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FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

[For this department brief suggestions, facts and experiences are solicited from housekeepers, farmers and gardeners. Address Agricultural editor, Journal Office, Belfast Maine.]

[Written for the Republican Journal.]

Thoughts on Progress in Farming.

The possession of a sharp tool does not always imply skill to use it. If farmers desire to keep abreast with other trades and professions in intelligence and power, they must by some means more fully supply themselves with the indispensable aid of intelligent thinking and perspicuous expression of thought.

Right here in Maine, any young man who will select that branch or branches of farm industry best suited to himself and his surroundings, apply himself as he will have to if he goes elsewhere, be temperate, industrious, frugal, watchful and shrewd, can not only make a good living, but health permitting, can lay by a competence in the years of his vigorous manhood.

Agriculture is the basis of the happiness as well as the prosperity of the world. We are too far along in the nineteenth century to ridicule science in agriculture or skill in practical agricultural knowledge. Progress depends upon right practice. Knowledge of the art and science of farming only can give skill. It makes no difference where this knowledge is obtained, whether in the scientific school, the labratory of the chemist, from books, the agricultural press, or by experiment or observation. Very likely it will come from many sources. The water of the river comes not all from one fountain. The contents of the great hay mow come from many fields. The live farmer will keep his mind tuned up to concert pitch. The solitary life of the husbandman is not favorable to quick and active thought. It wants the stimulus of other minds, hence the need of farmers' clubs, the grange and the privileges of social life. The reading of good books and papers are a great aid. J. W. LANG.

Small Things in the Housewife's Way.

A knowledge of many little facts that are not always to be had systematically laid down in books, but which descend traditionally from mother to daughter by word of mouth, as the unwritten music of the songs of Shakespeare descends from actress to actress, is often more useful to the newly bestead young house mistress than all the Latin and mathematics that she has learned at school can be. She may know how to play Beethoven's sonatas so as to hold a drawing-room breathless and entranced, but it stands her poor, if, while she plays, a great ink spot on the drawing room carpet stares her in the face, that she does not know how to wash out with milk, and clean up afterward with warm and nice soapsuds, or a grease spot that could have been absorbed out of existence by frequent applications of magnesia or of buckwheat flour, if she had only known enough to sprinkle it abundantly on the spot and brush it off afterward. What does it benefit her that her ready wit and repartee can keep a whole dinner table gay, while the fine cookery, that at no end of trouble she has taught her cook, keeps them contented, if the company are forced all the time to be nervously flirting fans, and napkins, and objectives, against the pestiferous flies that she could have driven away by leaving in the room, an hour or so beforehand, a little preparation of equal quantities of cream and brown sugar, and half as much black pepper, had her mother ever known so much, or thought to tell her of it? Of what use is it to her, living possibly far from bakeries and bread shops, to keep crackers, for instance, in the house, if she has never learned how to freshen them by leaving them for three minutes in a hot oven, or to prevent them being nibbled all over by ants, by strewing the shelves with a few cloves occasionally renewed? Such things are trifles, each one by itself, of course, but half a hundred such things can contribute very materially to comfort and good nature in a family. If the knowledge that the steam of green tea will revive her rusty black silk, and make it as fresh as new, has not descended to her, of what good is it that she has? Or why should she have a scrap bit of the beautiful Brussels lace in her keeping if nobody has ever told her to shut it away from the air or from any particularly strong perfume? She will need more presently in frequent repairs and redressings than the lace cost in the first place. She can afford possibly to buy gold embroidery, in an era of gilding, if she knows enough to clean it, when it tarnishes, with a brush dipped in ground and pulverized rock alum; and may be splendid and graceful in long ostrich plumes that would need as a purse to provide frequently, if she had never seen them dipped and dipped again in the thick warm lather of curd soap, then rinsed and dried, and curled by a knitting needle before the fire. So may be the best of cooks, know how to make twenty different omelets, but if she is not acquainted with the fact that a little salt rubbed on the discolored egg-spoon will restore its silver tint, she had better not serve eggs in any shape; and they that had the care of her youth never let her see that hot water took peach stains out of the table-cloth, or that port and claret stains were rendered pale by an immediate handful of salt, wet with sherry, she might as well buy gray and party-colored damask to begin with. What right has she to be head of a family if she is not sufficiently mistress of her self and a few surgical facts to arrest the bleeding of a cut limb by a tight ligature between the cut and the pulsing heart? If she does not know that always handy mustard and water will empty the stomach that has received poison, or that the white of an egg administered internally will transform swallowed corrosive sublimate with its deadly torture in the simple salivation of blue mass? If she cannot distinguish between apoplexy and drunkenness by knowing that the limb will convulsively withdraw in the former case if the sole of the foot be tickled, and does not then further know that the clothing must at once be loosened, and blisters be applied to the calves of the legs, the pit of the stomach, and the back of the neck? If she be a pioneer's wife, it would be a useful thing for her to remember that when her grandmother was a pioneer's wife before her, she found pine sawdust nearly as good as soap with which to wash her linen. And if she is at the heart of civilization her husband can with better relish set choice wines before his guests, if she has learned, so that she may understand whether or not it be well done by her servants, that port should be carefully decanted, and that warmth, instead of ice, brings out the flavor of claret. [Harper's Bazar.

CARBOLIC ACID AND WEEDS. As a weed destroyer, carbolic acid seems likely to prove a boon to gardeners. Such weeds as dandelions are killed by one application, the mode of applying it to destroy single plants being to make a hole in the crown with an iron point, and then pour in a little of the liquid from a bottle. For paved yards, and also for garden paths, the carbolic acid is mixed with from ten to fifty times its quantity of water in a bucket, according to its original strength, and applied with a brush or broom, or from a rose watering can; a sunny day being the best. [Florist and Pomologist.

Mr. T. A. Ricker of Clinton, Me., says in his letter of May 22, I have used the Meadow King Mower three years, cutting from seventy-five to a hundred and twenty-five acres per year, and it is decidedly the best I ever used. I have mowed acres with it that I could not mow with any other mower, having used three other different mowers. Never have used any that does the work so easy, and when I have to buy another I shall buy the Meadow King.

How London Gilt-Edge Butter is Made.

In Dorset dairies the milk stands for twenty-four or thirty-six hours, according to the season of the year, and in some cases is skimmed a second time after having stood a second period: the cream is considered ready for churning immediately after it is skimmed, and during the hot weather is commonly churned every day, while in cold weather the churning is done only on alternate days. To this practice of churning the cream while it is quite sweet and fresh, is owing in a great measure, the reputation which Dorset butter has long possessed: the practice indeed presupposes the strictest cleanliness with respect to milk-pans and other vessels used in the dairy, for without this primary condition the daily churning would be practically valueless. The old fashioned barrel churn with improved beaters, is commonly used in Dorset dairies, and after the butter is taken out of the churn the greatest care is taken to wash out all traces of buttermilk, so as to avoid the light-colored streaks that commonly appear in ill-made butter. The coldest water that can be obtained is used for this purpose, and the butter is repeatedly turned and pressed on a slab of wood. A dairyman whose hand is naturally cold always succeeds best in butter-making, all other things being equal.

It is seldom that the butter is salted in a systematic manner; the dairyman generally guesses the quantity of salt to be used, but an experienced and careful person can guess it with surprising accuracy; it is however, generally understood that the butter intended for market is more sparingly salted than that intended for home consumption.

It is clear however, that the Dorset dairy maids have got into a better system of butter-making than most of their sisterhood in other parts of the country have done, for Dorset butter has a popularity greater than the butter of any other country, and much butter made far enough away is in London under the adventitious name of Dorset butter. The name is pirated, and the name sells the butter. This sort of thing is at once an honor and an injustice to Dorsetshire. [Prof. Shelden.

Save the Old Paper.

Never throw away old paper. If you have no wish to sell it, use it in the house. Some housekeepers prefer it to cloth for cleaning many articles of furniture. For instance, a volume written by a lady who prided herself on her experience and tact says, "After a stove has been blackened it can be kept looking very well for a long time by rubbing it with paper every morning. Rubbing with paper is a much nicer way of keeping the outside of a teakettle, coffee-pot and teapot bright and clean than the old way of washing them in suds. Rubbing with paper is also the best way of polishing knives, tinware and spoons; they shine like new silver. For polishing mirrors, windows, lamp chimneys, etc., paper is better than dry cloth. Preserves and pickles keep much better if brown paper, instead of cloth is tied over the jar. Canned fruit is not so apt to mould if a piece of writing paper, cut to fit the can, is laid directly on the fruit. Paper is much better to put under a carpet than straw. It is warmer, thinner, and makes less noise when one walks over it."

CLEANSING MARBLE MANTLE-PIECES. There is great art in cleaning properly a marble mantle-piece. It must be washed with soap and warm water. If there are any stains, mix two ounces of powdered pumicestone with two ounces of powdered chalk and a quarter of a pound of soda. Sift these; then make them into a paste with cold water. Rub the marble with the paste, and afterwards wash it with soap and water.

Brighton Cattle Market.

WEDNESDAY, July 13.

Amount of stock at market: Cattle, 4519; sheep and lambs, 6825; swine, 12,950; veals, 45; number of western cattle, 4356; eastern cattle, 17; milch cows and northern cattle, 146.

Prices of beef cattle ₩ 100 ℔, live weight, extra quality, $6@6 75; first, $5 62½@6 25; second, $5 12½@5 50; third, $4 50@5 00; poorest grades of coarse oxen, bulls, etc., $3 62½@4 37.

Brighton Hides, 8½@9c ₩ ℔. Brighton Tallow, 5½c ₩ ℔. Country Hides, 7½@7c ₩ ℔; Country Tallow, 4@4½c ₩ ℔. Calf Skins, 12½@13c ₩ ℔; Lamb Skins, 50@65c each; Sheared Sheep Skins 35@60c each.

Milch Cows—Extra, $55@70; ordinary, $20@48; springers, $18@35; farrow cows, $16@28.

Sheep and Lambs—Western Sheep cost landed at Brighton this week from 5½@6½c; Lambs from 7½@8c ₩ ℔, live weight.

Veal Calves—Those from Maine sold at $7@7 25 ₩ head. Good veal calves are worth from 5@6½c ₩ ℔, live weight, this week.

Swine—Fat hogs, 6½@7c ₩ ℔, live weight; spring pigs, $2@3 50 ₩ head. Only a few store pigs in the market.

CERTAINE will prevent convulsions in infants while teething.

The chiropodist first dates from William the Cornerer.

Take Ayer's Pills for all the purposes of a purgative, for Constipation, Indigestion, Headache and Liver Complaint. By universal accord, they are the best of all purgatives for family use.

A little "villa" is often pretty to look at, but "villainous" to live in.

One peculiar characteristic of Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites is its power of decomposing the food in the Stomach, rendering digestion and assimilation more perfect.

If a man cannot be cured by smoking, he is less susceptible than a ham.

The Peruvian Syrup has cured thousands who were suffering from Dyspepsia, Debility, Liver Complaint, Boils, Humors, Female Complaints, etc. Pamphlets free to any address. Seth W. Fowle & Sons, Boston.

The man who had a "project on foot" says he shall put it on horseback next time.

Thousands of women have been entirely cured of the most stubborn cases of female weakness by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

A "jam" in street traffic is apt to lead to many tart remarks not worth preserving.

"William, where have you been all winter?" "On my back." "What was the matter with you?" "I had the Kidney Complaint so that for three weeks I could not step." "What cured you?" "It was ELIXIR OF LIFE ROOT." See advertisement.

The girl that blackens her eyebrows wishes to keep her imperfections dark.

THE UTMOST RELIANCE can be placed upon DR. BULLOCK'S KIDNEY REMEDY, "NEPHRETICUM," as it is purely a vegetable compound, and has wonderful properties for the successful treatment of all diseases incidental to females or the aged.

"Patter on the roof?" No, no: pat her under the chin. There, just like that.

Brace Up.

There is serious meaning in this expression: That wearied step, languid eye and feeling of general lassitude, come from "spring sickness." Be assured, a serious, and, perhaps, fatal disease is close in its wake. The system wants cleansing of winter impurities; the sluggish blood needs to be sent in swift and clear currents through the veins. "Favorite Remedy" will do this: it will give new vigor to the body, brightness to the eye, a glow to the countenance and elasticity to the step. One dollar a bottle. Every druggist has it. Dr. David Kennedy, Proprietor, Rondout, N. Y. 2w29

First irate female—"I'd hate to be in your shoes!" Second ditto—"You couldn't get in them!"

For a cough, cold, sore throat, bronchitis, whooping cough, consumption, etc., use Dr. Graves' Balsam of Wild Cherry and Tar—a sure relief, pleasant to take. Get a sample bottle for 10 cents, and you will be pleased with its effects; large sized bottle for 50 cents.

Dr. Graves' Blood Purifier eradicates all impurities from the system, cleanses the blood, renovates the liver and stomach, which from being torpid and inert, by its use become unusually stimulated, and, in fact gives a healthy tone to the entire system. Price, $1.

Improved Family Cathartic Pills are the best pill ever given a patient by a physician, and are frequently prescribed by them. They give prompt action to the bowels, contain no mercury, and are entirely vegetable. When you desire a prompt movement of the bowels, give the Improved Family Cathartic Pills a trial. Price 25 cents per box. Dr. Graves' remedies are for sale by W. O. Poor & Son, Belfast 5w28

Knitting-Work.

I sing in praise of knitting-work—a good old-fashioned theme,
Unspoiled as yet by hackneyed phrase or new-fledged poet's dream—
Neglected quite, and overlooked, in this progressive day
Of bead-work and embroidery, net purses and crotchet.

I grieve to know that young girls now, despise the gentle art
Which played in ancient housewifery so prominent a part—
I grieve that flimsy fancy-work, of just no use at all,
Usurps the place once occupied by knitting work and ball.

Only some good old-fashioned dame, with wrinkled cheek and brow,
And kerchief pinned across her breast, like one I'm watching now,
With dress of old time bombazine, and high crowned muslin cap,
Dares flourish an incipient sock above her ancient lap.

I mind me of my childish days—the vanished heretofore,
When I longed to spend the livelong day in playing out-of-door,
But worshipping the practical, my mother made me sit
Demurely in my little chair beside her knee, and knit.

Knit, till the stated task was done—and then my work was hid
With eager joy and hurried hand, beneath my work-box lid.
And then how gladly forth I sped to join the childish throng,
With keener relish for my sport, because deferred so long.

I mind me of the evenings since, in girlhood's happy age,
Which, knitting-work in hand, I've passed above a favorite page—
I almost hear the tinkling sound of needles keeping time
To thrilling words of old romance, or poet's ringing rhyme!

Once, knitting, thou wert tedious—but since riper years were mine,
I've met with seamings everyway more troublesome than thine—
Found more vexatious widenings—of care and weariness,
And other, sadder, narrowings—where hope grew less and less!

A plea for thee, oh, knitting-work—a warm and earnest plea,
For years of gentle intercourse have knit my heart to thee,
And often when dim shapes of ill before me darkly rise,
I find a sweet nepenthe in thy simple mysteries.

My One Gleam of Romance.

I am afraid that I am only a prosaic sort of being. Now and then the young ladies whom I meet in society think me unromantic and perhaps uninteresting. The gay hues of morning become lost in that "light of common day" which belongs to the afternoon of life. For me it is a quiet, cheerful, happy afternoon: with the music of the voices that I love, the fragrance of the flowers I tend. I know, too, that for me the bracing evening breezes will rise, and the evening skies be flushed with immortal hopes.

Once I had a gleam of romance, which grew, indeed, into a steady radiance: and plain and prosaic as I am now—and it is mainly the ordinary episode of a woman's life—I think it perhaps more romantic than happens to most young ladies of the period, and I hope that they, too, may have a gleam equally propitious.

We were the six daughters of a country vicar: we lived four miles from the country town, which was also the cathedral city. We were a very happy nest of girls, save for certain unpropitious love affairs, which, however, came all right before the end of the third volume.

Our Squire's son was very attentive to my elder sister, and our Squire, though very civil to us, was not supposed to like it, for he had trotted off his son for a long tour, and nobody knew how long it might be. My second sister was engaged to my father's curate; helplessly, hopelessly engaged. He had only a hundred a year, and was not to think of marrying until he had at least another hundred. I came third. The rest of my younger sisters have become engaged to the series of subsequent curates. My father could not afford to send us to school, but we grew up somehow, and like flowers, we grew up toward the sunlight. The education our good mother gave us was something like "Shakespeare, taste, and the musical glasses;" but our father added a robuster fibre. He considered that boys and girls ought to a certain extent, to have the same education. Like Shakespeare aforesaid, we had a little Latin and less Greek. As far as Greek goes, I never got beyond the irregular verbs—those rocks which have shipwrecked many a young scholar—but in Latin I read several of the easier classics. I did not compose any Latin verses, because my father had very properly said that young ladies should not write verses, but have verses written to them. I had done the first three books of "Euclid," and in algebra had gone as far as quadratic equations, but not into them. I do not mention these humble attainments boastfully, but because it will be soon seen that they have something to do with my little story.

My father was able to give us a good home, but then I knew that it was not a home that would last always. I did not see that there was any necessity in the nature of things that six maidens should always be living together. Of course, it is necessary that one or two girls should always be at home looking after the father and mother, but half a dozen were really more than sufficient.

I made up my mind thus: I should like to go out as a governess. My father and mother did not at all like the notion. The living was a fairly good one, and the notion had never entered their heads: but it had fully taken possession of mine. I was naturally fond of teaching, and had done even more than my share in teaching the younger ones. Moreover, I should like to see a bigger world than that which our village made up, except that on Saturday we went to the neighboring city, where we did some shopping and marketing, walked about, and went to hear the anthem in the cathedral.

One day I saw an advertisement which seemed to suit me precisely. A governess was desired by a country gentleman in the Midlands to teach three little boys. Now it was, that my boyish education came in excellently. These lads were intended to go to Rugby, and it was discovered, after some little correspondence and comparing of notes, that I should be able to educate them up to the point of entering Rugby; even my father said so, and my father was a man who was sternly just and particular in these things, and would not for worlds let any of his children fly false colors. Then this gentleman and lady wanted my photograph, and I was rather ashamed to send it, for I was only a poor small brown little creature. Those who loved me said that I had loving eyes, just like our dog Pompey, who, I am sure had eyes that were simply magnificent, only eyes do not come out very well in photographs.

However, the matter was ultimately arranged between my father and these people. I suppose few young ladies made so good a start in the governess world as I did at nineteen, and all because I was able to teach the boys Latin and mathematics. I was to have fifty guineas a year, with laundress and traveling expenses, so that I really should not have to pay away anything out of my salary. In fact, the Reverend Jones, who was engaged to my sister Fanny, told me that I was a great deal better off than he was. When he had paid all his expenses he was hardly fifty shillings to the good. If it had been guineas instead of shillings he thought ne might be tempted to perpetuate matrimony on the strength of it.

