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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.]

On Manures and Manure Cellars.

A manure cellar if properly used will pay for itself every three years—oftentimes every year. Every barn and stable should have one. There needs to be a mania in the manure business. It is the one important question for all farmers. Manure needs shelter. It needs absorbents. It needs manipulation,—working over. Hogs are the best manure workers. The muck deposits, everywhere so accessible, should be utilized. Dry muck in abundance in and about the stables, used with a liberal hand will double the manurial resources and make of the farm. This will double the crops except hay, and this it will surely and rapidly increase. Plaster is another necessary stable accompaniment. It is a great absorbent and deodorizer. Plaster is a special manure for clover; lime for wheat; ashes for potatoes and orchards; salt for cabbages and asparagus, and beneficial generally to all crops in small quantities. A mixture of all three forms a cheap, special manure for all lands and all crops. How much these simple, cheap, but effective manures are neglected. Wood ashes that may be bought in our villages and cities, and often of improvident people through the country side, for twelve to fifteen cents per bushel, are worth two to four times this price as a fertilizer. Plaster at the mills, ground to a powder, costs but twenty cents per 100 lbs. Lime on an average about one dollar per cask. Salt, refuse from fish or pork barrels, or salt mills, a very moderate price—perhaps twenty-five cents per bushel. Fish and fish refuse are very cheap and can be bought reasonably at various points along our shores. This composted with six or eight times its bulk of muck in layers forms a powerful and stimulating manure for any crop, and contains ammonia in large amount.

There is no doubt that our stable manure left in yards, thrown out under the eaves of the stables, or unprotected in open air loses one half—and the best half—of its value; while the equally valuable urine is lost entirely. Our system—the old one—of handling (or rather not handling) manures is radically wrong. Hence will be seen the value, efficacy, and economy of barn cellars, where manure is not only sheltered, but where the urine is received and absorbed and saved, and where the working crew of hogs manipulate it and pack it so that no fire fanging or other intense chemical action destroys its best constituent parts. The tie-up should have a trench behind the stock in which the urine is caught and in which dried muck, cut straw, dried earth, sawdust or other absorbent is daily supplied and daily removed, takes it up and enables it to be mixed and incorporated with the more solid excrement before being precipitated to the cellar beneath.

No better or more profitable outlay can be made in utility and usefulness, in economy and farm improvement than the construction of a good manure cellar. A side hill, or slope found convenient on nearly every farm is favorable for their construction. If on level land the barn or stable may be raised and one built beneath, bridging up with inclined slopes to the doors. The cellar should open to the south, be well protected on the other three sides, and have good height.

J. W. Lang.

Sorghum Sugar.

The following article from the Washington Star would indicate that the cultivation of sorghum for sugar making is not and is not likely to be a success:

One of Commissioner LeDuc's experiments in connection with his sugar making from sorghum has never been made known. This was the salting and packing away under ground of the refuse stalks of sorghum, from which the juice had been pressed by the roller of the sugar mill, for the purpose of making horse feed. Not only was all of the available space allotted for experimental vegetable growth sown with sorghum seed, but a large farm was rented in Virginia, several miles from this city, and about one hundred acres planted with this crop. Several buildings were erected on the line of B. street south, a steam boiler, engine and very expensive machinery set up, including a mill for pressing the juice from the stalks, boiling tanks, pumps, defecator, evaporator, mixer, centrifugal apparatus, &c. The season proved to be a good one, and at the proper time the sorghum was cut, the leaves stripped from the stalks, the latter made up into bundles as large as could well be handled, and Mr. George W. Knox, the well-known expressman, had the contract for bringing the product from the farm to the sugar mill in the Agricultural grounds.

The Commissioner had given out that he would show that a good merchantable sugar could be made from sorghum, and at a much cheaper rate than the staple market article. If this could be done of course a revolution was threatened in the sugar market, and the bulls and bears would have to fight it out. The chief value of the sorghum heretofore had been its yield of saccarine matter, which had been converted into molasses of a very common kind, but its adaptability for sugar had always been in doubt, and although numerous experiments had been tried none had ever proved successful. This Commissioner LeDuc attributed to the defective process employed, but with the aid of modern machinery and the light of recent scientific discoveries there was no such thing as fail. The true results of these experiments are not known to the public, and probably never will be, but no shock has ever taken place in the sugar market.

The horse feed project, it is thought, was merely incidental, but was good. As the work progressed, the accumulation of the crushed sorghum stalks was simply immense, and what to do with it was a serious question. The commissioner generously offered to give it away to poor persons who kept cows or hogs for feed. Some of it was carted away for such purpose, but it was soon found that the animals would not eat it. Horses would nibble at it a little, and the happy thought struck the commissioner that it could be saved for horse feed, by salting and packing away; and by excluding the air on the "ensilage plan," it could be successfully cured and used by farmers during the winter and spring months, in place of hay or short feed. After giving the subject thoughtful consideration he directed that a pit be dug in the sorghum patch near by the sugar works. This pit was some 20 feet long by 10 or 12 wide, about 8 or 9 feet deep, paved and walled up its full height with hard brick set in cement, and covered with a rough board roof to keep the rain out. This formed a sort of tank or reservoir, and into it the green crushed sorghum stalks were packed in close and alternate layers of sorghum stalks and salt, the latter to keep it from fermentation and at the same time give the feed a relishing seasoning. In this way the pit was filled to within a foot or two of the top and then all was overlaid with earth compacted to the depth of two or three feet to thoroughly exclude the atmosphere. This was kept through last winter until spring, when a portion was uncovered and the contents examined. A small quantity was taken to the stable and put before the horses, but after all this trouble the ungrateful brutes rejected it, much to the disgust of its projector. A sort of strange odor began to make itself known in that neighborhood, something like fermented swill, or mash from a distillery, but no one was able to account for it. Finding the feed was not relished by horses, the commissioner gave directions that one end of the pit be uncovered and the contents thrown out from the bottom into the open air. This was done and the slimy stuff has been left there since, with the pit open to emit the foul odors. The horse feed experiment, like that of the sugar, was not a success, and the only thing to fall back on is about fifty barrels of the sorghum juice standing in the open lot, and now supposed to be undergoing the process of turning to vinegar. How this will pan out for use on greens and cabbage is not yet known.

There is still another undeveloped project, that of making a compost of sorghum stalks and free lime, a large pit of which was made last fall near by the horse feed pit, but it appears that the stalks remain hard, like dry chips of wood and refuse to be rotted. It is said that the few pounds of brown sugar made by Commissioner LeDuc cost the government from $20 to $30 per pound and was sold by a grocer in the city for five cents per pound.

Eggs vs. Meat.

Would it not be wise to substitute more eggs for meat in our daily diet? About one third of the weight of an egg is solid nutriment. This is more than can be said of meat. There are no bones, no tough pieces that have to be laid aside. A good egg is made up of ten parts shell, sixty parts white and thirty parts yolk. The white of an egg contains sixty-six per cent. water, the yolk fifty-two per cent. Practically an egg is animal food, and yet there is none of the disagreeable work of the butcher necessary to obtain it. The vegetarians of England use eggs freely, and many of these men are eighty and ninety years old, and have been remarkably free from illness. Eggs are best when cooked four minutes. This takes away the animal taste that is offensive to some, but does not harden the white or yolk so as to make them hard to digest. An egg if cooked very hard is difficult of digestion except by those of stout stomachs; such eggs should be eaten with bread and masticated very finely. An egg spread on toast is food fit for a king, if kings deserve any better food than anybody else, which is doubtful. Fried eggs are less wholesome than boiled ones. An egg dropped into hot water is not only clean and handsome, but a delicious morsel. Most people spoil the taste of their eggs by adding pepper and salt. A little sweet butter is the best dressing. Eggs contain much phosphorus, which is supposed to be useful to those who use their brains much. [Poultry Review.

It is stated that the yield of the wheat crop just harvested in Australia will show a large falling off as compared with the previous crop. The average yield in one or two of the most important wheat growing districts will not be over, it is estimated, ten to eleven bushels per acre. In 1878 the exports from all the Australian colonies were 147,083 tons, equal to 5,491,098 bushels, against 62,569 tons in 1877, equal to 1,962,576 bushels.

The American honey trade with Great Britain is growing rapidly. A recent English order calls for 58,000 pound cans.

Brighton Cattle Market.

WEDNESDAY, July 20.

Amount of stock at market: Cattle, 3132; sheep and lambs, 7844; swine, 11,750; veals, 97; number of western cattle, 3216; eastern cattle, 88; milch cows and northern cattle, 155.

Prices of beef cattle ℔ 100 ℔ live weight, extra quality, $6.75@7.75; first, $5.62½@6.25; second, $5@5.50; third, $4.50@5.00; poorest grades of coarse oxen, bulls, etc., $3.62½@4.37½.

Brighton Hides, 8½@9c ℔ ℔; Brighton Tallow, 7½@8c ℔; Country Hides, 7½@7½c ℔ ℔; Country Tallow, 4@4½c ℔ ℔; Calf Skins, 12½c ℔ ℔; Sheared Sheep Skins 35@60c each.

Milch Cows—Extra, $70@265; ordinary, $25@45; springers, $18@50. We quote sale of 4 springers for $155 the lot; springers $30 each; 6 milch cows for $180; 1 milch cow $75; 1 Jersey cow $45; 1 springer for $38.

Sheep and Lambs—Western Sheep cost landed at Brighton this week from 5¼@6½c. Lambs from 7½@8c ℔ ℔, live weight, mostly owned by butchers.

Veal Calves—Prices for veal calves ranged from 5@6½c ℔ ℔, live weight, this week.

Swine—Fat hogs, 6½@7½c ℔ ℔, live weight; spring pigs, $2.25@5.00 head. Store pigs 7½@6c ℔ ℔.

Working Oxen—We note sales of

1 pair girth 6 ft., 8 inches, live weight 2900 ℔, $122;

1 pair girth 6 ft., 5 inches, live weight 2300 ℔, $95;

Sense of weight, Backache, Inability to stand long or to walk far or to lift weights, are all removed by Healy's Vegetable Tonic Pills.

When does a sculptor make provision for the future? When he is planning a head.

If you see a notice in a country paper headed "A Wonderful Escape from Death" you may know that he was cured by Elixir of Life Root, the Banner Kidney Remedy.

A young married man whose house rent is paid by his mother in law, alludes to her as his darling pay rent.

To persons employed in constant mental toil, study or anxiety, Fellows' Syrup of Hypophosphites is especially adapted, namely to Teachers, Clergymen, Editors, Lawyers, and impecunious business men.

A comet which travels a million and a half of miles per day must get tired towards night. Give the poor thing a rest.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done thousands of women more good than the medicines of many doctors. It is a positive cure for all female complaints. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham. 2w30

"Where do they catch these mock turtles, waiter?" "Don't know, sur; maybe its near the shamrock."

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.

The wise country cousin now gets an account of the burning of his house inserted in the newspaper and sends it to his city relatives.

Health, the poor man's riches, and the rich man's bliss, is maintained by the judicious use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla which strengthens and invigorates the system by purifying the blood. It is so highly concentrated that it is the most economical medicine for this purpose that can be used.

A great many persons are like the circus poster. It's only because they're stuck up that they attract attention.

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.

He had told her that he carried her photograph next to his heart, and after their marriage she was considerably provoked on finding it in his hip pocket.

Kidney, Bladder, and Glandular diseases yield readily to the use of Dr. BULLOCK'S KIDNEY REMEDY, "NEPHRETICUM." It is unlike other preparations, and affords certain and prompt relief to sufferers from these distressing complaints. It is perfectly safe and adapted to all ages.

An Irish gentleman, with that peculiar perspicuity of statement characteristic of his race, says the chief pleasure in kissing a pretty girl is when she won't let you.

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

Many a woman dusts billiard chalk off her husband's coat, and a big tear stands in her eye—as she thinks how late he works nights at his desk by the white-washed walls.

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

Old-Fashioned Roses.

They ain't no style about 'em,—
And they're sort a pale and faded;
Yit the doorway here, without 'em,
Would be lonesomer and shaded
With a good 'eal blacker shadder
Than the mornin' glories makes,
And the sunshine would look sadder
For their good old-fashion' sakes.

I like 'em cause they kind o'
Sort o' make a feller like 'em:
And I'll tell you, when I find a
Bunch out whur the sun kin strike 'em,
It allus sets me thinkin'
O' the ones 'at used to grow
And peek in through the chinkin'
O' the cabin, don't you know.

And then I think o' mother,
And how she used to love 'em,
When they wuzn't any other,
'Less she found 'em up above 'em!
And her eyes, afore she shut 'em,
Whispered with a smile and said
We must pick a bunch and put 'em
In her hands when she wuz dead.

But, as I wuz a savin',
They ain't no style about 'em,
Very gaudy er displayin',
But I wouldn't be without 'em,
'Cause I'm happier in these posies
And the hollyhawks and sich
Than the hummin' bird 'at noses
In the roses of the rich.

[James W. Riley.

Handsome Helen.

I am tired of writing about pretty girls, and yet when I write about young girls how can I help it? A certain kind of beauty is almost inseparable from youth. You predict its frailness at the same time you recognize its charm; but to-day the sun shines, let the butterflies flutter. What to them that summer is short? I called Helen Armytage handsome, instead of pretty, advisedly. She possessed an attraction quite apart from and beyond that "something sweet, which follows youth with flying feet, and can never come again." I fancy Matthew Arnold had such a women in his mind when he wrote his poem of "Tristram and Iseult." Like Iseult's, the sweet charm of Helen Armytage "would not fade with the dull years away."

To proceed according to the precedent, I ought to tell you that Helen was altogether unaware of her attractions; and, if I should, you would not believe a word of my story. What beauty ever failed to understand the secret of her power? "Sweetest lips that ever were kissed, brightest eyes that ever have shone," do not underestimate their own value, or behold themselves in looking-glasses unconsciously. What I do claim for Helen is that she recognized her beauty as the gift of Heaven, and was no more vain of it than a rose of its pink petals. Nay, with a rare and perfect sense of the fitness of things, she felt the obligation laid upon her to be a better and truer woman, because God had made her so fair.

Having told you so much do I surprise you by adding to it, that, at nineteen, she was engaged to Will Trefethen, a gay, cavalierish-looking fellow who had no more comprehension of her ideas of "the obligation of privilege" and the rest of her high ethics than he would of Sanscrit. Helen was very womanly, and like most women, loved unreasoningly, though as it seemed to her for good reasons. She loved Will because he was handsome, because he was gay, because he was young: most of all because he loved her, or had made her and himself think so, which amounted to the same thing. That he was rich, too, went for nothing. The Armytages had money enough: and to value it unduly did not run in their blood.

Will loved Helen because she was so handsome. That was the beginning and end, the Alpha and Omega of his passion. Of course he liked her elegant air, her dainty, well-bred ways; but he was used to those in many another girl besides Helen, and of themselves they would not have held him. To her mind and soul he would have been a stranger had he walked beside her to the age of Methuselah—just as a person without any ear for music could listen to Beethoven's sonatas every day in the year without ever touching or being touched by the thought underlying and vitalizing each one. Helen used to theorize to him—it was a way she had—and I really think he was interested; while he was lazily watching the swift color in her checks, her clear, shining eyes, and her graceful, eager gestures; watching and thinking with a bland masculine air of superiority. "Let her spin her fancies now, what harm? She will forget them by and by, when she has her children's faces to wash."

But that was where he misunderstood Helen. To her the life was more than meat, and the body than raiment.

One summer afternoon he went to see her, in a gallant, purposeless way, as usual. He found her more handsome than ever, or else he saw her more clearly. It seemed to him that he had never before perceived quite how regal was her air, how queenly her height, how magnificent her dusky hair and eyes, how perfectly the modeling of her faultless features, how bright her gipsy coloring. The sense of her wonderful loveliness happened to come to him just then, like a new revelation. Following this came the thought of his ancestral home where she would queen it more royally than any Mrs. Trefethen of the long line, and he began to feel impatient to see her there. He was used to carrying out his impulses, so he pursued this one.

