Wiltoncyones. When the business men of Wilton desire the whole sheet to be printed at home, if, by prejudice, they so desire, they will of course take from a half column to two columns apiece, in advertising, in order that the publishers can afford to print both sides at home.

The Chronicle office has been for years a galling check upon the high price fellows.—*Farmington Chronicle*.

The Chronicle editor is one of those fellows who likes to work for nothing and board himself just to spite his neighbor of the PHONOGRAPH. Well, if he can stand it the Phillips man ought to, but its a disgrace to the Maine Press Association. He reminds us of the fellow who had the itch and was proud of it.—*Somerset Reporter*.

Forgive us this once! For here others see us as we see ourself.

"No one these days can publish a live and newy paper without the regular aid of the telegraph.—*Ex*.

Is that so? And yet it is the only weekly paper in the State, of our acquaintance, which finds the telegraph the only prominent feature of the concern. Such papers as the Lewiston Gazette, Belfast Journal, the Rockland and Gardiner papers, get along without it, and so does the PHONO. There is never a telegram in the exchange we quote from, but we find it with the important particulars in all the daily papers which come in the same mail. Great is nothing!

Last Saturday we started on the Mabel F. to go to Mouse Island, and take a sniff of the salt air. The Mabel F. surprised us. She is the smoothest, quietest little boat we ever sailed to the Islands in, and she makes good time, too. We were only five hours on the trip each way. Everyone that we heard speak of her, praised her. Capt. Howard is a gentleman who knows his business, and has for several years run the boat on Rangeley Lake, and now owns her. We hope he is making money on the Mabel F., and have no doubt he is.—*Home Journal*.

The term "strike" is technically used when a game-fish, like trout, bass or salmon take the hook.—*Lewiston Journal*.

When a trout takes our fly we call it a "rise;" then we "strike" (jerk the rod) to fasten the hook in the mouth of the fish. We simply rise to say, this is the way it strikes us.

The Kennebec Journal says the Press Excursionists will stop at Rangeley to-night, and tomorrow will go to the Mountain View House, where they will stop till Saturday morning. Then to cross the Lakes, spending the Sabbath at Andover.

The body of the woman drowned in Lowell, Mass. last Wednesday in the canal was recovered, when it was ascertained her name was Caroline Brann, whose parents reside in Gardiner, Me. It was a case of suicide occasioned by an amour.

SOLDIER'S AND SAILOR'S REUNION.—The executive committee of the Maine Soldier's and Sailor's Association met in Portland, Monday evening. The meeting was attended by nearly the whole committee, also by Gen. Joshua L. Chamberlain and Rev. W. G. Haskell, Commander G. A. R. The programme for the three days' encampment was made up, and will be substantially as follows: The first day and evening will be devoted to the arrangement of the encampment, assignment of quarters, organization into brigades and divisions, the meeting of represented association for social purposes, election of officers and other business.

The second day will comprise the memorial service, under the direction of Commander W. G. Haskell, and also the sham fight, if found to be practicable, under the command of Gen. J. L. Chamberlain. The meeting will be devoted to the meetings of the regimental associations, banquets of the different organizations and social purposes generally.

On the third day will occur the reception of distinguished guests to be held at 10 o'clock A. M. In the afternoon there will be a grand parade of the veterans, escorted by a portion of the State militia.

O'Donovan Rossa claims he has paid \$90,000 out of the Fenian skirmishing fund for a war engine or torpedo boat to be used against England, but his story is not credited. As for infernal machines that were shipped from New York to England and of which Mr. Archibald, the English consul at New York has been apprized, Rossa declared that it was a good joke which had been played on the British government. "The whole farce," said he, "was got up by an Irishman who belonged to the league. He shipped some harmless material to England and pretended to act as informer to the British consul, Archibald told him that explosives had been sent, and furnished him proof that the shipment had been made. For this the Irishman received \$10,000 and promised \$10,000 more when the English police should have seized the explosive. The materials cost about \$40 and he got for it \$10,000, which will be used to fight the English with. Now that Mr. Archibald has been made the victim of a practical joke he is tearing his hair with rage."

The latest improvement on the sewing machine, is a fan attachment. The attachment is so connected with the treadle, that the same motion that propels the machine, drives the fan, and sends cooling air currents into the face of the operative whose feet drive the machine. It also keeps off flies. Who does not believe the time is coming, when there will be the keenest enjoyment in making hay or stitching shirts, when so much has been accomplished already, by labor saving machinery. There is still an opportunity for some artist to invent a soda-fountain attachment for the two-horse mower, or to put a spruce-gum-chewing motion on the sewing machine.

Last Monday Walter H. Burr, Brewer, aged seventeen, disappeared. His body was found in the haymow in the barn. He was shot through the head. The pistol was found by his side. Supposed suicide. He was a young man of unblemished character. No cause assigned.

P. H. Stubbs, Esq., of Strong, departs next week, for a trip to Dakota, where he will visit property for a few weeks.

Local Notes.

—Three denominations held religious services in town Sunday.

—Repairs are being made on the bridge across the river, at Ross' mill.