In order to get to my "place" as we laughingly called it, down in the shires, it was necessary that I should go up from our cathedral city to London, and then down into the country by another line. Donnington was a very long way from the railway. At this time our railway system was still young, but even at the present time, though there are four or five railways in this neighborhood, none come within four or five miles of Donnington. I was to go down to Manningham Road Station, which was ten miles, from the market town of Manningham itself, and then the village of Donnington was five miles on the other side of Manningham.

It was late in a September afternoon when I came to Manningham Road Station. The station itself was in a little village, but it ambitiously preferred taking its title from the market town, which was many miles off. The arrangement was that I should be met by one of the Wilmslows in their trap, which should take me and my belongings over to Donnington. Everything was taken out, but, unfortunately the Wilmslows' conveyance had not arrived. The porter knew them very well, and said they were sure to be there before very long. It was a long way to come, and they might have business at Manningham. So after waiting a rather long time, I left my luggage on the platform, where the porter asssured me it would be quite safe, and took a stroll about the village—a very little one, but presenting two remarkable features. The churchyard was very much timbered, almost grove-like in character, and with an avenue of fine branching elms. Moreover, the church doors were unlocked, with every appearance of that being the normal state of things, and the church was gently filled with a dim suffusion of religious light.

I paced that avenue, and sat quietly in that church, and my eyelids being heavy with a little wholesome crying, it is just possible—I admit this confidentially—that I may have slumbered for a few minutes in a most comfortable square pew, which I gratefully recall to the present day.

At last the thought occurred to me that I might in my turn be keeping the Wilmslow's waiting at the station, and so somewhat hurriedly I retraced my steps.

When I got once more upon the platform I noticed with dismay that my luggage had vanished.

"Well, porter," I said, "what about my luggage? I suppose you have put it in the cloak room!"

"Eh, miss, be that you?" said the porter. "Who'd have thought of seeing you here?"

"But where is my luggage?" I answered, "and I wonder how long I shall have to wait?"

"The luggage, miss—why, Mr. Wilmslow's got it. He are not been out of the station yard six minutes."

"Gone, and without me!" I exclaimed perfectly thunder struck.

"Why, miss, he came and asked after you. I said you had left your luggage here, but how it was my belief that you had walked on because he had kep' you so long a waiting. Whereupon his man whisked up your luggage and they started off after you."

I was in absolute despair, and asked if he could by a short cut get to any point where he could attract their attention by shouting or waving a handkerchief. At our place at home, it was possible to resort to a move of this kind; but the railway porter only grinned, and explained that it was quite impossible. Then, having caused me this inconvenience and annoyance, the fellow touched his cap, and unconscionably expected a tip.

I was in a great quandary. What would it be best to do? Surely, Mr. Wilmslow would return after he had gone a few miles and found that I was not to be overtaken. Perhaps it would be best, after all, to hire a fly and go after him. It would be annoying to spend one of my precious sovereigns; and it would be also annoying to meet Mr. Wilmslow returning to meet me, perhaps as soon as I had started. This part of the question was speedily set at rest by the porter informing me that it was impossible to hire anything. No fly was to be obtained nearer than Manningham; so I determined to walk, if necessary, to Manningham itself, and hire from there. We Leslie girls were strong, and I had done my ten miles' walk often before to-day. But it would be much pleasanter to be picked up, and I persuaded myself that it was this which was going to happen. I did not know that a few miles before you came to Manningham there was a road which left the town on the left, and went on to Donnington, saving three-quarters of a mile.

It afterward transpired that Mr. Wilmslow, with a man's natural stupidity, took this by-road, supposing that every one must needs know the road which he knew best himself. If a girl had been driving she would have had more sense.

So I walked on, a solitary damsel, along that interminable country road. I walked in good spirits, and am always delighted when I first see a new prospect unfolding before me.

But I had somewhat miscalculated my physical strength. It is one thing to walk out in the fresh morning, an another thing to make a forced journey after the morning's work is done. I got quite angry with myself for feeling tired almost on the outset of my walk. I felt that I should be very glad if I could make friends with any good natured driver who could give me a lift. Sometimes when we came back on a market day father did not at all mind our carrier, who was also parish clerk, giving us a lift in his covered wagon. But this seemed to be a lonely road through an uninhabited country. There drove up a perfectly white man in a cart full of meal-bags; but there was hardly room for himself among his bags, and I besides did not want to be perfectly white. By the irony of fate there also came a coal wagon, but I had as little wish to be black as to be white. Then I came to a little roadside inn which had a board with a painted remark about being "drunk on the premises." I rather quickened my pace, for such an announcement suggested that there might be roughs ahead.

Then I listened, but listened in vain. I should have been glad of the company of any good old market woman, with whom I could have chatted as I walked along, and in fact I would not at all have minded carrying her eggs for her company's sake.

Presently I heard the sound of wheels, the sound of rapid driving. A turn of the road discovered to me a young man driving a tandem. The horses were spirited and fresh, and he had some difficulty in pulling them up when he came close to me.

"Well, my pretty maid," he cried, "are you all by yourself? Shall I give you a lift? Take a drive with me in my trap. It will be a lark for you."

Now I really was very tired. But it was very impertinent of him to call me a pretty maid, which, indeed I was not. Then I knew that my father quite disapproved of young men driving tandem. Then it was disrespectful to say the least of it to make that remark about "a lark." Besides the young man's eye and voice and manner were not at all to his credit. They suggested the idea that he had been at the inn which I had left behind me, and had carried out the idea of getting "drunk on the premises."

So I made up my mind in a moment.

"No, thank you, sir, I had rather walk."

"Where are you going?"

It was no business of his, but I answered quietly:

"I am going to Manningham."

"So am I. And it is more than seven miles. You will never be able to do it. Get up, my dear; I'll lend you a hand."

This was very insolent—I mean calling me "my dear." I gave no answer but walked forward briskly. He was up in a moment and jumped out of his gig, keeping the reins in his hand.

"At any rate you will give me a kiss!"

I shrieked and ran away from him as fast as I could in the opposite direction, going over the ground which I had toilsomely traveled a little while before. My knees bent under me, and I thought I should have fainted. A glance showed me, however, that he did not dare leave the two horses, which were champing and fretting to be off. How, in my heart of hearts, I blessed those honest horses. Then the wretch actually shook his fist at me, uttering ugly words.

Presently, and with a feeling of great joy and relief on my part, he was out of sight as fast as his two horses could carry him. In the meanwhile, I had sunk down exhausted by the wayside. The road had a wide margin of grass which rose at this point into a hillock shadowed by a copse of trees. There was literally a mossy couch where I reclined, and I also literally watered it with my tears. In all my life I had never been so grossly degraded and insulted. Was this, indeed, the beginning of my entrance upon the world? Surely the world was something infinitely more vile and evil than my father's sermons had ever told me that it was.

I felt like some poor damsel in the days of Arthurian romance whom some wicked Earl Doom had insulted; but, alas! I thought, in these Victorian days there is no knight Geraint "riding abroad, redressing human wrongs," saving fair ladies when they are lost in perilous paths. But it will be seen that I did the Victorian days an injustice.

The shadows were falling faster and longer as I, once more summoning all my energies, resumed the walk. It was now quite clear to me that I should not get to Donnington till midnight; and what in the world would they think of me? And I am not partial to walking in the dark in a perfectly strange country; but though I lost my spirits, my courage kept up wonderfully. I kept on bravely for another three-quarters of an hour, but instead of persevering in my walk, I had to sit down and rest myself, which all good walkers know to be a bad sign.

Presently I once more heard the sound of wheels, and looking back I saw that there was a young gentleman in a dog cart. He stopped his horse at the bottom of the hill, and I perceived that he was lighting his side lamps. That alone would be enough to remind me that the evening was fading into night. He came slowly up hill, but easily overtook me, and might have passed me unregardingly, only, happily, his eye fell on me as I was nervously trying to crouch out of view.

"Ah," he said, "my poor girl, you seem tired. Have you far to go?"

I thought it best to put a good front on matters. My pride revolted at being called a poor girl, although such a word exactly described me as I then was.

As I came into view by the light of the carriage lamps, he most respectfully took off his hat and said:

"I venture to ask, ma'am, if I can be of any use. It will soon be quite dark, and there is no moon to night!"

"I have missed a carriage that was to have met me," I said, "and I am walking on."

"This is the road to Manningham, where I am driving. You are going there too, I presume. I think you had better allow me to drive you into the town."

There was something very courteous and pleasant in his voice. There was sufficient light to discover a bright-eyed and handsome, kindly face, with thick curly hair. My instinct told me that I need not be afraid to be driven by him. At the same time, I had a horror of being driven by solitary gentlemen, especially after what had happened such a short time before, and answered, not, perhaps, in so firm a tone as I ought:

"No, thank you. I shall manage to walk on."

He moved his hat, and with a sinking heart I saw him proceed on his way. It came into my mind that I would call after him and accept his proposition. Pride, however, came to my help, and I refrained from doing so. Fortunately, however, he stopped his horse, and waited till I should come up.

"I hope, ma'am," he said, "that you will accept my offer. It is really not fit that a lady like yourself should be out after dark, in a country you don't know, and evidently very tired."

I stammered out some kind of refusal.

"But you must come," he said, with an air of authority. "My horse will not wait any longer, and it is impossible to leave you here. No one could answer for the consequences. Please jump in at once."

He was positively ordering me to get in, and I had not sufficient strength of mind or body to resist his orders. If he had tried to beg and entreat and coax me to get in, I know I should have walked on till I dropped; but, being peremptorily told to get in, my girlish instinct of obedience came to my help, and I was lifted in by a strong arm before I quite knew what was being done with me.

I was so thankful when I was being comfortably driven along, the swift motion and brisk air bringing back my high spirits as they always do. I told my deliverer what was my destination. He knew Donnington, and he also knew Mr. Wilmslow very well, but he did not think that I should be able to get there that night. He questioned whether at that time of night I could get a vehicle to take me on. Perhaps it might not be right to travel up to the Wilmslow's at the late hour when I should arrive. Unfortunately, he himself had to go five miles in another direction. Perhaps, too, we both doubted how far it would be in good taste for a young gentleman to drive up a young lady at midnight to a sedate household where she was to be an exemplary governess.

But we had a very pleasant talk. He told me all about the gentleman to whose house I was going, a country squire, and at the same time a practical farmer, cultivating a thousand acres of his own. He thought I should like the place and people, and he certainly amused me very much by the way in which he described all my future surroundings. But all the time it was easy for me to see that his mind was not quite at rest, that he was not quite certain what was best to be done, and was rather anxious as to the upshot of the adventure.

At last the town of Manningham came in sight, pleasant streets, and a broad market-place full of twinkling lights. We drove up to the principal inn, and entered beneath an archway. Here he asked me to hold the reins for a moment while he went in to talk with his friend, the landlady, of whom he had spoken in kind and confident terms as we came along. Now, it so happened that there was a little window underneath the arch, opening into the landlady's private room, from which she could look into the yard and issue her directions. A little conversation was going on in this room which turned out to be of a very unpleasant character. At first there was an indistinguishable murmur of voices, and presently the accents made themselves clear.

"No, indeed, Mr. William you must go somewhere else. I cannot find accommodations for this person."

Mr. William appeared to be speaking in a remonstrating tone, but I could not make out what he said. But the landlady's next words, sharp and clear brought the hot blood to my face.

"Those who really are ladies don't go tramping about the country till near ten o'clock, and then take seats in young gentlemen's gigs. We never take in tramps at the Royal George.

"But, Mrs. Brown, what, is this young lady to do? You say that all your flies are out, and she is quite unable to walk to the Wilmslows of Donnington."

"The Wilmslows of Donnington don't expect the like of her, Mr. William. Those sort of people who run about the country always get hold of a good name or two."

"But this is dreadful," said poor William. "What am I to do with this lady?"

"You should have thought of this, sir, before you took her up into your father's carriage. There'll be a fine talk all over the country about this bit of work. I know you mean no harm, but you always were wild and wilful, Mr. William, and it's my belief that if you put a pair of tongs into petticoats you would want to drive them fire irons all about the country."

"You are talking utter nonsense, Mrs. Brown; you are quite insulting."

"I know what I am about, Mr. Curtis, which is more than you do, when you let yourself be taken in in this way. You will make yourself as bad a name as John Blades himself, who is the terror of all the decent girls ten miles round."

"But only come and look at her, Mrs. Brown. Look at her for a single moment, I entreat you, and you will be more than satisfied."

"Oh, I'll take a look at my lady, never fear."

She came round to the door and looked, and in return she encountered the indignant look of an honest English girl, who, although almost heart-broken, had enough spirit and energy left to hold her own. Directly the landlady saw me she became suddenly and strangely altered. She gave me a smile and curtsey, and came forward to greet me. She did not know that I had overheard this strange conversation, and I am glad to say that I had enough tact to refrain from alluding to it at the time.

"Dear me, Miss," she exclaimed; "Mrs. Wilmslow will be dreadfully sorry that you have been prevented coming to her to-night, by any accident or unpleasantness. How tired and hungry you must be. Come in."

She led the way into a very pretty little room furnished as a drawing-room, where a tall, handsome, bouncing girl was sitting at a table copying music, and introduced me to her as her daughter Kate. Rectors' daughters and innkeepers' daughters do not as a rule, see much of each other, but this was a wholesome, pleasant, pretty, lady-like girl, as much of a lady as any girl whom I had ever met. We shook hands heartily, and at once became great friends. The good people brought me tea and cold chicken, and made me as comfortable as I could have been at home.

"You have never been at an inn before, have you, my dear?" said Mrs. Brown, now mollified beyond all description.

"Not to sleep, ma'am: only now and then I have had lunch with my father when we have been at a hotel in our market town."

"Perhaps you will be a little nervous at night in a strange place," she rejoined.

"Not at all, ma'am," I answered, attempting to be polite, although I expected that I should feel rather uncomfortable.

"I think, my dear, if you don't mind, you had better sleep in my daughter Kate's room. There is a little bed there which will just suit you, and you will not feel lonely."

Kate's room was a perfect boudoir. See had all sorts of pretty things, and had been at a good boarding school near London. She had a little swinging bookcase, just like my own, with the same admixture of novels, poems, and devotional works. My little white couch was charming. In girl's fashion we lay in bed ever so long talking. I told her all the story of the morning until Mr. Curtis drove me into Manningham. I was glad to hear her gossip a little about William Curtis. He was the son of a big farmer, or rather a Squire, just such another as Mr. Wilmslow, to whose house I was going. He had been the head boy of the Manningham Grammar School, and he had also traveled in foreign parts. It was quite clear that Kate regarded him as one of the aristocracy of the neighborhood. There was no difficulty in identifying the young man who had been driving tandem. Kate denounced him as a "perfect brute," and I heartily agreed with her energetic language. It was the very Mr. Blades whom I heard her mother alluding to in her conversation with William Curtis. Whenever he came to the inn she took care that she never came near him. She had seen him the worse for liquor once—which she believed was his usual condition—and her mother would never let her run the chance of seeing him thus a second time.

The morning came genial and brilliant. I slept soundly, and rose refreshed. A pleasant breakfast was spread in the sitting-room, where I had been over night. There was a little matter that was sorely perplexing me. Being at the inn, I ought to ask for and pay my account, but on the other hand, I had been treated with such motherly kindness and hospitality that I really did not like to offer them money. I remember, however, having heard my dear father say that it was very rarely indeed that you could offend people by offering them money which might be thought their due, and he also used to say that whether they took it or not they at least liked to have the offer of it. Accordingly, though with some stammering, I asked for my bill. As soon as ever I uttered the monosyllable I was ashamed of it, for my good landlady took both my hands in hers and said that I must not say another syllable on the subject, for they were charmed to have me there, and were thankful that I should have been their guest.

"And now, my dear," she said, "I declare there are visitors coming to see you already."

And sure enough, just underneath the archway, there was a low pony carriage with a pair of white ponies, and a dear old lady and gentleman, white-headed, who exactly matched the ponies. In a minute they were within the room, shaking hands with me very warmly.

"We are the father and mother of William Curtis, who brought you here last night," said the old lady introducing herself. "We are so very glad that he was able to render you this service. The Wilmslows are old friends of ours, and we thought it might perhaps be wiser for you if we drove over this morning in our pony chaise. We are afraid that they must have been very much alarmed as you did not turn up."

Nothing could be kinder than this beautiful old lady was as we drove along. She knew all about my going to be a governess at the Wilmslow's, and said that she hoped that she should be often seeing me, and that I must come and spend my shorter holidays at their home—Langley Manor House, on the other side of Manningham. In due time we came to Donnington, where the Wilmslows gave me a very kind reception. They had been greatly perturbed and dismayed by my non-arrival. Mrs. Wilmslow, with natural feminine sagacity, laid all the blame upon her irrational husband, who at once meekly accepted her reprimand.

This, then, was the one gleam of romance which illumined my girlhood. It did not last so very long. That is to say, it lasted from five o'clock in the afternoon till ten o'clock that memorable day. Since then I really cannot say that I have ever met with anything in the shape of an adventure. It is said by wise people that the nation is happy which has no history, and I think that the same may be said of a woman. But from this adventure, such as it was, there flowed several important results. I found in the Curtises the kindest and most loving friends I ever made in my life. As I made some mention of my family at the outset, I may say that the young Squire married my eldest sister, and through her influence our curate got a living, which enabled him to marry my second sister. As for myself, I often say that I am still a governess, but with this important difference—that I am governess to children of my own, and as my boys grow up they are sometimes "cheeky," and call my dearest William the "Governor." I often bless the day when that one gleam of romance, through tears and troubles, brought me to the settled sunshine of my life. [From All the Year Round.

The Maine Soldiers Reunion.

HEADQUARTERS EXECUTIVE COM.,
Association of Me., Soldiers and Sailors.
PORTLAND, July 5, 1881.

TO THE OFFICERS OF THE SEVERAL VETERAN ASSOCIATIONS:

COMRADES—A grand reunion and encampment of Maine veterans, under the auspices of the Association of Maine Soldiers and Sailors, will be held at Portland on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, August 23d, 24th and 25th, 1881.

All honorably discharged soldiers who served in Maine organizations at any time during the war of the rebellion, and all honorably discharged Union soldiers and sailors who now are, or at any time have been, residents of the State of Maine, are cordially invited to take part in the reunion.

Invitations have been extended to the President of the United States, to Generals Sherman, Sheridan, Hancock, and other distinguished military gentlemen to be present as guests of the Maine veterans.