"How long have we been engaged?" he asked, putting his hand on her hair, a patronizing sort of caress which he delighted to bestow on her because it was one of his ways of persuading himself that he was the nobler creature of the two, and she a meek little woman for whom his frown was fate and his smile Paradise.

"A year, last week Wednesday," she answered, with a quick blush of tenderness, and no thought of resentment, because his memory of the important event referred to was less definite than he expected hers to be. It was her nature to give gifts like a queen, generously and ungrudgingly, and without pausing to measure what she received in return.

"That is long enough, surely;" and he lazily pulled her glowing cheek close to his lips. "I see nothing to wait for. Could you be ready in two weeks?"

Helen laughed. The Armytage connection had wondered secretly that he had not urged a speedier marriage, but it had never troubled her. Satisfied with his love, she had been in no haste to bear his name. Now she said gaily, "That is so like you, Will. We have been engaged twelve months without your trying to hurry matters at all, and now you think two weeks enough for all my fineries. No, indeed; I won't abide one particle of the usual preparations—not a yard of lace nor a frill of muslin—and it will take some time."

"Well," he said, a little hotly, "all right, if you care more for fancies and flummeries than for my happiness!"

A merry light danced in Helen's eyes.

"You've seemed very wretched since we were engaged, I know; but," looking at the young athlete speculatively, "somehow I think you've thriven under it; and I'm not afraid of your getting to be an empty shade, the ghost of an old despair, in the length of time it will take me to make ready my robe of satin and Brussels lace.'"

Will said he supposed it was all one to her, and he wished it was to him; but he was not in the humor to stay any longer that day. Then he kissed her with an air of doing something, which was an act of exceeding graciousness, the circumstances being considered, and went away.

He rode four miles across the country to his home, the fine old place which had grown old and picturesque under the Trefethen rule. Giving the bridle to a groom, he went into the house, and made his way to his mother's sitting-room.

The room was a large sunny parlor wainscoted in oak, and with carved oaken furniture, heavy and substantial—a pattern of a hundred years ago, which had grown richer with time. A deep bay-window was full of plants in brilliant bloom. A southern bird or two, in a low-hung cage, sang above the flowers. A few modern easy chairs, in wicker-work, a workstand strewn with gay-colored worsteds, and a desk of modern shape, but repeating the carved oak of the old-fashioned furniture, gave to the room that look of being comfortably lived in, without which no amount of elegance has any salient charm.

In a low chair, before the desk, Mrs. Trefethen sat. Her husband had been dead so many years, that the black she invariably wore had in its richness no suggestion of mourning. She was a stately dame, slender though tall, with black eyes, whose fire time had not dimmed, though they were just now quenched by not unbecoming tears. Young she was not, but you could never associate her with age. She had the same kind of beauty Will possessed, but with an added grace and dignity: not the result, however, of any deep experiences, for she was a woman who had always lived in the present rather than the past or the future.

She liked Helen, and was ready, at any time, to abdicate in Helen's behalf her household throne; but she came no nearer to understanding her future daughter-in-law than Will himself did. Between mother and son there was not only great likeness, but great unity. He had come home now, ready to pour into her listening ear his vexation that, for the first time in his life, he could not have his own way—that Helen would not be married until she had ready just the conventional amount of toggeries. But, at the sight of his mother's tears, he was all tenderness and all sympathy in a moment. Tears were a rare thing with Mrs. Trefethen, and Will knelt beside her, urgent to solve their mystery.

"What is it, mother? What can have grieved you?"

"I am not grieved. I think I am glad; but the past came back to me so when I read this letter."

Will took the sheet she put into his hand, and glanced first at the signature: it was from his "Aunt Julia"—as he had been always taught to call her—his mother's cousin, who had been brought up with her like a sister, and, in early youth had married a Spanish gentleman, and gone away with him to Cuba. Mrs. Trefethen had married soon after herself, and the cousins had seldom heard from each other since. Some subtle undertone of sadness in Madame Martinez's infrequent letters had convinced her cousin that her life was not happy, though no confidential disclosures had ever been made. But now an end had come. Senor Martinez was dead, and his widow told the truth at last.

"Do not mock me with condolences," she wrote. "I have borne much, but that I could not bear. My life has been one long lie and one long agony. I loved my husband in the beginning, or at least I thought so; but he crushed that love under his heel such ages ago that I cannot remember it. Since then I have just gone on living, because God would not let me die. I told no one; not you even—for there was no help. I just bore my doom, and I am an old, old woman now, when you, I suppose, are young and bright. I shall not live long. I thought I was almost through with time and sorrow when he died—died so suddenly that it was awful. He was thrown in a horse-race and dragged, and they brought him home dead. When I looked at him I knew that my face kindled with a great light of relief, and then I was frightened. I thought he would see it in my eyes, and get up and curse me. But he did not stir, and he is buried now, with a stone pile over him heavy enough to keep him down, as he kept me down once. I only want one thing—to see you once more before I die and to leave my little Julia in your care. She will be no burden, for she has money enough for every want, only she needs some one to love her. I have some business arrangements to make before I start, and I shall wait for a letter from you. I will not come until you have signified my welcome. I have not much faith left in any human love, but I have still a little in yours."

Will looked up, his face full of emotion, as he finished reading. "Of course you will send her a letter at once!"

"I don't know. A letter seems so cold. I should go to her immediately if I thought I were strong enough to bear the sea voyage. Perhaps I am."

Will divined her wishes instantly. "*I* will go, mother. It will pass away the time while I am waiting for Helen. I will bring Aunt Julia and the child home. The steamer leaves New York the day after to-morrow, and I will start from here to-morrow."

His mother kissed him, smiling on him fondly and proudly through her tears. "You were always my good boy, Will." And then she thought to herself that she hoped Helen would appreciate her son, and realize what a treasure she was winning.

There was a great charm about Will Trefethen. He was weak in many ways, though not wicked. He lived in externals chiefly, and was guided by impulses rather than principles; and yet many a better man has been far less dear to his own kith and kin, his own womankind, especially. He was selfish enough, but it was in a sunny, unconscious way, which vexed no one, and he was always ready to be kind. He possessed an almost perfect temper, and a cheerfulness which seldom varied.

The next morning he went to bid Helen good-by, and told her the story of his mother's cousin. Her quick, womanly sympathies were enlisted at once.

"Of course you must go, Will," she said, earnestly. "It was like you to see the right and be so prompt to do it."

Then she called him her royal knight, for she had a trick of glorifying with her fine imagination everything he did, and he of accepting the homage with a gracious condescension, as if it were his due, no more, no less.

Just at the end of their talk he said: "And while I am gone, Helen, you must promise to begin on the fineries, and be ready, when I come back, to tell me how soon I may carry you home. The old place will not be just right till Helen is in it."

And then he took her close in his arms and gave her one long fond kiss. Helen thought, with a great strangling sigh, what if it should be the last—what if that bright, curling head should go where no sun shines before the day of return came round!

After he was gone she began making her wedding preparations, and the swift summer days went by her as if winged. She was not sentimental, but she had a great deal of sentiment. Having set Will Trefethen, or her conception of him, upon the altar of her heart, she did homage to her idol most loyally.

She received a letter from him in a fortnight after he went away, telling her about his voyage, and the long hours he had spent between blue seas and blue sky, in dreaming of her and their future together. It was Helen's first love-letter. They had always lived so near each other that she had never known before how precious written words could be! She had time enough to learn that letter by heart before another one came.

From the day when Will Trefethen first walked carelessly into Madam Martinez's large, low drawing-room, he was under a spell. He never forgot the picture he beheld as he stood in the doorway. The windows, reaching to the floor, were open, and the air was heavy with the scent of the magnolia blossoms on a tree outside. Green flowering vines draped the casements luxuriously. A cool red and white matting was on the floor. All the furniture was in wicker-work, though the settees were piled with soft cushions. The whole place had an Oriental air. In one of the wicker easy chairs Madame Martinez sat. Will would have known her by her resemblance to the youthful picture his mother had of her; though now all the charm of rounded outline and brilliant coloring was gone. But the perfect features and the heavy-falling black hair were the same, and the great dark eyes looked brighter than ever, shining out of the thin, sallow face.

By her side, half-kneeling, half-sitting, was a girl whose singular beauty seemed like a resurrection of what Madame Martinez might once have been, but with some subtle fascination added. As Trefethen entered, the girl rose and retired to one of the vine-shaded windows. Madame came forward to meet him.

"You are Will, I am sure," she said, with gracious and graceful cordiality. "I should know Katherine's son anywhere. You have her eyes and her smile."

"And her loving heart for you, Aunt Julia," the young man answered, with that tender earnestness that became him so well. "My mother would have come for you herself, but she was not strong enough; so she sent me as her deputy, and I am to take you and the little girl home."

"Julie!" madame murmured, and the girl Will had noticed before came forward. "*This* is my little girl; and, Julie, this is your cousin."

Chief among the charms of Julie Martinez, and they were many, was her voice with its indescribable sweetness. It made you think of a siren, of Lurlei with her beguiling music—anything mysterious, tempting, enchanting. She was a very different type of womanhood from handsome Helen. Not less beautiful, possibly, but less grand, less queenly, less lofty as well of mien as of nature. There was about her a wonderful piquancy. She was brilliant and elusive as a firefly, and she possessed a certain kind of power which she knew how to use to the uttermost. Will Trefethen looked at her in amazement. "Was *this* Aunt Julia's little girl?" His knightly devoir was to be something quite different from his plans and fancies.

Three weeks after the receipt of Helen's first letter, another came to her—very short this time, and with an air of hurry about it. Will was just ready to leave Cuba, though he would not be with her quite as soon as he had hoped, it having been decided that they were to return by sailing vessel, that his aunt might have the benefit of a longer voyage, from which the physicians predicted much good to her health. He had been so very busy in arranging some business affairs for Madame Martinez, that it had seemed impossible to write, and he was so sure of Helen's forbearance, that she must forgive him if he had presumed upon it.

To a reader less generous the letter would have seemed labored and constrained; but Helen was never critical, where she loved. Will was coming. Those were tidings to make her think any letter which brought them perfect. She was almost done with her wedding preparations; only one thing she had not purchased. Some indefinable feeling had restrained her from buying her wedding dress. It would be time enough, she thought, when the day was set. As for Will, meanwhile, the Lurlei was singing to him. At last, one September evening, a messenger came over with a note. Will had reached home, and would be with her in the morning.

"Why didn't he come to-night?" Grandmother Armytage asked, when she heard the note read aloud. "In my day, young men used not to be such laggards in love as to let a four-miles ride keep them over night from a sweetheart they had not seen for a couple of months."

Helen flushed with the warmth of her defence. Of course Will was tired. Of course his mother could not be willing to spare him, the very first evening. Of course it would seem unkind to forsake his guests the moment of their arrival. But just then despite her eagerness in his behalf, Helen's very first doubt of Will took possession of her. She did not, indeed, associate his absence with Julie Martinez, of whom she had only thought as a little girl. She simply questioned whether Will's love were, indeed, the pure and perfect passion of which she had dreamed—whether his nature was large and strong enough for her to take shelter in it forever.

The next morning Will came over, and she welcomed him with as cordial a sweetness as if he had come the night before. It would not have been in Helen's nature to reproach any man for what he did not give her. What she failed to win without an effort, she could always dispense with. But she felt something in his restless manner which either had not been there before he went away, or she had not been clear-sighted enough to perceive. He had come with the carriage to take her back. His mother did not like to part with him so soon for all day; and his Aunt Julia was impatient to see Miss Armytage.

Instead of the little Cuban girl Helen expected to amuse herself by petting, she found Julie Martinez in the oak-parlor, with her passionate, dreamy eyes—her Spanish inheritance—her remarkable beauty, her indescribable, bewildering charm of voice and manner. A swift intuition certified Helen that in this voice and manner lay the secret of Will's restlessness. She was just enough not to blame Will for having discovered it. If there were any undefined attraction between them, it was not the fault of either. She had faith enough in Will to be sure he would struggle against such a feeling, honorably and silently. But had he need to struggle? One pang pierced her, sharp as a sword-thrust. One moment she felt her breath coming painfully. The sights in the room were dim before her eyes, the voices vague as sounds heard in a dream. Then she came back to herself, and set all her woman's penetration at work to discover a secret so important to the very life of her love. Before nightfall she had reached one or two conclusions which stood in her mind for certainties; and there was a meaning in the kiss she left on Julie Martinez's brow which that light heart could not have comprehended. It was a kiss, not of love, but of consecration.

That night Helen sat through the long, still hours, and took counsel with her own soul as with a friend. When this secret session began, she honestly believed that it was going to end all the hope and glory of her life for her if the duty was laid upon her to give up her lover. From the very first intuition of what was coming, she had felt that anything, any loss, any suffering, was better than to keep Will herself, if he had been able even to fancy another woman could be dearer. But thinking of the matter calmly, in the night silence and solitude, she understood herself better, and knew that she had loved Will Trefethen in great part for his love for her, and even if the tie between them failed, the roses would blow in June, and the snows fall in December, and the world go on.

She learned more than this in the next three weeks. She learned to pity Will, as she saw Julie Martinez draw him nearer and nearer, as the candle does some silly moth, and yet saw how hard he struggled to be true to the bonds with which he was bound. A man can pity a woman, and love her all the more, possibly, but it is never in a woman's heart that love and pity are kin. As Helen watched the struggle, she grew into a clearer knowledge of Will, and understood that Julie was better suited to him than she ever could have been.

One day she told him so. Of course he was indignant. Had she so poor a notion of his manhood? Did she think he had not known his own mind when he asked her to be his wife?

Helen smiled, her own queenly smile, just touched with sadness.

"I am not sure that I know mine, Will. I shall always love you very much, but I do not think we are suited. Julie's very petulance charms you. I am too calm, and old, and steady, to hold your fancy. Where I bore you, she amuses you. Believe me, I am right, and what I have decided on is the best thing for us both."

She went away leaving Will hopelessly dazed. This morning the Lurlei had sung to him, and he had wished himself free. Now he was not sure that he did not deeply regret his freedom. After all, who was like Helen—*his* Helen whom he had known all her life? What had he been doing? Just then a voice came to him, followed by a snatch of laughter, and then he stopped trying to collect his bewildered ideas, and went out to walk with Julie. So like seeks like. She will never love him as Helen did—to worship is not her nature. But she will love herself a great deal better than the other did; and so, because she is less generous and more exacting, she will keep Will in better order. It is just possible that sometimes he will look at Helen, in her stately royalty, with a little pang of desire: for a man always longs for what is beyond his reach, and to covet is human, else why was the tenth commandment written? But Julie will keep him too busy for regrets, and melancholy is not his mood.

As for Helen she is content. She knows now that Will Trefethen could not have satisfied her for all her life. He is handsome, and gracious, and graceful still; but he and Julie are not quite of her kind. She is entirely ready to dance at their wedding. For her—some day that man may come whose march shall be a triumph, who knows how to command success—God can tell. If any voice in her soul prophecies of him, she is content to wait. I saw her the other day, and said to myself:

"She may have suffered: yet I know:
She is not cold, though she seems so,
She is not cold, she is not light:
But our ignoble souls lack might.

"She smiles and smiles, and will not sigh,
While we for hopeless passion die:
Yet she could love, those eyes declare,
Were but men nobler than they are."

The Ocean Carrying Trade.