—C. C. Robbins and family, of Boston, are visiting friends on Bray Hill.

—Mrs. Ida Stevens, daughter of May-or Ladd, of Gardiner, is visiting in town.

—N. U. Hinkley has recently been offered and refused \$400.00 for his trotter.

—Monday was a warm day, but not much of a hay-day, as it was showery in the afternoon.

—One of our village lawyers and a Lewiston editor now know by experience the value of a fish diet.

—Tuesday morning gave promise of fair weather for the excursionists, hay-makers and other contingencies.

—Parties desiring pasturage for the remainder of the season, very handy to the lower village, should inquire at this office.

—A horse and carriage were heard to go through our village and away in the distance, at a breakneck pace late last Saturday evening.

—One of the Flanagan Batteries, advertised by us, was recently ordered from and sent to Nebraska. Their effect is wonderful, in some cases.

—If you wish to keep cool, this hot weather, come into our reading-room, the coolest place in town, as is our whole office—especially the sanctum.

—The Gardiner Reporter says Mayor Ladd's family recently had a distinguished visit from A. Skunk, Esq., and not even the badge of office would quell him.

—We now occasionally receive orders for the Railroad Narrow Gauge History, published last winter. It runs through thirteen weekly issues, and will be sent to any address on receipt of 25 cents.

—E. D. Prescott and wife, Mrs. Marston, Mrs. Bonney, Mrs. Eugene Shepard, and others go to Ocean Point, Boothbay harbor, to-day, to spend a week mid ocean foam and salt sea breezes.

—Capt. Fred C. Barker, of Camp Bemis, passed out Monday morning, on his way to New York, in response to a telegram that his father had died at a hospital there, where he was receiving treatment.

—E. A. Rogers, of Rangeley, having purchased some of the larger teams of the Bangs estate, has also leased the new stable and will keep his stages and horses, belonging to the Rangeley Stage Line, in the new quarters.

—Mr. and Mrs. W.E. Plummer, of Portland, have been visiting here for a few days, and to-day in company with Mr. George French and friends, will go to Rangeley Lakes, to occupy Camp Houghton for a season of rest, recreation and fish.

—A young farmer came into our office Saturday, with a neat basket of blueberries, and modestly inquired if we had a dish that would hold "about so many." We had just the size he wanted, and he turned them out on one of our largest exchanges. In answer to our inquiry, "your name please," he said it was "Ellsworth, when he was over in Salem," and we then recognized and shook the hand of one of the now famous Good Templar showmen of Salem, the pretty village 'neath Mt. Abram's sombre shadows.

—We owe an apology to Mr. Campbell, who has been stopping at the Elmwood House, for ridiculous errors in publishing his name last week. Once it was spelled "Campkell" and again appeared as "Caphell," but the latter was according to copy."

—We call attention to our column of titles to reading matter upon our counter for sale. These novels and stories can be hired at the same rate as books from the circulating library, at one cent per day or 5 cents per week, or can be bought at the regular prices.

—We propose to "jine" the editorial excursionists at this point and accompany them two or three days on their journey down the Lakes, probably stopping at Camp Bemis, from which point an account of the trip will be sent for our regular edition of Friday—We shall take our "weapons" with us.

—The congregations got somewhat mixed, Sunday, staid Methodists going to hear an Universalist doctrinal sermon, and members of the former church getting into the congregational meeting before they found their mistake, when they were bent on hearing the venerable Dr. Quimby. They should read the PHONO. more closely.

Last week's Lancet, the leading medical journal of London, discussing President Garfield's wound, says: "Portions of the dress may have been carried into the wound, and each abscess that forms is not only a direct source of danger from pain and fever, and the danger of its spreading deeply, but with each there is fresh liability to blood poisoning. It is quite impossible to feel any certainty that we may not hear of another abscess, or relapse, and it is of great importance that the patient's constitutional vigor should be maintained at as high a pitch as possible, in view of future troubles. The absence of fever and of severe exhaustion removes any cause for immediate alarm, but until the wound is quite healed and the bullet either removed or safely encysted, there will be liability to recurring abscesses, each attended with the risk of blood poisoning.

New life has been infused into the pursuit of the Williams brothers by the arrival of eight Indian scouts at Maple Springs, with thirty blood-hounds, employed by the United States government. The scouts are headed by Buffalo Charlie and Yellowstone Kelley. The trail of the outlaws is to be taken up in the vicinity of Doolittle's camp, and the scouts will go ahead with the blood-hounds, making such a hunt as was never witnessed in the big woods before.

Joseph Herb, an Erie boiler-maker, was the victim of a remarkable accident. He had been inside a boiler, which he had been repairing. The furnace of the boiler is supplied with natural gas. The boiler became filled with gas, and he just reached the man-hole, when the gas exploded and shot him out like a cannonball. He struck the ceiling, thirty feet high, and fell to the ground a lacerated and bleeding mass.

The President passed a comfortable day Friday. The physicians take great pains to describe his nourishment, which looks altogether too much like advertising patent medicines. He is now taking koumiss, a Tartar beverage, made by distilling mare's milk while it is undergoing fermentation.