Comrades representing regiments, batteries, or veteran organizations of the army or navy, are requested to furnish the committee with the names and address of corps, division, or naval commanders under whom they served during the war, in order that they may be invited to attend.

Suitable camp equipage having been tendered the Association by the United States government, it is the purpose of the committee to provide tents, straw and water for the veterans free of expense.

Appropriate music will also be provided for the reunion, and arrangements will be made with responsible parties to furnish rations or meals at low rates, to those who desire them. Regimental Associations, Grand Army Posts, and other organizations formed for the occasion, are at liberty to make their own arrangements for subsistence if preferable, or veterans will be permitted to bring rations with them if most convenient, with the privilege of purchasing tea or coffee of the caterers within the encampment.

Arrangements are also in progress with the several railroad and steamboat companies for reduced rates of fare during the time of the reunion.

It is hoped with the assistance of the veterans throughout the State, to make the reunion the most successful and entertaining that has ever been held in Maine. The executive committee are very sanguine that the veterans will generally avail themselves of this opportunity of coming together again, since they are receiving assurances from all parts of the State of

THE STORY OF A CRIME.

Details of the Assassination and Cowardice of the Assassin.

THE PRESIDENT'S PROGRESS TOWARDS RECOVERY.

COMPLETE HISTORY OF GUITEAU'S CRIME.

United States District Attorney Corkhill has furnished the following statement for publication in order to correct certain erroneous assertions which have been made in relation to Guiteau:

The interest felt by the public in the details of the assassination and the many stories published justify me in stating that the following is a correct and accurate statement concerning the points to which reference is made:

The assassin, Charles Guiteau, came to Washington city on Sunday evening, March 6, 1881, and stopped at the Ebbett House, remaining only one day. He then secured a room in another part of the city and has boarded and roomed at various places, full details of which I have. On Wednesday, May 18th, 1881, the assassin determined to murder the President. He had neither money nor pistol at the time. About the last of May he went into O'Meara's store, corner of 15th and F streets in this city, and examined some pistols, asking for a largest calibre. He was shown two similar in calibre and only different in price. On Wednesday, June 8th, he purchased the pistol which he used, for which he paid $10, he having in the meantime borrowed $15 of a gentleman in Washington on the plea that he wanted to pay his board bill. On the same evening at 7 o'clock he took the pistol and went to the foot of 17th street and practiced firing at a board firing ten shots. He then returned to his boarding place and wiped the pistol dry and wrapped it in his coat and waited his opportunity. On Sunday morning, June 12th, he was sitting in Lafayette Park and saw the President leave for the Christian church on Vermont avenue and he at once returned to his room, obtained his pistol, put it in his pocket and followed the President to church.

He entered the church, but found he could not kill him there without danger of killing some one else. He noticed that the President sat near a window. After church he made an examination of the window and found he could reach it without any trouble and that from this point he could shoot the President through the head without killing any one else. The following Wednesday he went to the church, examined the location and window and became satisfied that he could accomplish his purpose. He determined to make the attempt at church the following Sunday.

Learning from the papers that the President would leave the city on Saturday, the 18th of June, with Mrs. Garfield for Long Branch, he therefore determined to meet him at the depot. He left his boarding house about 5 o'clock Saturday morning and went down to the river at the foot of 17th street and fired five shots to practice his aim and be certain his pistol was in good order. He then went to the depot and was in the ladies' waiting room of the depot with his pistol ready when the Presidential party entered. He says Mrs. Garfield looked so weak and frail that he had not the heart to shoot the President in her presence, and as he knew he would have another opportunity he left the depot. He had previously engaged a carriage to take him to the jail.

On Wednesday evening the President and his son and, I think, United States Marshal Henry went out for a ride. The assassin took his pistol and followed them for some time in hopes that the carriage would stop, but no opportunity was given.

On Friday evening, July 1st, he was sitting on a seat in the park, opposite the White House, when he saw the President come out alone. He followed him down the avenue to 15th street, and then kept on the opposite side of the street, upon 15th, until the President entered the residence of Secretary Blaine. He waited at the corner of Mr. Morton's late residence, corner of 15th and H streets, for sometime, and then, as he was afraid he would attract attention, he went into the alley, in the rear of Mr. Morton's residence, examined his pistol and waited. The President and Secretary Blaine came out together, and he followed over to the gate of the White House, but could get no opportunity to use his weapon. On the morning of Saturday, July 2d, he breakfasted at the Riggs' House about seven o'clock. He then walked up into the park and sat for an hour. He then took a one-horse avenue car and rode to 6th street; got out and went into the depot and loitered around there; had his shoes blacked; engaged a hack for $2 to take him to the jail, went into a water closet and took his pistol out of his hip pocket and unwrapped the paper from around it which he had put there for the purpose of preventing perspiration from the body dampening the powder, examined his pistol carefully, tried the trigger, and then returned and took a seat in the ladies waiting room, and as soon as the President entered advanced behind him and fired two shots. These facts, I think, can be relied upon as accurate, and I give them to the public to contradict certain false rumors in connection with this most atrocious of atrocious crimes.

GUITEAU'S COWARDICE AND INCONSISTENCY.

The Washington correspondent of the Boston Journal says: The statement which District Attorney Corkhill has condensed and given to the press from the confession of Guiteau will undoubtedly do very much to weaken the insane theory. It discloses a most careful premeditation, and it also very clearly shows the fact that at different times Guiteau lost his courage and was too cowardly to commit the deed. His argument that he would not shoot in the church for fear that he might hit some other person is very inconsistent, in view of the location which he finally did select for the attempted assassination. He fired in the depot just at the time when the principal train was leaving for New York, and fired in the direction of the general waiting room, which was then crowded with people, and scores of persons were within immediate range of the bullets, which were shot at the President. Guiteau was more likely to have injured other persons in the depot even than had he shot in church. But the fact that he did not shoot the President when he followed him on Friday night after dark from the White House to Mr. Blaine's house indicates clearly that the coward's courage failed him. He says he stopped in the alley in the rear of the house of Levi P. Morton, Minister to France, to examine his pistol. The mouth of that alleyway is but a few feet south of Mr. Blaine's door. Through that alley Guiteau, after having shot in the dark, might reasonably have hoped to escape, and as there was no known motive to connect him with the crime, his detection would have been very difficult.

HIS CORRESPONDENCE WITH SECRETARY BLAINE.

Secretary Blaine's private secretary, in looking over the Secretary's private correspondence of recent date, found a number of letters from Guiteau. The fellow was an applicant for the Consulship at Paris, and professed to have convinced the President of his fitness. He seemed to think that all that was required to attain success was the good offices of the Secretary of State, and he wrote as if he thought they were not difficult to get. He based his claim chiefly, if not entirely, upon his speech, printed copies of which he inclosed. In conclusion, after the nomination of Robertson and Senator Conkling's assumption of a warlike attitude, Guiteau wrote Secretary Blaine an abusive letter, declaring that he ought to be put out of the Cabinet. It is recalled that Guiteau was anxious to be employed in Maine during the late political campaign as a stump speaker, and wrote several letters on the subject, setting forth his own merits. He seems not to have met with distinguished success in any of his efforts to attract Secretary Blaine's favorable notice. The Secretary, who will of course be an important witness in the trial of Guiteau, declines to allow the letters to be published.

THE TRIAL.

It is probable that, unless the President shall die, it will be long before Guiteau will be tried. Some of the best criminal lawyers at the bar think it not unlikely that his trial will not take place until after the 4th of July, 1882. As long as any possibility remains that the wound may prove mortal, the District Attorney will not even prepare the case for the Grand Jury. It has been the common law that, in order to make the killing murder, it is requisite that the victim die within a year and a day after the stroke is received or cause of death administered in the computation of which the whole day upon which the hurt is done shall be reckoned the first. So that if the President be alive one minute after the stroke of twelve on the night of July 2d, 1882, Guiteau will be free of the charge of murder. Until the physicians officially declare that all likelihood of death from the shot has passed away Guiteau will retain his present quarters. In the face of his confession of the crime, he will be entitled by law to be considered innocent until he is adjudged guilty in court. Should the convalescence of the President extend over a considerable period, for that period, at least, no prosecution against Guiteau will be begun, and should the President be restored to vigor before the year and a day are completed, yet with the possibility that the wound may not be fatal within that time the District Attorney will exercise a sound discretion as to bringing Guiteau before the court for assault with intent to kill. All this makes unlikely an early trial of Guiteau, unless the President should die. Then an indictment, trial and plea of insanity would swiftly follow. In case of such a trial there could be but two defences: One, that the President died not of the pistol shot, but of the treatment of the physicians; and the other the insanity of Guiteau. The latter defence would probably add largely to the text of future trusts upon medical jurisprudence. All the Superintendents of insane asylums and leading specialists in insanity would be summoned, and possibly some new light thrown upon vexed questions in medical jurisprudence. The same plea will doubtless be entered on a trial for assault with intent to kill, and in such trial it is not likely the District Attorney will try the experiment of making two cases out of one. If Guiteau is not convicted and not declared insane, he will be sentenced to eight years at hard labor in the penitentiary at Auburn, N. Y. If found guilty and insane his case will be certified to the Secretary of the Interior, who is required by law to make an order for his incarceration in the United States Insane Asylum on the hights of the Eastern Branch, opposite those he now occupies. If, after being sent to the asylum, Guiteau recovers his sanity, then by section 4855, "When any person confined in the hospital for the insane, charged with crime or convicted of crime, shall be restored to his sanity the Superintendent of the hospital shall give notice thereof to the Judge of the criminal court and deliver him to the court in obedience to the proper precept."

GOV. PLAISTED'S TELEGRAM. BANGOR'S CONGRATULATIONS.

In response to a telegram sent by Gov. Foster, of Ohio, relative to appointing a day of public thanksgiving and prayer in case the President fully recovers, Gov. Plaisted promptly sent the following:

To Hon. Charles Foster, Gov. of Ohio, Columbus, Ohio: I heartily concur in your proposal for a day of public thanksgiving and prayer, in view of the hopeful condition of the President, the day to be fixed as soon as the public mind shall rest in the belief that the calamity of his death is avoided. The universal sentiment of the people of Maine is one of profound gladness to Almighty God for his admirable goodness in shielding the President against the deep damnation of the attempt to take his life. HARRIS M. PLAISTED.

BANGOR, July 15. At a meeting of the City Council this evening, a resolution was adopted requesting the mayor to send to the President of the United States and his family, the sincere congratulations of the citizens of this city on the apparent recovery from danger of the President of our nation from the assassin's bullet.

THE MEDICAL TREATMENT OF THE PRESIDENT.

The Boston Journal's correspondent says: Dr. Bliss and his associates give the President's case careful and unremitting attention, and make their prescriptions after due consideration of every feature of the case, and thus far are well satisfied with the result, as are the President, his family, and close friends. His case is similar to a large class of gunshot wounds. Physically he is weaker than six or eight days ago, and yet his improvement has been gradual every day. They have succeeded in fighting off the dangers that have threatened, secondary hemorrhage for instance, and others familiar to physicians, and no new dangerous symptoms have been shown. Notwithstanding all this, the President is a very sick man. The suppuration alone is terribly weakening, and the confinement would make a well man sick, and the physicians think that so long as they succeed in fighting off dangerous symptoms and keep the wound in a healing state that his condition is one of steady but very slow improvement. They do not look and cannot hope for an immediate gain in strength. Indeed, he may grow weaker before he gets better. The wound, they think, is in a fair way to heal, beginning from within. The nature of the suppuration shows this. His recovery must be very slow, and it will be weeks before much increase of strength will be apparent. For nine days Dr. Bliss did not take off his clothes and was constantly at the President's bedside, getting only occasional snatches of rest on a lounge in an ante-room. Everything that can be done is done, and taken altogether, the condition of the patient, though yet critical, is such as to justify a strong hope of his ultimate recovery, which, however, must be very tedious, covering weeks and months.

THE JENNINGS COOLING APPARATUS.

Mr. Jennings' cooling apparatus in use at the White House consists of a cast iron chamber about 10 feet long and 3 wide and 3 high, filled with vertical iron frames covered with cotton terry or Turkish towelling. These screens are placed one half an inch apart, and represent some 3000 feet of cooling surface. Immediately over these vertical screens is placed a coil of inch iron pipe, the lower side of which is filled with fine perforations. Into a galvanized iron tank, holding 100 gallons of water, is put finely granulated or shaved ice (and salt when a low temperature is required). This water is sprayed upon the sheets in the lower tank constantly. In each end of the iron chamber are openings 13 inches square. To the outer end of this chamber is a pipe connecting with an outdoor air conductor. To the opposite end is connected a similar pipe leading into an ice chamber at its top, and from the bottom of the same a pipe leads to a small exhaust fan, and from the fan the now cold and dry air is forced direct into the President's room, through a flue some 20 feet in length. Air at 99 deg. temperature is supplied, at the rate of 22,000 cubic feet per hour, at the register in the President's room 54 deg., and with the windows and doors open, the temperature at the President's bed (25 feet away) is maintained steadily at 75 deg. day and night. When the cold air machine was introduced it was intended to keep the windows and doors closed, and, under these conditions, the machine would create and maintain a temperature of 60 deg. in the hottest weather, without using the auxiliary ice air chamber now used. Mr. Jennings' machine is not upon the market.

THE WILL OF HEAVEN.

"If I had another opportunity, I would not try to shoot the President again," said Guiteau Friday. "I thought I had an inspiration to remove him, but I see I must have been mistaken. I think it is ordained by God that the President shall not be killed, and, for that reason I would not try it again if I had a chance. If it were not decreed by God that he should not be killed, how could he be alive now? I held the pistol close to his back, and my hand was as steady as iron. I fired point-blank at him, and nothing but divine interposition could have saved him. He will not die, I am convinced, and I am sorry I caused him so much suffering. It is no use for any one to try to kill him now, for, if I could not do it with the chance I had, no bullet can do it. It is so ordained, and we must abide the will of Heaven."

CHANGE OF QUARTERS.

As the hope of the President's recovery deepens into certainty, the surgeons and those around him are beginning to discuss when and where he may be removed to some place more favorable than is the White House to the general health of the patient. Mrs. Garfield also needs immediate change of air, but, of course, could not be induced to quit the side of her husband again. She knows she was his protection once, and says her place is close beside him until the end. There is little doubt that the fever which has recurred each day is partly due to the malarious influence surrounding the White House. Indeed, the building itself is believed to be unhealthy. Mrs. Garfield would like to return to Mentor. White Sulphur Springs and Old Point Comfort have been discussed, but the seashore at Long Branch would be the choice of the surgeons as more favorable to a rapid convalescence. Dr. Bliss, however, says that it will be time enough two weeks hence to decide. No change will be made which would involve the least risk, although he believes a removal would have the best effects upon the spirits and health of both Mr. and Mrs. Garfield. The White House is old, musty, damp, badly drained, and is unfit for the summer residence of any one. There is a most cheerful feeling in the house.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The American colony in Paris held a meeting, Wednesday, for the purpose of drawing up an address of sympathy with President Garfield.

It is a correspondent of the Herald who remarks that the most cheerful bulletin that could come from the White House would be, "The bullet out." The joke originated with Gilfillan of the Treasury Department.

No one outside of Col. Rockwell and Major Swaim, except Mrs. Garfield, some of the children, and the physicians and nurses, have been admitted to the President's room for nearly a week, and none will be until he has reached a condition when it will not do him any harm to talk.

Thursday was observed in Kentucky and Arkansas, as a day of fasting and prayer for the recovery of President Garfield. Religious services were held in all the churches at Little Rock Ark., and in nearly all the churches of Louisiana, Ky.

The famous 100-year rum that is used for the President, was sent by Sam Ward, "Vestibule Rex," to whom it was presented by Earl Lounsbury. It was shipped to England from Jamaica in 1794, and it had some age then. It is at least 100 years old. It came in a quaint old bottle.

Speaker Randall is of the opinion that the shooting of President Garfield will, upon his recovery, tend to cement the various sections of the country, and if Garfield's Administration be a success it will be almost certain that he will be remembered in 1884, and almost impossible to defeat him.

Col. Rockwell says: "I was talking to the President the other day about the interest which the people of the country have shown, and I said that when he got well he would have more to fear from the love of the people than anything else, and so he will. Wherever he goes he will be pressed about by the crewds anxious to see him.

In speaking to Col. Rockwell of the intensity of the pain from which President Garfield has suffered, he said: "It is like a trip-hammer crashing upon my body. If you can imagine a cramp, such as one has, sometimes, in the water, a thousand times intensified, then you can have some idea of the pain I have suffered."

Generalities.

This country has 274,144 professional teachers.

Millions of army worms have made their appearance at Long Branch.

The Dry Tortugas is suggested as a place of imprisonment for Guiteau.

Dr. Tanner having failed as a lecturer is now engaged as a book-canvasser.

Deaths by drowning are more numerous this year than usual at this season.

Miss Dorothy Dix, the devoted nurse of the late war, is slowly dying at Washington.

An annual saving of $1,200,000 has been effected by the raid on the star route rogues.

The Toledo Daily Telegram has nominated President Garfield for a second term.

Secretary Windom is represented as being an active worker in the temperance cause.

A German, named Flohn, is reported to have died in New York on Saturday, of Asiatic Cholera.

The Portsmouth, N. H., bridge tolls between New Hampshire and Maine are to be reduced one-third.

A bald eagle was recently caught at Wilmington, Del., while trying to carry off a large Newfoundland dog.

At the demand of the church of which he is pastor, Mayor Kalloch says he will not be a candidate for re election.

Gen. Jno. C. Pemberton, who surrendered Vicksburg to Gen. Grant, died at Penn Lyne, Pa., July 13th, aged 67.

Four survivors of the Dartmoor massacre are living in Marblehead, Mass., all of them being over 81 years of age

A series of meetings under the auspices of the National Temperance Society was begun at Ocean Beach, N. J., Saturday

The cutter Corwin, in search of the missing Jeannette in the Arctic regions, reports that no trace of the missing vessel has been found.

The New York sugar refiners, for the purpose of reducing the supply and raising prices, have resolved to run their refineries on half time.

On Thursday night there was a severe tornado in Connecticut. Buildings were unroofed, cattle killed and crops ruined. The damage will be large.

Five thousand persons, or one sixteenth of the total population of eighty thousand, have joined the church at Indianapolis in the last six months.

Prof. Swift of Rochester, denies that the comet has split in two, and thinks it identical with that discovered in Brazil and which Dom Pedro called "Europa."

A fiend scattered Paris green in the well and on the food of an aged couple in Springfield, Pa., fatally poisoning the man and his wife and killing their cattle.