Though the rates of freight in the Atlantic trade continue for the most part below the point which yields a fair return on the money invested in ship property, the chances are that the business during the last half of the year will be better than it has been during the first half. Sailing tonnage is more settled or widely distributed than it has been for a number of years. Owing to the protracted depression a large percentage of the vessels of all nations that have been steadily employed in the American carrying trade have, during the last six months, been attracted to the Pacific, the East Indies, China, etc., where freights for the last year have been comparatively good. It is true that the sailing vessels thus diverted from the Atlantic have, to some extent, been replaced by British steamers, the fleet of which is constantly increasing, yet the diversion can hardly fail to make an impression upon the petroleum and other trades which steam has not yet invaded to any considerable extent. It is, therefore, probable that freights will rule somewhat higher during the autumn, especially if the present crop prospects in this country shall be realized. As an indication of this we may add that grain sailing vessels and petroleum ships have been chartered to arrive for early autumn, loading at fully one shilling per quarter, and three pence to six pence per barrel over the average rates current during the first half of the year. It is almost unnecessary to add that the same disabilities under which American ships have been laboring for so many years are still operative, or that the number of those engaged in foreign trade are gradually decreasing through an excess in losses and sales over new ones constructed. It is earnestly to be hoped that Congress, which has so long and so strangely neglected our shipping interests, will come to their rescue during the next session. We produce enormously of commodities that must find a market abroad; we pay vast sums to have them carried abroad and to have other commodities brought to our ports, and, as the case now stands we cannot afford to own ships. This, indeed, is a strange anomaly. [New York Ship List.

Cat with Fly-paper Attachment.

An up-town lady is the owner of a cat who loves to jump after flies. This lady, wishing to rid herself of some flies, purchased several sheets of sticky fly-paper and Saturday morning placed one of them on the writing desk in the dining room and went about her work. Soon she heard a remarkable noise and the next instant the cat went through the room with such speed that it could be likened to a cat being shot from a cannon. It was nothing but a dull, gray streak. In the rear, attached to one of its hind feet followed the sheet of fly-paper. The animal was perhaps the wildest cat ever seen. She took in every room, staircase and hallway in the house, and went through them all at the same gait, except increasing it slightly in going down-stairs, owing to the fact that she didn't stop to count the steps, and wherever she went the fly-paper followed like grim fate, and the cat likely would be "scooting" through the house like a veritable spectre, had not its owner in attempting to shut one of the doors, so as to narrow the scene of operations, caught the paper fast. As it tore loose from the hind foot of the cat she gave an awful yowl and disappeared under the ice-box, not returning to her usual serenity until several hours after. Since that time, whenever she sees a bit of fly-paper, with wonderful sagacity, learned by experience, she makes tracks with the speed of a coyote to some other part of the house, and when a fly audaciously buzzes in close proximity to her nose, she merely, looks at the insect with an injured air, as much as to say, "Yes; you take me for a cussed fool now, don't you." [Kingston Traveller.

Hundreds and thousands of old Confederate soldiers remember Missionary Ridge, near Chattanooga. It is the site of one of the most decisive battles of the war—ragged, rocky, steep, poor in soil as any part of the table land, and was until recently regarded as worthless. For what purpose men held it was not known by themselves or anybody else. Three or four years ago its lands would not bring over two to four dollars an acre. Now the ridge is covered with orchards, and the profits are such that no land can be bought for less than forty or fifty dollars an acre. It is thus old ideas give way before new conditions and new infusions of brains and energy.

It takes 800 full-blown roses to make a table-spoonful of perfume, while ten cents' worth of cooked onions will scent a whole neighborhood.

The Last Resting-Place of Abraham Lincoln.

It would be difficult to imagine a lovelier spot at this season of the year than Oak Ridge, the last resting place of Abraham Lincoln. During the month of June, perhaps, the throng of visitors to the tomb is greater than at any other time of the year. The cemetery is now easily reached from almost any portion of the city by street cars. Visitors taking the cars at the new capitol building reach the cemetery in less than 20 minutes. Almost any day during the summer months the number of visitors at the tomb will average from two to five hundred persons. Excursions from different parts of the West visit the capitol, the one great object of their pilgrimage being to gaze upon the monument of the illustrious dead. Picnic parties from different parts of the State visit the park and ridge daily, and it is no unusual thing to see the lunch baskets of nearly 2,000 people when the railroads pour in some of their largest excursions, as was often the case during July and August last summer.

After leaving the park the ridge is reached by a short walk, in which the visitor is compelled to descend a number of wooden steps, with here and there a level piece of ground, and which afford shorter intervals of rest when ascending the steps from the ravine below, after returning from a visit to the tomb. Entering the cemetery, the visitor reads over the gateway of a very plain wooden construction the inscription, "Oak Ridge Cemetery." At the gate stands a well dressed man who has officiated for some years as a sort of sentry or overseer, whose duty seems to be to see that no drunken characters drive in, and to prevent as far as possible, any disorderly conduct on the grounds. Passing to the right is the sexton's house, and here is kept the cemetery register, where the visitor records his name. Each year has added new beauty and improvement to Oak Ridge, and the visitor who entered the gates upon that memorable April day when the lamented President was consigned to the tomb would now hardly recognize the place. The cemetery is the property of a stock company of Springfield, who a few years before the war purchased the property at a rather cheap figure.

The visitor to the tomb of Lincoln lingers as if in a dream. From the tomb a most beautiful landscape is spread before

Maine Matters.

NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM ALL OVER THE STATE.

MARANACOOK. TEMPERANCE CAMPMEETING AND MILITARY TOURNAMENT.

The indications are that the Temperance Campmeeting at Maranacook, which commences July 28th and closes Sunday, will be an immense gathering. Gov. Plaisted will open the meeting at 1:30 P. M., Thursday. Messrs Dow, Perham, Dingley, Osgood and other speakers will take part. The Perham Quartette of Portland, will be present at the opening and also Friday. Prof. Owen, of Buxton, will lead the vocal exercises, and every one is requested to bring their Gospel Hymns. Prof. C. C. Hunt, of Augusta, will preside at the organ, one of Smith's largest, especially sent for the occasion. The Good Templars will be out in force, Friday. The main speakers will be Hon. T. R. Simonton and ex Gov. Dingley. Other able reform speakers will take part in the speaking. Saturday will draw more children together than ever met in Maine at one time. The exercises will be largely by them, except short remarks by some superintendents and an address by the Rev. A. S. Ladd, of Lewiston, on the "Possibilities of Childhood." Francis Murphy will be present on Sunday, also Mrs. Mary H. Hunt, of Boston, and other temperance orators Tickets will be good on all trains. Special trains will be run Saturday from the principal stations.

There is to be a grand military tournament at Lake Maranacook, August 11th, which will eclipse anything ever seen in Maine of late years. Assurances have been received that nearly every military organization in the state will participate. Cash prizes to the amount of several hundred dollars will be awarded for single and company drill and for proficiency and accuracy in target shooting. A range is to be immediately built at the lake. Excursion trains are to be run on the Maine Central and all connecting roads.

BATH BUSINESS

The business upon which Bath depends almost entirely is shipbuilding From January 1, 1880, to June 30, 1880, there were built in Bath 25 vessels with an aggregate tonnage of 13,768 43 tons. During the corresponding months of 1881 there were built 38 vessels with an aggregate tonnage of 33,101. There were 41 vessels built here in 1880, aggregate tonnage 25,185 92. There are now on the stocks in the different yards of Bath, 18 vessels some of which are nearly ready for launching; four of these are ships which will average 2000 tons each. In the yard of Albert Hathorne, the frame of a ship is nearly up, which, when completed will be the largest wooden ship in Maine, measuring nearly 2300 tons.

The largest ship builders in Bath and also the largest wooden ship builders in the world, are Goss & Sawyer. This firm has built since 1866, 130 vessels, and has now six more on the stocks, two of which are 1000 ton ships which will probably be launched within two or three weeks. The firm employs between four and five hundred men.

There can be no doubt that this industry has been better this year than for some years past. What Bath wants is manufactories, and its citizens would make very favorable terms to manufacturers who would be willing to locate there.

At least 9-10 of all the cutting blocks used in rigging the ships built at Bath, are manufactured by the firm of Duncan & Jackson. This concern was established in 1849 under the firm name of Duncan & Davenport. The capacity is now sufficient to enable them to supply 150 vessels per year with blocks. This firm has a reputation wherever cutting blocks are in use, and retains its patrons by fair dealings and excellent work. [Boston Commercial Bulletin.

IMPORTANT TO COASTERS.

The volume of Supreme Court reports just issued contains a decision which is interesting to those engaged in coasting business between two ports in the same state. A steamer running between San Francisco and Diego, both in California, was wrecked and the shippers of the cargo sued the owners of the craft to recover the value. A law of Congress limits the liability of an owner of a vessel to his interest in the value of the vessel and freight, and the owners of the vessel invoked the benefits of the law. The shippers held that the law did not apply to this case because the steamer was employed in commerce wholly within the state of California. On the contrary the ship owners held that it did apply because the steamer was navigating the high seas. The Supreme Court sustained the latter position, holding that the ocean belongs to no one nation and a vessel crossing it engages in a navigation necessarily connected with other nations and during which her national character is only recognized and she is subject to such laws as the commercial nations of the world have established for commerce. Navigation upon the high seas is national in its character, and must therefore be subject to the national government.

REMEMBER THE TREES.

Years and years ago, when the "Mail" was but a day old, we sent the first number to a friend away a man rich in all the qualities that wait to be given to the world, and with whom we had been interested in his efforts to beautify the clay bound sidehills of his own village. His own "Tree Association" was then winning success, and he wrote back, in response, with other good counsel, "Remember the trees." These lumbermen, he said, see nothing in a tree but boards, and in a few years your village will expand among stumps, and your children will never know how much comfort and joy they might have had from ornamental trees. He did not know that even then the tide was setting strong in the direction that has since revealed such living beauty. And if ever the "Mail" has lent a word in aid of the work,—perhaps pointing at beauty that everybody saw, or suggesting work everybody is doing—it has been done in memory of this dear old friend's counsel, "Remember the trees." [Waterville Mail.

MAINE IN A NUTSHELL.

There are published in the State of Maine 107 newspapers and periodicals There are 951 post offices; of these 102 are money order offices. There are 69 National and 58 savings banks; 39 insurance companies, 14 gas light companies and 115 manufacturing companies; 77 colleges and academies, including 3 State normal schools. The total population of Maine, according to the census of 1880, amounts to 648,945, a few thousands more than one half that of the city of New York; in 1870 it was 626,915 showing an increase of 22,030 in ten years. The population of the New England States has vastly more than doubled within the last fifty years; the census shows an increase of 112 per cent.

FAYETTE'S OLD PEOPLE.

Fayette contains quite a number of smart old people. Mrs. Zerulah Ormsby was 88 years old the 17th inst. She keeps house by herself, preferring to do her own washing, ironing and cooking, knits for her children and grandchildren, writes letters and poetry which you may have seen in print. Her nearest neighbor, Mrs. Rhoda Sturtevant was 88 years old last April. She says she is as spry as she was when she was eighteen. She can read her Bible without glasses. Mr William Hersey, aged 82 years, drove the mail last winter through the coldest weather, to Wayne, he being postmaster at South Fayette. He looks to be about sixty. Joseph Prescott, aged 86 years, walks two miles to church regularly, and frequently, during the week walks three or four miles, makes a visit and returns to his home. If the old people are so smart what might not be said of the young ones?

IN GENERAL.

Potato bugs everywhere.

Corn has a hard row to hoe this year.

Bad weather for haymakers and hotel keepers.

The Gardiner Home Journal will not exchange with papers that steal its articles. We receive the H. J. regularly.

A whale washed ashore on Matinicus recently, and a correspondent of the Rockland Free Press says that judging by the smell it must have been two miles square.

Frank Wentworth, of Appleton, will market 100 bushels of green peas this season.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe is spending the summer near Old Orchard.

One place in Troy has furnished the Augusta market with 1000 quarts of strawberries.

Lewiston is to have a horse railroad and a new mill.

Jason C. Leighton of Columbia, died suddenly Thursday morning. He had been in trade at Epping Corner, Columbia, more than twenty years; was well known and highly respected.

Friendship farmers are busy, and the mechanics are busy. The Crystal Lake Ice Company are making preparations to put up a large ice house this fall, its dimensions to be 200 by 60 feet.

Prof. Packard has attended sixty two commencements at Bowdoin College.

The Lewiston Journal says that the Bates mills are now making 380 different designs of goods in their looms, and when the new quilt mill is completed, this large number will be increased. Few mills in this country produce so large a variety of goods. The mills will make a grand display at the State Fair.

There is a great scarcity of laborers in and about Skowhegan.

The Times says: The Bath Savings Institution can boast of a surplus over liabilities of $239,736.85. This is more than double the surplus of a year ago, when it was the gratifying sum of $91,941.99.

The Democrats of the second congressional district will hold a convention at Auburn Hall, on Tuesday, August 4th, at 11 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Congress.

The Bath Times says that Hon. Washington Gilbert, the Greenback nominee for Congress, is making speeches in Sagadahoc, advocating Greenback ideas, denouncing both the Republican and Democratic parties as corrupt, and claiming that the Greenback party is the hope of the country.

Nehemiah C. Rice, a wealthy retired leather merchant of Portland, died of paralysis Friday morning, aged 79.

Miss Blanche Howard, of Bangor, author of "One Summer," will return from Europe next month. She has been abroad several years.

The Bath Times says that Mrs. Benj Crossman, who was so shockingly pounded by her husband, last week, is still gaining, and is now able to sit up some. Crowds flock to the jail in Wiscasset, to see the wretched author of her misery.

The Maine Sportsman Association is arranging for its first annual tournament to come off early in September.

The Sentinel says that the man-bear which has been exhibited lately in Eastport is a remarkable specimen of humanity. The young man is in fact half bear in the formation of his body, limbs, hands, feet and muscles, and yet has a man's intelligence. He was born at Salmon River, N. B., and has been brought up more like a beast than a human being.

Capt. Washington Isley, who commanded the steamship Sarah Sands, the second iron screw steamer that ever crossed the Atlantic, and the first to enter the harbor of San Francisco, is a native of Limerick, Me., and now resides upon the old homestead where his father lived.

After the 3d of next September the Phillips Phonograph will be Republican in politics—full blooded.

The stable of the Lewiston steam mill Co. was burned Friday. Eight horses were also burned. Loss estimated at $2,000.

Thursday lightning struck and entirely destroyed a house and barn belonging to Mr Charles Chandler, of Minot Corner. Loss $4,000; probably insured $1,000. A horse was killed.

Thursday a child about ten weeks old was found drowned in Monsam river above Kennebunk, supposed to have been murdered by a young woman who passed that way the evening before.

The publishers of the Rockland Opinion have offered $100 reward for the recovery of Willie Cain's body.

F. M. Fogg has gone to Kansas.

Ex Gov. Garcelon will cut 120 tons of hay this year.

BANGOR, Me, July 22d, 1881. The meeting of the stockholders of the Bangor & Piscataquis railroad to day adopted the first article of the call: "To see if the company will locate, extend and complete a railroad from some point on the present line to a point at or near the foot of Moosehead," and adjourned to two weeks from to day, to await the action of the city council, which will be based on the report of the committee of the council.

A fearful hail storm passed over parts of the town of Madrid Wednesday night 20th inst, destroying crops, etc. The cattle affrighted took to the woods. Stones of all shapes fell, square, long and round. One girted seven and one half inches actual measurement.

Mrs. Mary Morse, of North Whitefield, the mother of the late Warden of the Maine State Prison James E. Morse, was fatally injured Thursday night by falling down her cellar stairs. She is about eighty years of age.

Thursday night lightning struck W. P. Paine's house on Key street, Eastport, breaking the walls in several places and setting fire to some clothing. This is the fourth house struck in the immediate vicinity within two years.

Lawrence Doherty, eighty-three years old, was arraigned Friday before Justice Bates Eastport for an indecent assault upon a girl aged fourteen. He was bound over to the October term S. J. Court, at Machias. Doherty is married. The alleged act took place in a pasture where both were driving cows.

The U. S training ship, Saratoga, is coming to Bath. Boys between the ages of fourteen and eighteen are wanted for the navy.

The Richmond Bee says: At the present time, most of the ice firms in this vicinity are making regular shipments. Although the profits of the business are by no means what they were last year, there is still a little gain, and we have found no firm that regrets having filled its buildings last winter. It is thought that all the ice on the river will be shipped by fall, and that the buildings will be empty, and ready for the harvest of the coming winter.