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P. S.—Beware of frauds. Paper was never known to refuse ink. Every cheap imitation is not an emphatic endorsement of the genuine article. Investigate before purchasing. Be sure you get the Patent Double Battery.

O. M. Moore, Agent, Phillips.

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456f C. C. ROUNDS.

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The Misses May have decided to move their school from Farmington to Strong.

FALL TERM commences Tuesday, Sept. 6th, and continues 12 weeks.

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BOARD in the family of the Principal on reasonable terms.

PUPILS expected to attend the whole term.

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Wanted.—Steam Engine.
Yearling Colt to Pasture.
Office Desk or Table.
Summer Board and Boarders.

For Sale.—1 5-yr.-old Yoke Cattle.
Nice open Buggy & New Sleigh.
One Cook Stove—1 Office Stove.

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Thomas Carlyle—the Man and his Books.
Life and Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, of York, Mariner.
Unbelief in the 18th Century.
Correspondence of Talleyrand and Louis XVIII. —20 cts. each.

Seaside Library.

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History of England, by Lord Maculay—10 parts.
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The Beautiful Miss Koche. —10c. each.
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Dime Library.

Mississippi Mose, or a Strong Man's Sacrifice.
Rody the Rover—Ribbonman of Ireland.
Captain Volcano, the Man of the Red Revolvers.
Dandy Darke, or the Tigers of High Pine.
Evil Eye, King of Cattle Thieves, or the Vultures of the Rio Grande.
Featherweight, the Boy Champion of the Muskignon.
Alapaha, the Squaw, or the Renegades of the Border.
Blacksmith Outlaw, or Merry England.
Buckskin Sam, the Texas Trailer.
Alabama Joe, or the Yazoo Man Hunters.
The Demon Duelist, or League of Steel.
Nemo, King of the Tramps.
The Severed Head, or Secret of Castle Coucy.

5-cent Library.

Ned Temple, the Border Boy, or the Mad Hunter of Powder River.
Little Grit, the Wild Rider, or Bessie, the Stock-Tender's Daughter.
Bob Rockett, the Boy Dodger, or the Mysteries of New York.
Bob Rockett, the Cracksmen, or Driven to the Wall.
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The Heir of Longworth.
One of the Boys of New York.
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Tom, Dick and the —; or, School Days in New York.
Mark Darrell.
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The Mad Alchemist; or, Mysteries Unfolded.
Dipsy Dick; or, Born a Detective.

Harper's Weekly—10 cts.
New York Weekly—6 cts.
Saturday Star Journal—6 cts.
Saturday Night—6 cts.
Saturday Night—6 cts.
And can order any publication desired.

THE ESCAPE.

A Story for Our Very Little Friends.

Ted's grandpapa lived in the country, in a one-story white house, almost hidden by tall elm trees. Out in the the yard in front of the house was one very tall tree, and the roots grew in curious forms so as to make a great arm-chair. Ted and his mamma, when they went to grandpapa's for their long visit in the summer, used to sit out in the elm chair and watch the birds and squirrels as they flitted and scrambled, and sung and chattered among the leafy branches over their heads. One squirrel seemed quite tame and would come down close to their heads and chirp and twitter and act as if he wanted to talk.

Sometimes, Bose, the dog, would sit on the ground under the tree, and watch for hours; and as the squirrel would come down almost within reach and then run up again, the poor old dog would hop around and bark and be almost crazy. Grandpa had a cat, too, as well as a dog. Her name was Topsy. She was a great fat and black pussy with a few white spots on her. One day as Ted and his mamma sat in the porch, they saw Topsy coming with something in her mouth. Mamma said, "Keep still, Ted, and let us see what Topsy has."

So Ted sat very still, and they both watched Topsy.—When she came up, they saw it was the tame squirrel, and Ted wanted mamma to get him away from pussy, and let him go again. But she was afraid if she tried to get him, puss would run off and eat him up. So she told Ted they would wait a little and see what world be done.

Puss saw mamma and Ted, and wanted to show off what a smart cat she was, so she

laid the squirrel down on the grass and walked away as if she did not care what became of him. He lay very still for a moment, and then began to creep very slowly and softly toward the big elm tree. Puss saw him moving and turned round slowly and went back to him, picked him up in her mouth, tossed him up in the air, cuffed him a little with her paw, laid him down and again walked off, looking very careless. Now the squirrel crept softly, softly a little nearer the big elm tree, and again Puss came back to him and played with him, cuffed him, and again laid him down. By this time the little prisoner had crept so near to the tree that his little heart gave one great bound, and he jumped to his feet, and before the cat had time to get half-way back to him he had scampered to the elm chair and from there right up the tree, away up, up, among the topmost branches, chirping away, glad enough at having escaped from the horrible cat. Topsy ran to the foot of the tree and gave one jump up against the side of it; but she was too fat to get up any further, and, looking rather silly, she slowly walked off toward the kitchen door, while Teddie clapped his hands for joy at the escape of his favorite squirrel.

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