The Ohio Democrats have nominated John W. Bookwalter for Congress, with a full ticket of State officers. The convention adopted a resolution of sympathy with the President.

More than 75 per cent. of our soldiers during the rebellion were natives of this country. A little more than 7 per cent. were born in Ireland, and nearly 9 per cent in Germany.

Maud S trotted a mile at Pittsburg in 2 10¼, beating her best time ¾ of a second. One of the Judges claimed the time as 2,10¼. Her driver claimed that he could have made it in two seconds less.

In New York two pretended pedlers ran their teams into a wagon in which $9,500 belonging to Jacob Ruppert, a brewer, was being conveyed, and in the confusion made off with the money.

Griscom, the Chicago faster, brought his forty-five days fast to a successful termination Tuesday noon, July 12th. He weighed 149 pounds, having lost forty eight pounds during his long fast.

The Long Branch Pier company have forbidden colored persons entering the pavilions except upon payment of ten cents. Nothing is charged the whites, and the colored people are indignant.

A large and vicious fox, named Roscoe Conkling, was sold at auction, Thursday, in Baltimore, and the proceeds added to the Garfield fund. The fox was sent to Baltimore by a West Virginia boy.

Mr. Charles O. Ellms, of Scituate, Mass., owned a cow which gave a very abundant supply of milk, attaining to an average of 47 quarts per day. The cow came in a few days since and died. This noted cow was a native of Cohasset, and $20,000 had been refused for her by the owner.

Col. Clark of the revenue marine service feels confident, from the announcement of the discovery of the Vigilant and Mt. Wollington in a deserted condition, that the crews are safe with the Jeannette. He thinks that the crew of the Vigilant divided, like the Polaris party, and some remained on board, while others went ashore or took to the ice floes and proceeded to Wrangle Land and were taken on board the Jeannette.

The Secretary of the Treasury has awarded a gold life saving medal to the famous Ida Lewis, now Mrs. Ida Lewis Wilson, in recognition of her services in rescuing a number of persons from drowning since the passage of the act authorizing such awards. Most of the rescues were under circumstances which called for extreme and heroic daring and involved the risk of Mrs Wilson's life. She has saved 13 lives so far as known.

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The President Recovering.

The improvement in the President's condition, which was first manifested on Tuesday the 12th inst., has continued almost without interruption. The fever caused by the wound has measurably subsided, and pulse and temperature have closely approached a normal standard. He has had no relapse, is gaining strength, his appetite is returning and he has been able to partake of solid food Indeed, the official bulletins by the physicians and the unofficial bulletins show that the President is making gratifying progress towards recovery. His improvement is as rapid as the most sanguine could hope for. He is not yet pronounced out of danger, although it is believed the time is near at hand when this gratifying announcement will be made.

The crop returns received by the Agricultural Department in Washington make a good showing generally. The average condition of cotton is 75 against 100 same time last year. The condition of the wheat crop July 1st is much better than June 1st, and an average of 83 for the whole country. The Atlantic states fall off slightly as compared with the same time last year, but the large wheat region north of the Ohio river and west of Mississippi, return a low condition compared with the same time last year. In spring wheat the state of Iowa alone returns much lower percentage than last year, which is only 72. Of corn the increase of area planted is nearly two per cent. over the previous year. The average condition is not so high as the last two years, and is 90 against 100 last year. In all the North Atlantic States the crop is backward, owing to the cold, raw spring, but in the states south of the Delaware and on the Gulf of Mexico, it is reported fair. Texas, however, reports serious injury from drouth. In the great corn-producing region on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, the average is below last year, particularly in Iowa, which only reports a condition of 77, caused by the cold spring and too much rain in June, and in Illinois and Mississippi the condition is reported very favorable.

The condition of the work in the pension bureau is not encouraging to those who have claims pending, and the force of clerks is soon to be reduced one hundred in consequence of the failure of Congress to make appropriations for them. There are now about one hundred and twenty thousand unadjusted claims to be acted upon. There were adjudicated last year about forty thousand. If under the present administration no greater expedition is made, it will take four years to pass upon the claims now on file.

The Republican Journal says it knows "that every election held for the past two or three years has shown a decided falling off in the Greenback vote." If the Journal is sincere in its knowing declaration, will it please produce the evidence? The fact is, the Greenback party is, and has been increasing its vote in most localities at each succeeding election. [Chase's Enquirer.

We published the election returns substantiating our statement some weeks ago, and subsequent elections have emphasized the declaration to which the Enquirer takes exception. The Enquirer has neither facts or figures to support its assertion that the Greenback party "is and has been increasing its vote" etc.

The Cincinnati Enquirer says of Secretary Blaine: "His care and watchfulness at the bedside of the stricken President have only been exceeded by Mrs. Garfield herself. He has fully demonstrated that he can be a tender man, and at the same time direct the business of the Nation. A man like this is a very proper person to have around in any emergency."

Vice President Arthur's conduct and bearing since the shooting of the President have presented him to the country in a most favorable light. He is a better man than many have supposed him to be. There has been no change of opinion regarding Conkling.

The deadlock at Albany was broken on Saturday by the election of Warner Miller to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of U. S. Senator Platt. Lapham lacks four votes of an election. Conkling sticks.

The boy-murderers at Rockport, drowned a companion because he refused to give up twenty-five cents. The anti-capital punishment laws of Maine have reduced the value of a human life to a quarter of a dollar.

It is a good thing the comet has gone glimmering out of the way. Prof. Newcomb says that if the comet were to come in contact with the earth the temperature would rise to 10,000 degrees in the shade. Whew!"

"No," said the President, as Mrs. Garfield read him a newspaper editorial on the conspiracy theory; "there was no conspiracy. It was the act of an individual."

Mrs. Garfield is said to be a thorough believer in the gospel of good food. She is a good housekeeper as well as a good wife and mother.

The cumulative evidence respecting Guiteau's sanity adds to the regret that there is no law which will warrant hanging him.

The Boston Post has an editorial on "The National Vice." It means office-seeking—not the Vice President.

Our Mercantile Marine.

Our high tariff makes it cost more to build steamships here than in Great Britain. The difference is fatal to competition in the carrying trade on even terms. It is important, however, that we should have a mercantile marine commensurate with our other interests, not merely that we may enjoy a fair share of the earnings of the carrying trade, but that we may have our own lines of communications to the world's markets for our productions. Without these we are hampered—at the mercy of our rivals. How, then, shall we get and keep a mercantile marine while these great odds are against us? If our high protective tariff were merely an expedient for revenue, to be wiped out when no longer needed, we could enter the contest on equal terms, and hold our own. But, while the tariff makes everything which is the product of labor cost more than elsewhere, we cannot compete on equal terms on the "highway of nations." Mr. John Roach, in the North American Review for August, presents a plan—not a new one—we have had the essential features before—but the only one that we know of to restore our mercantile marine. It is of the nature of a subsidy, and "subsidy" is a word of very bad odor. But, where everything else is "protected," steamships cannot venture without protection. Our useless navy costs $15,000,000 or $20,000,000 a year. Take $5,000,000 of that and expend it in postal contracts and new constructions. Make a general law providing a contract for carrying the mails with every American steamship line running from any foreign port. Make this law to cover a term of years—ten at least—and, if anything will do it, that will induce capital—now seeking remunerative employment in vain—to flow into this business. We have American steamship lines gradually finding their places on every sea; we should have our own communications with South America, Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia; and our agricultural and manufacturing interests would reap a full share of the benefits. If this be "subsidy," it is only to make even what "protection" has made uneven; only to make profitable, and therefore possible, an interest upon which all other interests depend to some extent. [Boston Herald.

Six girls and one boy graduated from the Calais high school, and this, the Machias Union observes is about the proportion in a majority of the high schools in the eastern part of the State, and it thereupon proceeds to read the boys a sermon, from which we quote as follows—

The boys who are habitual drones, who take to loitering, idling; find nothing to do, but somehow fall into habits of smoking, drinking, licentiousness, will one day see women in the pulpits, in the doctor's gig, in the counting room, in the school room, book keepers, clerks, "salesmen," in the telegraph office, printers, publishers, editors, everywhere where intelligence, industry, responsibility are demanded and where highest salaries are paid. The idle boys by and by will be men in growth and age; they will be wondering "Why is it that women are doing so large a part of the work and I can't get anything to do?"

Boys, if you continue much longer to lead slothful lives, you will live to see women, not men, governing and controlling, and why not?

A correspondent of the Lewiston Journal asked what State, after having passed a law abolishing capital punishment repealed the same, and when; and whether the rate of murders has increased in States where capital punishment has been abandoned, and that paper replies as follows—

Iowa, in 1874 or about that time, passed a law abolishing capital punishment, but in 1878 re-enacted a law for the infliction of capital punishment, the argument showing from the record that during its abolition crimes and violence had greatly increased, and the increase was attributed to the abolition of that kind of punishment. There is a difference of opinion as to whether crimes have increased more in states where capital punishment has been abolished and in consequence of its abolishment, than it has in states where it is still in force There are many causes for the increase of crime which must be taken into consideration in deciding any such question.

The Eastport Sentinel laments the increase of rum selling and intemperance in that town, and thinks there is too much reliance upon law to promote temperance. What is needed, it thinks, is a public sentiment which would not only acquiesce in the enforcement of the prohibitory law, but demand such enforcement. It says—

We have not such a public sentiment now. Public sentiment is a result of education, and education requires effort. One or two or half a dozen men and women in a community like this cannot create and keep alive a healthy public sentiment in behalf of temperance. There must be organized effort, and all who believe liquor drinking to be an evil should unite to stay its progress

The tone of the Southern press since the shooting of the President has been the subject of much favorable comment. The Mobile Register says editorially in a recent issue:

We hope and expect a great deal from President Garfield, if God spares him to the country. We are not actuated by any idea of remuneration to the South for its kind regards and heart-felt expressions of condolence, but we think that James A. Garfield will respond to the new situation, and that any aspirations that he may have to bring enduring prosperity upon our country, will be indulged in by him without any trammel or restriction.

Bookwalter is the name of the man the Democrats have nominated for defeat in the Ohio Gubernatorial contest. He is rich, but Democrats say his pocket book is not so well lined as it was before the convention was held.

A Washington despatch says of ex-Senator Conkling, whose recent visit to that city has been the subject of speculation, "In his talk he referred to politics as a subject in which he felt very little interest." Roscoe appears to have come to his senses.

"He occupies a ridiculous position today before the American people, and has become a comic element in our politics," remarks the Boston Herald of ex-Senator Conkling. We should smile!

Some eastern papers take the Belfast Journal to task for laxity in crediting items taken from their columns. Our Belfast contemporary, next to its Lewiston namesake, is the last paper in the state to deserve such criticism. [Damariscotta Herald.

We have given the Herald credit—on our books—for truthfulness and courtesy.

The papers have not had much to say of Gen. Grant lately, but an item to the effect that he plays euchre at Long Branch in the evenings has just started on its rounds.

The mayor of Newport, R. I., has addressed profane and insulting language to an editor. It has not been decided what penalty to inflict for the awful crime.

Ben Perley Poore's recollections of "Fifty Years Among Public Men" are an attractive feature of the bright and gossippy Boston Sunday Budget.

"Thank God for that," said the President when informed of the election of Miller to succeed Platt in the United States Senate.

The mother of President Garfield, who has been severely ill at the family home in Ohio, is now reported out of danger.

Jere Black handles Bob Ingersoll after a fashion compared with which that of the clergymen who have answered him is very mild. Here is a specimen. He is alluding to Ingersoll's objection to the sacrifice of beasts:

"The killing of those animals was," he says, "a terrible system," a "shedding of innocent blood," "shocking to a refined and sensitive soul" There is such a depth of tenderness in this feeling, and a splendor of refinement, that I give up without a struggle to the superiority of the man who merely professes it. A carnivorous American, full of beef and mutton, who mourns with indignant sorrow because bulls and goats were killed in Judea three thousand years ago, has reached the climax of sentimental goodness and should be permitted to dictate on all questions of peace and war. Let Grotius, Vattel and Puffendorf, as well as Moses and the prophets, hide their diminished heads

Two lamb chops with bacon, one baked potato with cream, a buttered roll, a glass of old port is not exactly the breakfast a dying man would order for himself, but it is the breakfast which the President did order, and in great part ate Sunday morning. For dinner he had roast beef. To this we add—

Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

The Mount Desert Herald quotes from the letter of a Journal correspondent commending Dice's Head as a summer resort, and adds—

Yes, or better still let him make a trip to Bar Harbor, where he will find the most beautiful scenery in New England—grand and lofty mountains, lovely lakes, charming bays and breezes of the coolest and most refreshing description

They are keeping the President on rum and milk. We don't know whether the preparation will cure a gunshot wound, but it used to have remarkable power in curing hay years ago. [Marlboro Times.

Wasn't it rum and molasses?

New York dealers have increased the price of ice twenty-five per cent., and consumers are more than fifty per cent. indignant.

A man named Jackson claims to have received the first bullet intended for the President, it being prevented from entering his body by a large medal suspended to his neck

Jackson is evidently a stalwart—liar.

At last we have had Miss Braddon's last novel. She will now turn her attention to dramatic literature.

Old Orchard is still without its quota of summer visitors; but Bar Harbor booms.

Salmon are now being caught in the Kennebec [Kennebec Journal, July 16th

Where are the fish wardens?

The Squid likes pies, honor bright. [S. I. Squid.

The Journal likes pies, on a plate.

Wonder if Bob Ingersoll ever rode on the L road, New York.

The rain, it raineth every day.

Iron vs. Wooden Ships.

EDITOR JOURNAL: For the benefit of some of our anti iron ship men, who claim superior model, capacity etc., for our wooden ships, I will give a few figures, taking the actual weight of cargoes just landed in ships of about 1400 tons. The list could be made longer with the same results, in either larger or smaller vessels. The three American ships we all know to be among our best, for speed and capacity. The English (iron) ships are taken only because they aggregate about the same in tonnage. The following ships loaded in San Francisco for Europe in 1880-1881, and their cargoes were as follows: British iron ship McMellan 1400 tons register, took in 2512-300-2000 short tons or nearly double her register. British iron ship Parthena, 1381 tons register, took in 2543-400-2000 short tons. British iron ship Cape of Good Hope, 1399 tons register, took in 2353-600-2000 short tons the whole aggregating 7608-1300-2000 short tons.

The following American ships loaded in San Francisco in 1880-1881: Wm. H. Conner, Searsgort, 1496 tons register, loaded 2320-900-2000 short tons. Frank Pendleton, Searsport, 1414 tons register loaded 2141-1600-2000 short tons. Llewellyn J. Morse of Bangor, 1392 tons register loaded 2143-400-2000 short tons, the whole aggregating 6602-900-2000 short tons; or 1180 iron tons loaded 7608 tons, 4302 wood tons loaded 6602 tons, or an average of 335 tons more for each iron ship of less capacity.

Now the difference in the register is only crew space, which the iron ship has got off her gross. This will not average more than 30 tons for each ship, which could hardly make a difference of more than 50 tons in capacity. The difference in the cost of sailing an English ship and an American ship can be but a very small per centage. The Englishman ships his crew for the same wages, feeds them on the same scale, and purchases his stores from the same market at home, as do the American ships. There may be a small difference in the captain's wages, as British ships are not sailed on primage but on salary. The real reason why the British ship owner gets the most money is that his ship carries more cargo, sails faster and insures at a less rate, besides not wearing out in 15 years as wooden ones do. It is no use kicking, I believe we must come to iron ships for our foreign trade, and I believe also that we can learn much from a people who for more than thirty years have been experimenting and building iron vessels. J. T. C.

[We think our correspondent is mistaken in his comparisons of the running expenses of American and British ships, and he loses sight of the difference in taxation, which is enough to take off the profits of the American ship, other things being equal. Editor Journal.]

NEWSPAPER NOTES. We have received the first number of the Mount Desert Herald, Joseph Wood editor and manager. The Herald looks as though it had come to stay, having none of the marks of a first issue or of an ephemeral watering place journal. Bright and newsy in its contents, attractive in its typography, and with so experienced a hand at the helm, the Herald will no doubt win a substantial patronage....That the watering place season has fairly opened we are assured by the coming of the Squirrel Island Squid to our sanctum, bringing with it salacious odors and suggestions of a good time generally. Those who cannot afford to go to the seaside should send seventy cents to Parke G. Dingley & Co., Squirrel Island, which will pay for the Saturday and Wednesday issues of the Squid during the season. And by the way, won't the publishers oblige us with the semi weekly. One can't have too much of a good thing—at least those are our sentiments respecting the Squid....The Boston Journal has added a second Hoe web-perfecting press to its new and complete mechanical outfit, and can now issue papers at the rate of 60,000 per hour, every paper being folded before leaving the press. The Journal says its aim is to give its patrons a well-printed as well as a carefully conducted newspaper, and it is certainly successful in both respects.

SHIPPING ITEMS. During May thirty one vessels of 35,714 tons were launched on the Clyde, and during five months ninety two vessels of 126,284 tons. This is the largest return in six years During five months of 1877 but eighty-two vessels of 82,400 tons were built. The vessels now building are of a much larger class than for a number of years past....The frames of three schooners building in Waldoboro are raised....A new bell has been placed on Harding's ledge, Boston harbor. It is 40 feet from the water, and gives a louder sound than the old one, which was only 15 feet from the water....The longshoremen resumed work in Montreal, Thursday....The Times says the Bath shipyards never presented a busier appearance than at the present time....The Bangor Whig is informed by a stevedore on the river that owing to the scarcity of sailors, laboring men are employed to load vessels at two dollars a day.... It is rumored that the Grand Trunk has made a ten years' contract with both the Dominion and Allan Lines to carry passengers and freight between Portland and Liverpool, each line to run a steamer on alternate weeks.

The village of New Ulm, Minnesota, 65 miles from St Paul, was wrecked by a cyclone Saturday afternoon. Many buildings were destoyed. Fourteen persons were killed and more than that number wounded. The storm extended through a track a mile wide and a number of miles long. The full extent of the disaster is not yet known.

The pension list now absorbs two fifths of the whole amount expended for the support of Government.

Western Wanderings.

Correspondence of the Journal.

NEW MEXICO AND ARIZONA.

EDITOR JOURNAL: The job suggested to "Uncle Sam" at the close of my last letter is larger than I then realized. We were then in Colorado, and our experience was comparatively limited. We had crossed four or five hundred miles of country which for months at a time is never moistened by a drop of rain, with but little at any season, although it has established its capacity to maintain great herds of cattle and sheep. But we were only at the beginning of our journey through this region. Twelve hundred miles of it were still before us, through New Mexico, Arizona, and Southern California. Mile after mile and hour after hour we rode through a barren desolation, never a green blade of grass, never a stream of water, or sign of moisture to relieve the eye, educated to look upon the green hills and sparkling streams of New England. Nothing could well be more depressing. One longs for more familiar scenes; some glimpse of green and freshness. But in vain.