The large lamp suspended in the hall of the Bay View House, Camden, is a valuable historical relic. It was brought from England by Gen Knox, and was used to illuminate the grand stairway of his mansion in Thomaston. It is of massive and handsome workmanship, and gives a fine light.

Mr. Abram Preble of Bowdoinham, a fish peddlar, 81 years of age, has made 1,084 trips from his place to Harpswell, 21 miles, making 48 miles per trip. Total number of miles traveled, 52,032.

Ex Governor Davis has been quite sick at his home in East Corinth from the disease which he contracted in the army, and which has impaired his health ever since.

At the recent annual meeting of the Maine Dental Society officers were chosen for the ensuing year, as follows: President, J. H. Lombard, Brunswick; Vice President, M. B. Preble, Auburn; Secretary, D. W. Fellows, Portland; Treasurer, J. W. Curtis, Brunswick; Librarian, Thos. Fillebrown, Portland; Executive Committee, G. M. Twitchell, Fairfield; G. F. Eames, Bucksport; E. C. Bryant, Pittsfield; E. J. Roberts, Augusta; N. Gammon, Mechanic Falls.

A Round Pond correspondent of the Lincoln County News says: Sunday evening, July 10th, several persons observed the likeness of a brig under sail in the sky. It was in a northwest direction, about fifteen degrees from the horizon. The evening was quite light, and the outline of the vessel was very plain to be seen—the hull, masts, sails, etc. It is thought to have been a mirage of some vessel passing in the offing.

Joseph Oakes, for many years a prominent ship builder, died in Brewer, Friday, aged about 60 years.

Mr William House of Portland, died suddenly, Friday, of paralysis aged 71 years. For the past thirty five years he has been almost continually in office.

Dr. A. C. Hamlin of Bangor, has purchased Mount Mica in Paris, which is famous for its rare minerals.

Gen. John L. Swift of Boston well known to many in this State, will speak at Sebago Lake campmeeting Friday, August 5th.

Governor Plaisted has appointed the Rev. Dr. J. K. Mason, of Fryeburg, and Dr. Sarah W. Devoll, of Portland, to represent Maine at the Conference of Charities in Boston next month. Dr. Mason was formerly chaplain of the State prison at Thomaston, and has been a careful observer of prison discipline in this country and in Europe. Dr Devoll is a respected member of the Maine Medical Association, and has given much attention to the treatment of the insane and particularly of insane women.

The Damariscotta Herald says of the thieves arrested in Boston, who hailed from Wiscasset that no such persons live or are known in the latter place.

Monhegan is getting to be quite a summer resort. A correspondent of the Damariscotta Herald says: Mr. M. J. Burns, the artist, of New York, arrived here Saturday, 9th. He has with him two young men who will sketch on Monhegan this summer. There are also at Mrs. Albee's three ladies sketching, two of them from Portland, and on Monday Otis S. Weber, George E. Bliss, of Boston, and W. C. Bailey, of Somerville, Mass., all artists, came here to spend a few weeks.

Within a few years, says the Squid, our Maine coast has become strewn with small villages occupied as summer resorts, but in which life would be endurable the entire year.

The Augusta Journal denies the statement of the Boston Commercial Bulletin, that the Sprague mills in Augusta, have for some years been run at a loss by the trustee of the property.

The Lilliputian of Wiscasset, referring to the assault of Crossman on his wife, of which the particulars were published last week, says: "If this affair does not arouse the indignation of this, or any other community against rum-selling, we don't know what will. Whoever the parties are that furnished Crossman with liquor should be subjected to the severest punishment which can be enforced against them."

The Photograph says that on the day of the Rangely accident, when Mr. Raymond was carried home with a broken leg and smashed foot, which required amputation, his wife was sick in bed and two children were taken down with the measles. It is reported that Mr. Raymond is not likely to recover.

Mr S. S. Kimball, of the Treasury Department, Washington, Chief of the Life Saving Service, and Captain J. M. Richardson, superintendent of the eastern division, will locate sites for stations at Damaris Cove Island, off Boothbay; Hunnewell's Beach, at the mouth of the Kennebec River, thirteen miles from Bath, and a third somewhere at the mouth of Portland Harbor. It is probable that these stations will not be established until Congress votes the required funds.

The Kennebec Journal says the present indications are that should the coming winter be favorable for ice cutting on our river, 25 per cent, more ice will be cut than in 1880, which was known as "the great ice year."

The Boothbay Register learns that Mrs Crossman, who was so shockingly beaten by her husband, but who is now rapidly recovering, has taken steps to bring a suit for damages against the proprietor of the property where Crossman procured the liquor. The Register says that this is right and the only way the abomination can be reached. The men who sell the liquor damnation are not responsible, being usually worthless vagabonds themselves, or if they have any property, it is secured in somebody else's name.

Parsons, Bangs & Co. of Portland on Saturday filed their petition in insolvency. They offer a composition of thirty per cent. to their creditors. The first meeting of the creditors will be Sept 1st, when the proposition will be considered.

The Portland Advertiser says the Atrato mining company have received some very favorable news affecting their interests in the United States of Columbia.

The Sanford News says an Alfred man recently married his divorced wife. He had lived with her for twenty years, then procured a divorce, married again, was again divorced, and now married the first wife.

The feature of last week's Squirrel Island Squid, is Coombs' picture of the editor of the clam chowder department, interviewing the sea serpent.

A St. Johns, N. F., dispatch of the 25th says: The dory, "City of Bath," which put into Trespassey Friday evening, to stop a leak and take in water, had a very rough experience during the trip from Maine. The crew are in good spirits and hope to reach Havre without further mishap. They proceeded on their hazardous voyage, Tuesday.

Clippings.

Democratic newspapers have suddenly discovered that Roscoe Conkling is a "great statesman." [Portland Advertiser.

Gov. Plaisted has the same opinion of the Conkling faction that administration Republicans have. He considers the course of Conkling & Co. the most stupendous piece of political folly of the age, besides being disgraceful in the extreme to all the actors. [Dexter Gazette.

As the name of Judge Peters has been mentioned in connection with the appointment as one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, we take the liberty to say that Mr. Peters would make an excellent Justice, and that his appointment would be very popular. [Kennebec Journal.

If the President recovers, the extreme penalty which can be inflicted upon Guiteau, the would-be murderer, is eight years' imprisonment. Should he die, then the assassin will undoubtedly be hung. If he lived in the State of Maine, he would be sheltered and fed during his natural life, and very likely ask to be pardoned. [Waterville Sentinel.

We have to suggest the most terrible punishment ever devised by man or devil and at present want to see it tried on Guiteau. Let the miserable man be compelled to attend all the Greenback campmeetings, and conventions for the next four years, or until he sinks into a dishonored grave or lingers a mere idiot in some obscure alm-house. [Portland City Item.

The Chicago Times says the oat crop in Grundy and Will counties, Ill, has been half destroyed by the army worm, which has, however, mysteriously disappeared.

A Georgia editor says: "Gold is found in thirty-six counties in this State, silver in three, copper in thirteen, iron in forty three, diamonds in twenty six, whiskey in all of them, and the last gets away with all the rest."

Severe thunder storms occurred Thursday, in Chicago, in Indiana and in many places in Massachusetts. At Brockton, Mass, it was the severest storm ever known in that vicinity.

Mr. James G. Fair heads the personal assessment roll just filed in San Francisco with $42,200,000. Mr. J. C. Flood is assessed at $36,500,000 for himself, and $20,500,000 as trustee for J. W. Mackey. Mr. Charles Crocker is assessed at $20,000,000

The New York yacht club have sent to the Bay Quinte club of Canada, a document acceding to the terms of the race for the American cup, agreeing that only one yacht shall be entered on each of the three races against the Canadian yacht. Nothing has been heard from the Bay Quinte club since June 30th

The President.

A CHANGE FOR THE WORSE. CHILLS AND FEVER. AN OPERATION PERFORMED WHICH AFFORDS RELIEF. THE PRESIDENT NOW REPORTED DOING WELL.

Saturday the country was again startled by the news that the President was growing worse. The following are the particulars of the relapse and the subsequent successful operation:

Sometime during Friday night or early Saturday morning, the patient's wound, which had for several days been discharging freely, became obstructed at or near the inner end of the drainage tube, while the process of suppuration in the deeper parts of the wound continued. A partial or complete pus cavity was thus formed, and the discharge from the mouth of the wound nearly ceased. The natural result of this state of things was a chill, followed by a higher fever, the patient's pulse rising to a maximum of about 130 and his temperature to 104. As rigor, followed by increased fever, is a symptom of pyemia, of the formation of abscess and of other unfavorable complications, it caused at first a great deal of anxiety.

A careful examination, however, of the pus discharged by the wound, showed that its character was perfectly normal and healthy, and so far as appeared from the patient's general condition all indications of pyemia were absent. These facts relieved at once the fear of blood poisoning. An external examination was then made of the abdominal and hepatic regions, with a view to ascertain whether there were any signs of abscess at the supposed location of the bullet. No unusual tenderness was found in that part of the body or any indications of a changed condition. From these facts, taken in connection with the scanty outflow of pus, the conclusion was drawn that an obstruction existed near the inner end of the drainage tube, which prevented a free discharge. This imprisonment of pus, technically known as formation of pus cavity, is entirely adequate to explain the chill and increased fever, since they are its natural and almost inevitable consequence.

It was at first thought the obstructions might be the result of a process of healing which had wholly or in part closed the wound between the end of the drainage tube and deeper suppuration surface.

Early in the afternoon, however, the obstruction wholly or partially gave way, the outflow of pus became freer, the nausea from which the patient had suffered subsided, and he obtained relief. This proved that the obstruction had not been of a permanent character.

Drs. Hamilton and Agnew arrived during the evening and held a consultation with the surgeons, but did not think it advisable at that time to make an examination of the patient.

During the night the patient was restless and had another slight chill, but in the morning his temperature was about normal. On consultation the surgeons decided to make a new outlet for the pus, and accordingly an incision was made through the integument of the back to the bullet and a drain pipe inserted. A flow of pus followed and the President's symptoms soon began to grow better and continued to improve throughout the day and night.

WHAT DR. BLISS SAYS.

Dr. Bliss during the course of conversation in relation to the operation which was performed on the President, said that during his examination he discovered that a slight sack or pus cavity had formed immediately at the turn in the track of the bullet, and at once decided the proper thing to do was to make an incision, which would straighten the track and permit the pus to discharge more freely. It was determined, however, that before performing the operation it would be best to notify the consulting surgeons and request their attendance, which was done forthwith. The formation of a pus cavity, the doctor says, is a very ordinary occurrence in similar instances, and there is no doubt in his mind an incision will tend to lessen the frequency and severity of the rigors. He says, however, the patient may have some slight chills. "The result of the examination," continued Dr. Bliss, "is reassuring." During the operation his pulse reached about 120. Since that time there has been a falling off of about fifteen beats. The President did not move a muscle while the operation was being performed, and it was not found necessary to administer any alcoholic stimulants. The counter opening is about three inches below the wound. It was necessary to cut to a depth of about one inch before the connection with the original wound was complete. A local anæsthesia was administered causing a numbness of the parts operated upon, which obviated the experience of any pain. Shortly after the operation the patient partook of nourishment with a relish and expressed himself as feeling much relieved by the operation.

DR. REYBURN'S STATEMENT.

Upon being asked whether there was or had been any symptoms in the President's case of pyeamia or blood poisoning, Dr. Reyburn said: "None whatever. Rigor, of course, may be a symptom of pyeamia, but it is also a symptom of various other complications and does not point to pyeamia in the President's case. The pus continues healthy and the characteristic symptoms of pyeamia are all wanting. You may say upon my authority that no indications of blood-poisoning have been observed, and that I have no reason to expect any."

In conclusion Dr. Reyburn said that the President's condition and symptoms are more encouraging.

THE OPERATION.

A Washington special says: Dr. Agnew was selected to perform the operation. He located the cavity, and made an incision about an inch and a half below the opening of the wound. The pus cavity was occasioned by an irritation from splinters of the injured rib, and had no connection with the main canal formed by the bullet, which has worked freely. The cut was about an inch and a half long, and not exceeding an inch in depth. The injured rib was found to be bent, and there is now a consultation as to whether any attempt shall be made to straighten it. The new opening has thoroughly discharged the pus cavity, and will of course be kept open. An ether spray was used upon the wound when the operation was performed, but none was administered otherwise. Dr. Agnew was well satisfied with the result. Dr. Hamilton says he has strong hopes that the difficulty has been removed, and that the progress toward recovery will recommence.

Mrs. Garfield, who had been intensely uneasy, was relieved when she heard of the successful result of the operation upon the President. She, with all the others in the Executive Mansion, even if the doctors did not speak of it above their breath, was afraid of blood poisoning, and she did not feel easy until the pus cavity had been discovered. Dr. Hamilton, soon after the operation, sought Mrs. Garfield and said: "The operation has been successful, the pus cavity is discovered, and we now have no fear of blood poisoning from this cavity. We are confident that we shall be able now to keep the wound better drained. You must not be apprehensive if there are more chills. We somewhat expect them. There will be more chills if there is another gathering of pus, or another cavity is formed, which may be possible, but from the operation and the observation, we think it safe to say, that the grave cause of alarm which has existed for the past two days, is removed."

Dr. Agnew afterward saw Mrs. G. and confirmed the report that Dr. Hamilton made to her.

Gen. Swain said Sunday night the President is improving now and we think this last danger met and overcome. I never saw a country without some hills and valleys, and I never saw any very sick or a badly wounded man who did not have his ups and downs. The President came to one of the hard places last Friday night in his road toward recovery, but we think he is now about over it.

The President passed a comfortable night, Sunday, much more so than on Saturday night. He rested well and slept at times, enjoying refreshing and natural sleep. The official bulletin issued at 8:30 A. M., Monday stated that the President had no rigor since that reported in the bulletin of Sunday morning, and that he was doing well. Pulse 96, temperature 98-4, respiration 18.

Col. Corbin, at the Executive Mansion, states the President is very weak; is unable to lift his arms or legs, and is very much enfeebled, but with all this physical exhaustion, his mind is clear, and his will obedient to the direction of the surgeons.

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The President's Condition.

It had been said by the physicians in charge that the President would be liable to unfavorable changes, but the tenor of the bulletins for a week or more was so encouraging that the news of a relapse caused a great deal of anxiety. Friday afternoon slightly unfavorable symptoms began to manifest themselves, and the night was not passed in as comfortable manner as previously. Throughout Saturday unfavorable symptoms continued, worse than those of Friday, and Drs. Agnew and Hamilton of New York were telegraphed for and arrived at the White House in the evening. The trouble appears to have been caused by obstructions to the discharge of pus from the wound, and an operation having successfully been performed Sunday, by which a new outlet was secured, there was an immediate change for the better. The President's condition is very critical, however. He was somewhat restless during Monday night. The fever rose about midnight and continued till 3 A. M. Tuesday, when it subsided, leaving him about as well as on the previous day at the same hour. An unofficial bulletin, received here yesterday, dated Washington, 7 A. M., is more encouraging. It reads: "Information received this morning from the sick room is in effect that the President passed a comfortable night, having obtained during the night at intervals fully six hours sleep. After midnight a slight rise of temperature occurred but soon passed away. There were no indications of rigor during the night. The President has expressed himself as feeling better this morning." Later the following official bulletin was received, which is still more encouraging—

White House, 8 A. M. The President slept sweetly last night from about 8 P. M to 5 A. M. with but a single break of short duration. Since 5 this morning he has dozed quietly, awakening at intervals. There have been no rigors. He takes his nourishment well and his general condition is improving. He expresses himself as feeling better and more rested. Pulse 94, temperature 98 1, respiration 18. Signed Agnew, Barnes, Woodward, Reyburn, Bliss.