Yet men live here and grow rich. I wonder if I would live here if I knew I should grow rich! I think not; life is too short. There are but two things to do here, viz., mining and stock raising, with perhaps some chances for trade. Stock raising has already assumed vast proportions; mining is in its infancy. Much of the Territory of New Mexico was parceled out by grants under Spanish and Mexican rule. Some of these grants are of immense extent. Through one of these we pass, soon after we enter the Territory, embracing the tract about the Raton mountains (pronounced Ra toon.) It is as large as some of our smaller states, and is being enclosed, a part of it at least, by a substantial wire fence, by the proprietors, who propose to begin stock raising, with a herd of forty

News of Belfast and Vicinity.

The country churches, nowadays,
Are thrown in much disorder,
By the country folks all staring at
The hat of the summer boarder.

The city lamp lighter now travels his rounds in a buggy, which enables him to light up without the aid of a ladder.

Fernald Bros., granite workers of this city, have received an order for a granite monument from a firm at Centreville, Ohio.

Penobscot Bay is full of horse mackerel or tunny fish. They feed upon the smaller fish and are a terror to the mackerel catchers.

Ship Louis Walsh, built in this city, in 1861, now at Liverpool, Eng., has been ordered to Belfast direct, in ballast. It is the purpose of the owners to dispose of the ship on her arrival here.

Five fishing vessels with seines, were cruising in the bay for mackerel last week. One crew threw a seine around a school of fish off Northport, Saturday afternoon. Our bay is becoming a noted fishing place.

The engine formerly used in the McGilvery ship yard, in this city, and which has been idle since the burning of the yard buildings, was last week shipped by rail to Manchester, N. H., to be placed in a mill. The driving wheel weighed four tons.

One of Close's automatic fog bells has been placed on Harding's ledge near Boston light. This is the first bell of this description ordered by the United States government. If it gives as good satisfaction as those placed on ledges on trial, we shall look for its adoption by the government. C. J. Hall, of the Belfast foundry, is president of the company which manufactures this bell.

The Ellsworth American says that "Mr. Henry L. Murch, while adjusting a belt in his mill, Saturday, got his hand caught and was thrown from a ladder on which he was standing, falling a distance of about eight feet. Mr. Murch was badly bruised, but no bones were broken, and he is slowly recovering from the fall." Mr. Murch is a son of Mr. Lewis Murch, of this city.

Mrs. John W. Carter writing from Iola, Allen Co., Kansas, inclosing subscription for the Journal says "Please send the Journal, for I want to know what the people are doing at my old home. It is dry hot here, from 98 to 100 in the shade. This country is fast settling. There are two railroads here and another building. Our county clerk is a Castine man. A Searsport man named Tibbetts settled here this spring, which beside ourselves are the only Maine people I know of here."

INSOLVENCY COURT. The following business is transacted at the July term of this Court—In case of Andrew E. Clark, Belfast, petition of debtor for authority to compromise and sell real estate was filed, and prayer granted.....Joseph Pettigrew, Belfast—Petition for discharge filed and notice ordered, also oath administered to debtor.....John C. Condon, Belfast—Preliminary oath administered and certificate of discharge issued.....E. K. Adams, Unity—Application of assignee for appointment of second meeting of creditors filed. Meeting ordered on Thursday the 11th day of August.....James Fish, Liberty—Debtor appeared and oath administered to him and filed. Examination continued to August term.....Moses W. Rich, Belfast—Examination postponed to August term.....John Thompson, Belmont—Proof of debt of Samuel Miller, Geo. Pierce, and Richards & Head, filed.

The following will was filed at the July term of Probate Court in this city—Calvin P. Lincoln, late of Searsmont. He bequeaths to his son Llewellyn $100, it being in his house situated in Searsmont village, which is to be sold to raise the means to pay the legacies. To his daughter, Mrs. Irene A. Gregory, of Rockland, $200, providing there is enough of his property to admit of it, if not $150. To Mrs. Elizabeth Craig, of Searsmont, $100. To Daniel P. Craig, son of Mrs. Elizabeth Craig, his wife, to be kept in trust by his mother, until he is 21. To Mr. Wm. Mason $45, for fitting up the grave lot of where he (Mr. Lincoln) is to be buried. To his son, Charles Lincoln, $1. All the foregoing to be paid in one year's time after decease. The residue of personal property, after payment of just debts, to be equally divided between his son Llewellyn and his daughter Irene A. Gregory. Llewellyn Lincoln is named executor.

AN EXCURSION UNDER DIFFICULTIES. On Thursday evening, of last week, a lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, an offshoot from Waldo Lodge, Belfast, was instituted in the old hippodrome town of Castine. The event was one of considerable interest, and was made the occasion for an excursion. On the noon train of Thursday there arrived in this city, the officers of the Grand Lodge—Hiram Kimball, D. G. M., of Bridgton; Joshua Davis, G. S.; Daniel W. Nash, G. T., and Freeman Merrill, G. M., all of Portland. At 7 o'clock P. M. the Grand officers, accompanied by large delegations from Waldo Lodge and Aurora Degree Lodge (daughters of Rebekah), of this city, embarked on the steamer May Queen for Searsport, where Sears Lodge and the band of that town were to join the company. Penobscot Bay wore its loveliest aspect. The rays of the setting sun were reflected on its waters, which was rippled with an evening breeze that made the summer air invigorating. The company was in the best of spirits. It only needed the light of the full moon and the inspiring strains from the band to complete the picture and fill the measure of enjoyment. Although at extreme low water it was determined to make the shortest cut to Castine. The passage between Steele's ledge and Patterson's Point was attempted and safely accomplished. When between Patterson's and Moose Islands the steamer suddenly struck a rock. Those who have experienced it know what a peculiar sensation is felt when a vessel suddenly strikes a ledge and begins to careen over. The ladies were in a panic, seized with fright, but behaved remarkably well under the circumstances, for be it known that the average Belfast woman is aquatic in her training and thoroughly at home upon the water. Some of the gentlemen were no less alarmed, but a few assuring words restored all to quietness. The steamer did not remain on the ledge and after a period of pounding was again afloat. It was immediately discovered from the jarring of the engine, that some damage to the machinery had resulted, which at the time was thought to have been the loss of a blade of the propeller. Subsequent events, however, leave this in doubt. The boat began to sink, but the steam pump kept the water out. At Searsport some of the party, thoroughly frightened, went on shore. With Sears Lodge and the band on board the boat was headed for Castine, making the run across the bay in one hour and five minutes. After the true condition of affairs became known it was realized that the trip across the bay was a dangerous one, over one hundred lives being imperiled. The officers of the lodge, who knew the extent of the damage, were at fault and should not have made the attempt. The boat leaked badly all the way, but was kept free by constant pumping. What would have been the consequences had the pumps given out or some of the machinery broken, can be easily imagined. Not a score of that company would have lived to reach the shore. It appears that when the steamer struck the rock the stable stern bearing gave way. Those who know how a steamer's propeller is hung, will readily perceive the consequences when the bearings are gone—nothing to steady the shaft and it plays about at will. At every revolution the shaft came in contact with the sides of the shaft-hole, wearing away the brass or lining. When the boat reached Castine nothing was worn down to the wood. It was through this place the water poured. Had the true state of affairs been known to the passengers, not one would have left Searsport. The boat reached Castine at nine o'clock. Headed by the band the company formed a procession and marched to the Castalian House, where the ladies remained. Returning, the procession marched to the Masonic Hall, where the ceremonies took place. The lodge was instituted with twelve charter members, and is called Massaoit, No. 84. It is named for a lodge in Massachusetts, and for the honor is to receive a set of regalia. It was nearly two o'clock in the morning when the work of instituting, conferring the degrees, electing and installing officers was performed. The following are the elective officers of the new lodge—Dr. S. G. Sewall, N. G.; W. M. Lawrence, V. G.; John F. Rae, Sec.; Aaron Chamberlain, Treas. The company then returned to the Castalian, where a collation was had, furnished by Massaoit Lodge. Mr. White, the agent of the May Queen, here informed the company that the boat was not safe to return and that the night must be passed at Castine. Preparations were made for lodgings, as all could not remain at the hotel. In connection some of the party wish to return thanks to the Rev. Mr. Locke, Unitarian clergyman, who at midnight, turned out some of his parishioners and obtained sleeping apartments. It was afterwards determined to make the return trip, providing a sailing vessel could be procured, which was done. At 3 o'clock A. M. the steamer left the wharf in company with sch. Geo. M. Hodgdon. When off Dice's Head the steamer came to a stand still, the propeller wheel having dropped off. The schooner and steamer came to anchor, and a boat was sent on shore to procure the assistance of the U. S. revenue cutter Levi Woodbury, which was in Castine harbor. The cutter got under way and came to the rescue, taking the May Queen in tow, arriving in Belfast at 6 o'clock. The Searsport party was transferred to the cutter and landed at their home. The company received every attention from Capt. Abbey and his officers, and cheered them roundly when the trip was safely at an end. The excursion was a most unfortunate affair, and the accident which made it so was wholly the result of carelessness. Mr. O. G. White, the boat's agent, did every thing in his power for the safety of the passengers, informing them as to the condition of the boat, and that if they returned in her it was at their own peril. Repairs have been made on the May Queen at the Belfast Foundry, and the boat is again in good condition. The damage is estimated at about $300.

A company of Belfast gentlemen have gone down the bay on a pleasure cruise in yacht P. M. Bonnie.

Mr. Jefferson F. Wilson, of this city, lost a valuable horse on Saturday. It died from the effects of colic. The animal was valued at $300.

Pottle & Hunt have shipped to Boston by sch. Earl, 2,000 mackerel kits, the first shipment made. The same amount will be shipped next week.

Mr. M. W. Drew, of Jacksonville, writes that there are thirteen feet of water on the bar at the mouth of the St. John, and that vessels find no trouble in arriving and departing.

Edward H. Hilton, of this city, has been adjudged insane, and was taken to the asylum at Augusta, on Wednesday, by Sheriff Baker. Another insane person from the country was taken over at the same time.

Attention is again called to the auction sale, on Saturday, of the house, lot and household goods of Hon. W. H. McLellan, of this city, advertised in today's Journal. Those in want of such goods as are advertised should not fail to be present at the sale.

One of our dealers in agricultural implements had a call last week from a person who wanted to purchase an "indigestible" drag rake. The same dealer was taken aback when another person called for a "bull's jewsharp." He wanted a ring for a bull's nose.

WHEREABOUTS OF BELFAST VESSELS. Sch. Flora Condon arrived in Portland, on the 18th, from Brunswick.....Sch. Charly Backl arrived in New York on the 17th, and schrs. Florida and Lois V. Chaples arrived at same port on the 18th, all from Jacksonville.

Astronomers have discovered another comet, making the fourth seen since the first of May. The new one is in the same position as was the present one when first discovered, and is thought to be the comet of 1812, which is due about this time. The new comet can be seen with a good opera glass.

Attention is called to the advertisement of Mason & Reynolds, bond and stock brokers, Bangor. They have a word to say to holders of Belfast bonds.....Caution notice—lost notes—by R. G. Lewis, Belfast.....Card by M. S. Stiles, Jr., Jackson, land surveyor and conveyancer.....Furnished cottage for sale at Northport by F. A. Curtis, Bangor.....Fifty stone cutters wanted by the Hallowell Granite Co. Boston.

STEAMER NOTES. The steamer Everett, of Castine, went upon the May Queen's route, while the latter was undergoing repairs.....The Boston steamers continue to bring east large numbers of passengers for the Maine summer resorts.....E. P. Labe, of Rockland, has painted a picture of steamer City of Richmond, with Mount Desert in the background, and presented it to the boat. The picture is very creditable to the artist.....Steamer Clara Clarita returned to Portland Friday. It is now reported she will be purchased by the Eastern Dredging Company.

The Augusta Journal says "The most gorgeous vehicle which runs out of Augusta is the new Liberty stage, which was put on recently by Messrs. Knowlton & Robinson, who have the contract to carry the mails for four years between this city and Liberty. The stage is covered, has a scarlet body with yellow wheels, and will comfortably carry 12 persons and their baggage. It reminds one of the balmy days of coaching, before the locomotives ran shrieking among the Maine hills, and smart Jehus cracked the lash over their teams of four-in-hand."

Did you ever see a blacksmith weld two pieces of iron by the process known as jumping? On Monday we watched Mr. S. A. Blodgett weld, by this process, the shaft of steamer May Queen, a piece of iron thirteen inches in circumference. Jumping iron together is making a perfect weld by adhering the two square ends of the bar. After the iron is prepared the two pieces are placed together end to end in the same fire. When the right temperature is reached, which is when the iron is white and nearly ready to melt, the administration end of the iron is securely held, when with a very heavy sledge the conkling end is soundly hammered until the union is complete, and both parts come together in joint caucus. All this is done while the iron remains in the fire. It is now taken out and hammered down until it is impossible to see the weld and is as secure as any portion of the bar.

The question of bringing Belfast and the Bluehill mining region into closer business relationship is being agitated. If sufficient inducement can be obtained a narrow gauge railroad from Bluehill to Brooksville, a distance of ten miles, will be built. With a good steamer that can make the run across the bay in one hour, to connect with the road at Brooksville, Belfast will be just ninety minutes from Bluehill. No other railroad point in Maine can be brought so close to Bluehill as our own city. It is a settled fact that Bluehill is the best mining region in Maine, and large numbers of people are now engaged there. All the provisions and material used are carted across the country, and principally from Bangor. It is thought the Maine Central railroad, with its usual shrewdness, would help such an enterprise, as it would receive much benefit therefrom. Belfast business men would be directly benefited and should give the contemplated enterprise their hearty support.

The lower bridge in this city, which for a month has been undergoing repairs, is now completed and is in good condition. A new pier 24 by 34 feet has been built on the inshore side which is ballasted by 300 tons of rocks. The pier has settled into the mud seven feet and six inches and is now on hard pan. The draws are new, six feet lower than the old ones, making the bridge nearly level the entire length. The draws are hoisted by chains from each corner which lead over pulleys at the top of pillars, the lifting power being furnished by winches. A shaft runs across the bridge, on the ends of which the chain winds. When in place the chains act as a support to the draws. Under the old arrangement the draws were lifted from one corner. The hinges to the draws set in from the pier three feet, so that when up they are not liable to come in contact with passing vessels. Two hundred and fifty-eight feet of the bridge is newly covered and railed, with new stringers beneath, making the structure good for some years. The cost of the work is about $2,000, and has been done under the supervision of Alderman L. A. Knowlton. Mr. Charles Walker was the master workman. The winches and iron work were from the Belfast foundry.

TRANSFERS IN REAL ESTATE. The following are the transfers in real estate, in Waldo county, for the week ending July 19th—David Alexander & al., Belfast, to Chas. N. Black, Belfast,—the Tapley lot on Waldo avenue in this city. Sally D. Bartlett & al., Jackson, to Emery Fairfield, Monroe. Wm. A. Calderwood, Lincolnville, to Geo. W. Young, same town. Lorenzo G. Coombs, Colorado, to Charlotte N. Veazie, Belfast. Ralph D. Cummings, Prospect, to Howard G. Cummings, same town. Alex. Cummings, Prospect, to same. P. K. Frohock, Lincolnville, to Geo. W. Young, same town. James Gilmore, Belfast, to F. A. Gilmore. Patience Larabee, Monroe, to Moses Larabee, same town. J. B. Littlefield, Belfast, to Mary O. Littlefield, same town. Gardner Philbrick, Thorndike, to O. J. Farwell, same town. Estate of Alden Robbins, Lincolnville, to Geo. W. Young, same town. Ambrose Spaulding, Lincolnville, to Geo. W. Young, same town. Stephen Sawyer, Presque Isle, to Dudley O. Black, Searsport. Herbert Stevens, Unity, to Chas. Wentworth, Clinton. Miles Staples, Belfast, to Wm. K. Bartlett, Swanville. Horatio Twitchell, Jackson, to Josiah Brown, same town. Phebe H. Whitcomb, Waldo, to Martha A. Wilton, same town. Heirs of James P. White, Belfast, to Bedelia M. Pendleton, Belfast. Daniel Faunce, Belfast, to James Haney, Belfast.

CITY GOVERNMENT MEETING. An adjourned meeting of the city government was held on Monday evening last, to take final action in the matter of placing the city's interest in the railroad as security for the new refunding bonds. The question was, whether there should be an unconditioned transfer to the trustees or a mortgage, reserving to the city its rights at stockholder's meeting. The best legal advice obtained declared that the security in mortgage was as good as an actual transfer. The following order, introduced by Alderman Knowlton, of Ward Two, was passed with but little opposition in the municipal board and none in the common council—

Ordered, That the Mayor and City Treasurer be and are hereby authorized and empowered to make a loan for and in behalf of the city of Belfast, for an amount equal to the amount of the present bonded indebtedness of said city, for the purpose of retiring the bonds of said city now outstanding, and for the payment of this loan, they shall issue the bonds of this city in such denominations as they may deem advisable, payable at any time after ten years from their date, and within forty years thereof, at the option of said city, with semi-annual coupons attached, to pay the interest thereon at four per cent. per annum. And said bonds and interest shall be made payable at the city of Boston, or at the treasurer's office in said Belfast in a register of bonds issued, and shall be countersigned by said clerk and signed by the Mayor and Treasurer in their official capacities and sealed with the corporate seal of said Belfast upon the face of said bonds, but the coupons attached shall require only the signature of the Treasurer. And said Mayor and Treasurer are further authorized and empowered to convey by mortgage to Israel W. Parker, Nathan F. Houston and William B. Swan, all of said Belfast, all the stock, both preferred and non-preferred in the B. & M. L. R. R. Co., now owned by said city of Belfast, in trust, to secure the payment of said bonds and the interest thereon, reserving in said mortgage the right to the city of Belfast to represent said stock in all stockholder's meetings of said company as fully as if no mortgage had been given, until said city of Belfast shall lose its right to redeem said mortgage. Also to execute with said trustees the proper declaration of trust. And said Mayor and Treasurer are further authorized to sell said bonds at not less than their par value, and with the proceeds arising from such sale to purchase said outstanding bonds at their par value, or to exchange any of said bonds for an equal amount of said outstanding bonds. Said Mayor and Treasurer are also authorized to procure the necessary blanks for said bonds, also a register of said bonds issued, for the use of the City Clerk of said Belfast.