The conduct of the case has been taken from Dr. Bliss, and Dr. Hamilton and Dr. Agnew will alternate daily in personal attendance upon the President. An effort will be made at as early a day as possible to determine the exact location of the bullet.

The following is the official bulletin issued from the White House at 12:30 P. M., yesterday—

The President's wound was dressed just after the morning bulletin was issued. It looks well, and the pus which is healthy in character is discharging freely. Since then he has rested quietly and takes his nourishment without gastric disturbance. At present his pulse is 90, temperature 98.4 respiration 18.

The Rockland Free Press takes grounds against capital punishment. It thinks that since the abolishment of the death penalty we have only had about the average number of murders. It believes life-imprisonment is working well in this State, and that the recent cases of murder or attempted murder prove nothing to the contrary. "Haynes in attempting to escape from the State Prison" says the Free Press, "hazarded his own life and received a bullet through his body. He would have killed an officer for the same object and faced the gallows just as readily as he did the rifle of the guard. If the boys accused of murdering a little companion at Rockport are guilty, their age and their ignorance, as well as other circumstances, render it very improbable that they ever considered the punishment of murder in this State." The Free Press concludes a long article on the subject by expressing the opinion "that the public are safer and better protected with the statute of death abolished than when it was in force." We do not agree with it. What better argument in behalf of capital punishment could be desired than is afforded by the Cumberland case, where a man murdered his brother that he might be sent to Thomaston for life and thus escape spending the remainder of his days in the poor house? As for Haynes, it is not impossible he will yet succeed in killing an officer or two. Hanging is the only punishment for such criminals as he.

The Albany contest ended on Friday, to the relief and satisfaction of everybody except Conkling and his corporal's guard. The nomination of E. G. Lapham was made unanimous in the Republican caucus on that afternoon, and in the joint convention he was elected by a vote of 92 to 42 for Potter. The joint convention then dissolved. Lapham and Miller, Senators elected were serenaded at the Delavan House, Albany, Friday night, and the former was given a public reception at Canandaigua Saturday.

The Republican majority in the new National House of Representatives will be about twenty. If the Democrats bought Congressman Murch's vote, by giving his son an office, they've made a miscalculation, or a mighty poor trade.

Is there a Deadlock in Maine?

If special despatches from Augusta to the Boston and New York papers of Sunday last are to be credited, Maine has been subject to a deadlock between Gov. Plaisted on the one hand and his Council on the other, since July 13th. These despatches are wholly in favor of and were doubtless instigated by the Governor, and hold the Council responsible for all the evils, past, present and future which have resulted or may result from a conflict of authorities. The story needs confirmation; but as a matter of current gossip it may be summarized as follows: The Governor and Council met on the fateful 13th inst, when among the nominations to be acted upon was that of Albion Little for trustee of the Reform School—a re-appointment. When the name was reached Counsellor Bowers is said to have taken the floor, and after making a "furious attack on the Governor, whom he is reported to have grossly insulted," moved that the nomination lie on the table until the next meeting. "The Governor," we are told, "took the insults with a good deal of nonchalance," and at the close of Mr. Bowers' speech remarked that Mr. Little had been communicated with and would accept the appointment. But Mr. Bowers "insisted upon his motion in a manner much more forcible than polite, and made a speech to which his former tirade was but the faint patter of drops as compared with the full blast of the tornado." Mark the metaphor! Other members of the Council sustained Mr. Bowers; but the Governor "patiently waited." After he had patiently waited until he could get his gigantic intellect in full working order he "quietly told Mr. Bowers he could not entertain his motion." We all know how quiet and patient a man our Governor is, so that this picture of him will be recognized as drawn from the life; that is from, or rather by, himself. Mr. Bowers then called upon Mr. Robie, the chairman of the Council, to put the motion, but the chairman hesitated—and was lost. Plaisted's *coup d' etat* is thus described:

Rising slowly and taking the gavel he brought it down with tremendous force upon the table and said—"Gentlemen, this Council is adjourned *sine die*" and gathering up his papers and personal effects he returned to his private rooms. The *coup d'etat* staggered the councillors. They looked at each other in blank amazement. They saw that they had been left in a most helpless condition, as only the Governor can convene that body. A committee was appointed to wait on the Governor and try to effect a compromise, but the effort failed. An adjournment was then voted to a certain day, but it will have no effect, and as they cannot reassemble there is a regular deadlock

Coombs, the Lewiston artist, will now have an opportunity to make the greatest effort of his life. Let him depict our quiet, patient Governor "rising slowly" and bringing his gavel down upon the table with "tremendous force" and the artist's fortune will be made. The "staggering" Councillors should of course have a place on the canvas if any of them survive the blow long enough to sit for their portraits. We are glad to learn that they were all alive and doing well at last accounts. Now let Governor Plaisted follow the example of Conkling and resign. He would be "vindicated"—as Conkling has been.

Concerning this alleged difficulty between the Governor and Council, the Kennebec Journal says there is little that is true in the sensational reports published, except that the Governor got considerably "riled" and incontinently adjourned the session *sine die*. The declaration that members of the Council labored with the Governor to induce him to reconsider his hasty and ill-tempered action is complete bosh: so also is the idea conveyed by the writer that the Council are under concern because of the Governor's course. They understand that the Council is about as necessary to the Governor in conducting State affairs as he is to the Council, and they will be rather amused than otherwise to have him undertake to play a "lone hand," if it so be that is his determination. The Council adjourned to meet on the 12th proximo, and will assemble at that time notwithstanding the intimations that they will not be permitted to meet again.

The New York Herald says, in an editorial captioned "Greenback Lunacy:" Events, the marvellous prosperity of the country, the general progress of the Republic and of the world, have distroyed the financial heresy of Greenbackism. It never really had anything to rest on in the way of real common sense either politically or financially. Soft money lunatics conceived the idea, and unhappily persuaded other lunatics to accept their theories as the essence of economic wisdom. The falsity and absurdity of the whole scheme are shown by the slender support that has been given to it in every State of the Union. Principle and earnestness always succeed in our politics. That Greenbackism lacks both of these essential elements of party success is shown by the result. Nevertheless these people are, perhaps, useful in their way. As the Bourbons of the South are in some mysterious way preserved to show how ridiculous politically men of one idea can become, so the Greenbackers are allowed to live and move for some equally inscrutable purpose. Perhaps it is to show the highwater mark of financial absurdity.

Writing of the cultivation of sorgho or the Chinese sugar cane, Ben Perley Poore says: "I have no faith that the North will ever raise its supplies of sugar and molasses." It is quite as impossible as that it will ever raise its supplies of oranges, pine apples and bananas.

Vice President Arthur remains at his residence in New York. He is at the call of Secretary Blaine at any time, and when summoned will go at once, ready to perform any duty that may be required of him, either to the President or country.

The editor of the Waterville Mail has written an editorial in defence and eulogy of the shade trees of that pretty and enterprising town, without making use of the quotation, "Woodman spare that tree." He deserves a chromo.

It wouldn't be a bad idea to import some weather from Europe. It has been excessively hot on the other side of the Atlantic. We might export some of our cold, rainy weather, of which we have more than a sufficiency.

Sitting Bull has surrendered, and the scalp of Conkling hangs from the lodge-pole of the Administration braves. Now, in the words of Gen. Grant, "Let us have peace."

Conkling is the Crushed Tragedian of politics.

It wouldn't be a bad idea to cork up Corkhill.

A short time since the New York World declared that the reason no trans-Atlantic steamers sail from the port of New York under the American flag is that the vessels cannot be procured in this country as cheaply as in Europe, and our people are prohibited by law from purchasing them abroad. This statement is emphatically denied by Every Evening, an able and interesting paper published at Wilmington, "the cradle and chief centre of the iron ship building industry in this country." Every Evening says:

It is doubtful if it does cost more to build a ship here than across the water, for the American habit of adopting improved machinery has steadily reduced such difference as existed in the past until it has been nearly or quite obliterated, and one of our ship building companies has obtained several foreign orders in competition with English builders and has, in fact, been busy for a year almost exclusively in building vessels for foreign waters. Doubtless some kinds of iron steamers can be bought abroad cheaper than any kind can be bought in this country; but, quality considered, iron ships can be built on the Christiana just as cheaply as on the Clyde, and it is foolish as well as unfair to say, as the World does, that iron ships cost from 25 to 100 per cent. more in this country than in England

As to the average quality of English and American iron ships the Nautical Gazette declares that the American ship is worth twenty per cent. more than the British ship, on account of her better material, superior model and stronger construction. The practical question involved in this controversy will soon be demonstrated; but to make American ships profitable to American owners they must enjoy all the advantages in American waters that English ships do in English ports, especially in the matter of taxation. This once provided, we should soon see a modern merchant marine established in this country which would be really worthy of a progressive people.

"If the would-be assassin Guiteau is consigned to the insane asylum, Conkling should bear him company," says Donn Piatt. The Washington correspondent of the Boston Herald also makes an analysis of the character of Conkling and Guiteau and finds them almost identical. Intense egotism is the bane of both. It has retired the one to private life and the other to a convict's cell.

And now the Belfast Journal may be numbered among the Maine papers which oppose our anti hanging laws. Perhaps in the course of a few weeks more when we shall probably have an addition of half a dozen murders or so to our black list, public attention may be lazily turned to the subject, if it isn't too hot, and there is nothing else of interest to engage it. [Lewiston Gazette.

If the Gazette had been a careful reader of the Journal it would have known long ago that this paper believes in capital punishment. It does not owe its conversion to recent murders.

An obituary of a cow, published in the Boston Journal, concludes as follows—

Many thousands have come from all parts of the Union and the Canadas to see her; she was as well known in Mississippi as in Massachusetts, and the town of Scituate will be as well known as the home of Jersey Belle as Marshfield and Ashland are for their illustrious dead. Thus has passed away one of the noblest animals that ever stood, and in future years, when the present generation has gone, she will be spoken of in terms of the highest praise for her remarkable doings

The newspapers are playing sad havoc with the name of the Democratic candidate for governor of Ohio. One calls him "Backwater," and another "Buckwater," and still others "Bookatter," "Book waler," etc, while a down river exchange calls him "Brookwater," and another in the lower part of the state puts it "Drinkwater." His name is Book walter. There is no water about it.

News of Belfast and Vicinity.

Mr. I. E. Collins, an old time resident, died in this city on Friday, aged 76 years.

Pottle & Hunt have a large retail trade in mackerel kits. Everybody is laying down a kit of mackerel for winter.

A small flock of wild geese were observed in the bay on Sunday evening. Geese are rarely seen at this time of year.

Our neighboring town of Searsport has some very stout men. Five brothers—J. C., David, J. Fred, Albert and Edward Nickels, together weigh 1165 pounds, the heaviest weighing 248, and the lightest about 200 pounds.

The Journal has before mentioned the increasing lime trade between this city and Rockland. Sch. E. S. Wilson has this season brought to this city 5,000 casks of lime, and the captain anticipates the carrying of about 5,000 more. It goes over the railroad.

The U. S. Revenue cutter Dallas, of Portland, is hauled up for repairs, and the cutter Levi Woodbury ordered to take her cruising grounds in addition to her own. The Woodbury now takes in the entire water front of Maine from Eastport to Portsmouth.

In the tempest of last week, lightning struck twice in the vicinity of the Hon. R. W. Ellis' house, in the suburbs of Belfast—once in a tree twenty-five feet from the house and once near the barn. Mr. Ellis and family were more or less affected by the fluid, but were not seriously injured.

Rev. Mr. Gerrish, of Bucksport, writes that the locality for the Seminary at that place, have nearly all been secured. Those engaged are—Rev. M. W. Prince, principal; Miss Amanda M. Wilson, of Bangor, preceptress; Miss Etta O. Morrill, of Dover, N. H., German and music (vocal and instrumental); Prof. Knowlton, commercial department; teachers for the art and classical department not yet secured. The boarding house is in charge of Mr. H. N. Norton. The fall term begins Aug. 31st. See notice in another column.

THE SEA BREEZE. Northport's sea side journal, bearing the above name, made its first appearance for the season on Saturday last. Geo. E. Bracket & Co., of this city are editors and publishers, and Geo. W. Burgess, also of Belfast, printer. The paper is now on the third volume, enlarged with the addition of one column to a page, is very handsome in its make up and appearance, and well and carefully edited. It ranks well among the sea side papers of Maine. It will be published through the season for 25 cents.

The new comet discovered last week, will soon be visible to the naked eye. It will pass the sun Aug. 9th, and a day or two later will be nearest the earth, when it will be a very conspicuous and interesting object. During the last week in August it will rapidly diminish in brightness. The orbit presents no special resemblance to that of any known comet, and, as the astronomers have generally reached a similar conclusion regarding the comet which is now fading from view, the year 1881 will be a notable year from an astronomical standpoint.

Wednesday of last week, while Prof. Gould, of Newton Theological Seminary, Prof. Stevens, of Rochester Theological Seminary, with their wives, were rowing at Hancock Point the boat was capsized. It was an hour before the party was discovered and rescued. Mrs. Gould was in an unconscious condition. It was a very narrow escape from drowning. The party is all now doing well. Prof. Gould and lady recently spent a brief season in Belfast, being the guests of Rev. and Mrs. Ryder. While here Prof. Gould occupied the pulpit of the Baptist church.

Messrs. I. W. Parker and son, J. C. Cates and son, S. G. Bicknell and son, Rev. E. Crowninshield, B. F. Wells, M. W. Frost and Henry Andrews, of Belfast, W. H. Robbins, of Lawrence, Mass., and E. Robbins, of Chicopee, Mass., went on a fishing excursion last week, in yacht P. M. Bonnie. The excursion extended to Vinalhaven, White Islands, Isle au Haut, and on the return trip Ryder's Cove, Islesboro. The first fish were caught off White Islands where Rev. Mr. Crowninshield hauled in a handsome pair of cod fish. The reverend gentleman was delighted with the trip, but was obliged to pay tribute to Father Neptune.

STEAMER NOTES. The unseasonable weather has kept the passenger lists of the Boston steamers much below the average at this season. Freights also have been light of late.... The Katahdin is getting to be fast in her old age. She beat the steamer Admiral, now running between Gloucester and Boston, in a fair race the other day. The Admiral is called the fastest coastwise steamer out of Boston. ...Work on the new steamer for the Sanford line, building at East Boston, is progressing favorably. She is extra timbered and fastened, and will be safe, strong and speedy. It is thought that Capt. Roby of the Katahdin, will have the new boat, to which position, as senior captain of the line, he would be entitled.... It is hard to please everybody, and now that meals on the Boston boats are served on the American instead of the European plan, a good many regret the change.

FISHING NOTES. The mackerel in our bay grow more plentiful and larger. The fish are taking on fast rapidly.... Some excellent catches were made last week.... A large fleet of fishing vessels is in Penobscot bay, as many as eighteen anchoring in Rockland harbor at one time.... One schooner recently threw a seine off Rockport and caught 200 barrels of mackerel.... Sch. Deborah B. Webb, of Deer Island, fishing in our bay, came into Belfast on the last week for a crew.... Mackerel were plenty in our harbor on Sunday.... An old fisherman says the absence of menhaden from our waters accounts for the present large school of mackerel now with us. He says that the two varieties of fish never mingle well. There may be something in this. It is a well known fact that menhaden have been absent three years and mackerel have been plentiful for three years.... On Tuesday the steamer Everett and a schooner from the Castine Packing House came into our harbor and bought mackerel directly from the fishing boats. The fish bit well and there was a continual string of boats to and from the steamer and the fishing grounds.... Collins & Co., of this city, received an order on Monday from Bangor for 1,000 fresh mackerel and 1,200 on Tuesday.

The auction sale of Hon. W. H. McLellan's house and other property in this city, on Saturday afternoon, drew out a large crowd. The day was a poor one for the hay makers, so delegations from about every town in the county were present. The house was thrown open to all, and was thoroughly inspected by nearly everybody present. At about 3 P. M. auctioneer Crary, of Searsport, announced that on the front door that the house and two acres of land would first be sold, stating the terms to be $2,000 cash, the balance notes with security. The first bid was $4,000 by Capt. W. O. Alden, of this city. In a few minutes the bids ran up to $5,750, when they ceased. After dwelling for half an hour the premises were knocked off to Capt. John C. Black, of Searsport, for $5,775. The carriages and some other articles were disposed of, when the sale was postponed to Saturday next. McLellan reserved four acres of land, portions on the north and south sides of the house. It is considered that the house brought a very fair price, considering the present value of real estate in this city. The auction sale next Saturday afternoon will comprise carriages, chamber sets, dishes, carpets and numerous other household goods. Any of these goods will be sold at private sale up to the time of the auction.

ZEPHYRS FROM THE SEA BREEZE. In speaking of the improvement at Northport, the Breeze says—The growth here is not spasmodic, but healthy. Two large, two-storied, finely finished society cottages are being finished, one by the Union society, and the other by the North Searsport society. Mr. Brown, of the Grove House, has built a very tasty cottage, Italian style, near the head of Union street, and sold it to Rev. L. D. Wardwell. Mr. Richardson, a nice one on Clinton avenue. W. C. Tuttle, one on Maple street, and Mr. Maynard, of Waterville, is finishing a fine one on Park Row. Several new ones are soon to go up on Bay View avenue. Ed. Mahoney is building a large two-story cottage and oil near the grounds, and a large amount of repairing, enlarging, &c., is visible all about, in the form of verandas, ells, additions, cook-houses, &c.... The North Searsport society cottage is rapidly approaching completion, and will be ready for occupancy before Camp-meeting week.... A reunion of the Bowker family took place last Saturday at the Bray cottage on So. Shore avenue. It was the occasion of the 75th birthday of Nathan Bowker, Esq., of Palermo, who was made the recipient of a capacious and costly arm-chair by his descendents, eighteen of whom, representing three generations, were present, from Boston, Bangor, Rockland and Palermo. ...Mackerel are caught from off the Camp Ground wharf.... Cottage roofs are being painted red.... Camp-meeting will be held the last full week in August.... Roadmaster Wagg, of the M. C. R. R., has leased the Marston cottage on Park row, and his family will occupy it for the season.... Over 800 feet of drain tile, two-thirds of which is mains, have been laid this year. Northport Camp Ground is one of the cleanest and best drained summer resorts in Maine.... The "Waterville" cottage on So. Shore, has been purchased by Messrs. Brown and Estabrook, of Oldtown, and entirely rebuilt and remodeled, making it a first-class cottage.... Capt. Robt. Coombs, of Belfast, has bought the Patterson cottage on So. Shore, next to "Clearview," and named it "Beechwood." He has built a new stable, &c., and will occupy the cottage with his family this season.... All the trees on the grounds transplanted by John Loso, are alive and doing well.... A whale was seen off the grounds last week.... Saturday evenings are illumination evenings on the grounds.... The popular shade at the Camp Ground is the shade of the ash, elm or maple.... Religious services are held on the grounds regularly every Sabbath forenoon.... A large, new cottage has been built in the cove below Breezy Point.

Charles F. Achorn has been appointed post-master at Palermo.

The raspberry and blueberry pie now engages the attention of the housewife.

Ex Mayor Swan declines to be a trustee for the city of Belfast in the refunding matter.

Three of our clergymen are absent on vacations. It is said that Satan never rests from his labors.

The Unitarian Sabbath school and society will make an excursion on steamer May Queen to-day, to Dice's Head.

Mr. Benj. Hazeltine, of this city, has recently purchased two cargoes of ice at Bangor for his southern trade.

Capt. Frank E. Dyer, of Belfast, in sch. M. B. Millen, recently made the run from New York to Savannah in three days.

A temperance camp-meeting at Lake Maranacook begins to-day, and will continue four days. People can leave this city and return on regular trains for $1.25.

The frequent thunder showers of late so charged the air with electricity as to interrupt telegraphic communication. The operator in this city says that in a long experience she never knew the wires to act so badly as last week.

We learn from good authority that three or four Belfast captains will have new vessels built another season. They are to be three masted schooners and some of them 600 or 700 tons. Vessel property is now making very good returns.

Mathews Bros. are now working a crew of thirty-five men at their door and sash factory, and cannot keep up with their orders.... Durham & Hall, on Monday, shipped a lot of doors and sash to Castine, for the town house at that place. This is the first order this new firm has shipped away. They are also full of work.

A great deal of anxiety has been felt by our citizens concerning the condition of the President, and the bulletins have been eagerly looked for. Some of the same earnestness was displayed on Sunday as was manifest on the memorable July 2d. The thanks of the public are due to the Western Union company for making public the official bulletins from Washington. The citizens of Belfast are under obligations to Mr. A. D. Chase who has daily posted these telegrams at the corner of Main and Church streets.

The lover of flowers can enjoy a rare treat by visiting Mr. H. W. Marriner, on Congress street, where a rose bush known as the Queen of the Prairie may be seen in full bloom. The bush is a rapid grower, shoots attaining a dozen feet in length in one year. The bush in question is eight years old, planted on either side of the entrance to the piazza forming an arch overhead. There are on the bush to-day more than one thousand buds and blossoms. The flower is scarlet tinged with white, nearly odorless and said to contain one hundred leaves.

POLICE NOTES. Anna Jackson, on complaint of Isaac A. Flagg, was before Justice Greer, in this city, on Saturday last, for the larceny of a harness. Parties live in Belmont. The complainant alleged that Jackson stole a part of his harness at Belfast on circus day. Jackson was acquitted.... Andrew Robbins was before Justice Greer, on Tuesday, on two warrants sworn out by Mrs. Lucy A. Dunbar. Parties live in Belfast. The first was for an assault committed July 25th, the latter for drunkenness and disturbance. On the first Robbins was fined $3 and costs, and on the latter ten days in jail.

A French convict named Alfred Dubay escaped from the Maine State prison on Saturday afternoon, by jumping into a carriage and driving off. He was at work outside the prison walls. On Monday one of the prison officials named Fletcher arrived in this city, and with city marshal Cates, drove into the country, Dubay having been reported seen near Hope. At Belmont Corner the officers got on the track of a man who answered exactly the description of Dubay. The trail was followed to beyond Ruffingham, in Searsmont, where it was lost. The officers believe the man to have been Dubay.

YACHTING NOTES. The yacht Bonita, of Portland, with Messrs. Bibber, Morrill, McMann, Higgins, Waldron and others on board, was in our harbor last week. The yacht is on a cruise east, and will go as far as the Provinces.... Yacht Maggie, also of Portland, owned by A. H. Knight, Charles Smith and Frank Clark, was in Belfast harbor on Thursday and Friday of last week. The above named gentlemen and others were returning from an eastward cruise.... The steam yacht Stranger, of New York, is in eastern waters.... Large numbers of yachts are in this vicinity.... Yacht Sport, Capt. Sherman, of Chelsea, was in our harbor on Monday.... The yacht Fleetwing, of New York, on a cruise, put into Belfast on Monday, where she laid over the storm.

TRANSFERS IN REAL ESTATE. The following are the transfers in real estate in Waldo county, for the week ending July 26th—Wm. S. Bowen, Monroe, to Mary A. Bowen et. al., same town. Ira W. Berry, Stockton, to John M. Lafolley, same town. Henry W. Ellis, Searsport, two lots, one to Daniel J. Kimball et. al., Swanville, and one to L. A. and Henry Philbrick et. al., Belfast. Wilder S. Grant, Belfast, to Alice A. Grant, Belfast. Phineas G. Hunt, Belfast, to Margaret H. Hunt, Belfast. Lewis A. Knowlton, Belfast, to Wilder S. Grant et. al., Belfast. Daniel R. Maddocks, Belfast, to David Pierce, Belfast. E. E. Patch, Brooks, to W. O. Jones, same town. Wm. E. Stephenson, Belfast, to Lucy A. Strout, Belfast. Mary M. Trim, Islesboro, to Delia F. Yeaton, same town. C. D. Wentworth, Searsmont, to Annie M. Black, Belmont.

Little Eddie Hersey, son of Col. Philo Hersey, of this city, broke his right forearm on Monday evening, at the Oakes cottage, Quantebacook Lake, Searsmont. The boy with two companions, Masters Ralph Perry and Ed. Quimby, were at the Lake for a week's sojourn. When retiring the little boy stood on a camp stool to hang up his clothes, when the stool came together throwing him to the floor. For a youth of thirteen Master Hersey displayed great fortitude and presence of mind. His companions were alarmed, but Eddie, taking in the situation, told one to go to the Pines' cottage and the other to Field's cottage where Belfast parties were encamped, for help. The night was dark and stormy, but Eddie remained alone during the absence of his companions. When Charles Field and George A. Quimby, the first to arrive, entered the cottage, they found the brave little boy in bed, with his broken arm carefully nestled on a pillow. A surgeon was summoned who dressed the limb. The boy was brought home on Tuesday.

Last week was a hard one for the hay makers of Waldo county. The treacherous weather caught our farmers with large quantities of grass down. A gentleman who is well posted, says more mown grass is now spoiling in Waldo county than was ever before known at one time. In Belfast, some farmers have as many as twenty tons out, which has been cut more than a week. The continuet wet weather if it does not rot the hay entirely, so blacken it as to make it unsalable. It rained every day last week. Sunday morning was fair and it looked like a good hay day. Our farmers who believe in "making hay when the sun shines" opened their stacks only to have them thoroughly wetted by the afternoon showers. In some sections of the county the day was fair throughout and was improved. On Monday afternoon a long rain set in which continued through the night and next day. Dog-days have now set in, which is not encouraging for the remainder of the crop. Another injury is that the grass now standing will become over ripe. On the whole the hay crop in this section will fall far short of expectations. On Tuesday evening a very severe tempest passed over this vicinity. The lightning was very vivid, and the rainfall was heavy. Wednesday was foggy.

PERSONAL. Mr. Henry P. White, city editor of the Rockland Courier, is spending his vacation at his old home in Belfast. Henry will celebrate his 21st birthday to-morrow.... Mr. Henry J. Woods, of Newton, Mass., formerly of Belfast, is now occupying his cottage at the Camp Ground.... B. P. Palmer, Esq., managing editor of the Boston Globe, arrived at the Northport Camp Ground with his wife and children on Friday morning's boat. Mr. Palmer returned to Boston the same day. The family remain for the season.... Mrs. Dr. Calvin Moore and daughter, Miss Annie Locke, of San Francisco, Cal., are at H. J. Locke's, in this city. This is their first visit to Belfast in ten years.... Mrs. Hattie and Issie Barns, of Bristol, are at Miss Barns' in this city.... Mr. Frank C. Pitcher, of Chelsea, Mass., formerly of Belfast, is spending a vacation with friends in this city.... Mrs. Lydia C. Dunlap, a grand daughter of ex Gov. Dunlap, of Brunswick, is at A. D. Chase's, in this city.... The Bucksport correspondent of the Ellsworth American, says—"By the earnest efforts of the Rev. Mr. Gerrish, $600 have been subscribed to pay the debt now due on the Methodist parsonage." It will be seen that the reverend gentleman has gone zealously to work in his new field.... Mr. J. C. Greeley and wife, of Jacksonville, were in this city for a few days recently. Mr. Greeley is president of the Florida Savings Bank. The couple are stopping for a season at Augusta.... Dr. Harkness, of California, is visiting his friend, Col. Chenery, in this city.... Doctor and Mrs. W. F. Daughtrey, of Portsmouth, Va., will pass the summer at Dr. Moody's, in this city. Mrs. D. is a daughter of Dr. M.'s.... Mr. R. E. Alden, of Belfast, has resigned his position as ticket agent at the Maine Central station at Waterville, to take effect July 31st. Mr. Alden goes to Clinton, Iowa.... Mr. Will Clark, of this city, recently at R. H. White's in Boston, is now employed by Simonton Bros., Rockland, where he will have charge of the wholesale department.... Mr. John Kilgore, of Lowell, Mass., is stopping with his brother H. L. Kilgore, of this city.... Mrs. John E. Cousens and children, of Brookline, Mass., are visiting relatives in this city.... Mr. Morris Hervey, is at Belfast on a brief visit.... Mr. Ed. W. Reynolds, formerly of Belfast, has gone into business at Bangor. He is a member of the firm of Glynn & Reynolds, booksellers and stationers.

The tax collector will receive his book the last of the week, when all interested can learn what they owe to the public.

An interesting letter from Rev. Mr. Goodenough, written from Portland, Oregon, was crowded out of to-day's paper. It will appear next week.

The western mail on Wednesday evening of last week, was delayed several hours, owing to an accident to a bridge on the main line.

Twenty pieces of real estate were sold in this city on Wednesday for taxes. This is a much smaller sale than in former years, thirty-seven pieces being sold last year. The city bids in the most of them. Nearly all are redeemed eventually.

F. A. Follett, of this city, offers for sale the well known yacht Little Rogue. The yacht is first class and has a good reputation as a sailer. See advertisement.... See card of S. S. Keith, cabinet maker, in this city. Work entrusted to him will be well done.... See notice of the treasurer's statement of Liberty manufacturing company.

Observing a lighted lantern in Dow's egg packing establishment on Saturday the enquiry was made as to its use. It was to detect bad eggs. By holding an egg to the light any one can readily tell whether it is good or bad. The light easily penetrates a good egg making a slight rosy color, while a bad egg is as black and dead as night.

The Rockland Opinion says that "Messrs. Frank Higgins and son have bought the stage line between Rockland and Camden, of Southworth, Lancaster & Co., Belfast, and also have secured the contract to carry the mail. They are first-class stage men, and the public will be well accommodated by them. They have been drivers on the route some time."

Mr. W. T. Howard, marble worker in this city, has received an order for an elaborate marble monument to be erected in a cemetery at Searsmont It is for Mr. Joseph T. Dunnell, and will cost about $500. The design is very handsome, and with base and shaft the monument will be ten feet high. Mr. Howard is winning a good reputation as a marble cutter.

Messrs. A. W. Bliss and G. E. Alden, of Boston, arrived in town on Monday, having made the journey from Boston on bicycles. The distance from Camden to Belfast, eighteen miles, over a muddy and uneven road, was made in a little over two hours. The gentlemen hired a team and drove to Fort Point, the heavy rains making the roads almost impassable for their wheels.

WHEREABOUTS OF BELFAST VESSELS. Schr. Lizzie Poor is discharging a cargo of corn at Bangor, from Boston.... Sch. Florida is loading coal at New York for Belfast.... Sch. Annie L. McKeen from New York, arrived at Mayport, Fla. July 24th. ....Sch. S. E. Woodbury from Camden, arrived at Jacksonville on the 21st.... Sch. A. Hayford arrived at New York on the 24th, from Jacksonville.

ALONG THE WHARVES. The bark Glacier, of Wilmington, N. C., is loading hay at this place for the vessel's home port. She will take something over 300 tons and is loaded by Mr. A. C. Pitcher.... Benj. Hazeltine has loaded sch. Paul Seavey with ice and hay for Jacksonville.... Wm. Pitcher & Son and Woods & Co., have loaded sch. Dora French with hay for Charleston.... Howes & Co. are loading sch. Jachin with staves for New York.

MONROE. Mr. George R. Williams, of Boston, while assisting Mr. L. O. Robinson dress a lamb, had his hand badly cut.... The bad weather has damaged a large quantity of hay.... The band will give a concert at the town hall on Saturday.... There are no new cases of diphtheria in town.... Nealley & Lufkin, of this town, have received a patent on their lantern reflectors from the Canadian government.

ISLESBORO. The Sea Breeze says that ten new cottages have been built here, and more are to follow. Fifty lots have been sold. The following are the cottage owners, most of whom are present in person, or by family, and occupying: S. H. Barbour, Bangor; Wm. Barbour, Bucksport; F. E. Duncan, Lincolnville; A. G. Hunt, Houlton; Frank D. Pullen, E. W. Waite, J. H. Haines, W. A. Bragg, Frank Garland, and Hook & Woodbury, all of Bangor. Cottages will soon be built by Mrs. Bartlett and Jesse Haynes, Bangor.