The fire department was authorized to see what new hose, if any, is needed for the engines, and to procure the same.....J. Y. McClintock was granted permission to occupy a portion of High street, in making repairs on the Angier store.

Raspberries are now in the market.

The little Cain boy murdered at Rockport, last week, was a nephew of the late Albion P. Cain, of this city.

During the present week the Methodist Sunday school, of this city, has added $187 worth of books to its library.

The remains of a son of Leander Staples, of Rockland, formerly of Belfast, were brought to this city on Tuesday, for burial.

The school of mackerel in our bay, which struck off last week, returned on Tuesday, taking the hook readily. In the morning some boats got as many as two barrels each.

Rev. Mr. Ryder, pastor of the Baptist church, will leave to-morrow on a vacation and there will be no preaching at that church until further notice. The Sunday school and prayer meeting will be kept up during the pastor's absence.

Mr. Wright, the Boston artist who is summering in Belfast, has made sketches of the old Kaler mill, up the river, McKeen's brick yard, and Hiram Dale Falls, at the mouth of Goose river. Mr. W. is charmed with the scenery in this vicinity.

The amount of interest that will be saved annually to this city should the bonds of 1898 be refunded in four per cent. bonds will be $11,380. Should the entire bonded indebtedness be refunded the annual saving would be much more. This would enable a considerable reduction to be made in taxation.

The making of fish barrels is quite a local industry. Geo. U. White & Hatch Bros., at the Head of the Tide, Belfast, have established a reputation for their barrels. Recently the firm shipped 500 to Boston, which were so well liked that an order for 1000 more has been received. The company buys the staves and heading all prepared, from the Messrs. Howes, of this city, setting up the barrels at their shop.

Mrs. G. E. Wadlin, at Portland, Oregon, writes to her people in this city, that her house was recently entered by a sneak thief, who stole her gold watch, jewelry and $28 in money. Mrs. W. was at a neighbor's house, but returning in the early evening, found the thief inside, who was hastily engaged in overhauling her trunks and had her silver spread out upon the floor. The thief entered at the back door and made his escape at the same entrance.

ALONG THE WHARVES. Wm. Pitcher & Son and W. M. Woods & Co. have loaded brig Cora Green with hay for Wilmington.....A. M. Carter has loaded sch. Brunette with hay for Boston.....Otis & Co. have loaded sch. Earl with granite for Boston.....Sch. A. W. Ellis from New York is discharging a cargo of 300 tons of coal for Mathews Bros.....Swan & Sibley are discharging a cargo of corn.....Sch. Fred A. Carle is in Dyer's dock, where some repairs to her copper, rigging, &c., is being done.

Sch. Flora Condon, of Belfast, now at Portland, has been libelled by the owners of sch. Ruth Thomas, of Bangor, recently sunk off Cape Cod by collision with the former vessel. The owners of the Condon met in this city on Tuesday, and resolved to fight the matter before the courts. Capt. French was not responsible, as all who are familiar with the circumstances know.....Sch. F. E. McDonald, of Belfast, recently at this port, was libelled while here for the amount of a raft of lumber lost at Brunswick. The captain of the schooner received a raft alongside, for which he receipted, but which broke adrift in the night and was lost.

A permanent musical chorus numbering forty-three voices, with prospects of large additions, has been formed in this city. The organization is as follows—C. O. Poor, president; R. P. Chase, vice pres't; A. H. Kelley, sec.; H. W. Marriner, treas.; Mrs. J. H. Quimby, Miss Mary Faunce, Mrs. H. P. Thompson, Miss Emily Perry, Mr. Kimball, the president, vice-president and treasurer, executive committee. The chorus has come into possession of $50 which was in the treasury of the Waldo County Musical Association, a dead organization, and $10 from the late Choral Union. The membership fee, including a $1 book, has been placed at 75 cents. The class is under the instruction of Prof. Tracy. A public exhibition will be given next fall.

ACCIDENT. Mr. Frank F. Strout, a moulder at the Belfast foundry, met with a painful accident on Tuesday, resulting in the loss of two fingers of the left hand. Mr. Strout wanted a certain piece of board to place underneath a flask, so taking a strip he went into the pattern room and attempted to saw out what he wanted. In doing so Mr. Strout's left hand came in contact with the saw completely severing, near the hand, the first and fourth fingers, cutting the two others into the bone. The young man, with great coolness, seized his mangled hand with his right, and walked down stairs to the moulding room. He was driven to Dr. Small's where the wound was dressed. What is the worst feature Mr. Strout will be unfit to further pursue the business of a moulder.

YACHTING NOTES. The steam yacht Sappho, of the Eastern and Dorchester yacht clubs, Boston, came into our harbor on Monday. The Sappho is a rakish looking steamer, 100 feet long, 57 tons burthen, and steams twelve miles an hour. The steamer is schooner rigged, very elegant in all her appointments, and is the property of Mr. George H. Brooks, of Boston. The yacht is now on a cruise to Bar Harbor, with the owner and four associates. She is commanded by Capt. Frank Anderson.....The Bonita, of Portland, with a company of twelve, is in our waters on a cruise to Bar Harbor.....The yacht Tarolinta, of the Eastern Yacht Club, Boston, came into our port on Tuesday, bound to Bar Harbor. The Tarolinta is 204 tons, one of the largest of the sailing yachts, and is owned by Mr. William Bliss, of Boston. The owner with a party of friends is on board.....Capt. Sherman, in the yacht Sport, with a company of Bucksport gentlemen, including Rev. Theodore Gerrish, Rev. Wm. Forsyth and Hon. Wm. Pillsbury, have gone on a fishing excursion in Penobscot Bay. The Sport was formerly owned in Bucksport, but is now the property of Capt. Sherman, of Chelsea.

PERSONAL. Judge Maurice C. Blake has been nominated by the Republicans of San Francisco for Mayor, to succeed Rev. I. S. Kalloch. Judge Blake was Custom House officer at Belfast in 1849, and will be remembered by our older citizens.....Mr. John H. Cooper and son, of New York, are stopping at the Dyer House.....Mr. George Parker, of Boston, is stopping with H. H. Forbes, of this city.....Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Bassick, of Bridgeport, Conn., are making their Belfast friends a visit.....Rev. Mr. Goodenough, of Belfast, is writing letters from the west to the Gospel Banner.....Mr. Washington Howes, an attorney from Boston, is visiting his brothers Samuel and Asa A. Howes, of this city. Mr. H. read law with the late Hon. Nehemiah Abbott.....Mr. Albert Otis, of Boston, is with his father, Mr. Samuel Otis, at the Point. Mr. Otis is an attorney at law at the Hub.....Mrs. Madison, of Terre Haute, Ind., is summering in Belfast, with her friends, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Chase.....Dr. Dudley A. Sargent, medical director at Harvard University, has been employed by the trustees of Andover Seminary, at the request of the students, to make a physical examination of every student and lay down a course of appropriate exercises.....Mr. Fred W. Angier of the B. H. T. & W. railroad, is in Belfast for a day or two.

CAMP GROUND NOTES. Summer visitors are arriving rapidly, and at the close of the week nearly every cottage will be opened.....The season is a week later than usual.....Mr. Brown's three-seated buck-board is something of an attraction among the Camp Ground vehicles.....Among the changes already proposed for the season of 1882, are important improvements at the Wesleyan Grove House. At present a portion of the ground floor of the hotel is occupied as a store and is in charge of the proprietor of the hotel. It is proposed to entirely separate the store and hotel, and locate the store in a building which will be erected specially for the purpose, and will be under the charge of a man who can devote his entire energies to it. The portion of the hotel building now occupied by the store will be fitted up as an office and dining hall, and the present dining hall will be divided off into rooms for guests, thus materially increasing the capacity of the popular Wesleyan Grove House.....Last Sabbath forenoon Rev. Mr. Libby, of Belfast, preached a very interesting sermon to the residents by the sea, in the Rockland society chapel. A good audience was present. At the close of the services a Sabbath school was organized to continue through the season. Hon. Hiram Ruggles was chosen Superintendent, and Mrs. Cass, of Bangor, Treasurer. Classes were formed and the following teachers chosen—Mrs. Green, of Rockland; Mrs. Knowlton, of Northport; Miss Beal, of Union; Sargent, of Brewer, and Rich, of Winterport, with power to appoint substitutes to take their places in their absence. One hundred copies of the "International Lesson Leaves" will be provided; also lesson pictures and papers for the smaller members of the school. This looks like a move in the right direction, and it is hoped that it will be well sustained by the residents upon the ground. One interesting feature was the presence of several of the prominent residents of Northport with their children. To borrow an idea from Will Carlton, the good people here do not intend "For want of church to leave their souls quite in the lurch".....It is expected that there will be preaching upon the grounds every Sabbath till the close of the season.

KNOX. Mr. Charles Elliot, a well-to-do and prominent farmer of this town died at his home on the 15th, at the age of 73 years. Mr. Elliot was prominent in town affairs, and had been a member of the Maine legislature. He was also a large stage contractor, and in various kinds of business accumulated a handsome property. Mr. Elliot was a very pronounced Democrat, a brother of the late Hon. Robert Elliot, of Freedom. Mr. E. leaves a wife and four children; one, Mr. W. D. Elliot, is now on his way from Colorado to assume the management of his late father's business.

Fort Point hotel is connected with Stockton village by telephone.

SEARSMONT. Mrs. George Gunn, a much respected lady, died suddenly on Thursday of last week.....Dr. P. A. Crooker was thrown from his carriage on Monday last, and very severely injured. The injury consists of a scalp wound eight and a quarter inches in length and four inches across the head, forming the letter V. The skin was torn from the scalp and laid back over the back of the head. The accident took place on the Liberty road three-fourths of a mile from our village.

CASTINE. Mr. W. A. Dresser, son of John W. Dresser, Esq., arrived home Saturday, after an absence of about three years, during which time he has been travelling through the principal countries of Europe.....Nathaniel French Esq., of Stockton, and Dr. E. E. Philbrook, of Castine, have recently made a very fine collection of mollusks, radiates, &c., from the waters of this harbor, for the Natural History Rooms, Boston, where Mr. F. is employed. They think this is one of the best places on the coast, for obtaining specimens.....Mr. F. E. Lewis, formerly of New York state, has purchased the farm of C. C. Perkins, situated "off the Neck," about one mile from the village, which, with improvements, will be a very excellent place.....The Orthodox society held a strawberry festival in their vestry on Thursday evening, which, as usual, was a success.....There are three cases of diphtheria in the family of Mrs. A. Bridges, on Green St.

JACKSON. Selden I. Walker, aged 34 years, died on the 16th inst., of consumption. He leaves a widow and five children, the eldest of which is 11 years of age.....Mr. Chas. F. Wing and wife are both sick of diphtheria. Charles' case is a very severe one.....The Varney boy, who was mentioned some weeks ago as having been shot in the head by his little brother, is doing well and has not lost the sight of one of his eyes, as was at first supposed.....The haying season is now at its height, and the farmer is kept busy in curing his hay and waging war upon the potato bug.....J. M. Larrabee, carriage maker at the village, has added a large stock of coffins and caskets of his own manufacture, for the accommodation of the public.....David Brackett has established another shop for the manufacture of vests at the village, in which he proposes to give employment to twenty or more good vest makers; no work is to be sent out from this shop to be manufactured.

BUCKSPORT. On Saturday last eight vessels under full sail passed Fort Knox in as many minutes. It is not unusual to see a tow of 14 vessels pass down the river.....Mrs. E. M. Godfrey, of Philadelphia, is spending a few weeks at her home here; also the well-known vocalist Mrs. Richard Golden (formerly Miss Dora Wiley) who with her husband is spending a short vacation here.....Torrent Engine Co. No. 2, has accepted the challenge from the Dirigo No. 3, of Ellsworth, to play for a purse of $100, on the 5th of August. The trial will take place in Bucksport. W. A. Remick is foreman of the Torrents and F. E. Smith foreman of the Dirigos.....A large party from here made an excursion on Monday to one of the lakes in this vicinity. It was the intention to have gone on the Fourth, but the attempted assassination of the President prevented it. The late cheering news of the President's recovery stimulated the excursionists to another trial. A very enjoyable day was passed.

THORNDIKE. The click of the mowing machine is now heard in every field.....Large quantities of hay were put into barns last week.....A smart rain, accompanied with heavy thunder, visited this section Saturday afternoon.....Mr. Ed. Whitehouse's horse, hitched in front of O. J. Farwell's store, at the Station, one day last week broke loose and ran away. In going through the gate at Bumps' barn yard the carriage was demolished, but the horse was not seriously injured.....Work on the new school house in district number 6 is progressing finely. It is a very fine building.....The farmers are happily disappointed in their hay, the crop turning out better than was anticipated.....Corn is backward, the nights are too cold for it.....Grain crops are looking well.....Potato bugs are very plentiful.....Dogs are destroying sheep and lambs in this vicinity. Mr. James Vickery, of Unity, has lost eighteen sheep by dogs, and many lambs in this town are missing. On Saturday two dogs were found worrying sheep, when one of them was shot, the other making his escape by running into the woods.

LIBERTY. A heavy thunder shower visited this place about 7 P. M. on Saturday last. One bolt of thunder appeared to fill the entire village with electricity. Each person thought it was themselves that was struck by lightning. Several were made sick from the effects of it. The bolt must have burst in the top of a large maple tree in front of the house of Jessie Clough. The top of the tree looks as if a fire had gone through it.....Davis Woodman of this village has harvested and sold $40 worth of strawberries from one-sixteenth of an acre of ground this year.....We have a new physician among us, Dr. Porter from Dixmont. It is a good name and we hope the Dr. will prove as good as some of his ancestors were. But Liberty is such a healthy place it is not a good field for doctors. A physician who left Liberty for the far west a few years ago said that nature having provided this place with a stream of pure water running from the notch in the hills made his profession worth about fifteen dollars a year in the village.....Mrs. William Aver, of Elmira, N. Y., formerly of this place, is visiting friends here.....Dr. Clough sold a fine horse a few days ago for $200. He has a fine McLellan mare five years old that he thinks will be fast.....Mr. George Benner and wife from California are spending the summer with R. H. Gilman, the father of Mrs. Benner. This is the first time Mrs. Benner has visited her native town for 19 years.....Some of the boys who are home from out of the State gave a social dance in Johnson's Grove on Friday evening last and had a very enjoyable time.....About twenty young persons from this town are employed as attendants in the several insane asylums of Massachusetts and Connecticut. Some of them are at home on vacations and more are coming.....Mrs. W. H. Lowell of Boston, whose husband is an officer in the Suffolk county jail, Boston, is spending a few weeks with her father, Mr. I. C. Neal of this town.

CAMDEN. The people at Rockport village were thrown into a state of great excitement last week, Tuesday evening, by the disappearance of a son of Robert Cain, ten years of age, a bright, active boy, under circumstances which created suspicions of foul play. There have been so many conflicting stories afloat, that it is difficult to arrive at the facts. The most impassioned and probable is the following: Three boys, viz. Herbert Richards about 16 years of age, (the papers have it 14 which is considered wrong), Freeman Grose, who is younger, and the Cain boy were rowing, and perhaps bathing, in the Lily Pond on Tuesday of last week. While in the skiff the Cain boy was timid and requested to be allowed to go on shore. The Richards boy who has a bad reputation, either rocked the boat so that the Cain boy fell out, or knocked him out and told him to swim ashore. It would be useless to speculate on what followed. The pond has been swept day and night since, the woods and surrounding fields searched and on Sunday morning a diver from Boston arrived and searched all day Sunday and Monday, and up to this writing the body has not been discovered. The two boys are in custody of the Sheriff. They tell conflicting stories of the affair, which strengthens the convictions that there was foul play. The people of this village share in the desire to solve this mystery and discover the body of the missing boy. The diver will continue his search.....Judge E. M. Wood is having his house slate roofed.....The bark Edward Cushing, of Camden, Capt. Bickmore, sailed from Boston to the Barbadoes, from thence to Turks Island, took on a cargo of salt and returned to Boston again in fifty days.....On Tuesday evening Andrews' Band from Bangor gave a concert at Megunticook hall.....On Wednesday evening of last week a moonlight excursion came here from Rockland and had a ball at the hall.

SEARSPORT. The delegation of Odd Fellows and members of the Band are loud in their praise of the treatment accorded them by the officers of U. S. steam cutter Levi Woodbury, on their recent perilous trip to Castine. After towing the May Queen to her wharf and safely landing the Belfast party, the Searsporters were invited on board the cutter and given the freedom of the ship, the kindness and courtesy of all on board and the novelty of the situation making this the pleasantest part of the excursion. Lieut. H. D. Smith showed us over every part of the vessel and explained the workings of the machinery, &c, &c. Your correspondent was able to glean the following facts: The Woodbury in time of peace carries ten officers and forty men. The names of the officers are: Capt. C. A. Abbey; 1st Lieut. and Executive Officer, H. D. Smith; 2d Lieut., J. B. Brett; 3d Lieut., Percy W. Thompson; Chief Engineer, John R. Dally. 1st Asst. Engineer is at present under orders to join ship (name not known). 2d Asst. Engineer, James T. Kellehar; Pilot, Wm. Collins; Boatswain, G. W. Grindall; Carpenter, Wm. Aymar. The ship at present has four breach loading brass guns. She also has one of the finest armories in the service, being supplied with the new Remington repeating rifles. She has electric bells connecting the officers' quarters, is heated throughout by steam and has a fire department so finely trained that the men can be called from their hammocks and get two streams of water in 25 seconds. A practical illustration of the discipline and rapidity of movement on board was that in twenty-eight minutes after notice that the May Queen was in distress, a mile and a half away, the Woodbury got up steam and was alongside with a line out, every officer and man at his post.....Capt. J. N. Carver has raised several bushels of strawberries this year. One was shown us yesterday that girted seven and three-fourths inches, and several that weighed one and three-fourths ounces each.

MONROE. Twombly Bros. have leased a stable at Northport, and have lately returned from Boston with carriages.....The hay crop in this town will be one-fifth less than last year.....Rev. Mr. Hobbs is visiting this town, but will soon return west.....All those who have died from diphtheria in this town thus far have been boys.

Literature.