WINTERPORT. The busiest place in town is Hon. Fred Atwood's warehouse. The demands upon him for mowers (Meadow King) and horse rakes, have been very heavy, and the manufacturers have not been able to fill his orders.... The repairs and improvements having been completed on the Methodist church, it was reopened last Sabbath. Sermon by the pastor in the forenoon, and in the evening a very interesting Sabbath school concert was held, under the direction of Mrs. T. A. Snow and Miss Emily M. Hall. The house was packed to its utmost capacity, many extra seats being placed in the aisles. Anchors, crosses and harps wrought in moss and flowers abounded, showing unbounded taste and zeal on the part of the ladies of the society. The liberality and industry of the ladies and gentlemen of the society have resulted in giving to the Methodist friends as neat and pretty a place of worship as there is in the county.... The Winterport Cornet Band is to have a grand excursion on the Ross boat and barge to Castine and Northport, Aug. 30, should the weather be pleasant, if not the next fair day. Everybody with their wives and children are expected to go. Tickets very reasonable.... T. A. Snow, Esq., has sold his cottage at Northport to Mrs. McKnight, of Thomaston, and others.

BUCKSPORT. A party of young men from this place started out on their summer vacation last Monday. They left White's wharf at half past ten A. M. in the yacht Jeannette, bound for Bar Harbor and other places of summer resort. They will be gone about ten days. The names of the vacationists are as follows: Geo. Parker, captain; Alvah Ames, cook; Rob Emery, Rufus Sheburne, Bert Wardwell, Earnest Hill, Philo Kalish, Carl Buck, Albert Gilley, Bert Glass, Theo Fox. The Jeannette is one of the finest yachts that sails the coast of Maine.... It is with pleasure that we learn that Rev. M. W. Prince is to come here about the first of August, and will assume his duties as principal of E. M. C. Seminary, the fall term of which begins Aug. 31. On Monday last Mr. Prince sent in his resignation as pastor of Grace Church in Haverill, Mass., where the results of his labors have been seen in a rapidly growing church membership and a sound financial condition. He is well known here and very popular among our people, and if the school can be put in a more flourishing condition than the present, the people who know Mr. Prince believe he is the man to accomplish it. Mr. Prince and family will take rooms at the Seminary boarding house, and board with the students.... The work of renovating the Seminary building is now going on, viz., that of painting, papering, whitewashing, etc.... Rev. Mr. Gerrish will preach on next Sunday morning and evening from the text "Justification by faith."... Last Sunday, Dr. Henry Blodget, formerly of this place, filled the Congregationalist pulpit at the morning service. Dr. Blodget has been a missionary in China for 27 years. He will remain here with his family for a time.... On Sunday evening last the pastor of the Congregationalist church, Rev. Wm. Forsyth, introduced Rev. Arthur Skeele of East Bloomfield, N. Y., who preached an excellent sermon.... The soldiers' graves in the cemetery at North Bucksport were decorated on Sunday afternoon. The Bucksport Cornet Band, John L. Homer, leader, furnished the music. Rev. Theodore Gerrish gave the memorial address. It was a decided success.

SEARSPORT. Quimby & Co. are doing an extensive business in the manufacture of the Champion Steam Cooker, patented by James Ledstone, of Pittsfield.... Emery Sawyer, Esq., picked from one strawberry vine of the Cresent seedling variety, 63 berries, which more than filled a quart measure, and has since potted off 21 roots from the same vine. ....The yacht Una, of which Capt. D. C. Rich, of this place, is sailing master, came into port Thursday. The Una is 45 tons burthen, schooner rigged, and is owned by Mr. Eskstine, of the firm of Eskstine, Hill & Co., of Cincinnati, O., manufacturers of white lead. Mr. E. has spared no pains or expense in fitting up the yacht and she is a perfect beauty. She was formerly the famous sloop yacht Una owned in Boston, and was so fast that she was ruled out of all races for boats of her class, and she was not ruined for speed by being re-rigged, judging from the spanking style in which she came up the bay Thursday. She spreads fifteen hundred yards of canvas.... The Nickles' brothers, captains David, J. C., Fred, Albert and Edward, are all at home at present, and had a reunion at the house of Capt. David, last Wednesday evening. It is the first time they have all been at home together for over thirty years.... The Post G. A. R. are talking of an excursion down the harbor soon.... The season is at its height here and excursions, lawn parties, picnics, &c., are the order of the day.... A mask party at the hotel Friday evening, was an enjoyable time, and ended "way along late" with a dance.... The scholars of Union school gave an exhibition Wednesday eve which was a success as an entertainment as well as financially. The programme was as follows: Select reading by Dick Smith, duet by Laura Packard and Mamie Smith, comic song by Frank G. Nichols, song by Miss Anna Colson, song by Mrs. Jennie Carver, readings by Mrs Pote of Bangor, and was performed to the letter. Nearly every piece was encored. The entertainment concluded with the drama, "The Last Loaf" and a social dance. The Italian harpers were secured as an orchestra. The receipts were seventy seven dollars, and after paying expenses and a balance due on a set of Johnson's Cyclopedia for the school the residue is to go for a benefit to master Dick Smith, who has always been in the force front in the exhibitions of the school heretofore.... Edward R. Patterson and Charles B. Norris, son and son-in-law of Capt. R. E. Patterson, all the way from St. Joe, Missouri, are visiting friends here.... The ship William H. Conner, Capt. John Pendleton, is reported at Wilmington, Cal., after a 122 days passage from Cardiff.]

UNITY. The North Waldo Agricultural Society will hold its annual show and fair at Unity Trotting Park, near Unity village, October 4th and 5th. The exhibitions for the last two years have been very successful, and it is expected the coming fall to surpass any heretofore holden by this society. All trotting purses will be paid promptly at the close of the trot.

THORNDIKE. Large quantities of hay damaged in this town.... When the sun came out clear last Sunday, our farmers put extra help into the fields to spread hay. The rain which followed damaged hundreds of tons.... Mr. Philip Scribner, section hand on the railroad, had a narrow escape last week. While riding on a hand car from Thorndike to Unity, he suddenly met a gravel train coming around a curve. Mr. Scribner and the man with him jumped for their lives, leaving the hand car to be smashed.

CASTINE. About fifty persons landed from steamer Lewiston on Saturday morning, the most of them summer visitors. Among the late arrivals were Hon. Noah Brooks, Rev. George Adams and Ethiel Lawrence, Esq., former residents.... Mr. H. N. Bodwell has five boarders at his cottage on the head.... Mr. W. T. Hooper has recently purchased a buckboard, which indicates an increasing business in his line.... D. J. Crawford is refitting his store on Main street, lately occupied by E. F. Hatch, and will open a fruit and confectionery shop.

NORTHPORT. The house of Capt. Bachelder was struck by lightning on Tuesday evening. The bolt entered through the roof and penetrated nearly every part of the house injuring it quite badly. In one room were the captain, his wife, a lady visitor and children. All were more or less affected, but not seriously injured. A mirror was shivered to atoms and small utensils thrown about the room. The captain was standing in the middle of the room smoking a pipe. He was knocked backward against the partition. The pipe was found uninjured on top of the stove.

NORTH MONTVILLE. The shower which passed over this place Monday night was the severest that has visited us within the memory of the oldest inhabitants. During the shower the house of Nathaniel Hall was struck by lightning. The bolt passed down the chimney and followed the stove-pipe to the sitting room, where it burst with a report like that of a gun, filling the room with smoke, and scattering the pipe about. The family was in the room at the time. Mrs. Hall was moved, with her chair, several feet, and thrown violently over backward. Mr. H. was thrown from his chair. Both were partially paralyzed for a time; otherwise they were uninjured. The son was unharmed. Strangely no injury was done the house beyond the tearing apart of a stove-pipe elbow.

PALERMO. Last week was the worst for haying that has been known for many years. A great deal of hay has been damaged by the sudden showers. ....Mr. G. F. Thurston was thrown from his wagon a short time ago, while in Albion, and a number of his ribs were broken by the fall. A log beside the road frightened his horse. He has begun an action for damages against the town. Mr. Thurston has been unlucky. His hand was badly smashed in a threshing machine last fall, from which injury he has but just recovered.... The new stage company has been busy this month carrying city visitors to the country. They have placed a new coach on the west end of the line, which is calculated to knock the spots off anything running in the county.... Branch Mills Lodge I. O. of G. T., purchased last week, the building and lot known as the Harrington Academy stand, and will fit it up for occupancy as soon as possible. They are in hopes to have it ready for the dedication services by the first of August. The building is just what the lodge has needed for a long time. It has a large room underneath which can be used for refreshments, &c., a bell for calling the members on special occasions, and is situated in a quiet spot.

CAMDEN. There are no new developments in relation to the Rockport mystery.... There are large quantities of hay cut in this section, which is spoiling on account of the frequent rains.... There has been for a number of days past a large number of yachts in our harbor.... Capt. J. T. Conant, master of the bark John M. Clark, Camden, who has been spending over a year at home, left on Thursday evening, to join his vessel at Queenstown. The captain sailed from Boston on Saturday morning last in the steamer Malta, of the Cunard line. The good wishes of his many friends in Camden will go with him.... An excursion came here from Bangor last Sunday.... Paul Stevens, from Washington, is in town.... The Camden Cornet Band, under the lead of G. H. Cleveland, gave an excellent minstrel entertainment at the hall last Tuesday evening, to a full house.... Gould's meat market was broken open and entered Sunday night, and the money drawer robbed of several dollars. Atwick & Trim's grocery store was also entered and the thieves obtained all the money in the drawer and considerable goods, value not known.

FISH AND FISHING. A horse mackerel weighing 5½ pounds was on exhibition in Portland last week.... The Journal says black bass are biting freely in the little Androscoggin, and parties of Lewiston and Auburn fishermen are beating the stream from Auburn up to Minot.... C. C. Homer & Co., of Bucksport have handled two tons of salmon this season.... Salmon are more plentiful in the Aroostook river than they have been for years. The Houlton Pioneer says: Mr. Gilman of Ashland caught two at his place last week. There being no obstruction at the falls renders the ascent of the fish easy.... At Friendship the price of hake sounds was started at 60 cents a pound, but no lots were offered.... The Waterville Sentinel says a great many fish are being taken from the chain of ponds emptied by the Messalonskee.... In Oregon the comet is considered as a sign that there will not be a big run of salmon next year.... At Fire Island, L. I., Thursday, a turtle 7 ft. long and 4 ft. wide, and weighing about 800 lbs., was captured. The oldest fisherman there has never seen anything like it.... The Times says that Fish Commissioner Stanley has been in Saco, looking over the fish subject. It is probable that young salmon will be placed in the river at Upper Bartlett, as there is greater probability of the young fish finding less to destroy them in the upper waters.... Last week mackerel were taken in the weirs at Milbridge in large quantities. They were large and fat and were canned at the sardine factory.... The factories at Jonesport are getting all the fish they can handle, both sardines and mackerel.... S. Nickerson & Sons, Boothbay, are packing about 100 barrels of mackerel a day, and also have men at work on cod, hake and haddock.... Sch. George E. Hagnet, of Harpswell, Capt. John Linscott, 32 tons, has landed to A. Trufant, Cundy's Harbor, from May 4 to July 9, $3200 worth of fish, exclusive of hake sounds, and has stocked since the middle of February $6000.... The Camden Herald says: The sardine factory had more mackerel than they could handle this week. Monday, about one hundred and fifty barrels arrived by steamer Hurricane and about twenty-five barrels by steamer Planet, but only about 35 barrels of the former's load were taken. They had to work evenings to take care of them.... The Commissioners of fisheries propose to operate on Sebago waters more extensively than heretofore. An effort will be made to increase salmon.... The Sea World predicts higher priced oysters in the fall.... A Portland firm cans 30 tons of fresh mackerel per week.... The U. S. Fish Commission will make an effort to discover the winter quarters of the blue-fish, mackerel, salmon and shad, which at the present time are merely matters for conjecture.... The Sullivan Bulletin reports good trout fishing in the brooks in that vicinity. A Boston man recently captured a brook trout that weighed two pounds and a half.... The latest advices from Labrador give more cheering accounts of the fisheries there Several American schooners landed on the upper part of the coast and left for home. The outlook is the best for twenty years.

NEWSPAPER NOTES. The Wilton Record is the name of a new weekly journal, published in the town of Wilton by J. S. Swift, and L. F. Abbott. Its aim is to be a purely local paper, and the first issue before us shows industry and capacity.... The Masonic Token for the quarter ending July 15, is at hand. It contains an unusually large amount of news of interest to the Brotherhood. Stephen Berry, publisher, Portland.... The July number of the Scientific News contains illustrated articles on the Doblear telephone; Glass Grinding Machine; Ancient Pottery from Cyprus; A Mechanical Larynx; A Pleasure Car of the Days of Louis XIV; Amateur Mechanics; The Remarkable Palmyra Palm; Curious Fishes; The bursting of Fly Wheels, and a Velocipede Carriage, with interesting, useful and practical papers, relating to various departments of popular science. Munn & Co., New York, publishers.

Boston is the market for horse mackerel. A horse mackerel on toast is a favorite dish with Boston editors,—when they cannot get a whale. Brain food!

Justice Clifford always said he would die in harness, and he did.

The South is solid—for the President's recovery.

Spell it with three o's—Maranocook.

For the Journal.

M. and His Wise Advice to Excursionists.

MR. EDITOR: The Journal of the 14th inst., has a communication from a writer subscribing himself M., who lavishly praises the beauty and attractiveness of Dice's Head at Castine, and "its genial and gentlemanly proprietor"—all of which I do not propose to dispute. But when M goes out of his way for the purpose of venting his spite on the Maine Central Railroad and satirizing its management, as is done in his allusions to the Lake Maranocook excursions, I ask the favor of a word.

It is a matter for regret that the managers of railroads and other common carriers cannot always know beforehand how many passengers they are to have on a given day, and always be able to provide adequately for them: but it has been so ever since excursions began, and will continue to the end of time. The only rigid condition which common sense and common law imposes is that life and limb shall not be recklessly imperilled. The Maine Central has for many years run excursions as well as regular trains with entire safety to its patrons, notwithstanding that M.'s fertile imagination pictures passengers as "clinging to the platform of a cattle car, or hung up on the side of it by his coat collar, or nailed on by one ear, or squeezed into the inside as closely as sardines are packed into a box, during a journey of seventy miles, to wander about when there in the beautifully colored and sweet scented refuse of a tanyard, which some shining genius has emptied down to regale the nose and eyes and ears" This is all fancy, unless M. for his mendacity has anticipated the pillory, and been actually "nailed on by one ear."

Now let us for one moment turn from railroad excursions to the much commended trip to Castine, and one which the steamer May Queen made a few days later "across one of the most beautiful bays in the world to Dice's Head, where clean grounds, grand scenery, cool, refreshing breezes', &c., &c., prevail I shall not state this on the authority of any anonymous writer like M., but quote the facts as stated editorially in the Republican Journal of July 21st. An excursion of Odd Fellows, including the Grand Officers, embarked on steamer May Queen for Castine. Between Belfast and Searsport the steamer ran violently on a sunken ledge. The Journal says—

The boat began to leak, 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 hazardous one, over one hundred lives being imperilled. The officers of the boat, 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.

Alas for the imaginative M. and the beautiful place towards which his fervid description led these pilgrims with their two lodges and brass band! Picture the leaky steamer, gored by the ledges of the bay, with her living freight running such disastrous chances. And the return was even more perilous than the going Further says the truthful Journal—

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.