A FEARFUL RESPONSIBILITY, by W. D. Howells. Here we have the American girl abroad again, but Mr. Howell's heroine is neither a Daisy Miller nor an Octavia Bassett. She is, however, a pronounced American, though not so in a disagreeable sense. She is, however, the "fearful responsibility" of the story. A New England college professor, accompanied by his wife, goes to Venice for the purpose of writing a history of that city of canals. While there the daughter of an old friend is sent to them, and as she is a bright, attractive girl she naturally attracts attention—and lovers. Although she is wholly tractable and not a bit of a flirt, the complications which naturally arise weigh heavily upon the professor and distract his attention from his great historical work, which he finally abandons. The book abounds in the clever touches which have made the author so great a favorite with the reading public. He is truly fortunate in his publishers, for a daintier dress or more attractive typography could not be desired. J. R. Osgood & Co., publishers, Boston.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. The feature of the August number of this excellent publication is a discussion of the Christian religion by Col. Robert Ingersoll and Judge Jeremiah S. Black. Col. Ingersoll makes the attack and Judge Black takes up the challenge as the champion of Christianity. Although a layman and a man of the world Judge Black is a steadfast believer in Orthodox Christianity, and he is noted for the power and skill with which he is able to sustain any cause in which his convictions are enlisted. The subject and writers will alike command attention. Other articles in this number of the Review are: "Obstacles to Annexation," by Frederic G. Mather. "Crime and Punishment in New York," by Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby; "A Militia for the Sea," by John Roach; "Astronomical Observatories," by Prof. Simon Newcomb; and "The Public Lands of the United States," by Thomas Donaldson.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. The numbers of The Living Age dated July 2d and July 9th, contain articles on Some National Characteristics of European Society. A Last Word on Disraeli, and "Boycotted," Contemporary; Sir Henry Taylor on Carlyle's "Reminiscences," Nineteenth Century; The Visions of Sane Persons, Fortnightly; Mattie, the History of an Evening, Blackwood; The Wit and Humor of Lord Beaconsfield, and The Revision of the New Testament, Macmillan; A Japanese Bride, and a Pilgrimage to Cyprus in 1395 A. D., Fraser; The Shut up Houses, Argosy; with an instalment of "The Frere's," by Mrs. Alexander, and the usual amount of poetry. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

FISH AND FISHING. The Calais Times says the sardine factories at Eastport have been short of fish a large part of the season. It is feared that, although the facilities are greater, and the amount of capital invested largely increased, the profits realized from the sardine business this year will fall far short of last season.....The sardine factories at Millbridge and Jonesboro have had a good supply of fish lately. They have also been canning mackerel.....Schr. Congress, of East Boothbay, recently landed 220 quintals of fish, the result of a three weeks' trip.....Mackerel are plentiful all along the coast: but where are the menhaden?.....The Boothbay factory is putting up mackerel.....A sea salmon weighing nearly thirty pounds found its way to Sebec Lake recently and was captured while entangled in the wheel of a mill.

Clippings.

Gov. Plaisted thinks a muster of the State militia too serious a business for friv

DR. GROSVENOR'S LIVER-AID

IS NOT A PAD,

But an Internal Remedy for Liver Complaints,

Such as

BILIOUSNESS, POOR APPETITE, INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, DIZZINESS, PILES, BOILS, JAUNDICE, HEARTBURN, SOUR STOMACH, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, ERUPTIONS, SCROFULOUS SORES, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, IMPURITIES AND SALT RHEUM.

The Liver is the Largest Organ of the Human Body. It is the largest because it has the most to do. It is intimately connected with the digestive and nervous systems, consequently, any derangement of the Liver produces Constipation and a hundred evils in its train, and also occasions nervous diseases without number; resulting, if unchecked, in paralysis, insanity or death. Dr. Grosvenor's Liver-Aid is a wonderful medicine for immediate action upon the Liver, and thousands of testimonials have been received as to the benefit it has given.

Liver-Aid has been a blessing to my poor, afflicted mother. She tried many, many things for her sick headache, but never found any relief until she took the Liver-Aid. It has, indeed, been invaluable to her. She is now using her fourth bottle. I told our druggist how excellent it was, and assured him that he might safely recommend it as the best known remedy for sick headache. He says it is not advertised half enough. I hope you will let it become better known. MRS. M. A. SHULER, 146 W. 22d St., New York.

For sale by all Druggists at $1 per bottle, or 6 bottles for $5. 1yr19

FELLOWS' Compound Syrup of HYPO-PHOS-PHITES

GRIEF.

EXCESSIVE ANXIETY or PROLONGED Study, will produce infirmity in the Nervous System, in proportion as the strength of that system is expended upon the mind in troubled thought, so are the organs of digestion, assimilation and nutrition, rendered inactive and sluggish in proportion as the system becomes infirm. Every individual has some one organ weaker than the rest, and this is always the first to suffer during nervous prostration; for example, afflicting news sometimes causes total suspension of the muscular action of the heart, producing sudden hemorrhage and death. No doubt any longer remains of the practicability of restoring the nervous system, and through the nerves the muscles of the impaired organs. **Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites** has been proved to possess such power in numerous instances. It will impart strength to overcome trouble and affliction. Persons who are accustomed to look upon the dark side, and who see no pleasure in living, on using this syrup soon learn to value and enjoy life, and those who study deeply during long hours, will find in the syrup a promoter of the power of endurance in the brain.

There is no doubt of this fact, that an impaired Nervous System causes Consumption, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Heart Disease, and a host of others. **Fellows' Hypophosphites**, which effectually cures Nervous Debility, should cure these diseases also. "Remove the cause and the complaint will cease."

HOT SPRINGS, ARK., Feb. 23, 1880.

JAMES I. FELLOWS, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Dear Sir: I have been prescribing your **Hypophosphites** for several years, both in Canada and the United States, but more particularly at the famous resort for invalids, where thousands annually congregate. For those in whom the **Brain and Nervous system has been exhausted from excesses or overwork**, I have found no combination of remedies so **prompt and effectious** in restoring the vital forces. I hope that every person needing relief will avail themselves of so valuable a preparation. Respectfully,

1yr17 ALEX. MCMASTER, M. D.

For sale by **WM. O. POOR & SON.**

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS..

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

☞ **Sold by all Druggists.** ☜ 1yr16

IRON BITTERS

A TRUE TONIC

CURE

Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Lack of Energy, Loss of Strength, Want of Appetite, Intermittent Fevers, etc.

IRON BITTERS are highly recommended for all diseases requiring a certain and efficient **tonic.**

IRON BITTERS *enrich the blood, strengthen the muscles, and give new life to the nerves.*

IRON BITTERS act like a charm on the digestive organs, removing all dyspeptic symptoms, such as *tasting the food, belching, heat in the stomach, heartburn, etc.*

IRON BITTERS—the only Iron Preparation that *will not blacken the teeth or give headache.*

Sold by all druggists.

Write for the A B C Book, 32 pages of useful and amusing reading—sent free.

BROWN CHEMICAL CO. Baltimore, Md.

1yr6

The Tramp's Story.

BY WILL CARLETON.

If experience has gold in it (as discerning folks agree,)
Then there's quite a little fortune stowed away somewhere in me,
And I deal it out regardless of a regular stated price,
In rough-done up prize packages of common-sense advice;
The people, they can take it, or run round it, as they please,
But the best thing they'll find in it is some words like unto these:

Worm or beetle, drought or tempest, on a farmer's land may fall,
But, for first-class ruination, trust a mortgage 'gainst them all.

On my weddin' day my father touched me kindly on the arm,
And handed me the papers for an eighty-acre farm,
With the stock an' tools an' buildin's for an independent start,
Saying, "Here's a wedding present from my muscle and my heart;
And except the admonitions you have taken from my tongue,
And the reasonable lickin's that you had when you was young,
And your food and clothes and schoolin' (not so much as I could wish,
For I had a number eatin' from a some'at scanty dish,)
And the honest love you captured when you first sat on my knee,
This is all I have to give you—so expect no more from me."

People 'd said I couldn't marry the sweet girl I tried to court,
Till we smilingly submitted a minority report;
Then they laid their theories over with a quickness queer to see,
And said they knew we'd marry, but we never could agree;
But we did not frame and hang up all the neighbors had to say,
But ran our little heaven in our own peculiar way:
We started off quite jolly, wondrous full of health and cheer,
And a general understanding that the way was pretty clear.

So we lived and toiled and prospered; and the little family party
That came on from heaven to visit us, were bright and hale and hearty;
And to day we might ha' been there had I only just have known
How to lay my road down solid, and let well enough alone
But I soon commenced a kicking in the traces, I confess;
There was too much land that joined me that I didn't yet possess.
When once he gets land hungry, strange how ravenous one can be!
'Twasn't long before I wanted all the ground that I could see.
So I bought another eighty (not foreboding any harm,)
And for that and some down money put a mortgage on my farm.
Then I bought another forty, hired some cash to fix up new
And to buy a covered carriage—and of course the mortgage grew
Now my wife was square against this, 'tis but right that you should know,
(Though I'm very far from saying that I think it's *always* so;)
But she went in hearty with me, working hard from day to day,
For we knew that life was business now we had that debt to pay.

We worked through spring and winter, through summer and through fall,
But that mortgage worked the hardest and the steadiest of us all;
It worked on nights and Sundays; it worked each holiday;
It settled down among us, and never went away.
Whatever we kept from it seemed a'most as bad as theft;
It watched us every minute, and it ruled us right and left
The rust and blight were with us sometimes, and sometimes not;
That dark browed, scowling mortgage was forever on the spot.
The weevil and the cut worm, they went as well as came;
The mortgage staid forever, eating hearty all the same.
It nailed up every window, stood guard at every door,
And happiness and sunshine made their home with us no more.
Till with failing crops and sickness we got stalled upon the grade,
And there came a dark day on us when the interest wasn't paid;
And there came a sharp foreclosure, and I kind o' lost my hold,
And grew weary and discouraged, and the farm was cheaply sold.
The children left and scattered when they hardly yet were grown;
My wife she pined an' perished, an' I found myself alone
But *I* knew she died of *mortgage*—just as well 's I wanted to.
If to trace a hidden sorrow were within the doctors' art,
They'd ha' found a mortgage lying on that woman's broken heart.

Two different kinds of people the devil most assails;
One is the man who conquers; the other, he who fails.
But still I think the last kind are the soonest to give up,
And to hide their sorry faces behind the shameful cup;
Like some old king or other, whose name I've somehow lost,
They straightway tear their eyes out, just when they need 'em most,
When once I had discovered that the debt I could not pay,
I tried to liquidate it in a rather common way;
I used to meet in private a fellow-financier,
And we would drink ourselves worth ten thousand dollars clear—
As easy a way to prosper as ever has been found,
But one's a heap sight poorer when he gets back to the ground.

Of course I ought to ha' braced up, an' worked on all the same—
I ain't a tryin' to shirk out or cover up from blame;
But still I think men often, it safely may be said,
Are *driven* to temptations in place of being led;
And if that tyrant mortgage hadn't cracked its whip at me,
I shouldn't have constituted the ruin that you see:
For though I've never stolen or defaulted, please to know,
Yet, socially considered, I'm pretty middlin' low.
I am helpless an' forsaken; I am childless an' alone;
I haven't a single dollar that it's fair to call my own;
My old age knows no comfort, my heart is scant o' cheer,
The children they run from me as soon as I come near;
The women shrink and tremble—their alms are fear-bestowed:
The dogs howl curses at me, and hunt me down the road;
My home is where night finds me; my friends are few and cold;
O little is there in this world for one who's poor and old:
But I'm wealthy in experience, all put in good advice,
To take or not to take it, with no difference in the price;
You may have it, an' thrive on it, or run round it, as you please,
But I generally give it wrapped up in some such words as these:

Worm or beetle, drought or tempest, on a farmer's land may fall,
But, for first-class ruination, trust a mortgage 'gainst them all. [From "Farm Festivals"

A Chicago rag dealer estimates that each of the 50,000,000 people of the United States discards an average of five pounds of clothing yearly, which makes 250,000,000 pounds for the whole. Then, he says, there are the tailoring establishments, big and little, whose cuttings are not much less in quantity, in the aggregate, than the cast-off clothes of the nation at large, while their quality as rags is greatly superior. Then there are carpets and bedding and curtains and other domestic articles of clothing of some kinds, which make up a goodly bulk in the course of a year. These different articles combined make up another 220,000,000 pounds of cloth material which has been discarded from use, and which, eventually finds its way into the ragman's. His estimate is that one hundred carloads of rags enter and leave Chicago daily.

The Supreme Court of Wisconsin has just decided in a suit growing out of a wheat speculation that a contract for the sale and delivery of grain or anything else at a future day is valid if the parties to it really intend to deliver and receive the commodity, but not if the purchaser is merely to receive or pay the difference between the contract and the market price. In other words a legitimate business transaction will be recognized and guarded by the Courts; a purely speculative one will be treated as a species of gambling, which it really is.

There is now not much doubt that the wheat crop of 1881 will amount to 450,000,000 bushels, and may exceed these figures, for the gain in the production of spring wheat is difficult to estimate, and this, taken together with the fact that the yield of winter wheat will fall but little, if any, below that of last year, the estimate of 450,000,000 bushels, which was the yield in 1879, may be considered below the actual quantity, and the crop may yet be swelled to the unusually large quantity of 480,000,000 bushels, which was the production in 1880.

A Kentucky editor sends this message to the Secretary of State: "We tender hope for the President; hemp for the assassin."

A Strange War-Ship.

A strange and novel addition to the British Navy is to be made to-day. The launch of the Polyphemus at Chatham will bring to its final test, so far as it can be done in quiet waters and in times of peace, one of the most curious experiments yet tried in naval armament. The vessel to be launched and named to-day was devised and begun while the late Mr. Ward Hunt was at the Admiralty. It was designed by Sir George Sartorius, and was intended, to use Mr. Ward Hunt's words, not to supersede all other kinds of fighting ships, but only as a useful adjunct in case of war. The Polyphemus is not a man-of-war in any of the old acceptations of the term. Instead of carrying weapons she is herself a weapon. Instead of firing cannon-shot above water she will fire torpedoes under water. The vessel is in fact a huge ram and torpedo boat combined, and will depend for her utility as an adjunct in case of war on her strength, her swiftness, and her power to attack the vessels of the enemy below the water-line and under their armor. The appearance of the ship, if ship it can be called, promises to be unlike anything now afloat. Perhaps the nearest parallel may be found in the cigar-shaped steam yachts, which so long lay useless in Southampton Water. The Polyphemus will lie in the sea as a cylinder, with a flattened top, on which there will be a conical deck surrounded by the hurricane deck. The ends of the cylinder will be under water, and all that will be usually seen will be the round deck, which has been compared to a floating peg-top, with its pilot tower, signal post and funnels. This deck is only four and a half feet above the water-line, and the whole of the exposed surface of the vessel, and the unexposed to a depth of six feet and a half below the water-line, are to be protected with compound steel-faced armor plates.

The vessel is 240 feet long and 40 feet broad, and is to be propelled by high-pressure engines of 5,500 horse power. This great propelling power is calculated to give the vessel a speed of 17 knots an hour. Her speed is, in fact, the chief element in her strength as a weapon of offence. As the bow constitutes a ram 12 feet long, and as the ram is so deeply submerged as to strike the attacked vessel below the depth to which the armor-plating is usually continued, it is obvious that the high speed attained is a great element in the success of the attack. The largest and strongest iron clad now afloat would probably succumb at once, could it be directly attacked by the ram and torpedoes of the Polyphemus. This submarine attack was the purpose for which the Polyphemus was originally designed. She is specially designed to assail vessels immensely larger and heavier than herself. The hull is intended to bear the shock of the collision by which her destructive work is to be performed. It is divided by a longitudinal bulkhead and many transverse bulkheads into two series of water-tight compartments. The bottom is double and is split up into a large number of cells, or very small water-tight divisions. Her floating capacity is therefore as great as any under-water vessel can possibly be, while the danger of sinking from one or two penetrations of the hull is reduced to a minimum.

There are three ports under water for the discharge of Whitehead torpedoes, one of which is directly in front, under the ram, while the other two are at the sides and amidships. The vessel will, therefore, have four chances of attack. She may send out a torpedo on either side as she advances, she may strike the enemy against which she is advancing a severe blow with her ram, and as she retires, after the blow, she may follow it up, if necessary, by sending a torpedo against the point which the ram has just struck. At the same time she may launch surface torpedoes from the armored pilot tower, as is done by the ordinary torpedo boats. The fighting of the Polyphemus, if she should ever get into a naval engagement, will therefore be done at close quarters. [London Daily News of June 15.

The "Best Society" in Water.

There are every season at Cape May and Long Branch, women so attired for the water, that it in France they ventured forth they would receive the stern attention of the police. A friend recalls the appearance of a young married lady—a lady admitted to society in Philadelphia—as she came from her bath-room one day at Cape May. She had on the regular stage tights, from her waist down, and the body of her dress fitted her as closely to the legs, while her head was adorned with a skull cap of loud color and trimmings, making her altogether an object to startle the most experienced.

She left nothing whatever to the imagination. She was less clothed than ever the Menken as Mazeppa: yet there was no blush upon her check as she gave her naked arm to the man (not her husband) who went with her into the intimacy of the surf. This lady would have shuddered at the mere thought of raising her dress above her knee to cross Chestnut street, but she had no shame in going almost nude into the presence of hundreds of men, women and children, and doing her utmost by her manner and the arrangement of the little she did have on to advertise her boldness.

Five years ago the feminine arms and legs and busts were as carefully kept from view at the seaside as they were in the cities, for we had not yet reached the strange conclusion that there is one standard of modesty for summer and another for winter. Indeed ladies were more modest at the resorts. The city ball dress was always lavish in its revelations, while the bathing costume concealed everything and suggested nothing, and even at night for the hop there was not the recklessness of the town ball dress. To-day, nine women out of ten discard the old style bathing costume and don the new fangled one, their legs in stockings or tights, and, occasionally, even without either of these, with no more concern, as babes on their mother's laps, they kicked about their plump limbs in infantile glee. Whatever of bashfulness still remains to them they leave on shore, and in the water they are ready for anything. They mount on men's shoulders and dive therefrom: they are ducked, and floated and hugged by fellows of whom, not unfrequently, they know nothing at all, and to whom they are often introduced but ten minutes before. [Corr. New York Star.

The captain of the British bark St. Lawrence, which is at Baltimore from Rio, reports that during the voyage he and his crew and several passengers saw two comets in the sky. The first comet was seen in the northeast early in the morning on June 25th, and regularly thereafter for several days. On the evening of June 28, at nine o'clock, they saw a comet in the northwest and were wondering at its rapid change of base, when they were astonished by seeing the first comet simultaneously in the northeast. The two comets were seen frequently thereafter and the fact was recorded on the log-book. The passengers corroborate this.

Do your work at once. Don't stop to dawdle. And if ever you find yourself where you have so many things pressing upon you that you hardly know how to begin, let me tell you a secret: take hold of the first one that comes to hand, and you will find the rest all fall into file and follow after, like a company of well drilled soldiers; and though work may be hard to meet when it charges in a squad, it is easily vanquished if you can bring it into line. You have often seen the anecdote of the man who was asked how he accomplished so much in his life. "My father taught me," was the reply, "when I had anything to do, to go and do it." There is the secret—the magic word *now*.

"The people of the South," the Wilmington Star says, "will join with the people of the North in fervent wishes and earnest prayers that President Garfield may live in spite of the assassin's bullet, and that he may serve his four years with credit and honor to himself and with blessing to his country and the world."

AGENTS AND CANVASSERS

Make from **$25 to $50 per week** selling goods for E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay Street, New York. Send for their Catalogue and terms. 1yr34

Instinct leads a hen astray when it induces her to waste valuable time setting on a china egg.

Have Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry always at hand. It cures Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Croup, Influenza, Consumption, and all Throat and Lung Complaints. 50 cents and $1 a bottle.

Why is a turnpike gate like a dead dog's tail? Because it stops a waggin'.

Don't Trust Them.

When you feel badly, and have pains here and there in your body that you don't know how to account for, it is the most foolish policy in the world to take the advice of people who say: Oh! there's nothing the matter with you. Let yourself alone and you will come out all right." These folks know nothing about it, and may be trifling with your life. You may have Kidney or Liver trouble. Send right out to your druggist and get a bottle of Dr. David Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy" and then you *will* be all right, or write to the Doctor at Rondout N. Y.

"Don't give me a weigh," as the fat woman said, when asked to get upon the scales.

GOOD ADVICE. We advise every family to keep DOWNS ELIXIR always on hand. It is the best remedy for coughs and colds ever offered to the public.

For cleansing the system of all morbid matter and warding off diseases, no medicine possesses such efficacy as BAXTER'S MANDRAKE BITTERS.

As a Liniment for horses HENRY & JOHNSON'S ARNICA AND OIL LINIMENT is unequaled. It cures Sprains, Bruises and Lameness, at once.

A deaf Englishman tried to pass himself off as an Irishman by saying that he was an hexile of 'earin'.

Rescued From Death

William J. Coughlin, of Somerville, Mass., says: In the fall of 1876 I was taken with BLEEDING OF THE LUNGS followed by a severe cough. I lost my appetite and flesh, and was confined to my bed. In 1877 I was admitted to the Hospital. The doctors said I had a hole in my lung as big as a half dollar. At one time a report went around that I was dead. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of DR. WILLIAM HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. I got a bottle, when to my surprise, I commenced to feel better, and to-day I feel better than for three years past.

"I write this hoping every one afflicted with diseased Lungs will take DR. WILLIAM HALL'S BALSAM, and be convinced that CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED. I can positively say it has done more good than all the medicines I have taken since my sickness."

ASH-TONIC

The great remedy for Dyspepsia, Bilious Diseases and Functional Derangements attending upon Debility. In 1-2 lb. bottles, 75 cents. Six bottles, $4. Accredited Physicians and Clergymen supplied with not exceeding six bottles at one-half the retail price, money to accompany order. Sold by Druggists and by D. B. DEWEY & CO., 46 Dey St., New York.

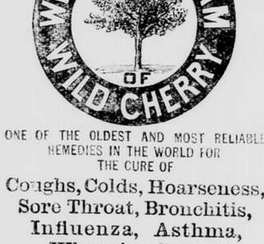
TONIC.—"*Increasing the strength, obviating the effects of debility, and restoring healthy functions.*"—WEBSTER.

Castoria—35 doses 35 cents A pleasant, cheap, and valuable remedy for fretful and puny children.

CENTAUR LINIMENT

For Sprains, Wounds, Scalds, Rheumatism, and any pain upon Man or Beast.

6m9



ONE OF THE OLDEST AND MOST RELIABLE REMEDIES IN THE WORLD FOR THE CURE OF

Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Influenza, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Croup, and

Every affection of the THROAT, LUNGS AND CHEST, including

CONSUMPTION.

A WELL-KNOWN PHYSICIAN WRITES:

"It does not dry up a cough, and leave the cause behind, as is the case with most preparations, but loosens it, cleanses the lungs and allays irritation, thus removing the cause of complaint."

DO NOT BE DECEIVED by articles bearing similar names. Be sure you get

DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY,

with the signature of "I. BUTTS" on the wrapper.

50 Cents and $1.00 a Bottle.

Prepared by SETH W. FOWLE & SONS, Boston, Mass. Sold by druggists and dealers generally. 1yr35

Summer Complaints

At this season, various diseases of the bowels are prevalent, *and many lives are lost* through lack of knowledge of a safe and sure remedy. PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER is a *sure* cure for Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Summer Complaint, etc., and is *perfectly safe.*

Read the following:

BAINBRIDGE, N. Y., March 22, 1881.
PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER *never fails to afford instant relief* for cramp and pain in the stomach. JOSEPH BURDETT.

NICHOLVILLE, N. Y., Feb. 2, 1881.
The *very best* medicine I know of for dysentery, cholera morbus, and cramps in the stomach. Have used it for years, and it is *sure cure* every time. JULIUS W. DEY.

MORNGONA, IOWA, March 12, 1881.
I have used your PAIN KILLER in severe cases of cramp, colic and cholera morbus, and it gave almost instant relief. L. E. CALDWELL.

CARNESVILLE, GA., Feb. 28, 1881.
For twenty years I have used your PAIN KILLER in my family. Have used it many times for bowel complaints, and it *always cures.* Would not feel safe without a bottle in the house. J. R. IVIE.

SACO, ME., Jan. 22, 1881.
Have used PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER for twelve years. It is *safe, sure, and reliable.* No mother should allow it to be out of the family. H. I. NAYES.

ONEIDA, N. Y., Feb. 19, 1881.
We began using it over thirty years ago, and it always gives immediate relief. Would hardly dare to go to bed without a bottle in the house. W. O. SPERRY.

CONWAYBORO, S. C., Feb. 22, 1881.
Nearly every family in this section keeps a bottle in the house. DR. E. MORTON.

U. S. CONSULATE,
CREFELD, RHENISH PRUSSIA, Feb. 8, 1881.
I have known PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER almost from the day it was introduced, and after years of observation and use I regard its presence in my household as an *indispensable necessity.* I. S. POTTER, U. S. Consul.

BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENG.
I had been several days suffering severely from diarrhœa, accompanied with intense pain, when I tried your PAIN KILLER, and found almost instant relief. H. J. NOONE.

21 MONTAGUE ST., LONDON, ENG.
During a residence of twenty-three years in India, I have given it in many cases of diarrhœa, dysentery, and cholera, and never know it to fail to give relief. R. CLARIDGE.

No family can safely be without this invaluable remedy. Its price brings it within the reach of all.

For sale by all druggists at 25c., 50c. and $1.00 per bottle.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors, Providence, R. I. 1yr25

THE IMPERISHABLE PERFUME.

Murray & Lanman's FLORIDA WATER, Best for TOILET, BATH, and SICK ROOM.

6mos12

To The Public:

I HAVE JUST RECEIVED FROM BOSTON

3000 Rolls of Room Paper

Of the LATEST SPRING STYLES, which can now be seen at my stores, and at the lowest prices.

Parties buying paper of me can have it trimmed free of charge.

Curtains & Curtain Fixtures

CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

I have a nice line of

DRY & FANCY GOODS!

Prints from 5 to 8c.; Sheetings from 5 to 10c.; Crashes from 4c. upwards; Dress Goods from an 8c. Knickerbocker to a fine All-Wool Cashmere. Also Velvets, Velveteens, Trimming Silks and Satins, Laces, Edgings, Ruches, Ruchings, Shetland Shawls, Long and Square Shawls, Cardigan Jackets, (both for ladies and gents) **Ladies Cloakings, Ulster Cloths, Repellants, Table Oil Damask, a dozen patterns, White Linen and Turkey Red Damasks,**

As nice as can be found in this vicinity. A great variety of

Cotton, Cotton & Wool & All-Wool

CLOTHS FOR MEN & BOYS' WEAR.

Here is a list of Prices: 12c., 15c., 17c. 20c., 25c., 28c., 30c., 32c., 35c., 40c., 50c., 55c., 65c., 75c., 80c., 85c., 90c., $1.00, $1.10, $1.20, $1.30, $1.35, 1.75, 2.00, 2.50 Per Yard.

I have different kinds of goods in these prices. I also have

SHIRTINGS, IN ALL PRICES.

READY MADE CLOTHING!

Mens' Suits, $6.00, 8.00, 10.00, 12.00, 15.00, 16.00, 22.00; Mens' Ulsters and Overcoats, $2.75, 6.00, 6.50, 7.50, 8.00, 9.00, 15.00.

Mens' Undershirts and Drawers!

From 30c. to $1.50.

GENTS' FINE WHITE SHIRTS!

From $1.00 upwards.

HATS, CAPS, GLOVES, SCARFS, OVERALLS, JUMPERS, RUBBER COATS, LADIES' GOSSAMER CIRCULARS, UMBRELLAS, &c.

MY STOCK OF

Boots, Shoes, Rubbers & Overshoes

IS COMPLETE.

IN GROCERIES!

I have a tea for 30c. that beats them all. Try it.

I KEEP

Corn, Meal & Shorts.

AM PREPARED TO SELL

FLOUR

As cheap as any store in the county.

MY STOCK OF

CROCKERY & GLASS WARE

is very fair. I have China Sets from $7 to $12.

Also a good stock of

HARDWARE!

Clothes Wringers, both Bench and Common, Hand Saws, Key and Bracket Saws, Framed Wood Saws, from 80c. to $1.10, Flat Irons, &c.

I SELL THE

Averill Chemical Paint!

Farmers Attention!

I have in stock a large amount of new

GRASS SEED

Of all kinds. Also CLOVER, which I sell at the LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES. tf

I am receiving new goods by every train to Belfast.

DO NOT FORGET THE PLACE.

E. L. BEAN, SEARSMONT, MAINE.

Book Binding.

HAVING purchased the Book Binding department of the Progressive Age and added

NEW TOOLS

AND A

LARGE STOCK OF MATERIAL!

I am now prepared to do

BOOK BINDING

In all its branches at the very LOWEST PRICES.

By strict attention to business I hope to merit a fair share of public patronage. 26tf

Repairing Neatly and Promptly Done.

REMEMBER THE PLACE:

14 MAIN STREET, Over Swift's Shoe Store, BELFAST.

H. H. CORBETT.

DICKEY, BROWN & MORSE,

Manufacturers and Dealers in

Doors, Sash & Blinds,

Door and Window Frames, Door and Window Screens, Black Walnut and Ash Extension Tables, Pumps, Gutters, Mouldings, Bracketts, and Water Wheels. Pine, Black Walnut and Ash lumber always on hand. Job Work of every description. Sash Primed and Glazed.

We shall keep on hand in connection with the above

PAINTS, OILS, COLORS, JAPAN,

Door Butts, Knobs, Locks, Latches, Sash Fasts, Door Springs, Blind Hangings, Castors, Picture Knobs, Wire Screens, Screws, Flowered and Plain Ground Double Thick Door Glass and Window Glass.

Our Prices are Reduced to the Lowest for CASH.

All persons building or repairing will find it to their advantage to give us a call. We want a lot of Pine, Brown, Ash, Spruce and Birch Lumber. Should it be a dry year and affect our water power, we shall add steam power to our mill, and shall at all ways be ready to do all jobs that come along.

A. A. DICKEY. W. M. BROWN. W. B. MORSE.

Searsmont, - - Maine.

June 25, 1881.—26

LISLE GLOVES!

LISLE GLOVES!

The Most Extensive Stock EVER SHOWN IN BELFAST.

—AT— 26

B. F. WELLS.

EAST MAINE CONFERENCE SEMINARY,

Bucksport, - Maine.

REORGANIZATION of the school and thorough renovation of the buildings. A new and able faculty. Pupils fitted for all New England colleges. Four regular courses of study—Classical, Scientific, Belles Lettres, and Industrial Science. Also Commercial College and Departments of Art and Music. All in charge of experienced teachers. Fall term will begin **Wednesday, Aug. 31st.** Terms moderate. Address 7w28

REV. T. GERRISH,
Secretary Prudential Committee, Bucksport, Me.

NICHOLS' LATIN SCHOOL,

LEWISTON, MAINE.

THIS school, under the management of I. F. FRISBEE, A. B., and J. F. PARSONS, A. B., gives a thorough preparation for college. Its course extends over three years. Next term begins Aug. 30th. Situated in the suburbs of a thriving city and adjacent to Bates College, it offers to students advantages not surpassed by those of any school in the State. Expenses moderate. For catalogue apply to

26w29 **I. F. FRISBEE, Principal.**

Mason —AND— Reynolds,

BOND

—AND—

Stock Brokers,

Bangor, - Maine,

BUY AND SELL

Government Bonds,

State " City and Town " Railroad "

We make a specialty of first-class investments for Savings Banks and Trust Funds, and have almost always a line of such securities on hand for immediate delivery.

Correspondence solicited and information cheerfully given. 6m17

4 MAIN ST., MASON BLOCK.

A. M. MASON. F. H. C. REYNOLDS.

New AND Second Hand Machinery

For Sale at a Bargain.

THE following machinery can be seen at **F. A. HOWARD'S Machine Shop, Pleasant Street, Belfast, Maine,** where he keeps on hand, or will furnish to order, all kinds of castings at manufacturer's prices, and will do all kinds of machine work in a style and at prices that cannot fail to please.

1 Horizontal Stationary Steam Engine, 15 Horse Power, with Huntoon Governor and feed water heater.

1 Upright Portable Steam Engine, 3 1-2 Horse Power, with Feed Pump attached, and a copper coil heater.

These engines having been thoroughly repaired, are as good as new, and can be seen in motion if desired.

1 Huntoon Governor (new) right size for a 15 Horse Power to a 20 Horse Power Engine.

1 Air Pump for condensing engine, new, cylinder 8x16, connections for 1 3-4 inch pipe.

1 Irregular Moulder, in good condition, and with over $100 worth of Moulding Cutters.

I am also prepared to cut on carriage axles, to take up and play in box, and will guarantee satisfaction in all cases. 19tf

SHOP IN BRICK BUILDING ON PLEASANT STREET, NEAR SHOE FACTORY.

F. A. HOWARD.

Foundry & Machine Shop!

THE BELFAST FOUNDRY AND MACHINE shop is now fairly running, and being equipped with

First-Class Mechanics & Tools,

we are prepared to do work promptly and just as our customers direct.

Mining Machinery & Ship Work

will be made a specialty. Duplicate parts or full sets of nearly all agricultural implements in use in this vicinity in stock or made to order. Prices will be made low, and we hope and expect to merit and obtain a liberal patronage.

POWER WITH ROOM TO RENT.

C. J. HALL, Leasee.

Belfast, March 1, 1881.—9

OUR BUSINESS IS GOOD!

Thanks to Friends and the Public Generally.

We shall continue at the old stand, and give good bargains to all in want of

Monuments, Tablets AND HEAD STONES!

—WE SELL—

MARBLE SHELVES CHEAP!

—ALSO—

Iron Vases, Bouquet Holders, &c.

A. E. CLARK & CO.

Belfast, June 9, 1881.—3mos27

Insect Destroyer.

BERT R. McDONALD,

Of Belfast, has purchased a one-half interest with CLARK MARDEN, of Swanville, in

P. S. Ryan's Insect Destroyer.

The Destroyer is designed for the use of liquid Paris Green for the destruction of POTATO BUGS, and is the best thing in the market. Manufactured at Belfast by

MARDEN & McDONALD.

Sole Agents for Waldo County.

18 **PRICE, $2.50.**

Call at R. P. STICKNEY'S shop and see a sample, or at E. J. MORISON & CO.'S

Belfast, May 4, 1881.

TREASURER'S STATEMENT.

Belfast Manufacturing Company.

Amount of assessments paid in	$11,181.16
" " capital stock certificates outstanding	14,950.00
Amount of debts due (except taxes)	221.35
" invested in real estate and fixtures	12,656.48
Last valuation of real estate and fixtures	5,000.00
Aggregate value of the taxable property of the corporation as fixed by the assessors	5,000.00

N. F. HOUSTON, Treasurer.

Belfast, July 15, 1881.

STATE OF MAINE, WALDO COUNTY, ss.

Personally appeared before me, a Notary Public, N. F. Houston, and subscribed and made oath to the above statement. (SEAL) Witness my hand and notarial seal, this 13th day of July, A. D. 1881. 7w28 PHILO HERSEY, Notary Public.

Belfast Gas Light Co.

AS required by law, I hereby certify that the amount of capital of the above corporation is $17,500.00. That the assessments have all been paid, there are no debts due or unpaid, and the whole amount invested in real estate and fixtures is $17,500.00. The aggregate value as fixed by the assessors for 1881, $16,625.00.

JOHN H. QUIMBY, Treas.

BELFAST, July 12, 1881.

Personally appeared John H. Quimby, Treas., and made oath to the above statement signed by him. Before me. PHILO HERSEY, Justice of the Peace.

3w28

FOR SALE OR RENT.

Desirable house for sale or to rent, situated at Lincolnville Beach. Two stories high with L, finished throughout, with nice cellar, and two wells of soft water. This place commands an excellent view of the bay. Two minutes walk from the telegraph and post-office, and within a stone's throw of the water and a fine beach. It has beautiful shade trees, with some choice fruit trees. A very desirable summer residence and can be bought at a bargain. For particulars enquire of Mrs. J. C. THOMBS, Belfast, Me., or of Capt. R. W. PERRY, at Lincolnville Beach. 28tf

A Summer Residence

FOR SALE CHEAP.

Situated on a high bank and commands a view of the entire bay, a few minutes ride or walk from the south end of Little River bridge. Piazza in front and on south side. Shed for horses, Cook room, dining room, good chambers, plenty of fish and clams, and an excellent beach for bathing, and in every respect one of the most desirable localities in the town of Northport. Reader, you should not let this opportunity slip. Secure this beautiful spot for the pleasure of yourself and family. For further particulars enquire of O. G. CRITCHETT or B. F. WELLS, Joint Owners, Belfast, Me. 26

FOR SALE.

The subscriber offers for sale his residence on Bay View street. The house is two stories, all finished, large cistern in cellar, with a good garden spot. The view overlooking the harbor and bay is not surpassed in the city. Price reasonable. Good reasons for selling. Apply at this office to R. G. DYER.

Belfast, April 11, 1881.—15tf

Farm for Sale!

In Brooks of 80 acres, desirable, well located, good soil, pasturing and water. Handy to mills, markets, schools, village, stores and R. R. Station. Will be sold at great bargain. Stock and tools with it if desired. Apply to JOHN W. LANG, Brooks, Me. 6mos12

The Me