So, in following the adjuration to forsake Maranacook and flee to Dice's Head, this blind leader of the blind, got these excursionists ashore on a ledge, stove a hole in the steamer, made a perilous trip across the bay at the risk of drowning every passenger, lost the steamer's propeller, and were charitably towed home by a revenue cutter at six o'clock next morning! Verily, great is M. as a "guide, philosopher and friend." S.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE REPUBLICAN JOURNAL: Will you allow me space in your columns to reply to an article in the Progressive Age in its issue of July 21st inst., under the caption of "A Liar Pilloried!"

In the article above referred to this fellow who sloshes round in the editorial sanctum of the Progressive Age, attempts to avoid the damaging force of my letter in the Journal of the 14th inst., by printing a bogus bill of sale from one Geo. W. Burgess, of one fourth of the Prog. Age printing establishment and one *fourth of the job establishment connected therewith.* It will be remembered that we

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. SHIVLER, 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 one 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 calm 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 cause Consumption, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, Asthma, Wheezing 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 this 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 efficacious** 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.

Woman can Sympathize with Woman. Health of Woman is the Hope of the Race.

Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

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 humor 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

Green Apples.

Pull down the bough, Bob! Isn't this fun?
Now give it a shake and—there goes one!
Now put your thumb up to the other and see
If it isn't as mellow as mellow can be.
I know by the stripe
It must be ripe!
That's one apiece for you and me.

Green, are they? Well, no matter for that,
Sit down on the grass, and we'll have a chat,
And I'll tell you what old Parson Bute
Said, last Sunday, of unripe fruit.
"Life," says he,
"Is a beautiful tree,
Heavily laden with beautiful fruit."

"For youth there's love, just streaked with red,
And great joys hanging just over his head:
Happiness, honor and great estate,
For those who patiently work and wait;
Blessing," said he,
"Of every degree,
Ripening early, and ripening late.

Take them in season, pluck and eat,
And the fruit is wholesome, the fruit is sweet:
But, oh, my friends!" Here he gave a rap
On his desk, like a regular thunder clap,
And made such a bang,
Old Deacon Lang
Woke up out of his Sunday nap.

"Green fruit," he said, "God would not bless:
But half life's sorrow and bitterness,
Half the evil, and ache and crime,
Came from tasting before their time,
The fruits Heaven sent,"
Then on he went
To his fourthly and fifthly—wasn't it prime?

But, I say, Bob, we fellows don't care
So much for a mouthful of apple or pear:
But what we like is the fun of the thing,
When the fresh winds blow and the hangbirds bring
Home grubs and sing
To their young ones a swing
In their basket nest, tied up by its string.

I like apples in various ways;
They're first-rate roasted before the blaze
Of a winter's fire: and, oh, my eyes,
Aren't they nice, though, made into pies!
I scarce ever saw
One, cooked or raw,
That wasn't good for a boy of my size.

But shake your fruit from the orchard tree,
So the tune of the brook and the hum of the bee,
And the chipmonks chirping every minute,
And the clear, sweet note of the gay little linnet,
And the grass and the flowers,
And the long summer hours,
And the flavor of sun and breeze are in it.

But this is a hard one! Why didn't we
Leave them another week on the tree!
Is yours as bitter? Give us a bite,
The pulp is tough and the seeds are white,
And the taste of it puckers
My mouth like a sucker's!
I vow, I believe the old parson was right!

Shut In.

From the upper shelf, as I just now fumbled
'Mong the ancient books that it holds in trust
By a careless move this old Reader tumbled,
With its leaves wide spread, and a puff of dust,

And out from between its yellow old pages
Something went scattering over the floor,
With a smell, I thought, like the "dust of ages,"
And a look like grass when summer is o'er.

Oh, what did I see as I stooped to gather
The crumbling leaves to their places again?
Two gayest of girls, in the pleasant weather,
Walking and talking in merriest strain.

Through the dark green rowen our shade hats trailing,
While the low down sun, blazed up from the west;
A night hawk, booming, above us was sailing,
With a golden gleam on his speckled breast.

We were talking of—what? Do you remember?
No doubt 'twas the chatter of foolish girls
Who lives were as bright as the fair September,
Whose hearts were as light as the leaf that twirls.

With a graceful move you would oft bend over,
As the willow dips to the river's strand,—
And I saw, each time, that a four leafed clover
Was plucked from its place by your dainty hand.

"You're a witch," I cried, "or a trained magician!
Not once in an age comes one to my view!"
"Can it be," you said, "a defect of vision?"
And bending down quickly, you picked up two.

With the evening dews on our lengthening tresses,
We slowly went home, while the air grew chill;
And the drabbly trail of our muslin dresses
Through our happy hearts seat a troubled thrill.

Did you think, as you pressed, in the lamp's dim shining,
The velvet green leaves, with a dreamy look,
That your own fair face and that day's declining
Would stay like the clover, in this old book?

Making Things Over

"Maria," said Mr. Jones, upon one of his worrying days, "it seems to me you might be more economical; now there is my old clothes, why can't you make them over for the children instead of giving them away?"

"Because they're worn out when you're done with them," answered Mrs. Jones. "It's no use making over things for the children that won't hold together; you couldn't do it yourself, smart as you are."

"Well," grumbled Jones, "I would not have closets full of things mildewing for want of wear, if I was a woman, that's all. A penny saved is a penny earned.'

That was in April. One warm day in May Mr. Jones went prancing through the closets looking for something he couldn't find, and turning things generally inside out.

"Maria!" he screamed, "where's my gray alpaca duster?"

"Made it over for Johnny."

"A-hem! Well, where's the brown linen one I brought last summer?"

"Clothes bag!" mumbled Mrs. Jones, who seemed to have a difficulty in her speech at that moment, "made it into a nice one!"

"Where are my lavender pants?" yelled Jones

"Cut them up for Willie."

"Heavens!" groaned the husband; then in a voice of thunder, "Where have my blue suspenders got to?"

"Hung the baby-jumper with them."

"Maria," asked the astonished man in a subdued voice, "would you mind telling me what you have done with my silk hat? You haven't made that over for the baby, have you?"

"Oh, no, dear," answered his wife cheerfully. "I've used that for a hanging-basket. It is full of plants, and looks lovely."

Mr. Jones never mentions the word economy or suggests making over. He has had enough of it. [Detroit Post.

How a Young Lady's Foot Blocked a Railroad.

A young lady took a car which brought her to the foot of California street, and there took a seat on the dummy car, which bore her to the vicinity of her home on Octavia street. As she left the car and was crossing the track on the southern side her foot slipped and turned and was caught fast in the crack where the wire cable passes. Some imperfection in the road-bed had caused the narrow aperture to expand, and the young girl's narrow foot was entrapped. The engineer of the cast-bound dummy saw the obstacle on the road in season to check his swift approaching car, and alighted, with the conductor and several passengers of investigating mind, who endeavored to release the slender foot, but their efforts were in vain. Another car and another brought up in funeral row, and constant reinforcements in the way of passing pedestrians cheered and enlivened the scene. An attempt was made to pry the iron rails forming the cable channel further apart, but they firmly resisted all efforts. Everybody had a suggestion: "Push your foot forward;" "Pull it back;" "Tip it sideways;" "Lift your heel higher." The unhappy girl was almost fainting, but she persevered in her efforts to extricate the offending member. By this time travel on the road had virtually ceased. The last car had long ago passed, and was steadily approaching to fall into line at the rear of the singular procession. Down town passengers fretted and fumed or slowly climbed the hill in disgust. On every street corner groups of waiting people berated the laxity of street car management. Reporters from all the downtown dailies were proceeding westward to learn the meaning of the large crowd reported to have assembled in the Western Addition. From the scene of the accident envoys had been dispatched to the railroad shops to bring appliances for taking up a section of the road. At this juncture, a tall, brawny Englishman, in the dress of a mechanic, forced his way through the throng, and in a cheery voice, marked by the Derbyshire dialect, asked:

"Ha' ye tried onfastenin' the young leddy's shoe?"

Ten buttons flew from as many button-holes, and in the twinkling of an eye the foot was free. [San Francisco Chronicle.

A San Francisco clothing merchant displays the sign "Do not go somewhere else to be robbed; walk in here."

Shortening the Voyage Across the Atlantic.

Designs have been made by a Swedish naval architect for a new kind of Atlantic passenger steamer which shall attain a speed of from twenty to twenty-one knots an hour, and make the voyage across the Atlantic in six days. To do this the ship must steam at an average of at least twenty knots the whole distance, and therefore, it must be capable of going faster when the wind and tide are not dead against the vessel, so as to make up for time lost when the circumstances are not so favorable.

The ship proposed by Captain Lundborg, the Swedish engineer, is to be five hundred feet long by seventy-four broad, and to be propelled by four compound engines, capable of developing together 22,800 indicated horse-power. It is intended to carry 600 first-class and 1500 second and third class passengers, and 3,000 tons of cargo, besides 3,200 tons of coal, or enough for 180 hours steaming at full speed.

The prominent idea of Captain Lundborg is to so build his ship that the main body shall divide the water horizontally instead of vertically. The hull, therefore, projects below the water line, and this peculiarity of design enables him to have large engine room, to get great capacity with shallow draught, and to give his vessel favorable lines. The purpose is to reduce her resistance to a minimum. The power used would give the ship according to the ordinary formula used for calculating speed, something over twenty knots. It is supposed, however, that she would be faster, since little power would be lost in wave-making, the water having a clean run astern, being divided horizontally by the projecting lower part of her hull, the peculiar feature of the construction.

Naval architects are not apt to look with favor on any marked departure from the ordinary principles of ship construction, and therefore Captain Lundborg's proposed vessels is likely to find adverse critics among them. The London Engineer, however, speaks with respect of his ideas, and urges that they be put to a practical test in a steamer of moderate size. Even if his ship is not feasible, however, steam vessels constructed after the received plans are likely before long to make the voyage across the Atlantic in the time set by him. [New York Sun.

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

A Canada farmer discovered a pit containing 500 skulls. Must have been the site of an ancient theatre to have had so many dead heads in the pit.

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 trading 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.

"This is a voyage around the whirled," said the old gentleman who steered his way among the waltzers.

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.

As soon as the comet got near enough to the earth to hear about the Albany dead lock it turned tail and ran

Henry's Carbolic Salve

Is the BEST SALVE for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all kinds of Skin Eruptions, Freckles and pimples. Get HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE, as all others are counterfeits. Price 25 cents.

Dr. Green's Oxygenated Bitters

Is the best remedy for Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Malaria, Indigestion, and diseases of the Blood, Kidneys, Liver, Skin, etc

DUROS CATARRH SNUFF cures all affections of the mucous membrane, of the head and throat.

DR. MOTT'S LIVER PILLS are the best Cathartic Regulator.

ASH-TONIC

The great remedy for Dyspepsia, Bilious Diseases and Functional Derangements attendant 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

PERUVIAN AN IRON TONIC SYRUP

Vitalizes and Purifies the Blood, Tones the Nerves, Makes the Weak Strong, Builds up the Broken-down, Invigorates the Brain, and

—CURES—

Dyspepsia, Nervous Affections, General Debility, Neuralgia, Fever and Ague, Paralysis, Chronic Diarrhœa, Boils, Dropsy, Humors, Female Complaints, Liver Complaint, Remittent Fever, and

ALL DISEASES ORIGINATING IN A BAD STATE OF THE BLOOD, OR ACCOMPANIED BY DEBILITY OR A LOW STATE OF THE SYSTEM.

PERUVIAN SYRUP

Supplies the blood with its **Vital Principle, or Life Element, IRON,** infusing **Strength, Vigor and New Life** into all parts of the system. BEING FREE FROM ALCOHOL, its invigorating effects are not followed by corresponding reaction, but are permanent.

SETH W. FOWLE & SONS, Proprietors, 85 Harrison Avenue, Boston. Sold by all Druggists. 1yr35

THE

IMPERISHABLE PERFUME.

Murray & Lanman's

FLORIDA WATER,

Best for TOILET, BATH, and SICK ROOM.

6mos12

THE LIVER.

The Unusual Attention which this Organ is now Attracting from the American People.

Its Delicate Structure and Susceptibility to Injury from Wounds or Disease.

In the opinion of the ancients the liver was the seat of the affections and of the passions. Modern research, however, has shown this to be an error, and hence less attention and care have been bestowed on this organ than in the early days when it was supposed to play so important a part in making war and cajoling love. Undoubtedly the discovery of the fact that the liver is not the seat of the affections, and of the passions, has led the people, as is natural, to neglect what formerly was an object of great solicitude, but the truth still remains that though it may not be the special seat of love and passion, it is after all of the greatest importance in physical health.

During the past few weeks, owing to an event of national interest, much has been said and written about the injurious effects of wounds in this organ, and according to the Surgical History of the War of the Rebellion, of the thousands of cases of wounds in the liver, not above six'y survived, and they were not violent ones. The record is filled with recoveries from gunshot wounds in the head, the lungs and the pelvic region, but it is a "miracle" when one outlives even an ordinary wound in the liver. No other proof is needed of the delicacy of its structure, nor of its extreme susceptibility to injuries, whether violent, like a gunshot wound, or as the result of disease. Of course injury from a wound produces speedy results, and though organic diseases may affect the patient for years, and render his life a long continued burden, the same end is eventually reached.

The structure of the liver is delicate and yet simple. It is composed of two lobes, which lie directly under the right lung, and is of a spongy character. When the venous blood is circulating from the various parts of the body to the lungs, it passes through this organ, and is there relieved of its rank poisons, part of which are used for digestion and part for a cathartic of the waste materials of the food we eat. If the organ is at all diseased *these poisons remain in it,* instead of being used as nature designed, and with every coursing of the blood through the lobes of the liver, the nature of the disease is intensified, and hence a neglect of any disorder in this organ is almost certain to bring on chronic liver diseases, so terrible to contemplate. In curing liver troubles, not only must the organ be rid of its old complaint, but, at the same time, it must be prevented from contracting other diseases, and the agency used must have such power with the kidneys and lungs (the other two purifiers of the blood) that it will, while restoring the impaired liver, give to them strength sufficient to do part of the purifying work of the disabled organ. There is a peculiar dependency between the kidneys and liver, and no remedy can be of benefit which does not act upon both at the same time. The reason why so little success has hitherto been reached in the treatment of liver disease is because the philosophy of the treatment has been lame and the remedies employed have been inadequate. It is a conceded fact that until within the past few years there has been no known remedy for chronic kidney diseases, and it is certain that the liver cannot be restored to its right action if the kidneys are affected. It is a fact that when the liver is diseased the kidneys are also troubled; hence, it follows that liver diseases are hard to cure, chiefly because the doctors know of no agency which will at one and the same time operate on both the kidneys and the liver.

Admitting then, that no form of treatment can be effective which does not seek to reach both the liver and the kidneys at the same time, it would be strange, indeed, if in all the researches of this wonderful age of scientific invention no such remedy had been found. The doctors admit they have nothing to offer, but independent scientists have honored their learning and patience, by discovering a pure vegetable remedy whose success in the past few years in the treatment of kidney difficulties, shows conclusively that it can cure every form of known kidney disease, and what it has done for the kidneys it is equally able to do and does do for the liver. Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure was the discovery of a practitioner, who proved its worth in his own case and then gave it to the world. It acts both as a food and a restorer on the kidneys and liver so that when disease is cured in one of these organs it cannot go to the other, but is entirely removed from the system.

The symptoms of kidney and liver difficulties are great and unnatural weariness, headache, belching of wind and food from the stomach, constipation, piles, displacements and inflammation of the sexual organs of women, a sallow countenance, skin eruptions, and the especially fatal complaints of the hot season. These troubles are caused principally by malaria, which is, at the present time, becoming so great an evil in this land,—so much so that President Paul A. Chadbourne, of Williams College, has just published a long and interesting article on its wide-spreading prevalence. He states that malarial poisons appear in all localities, the high and dry, the low and damp, in the crowded city and the roomy country, and there are no differences as to the effects produced. Malaria is in the water we drink, in the air we breathe, in the food we eat, and while constantly and naturally increasing with the growth of the country, it is just at present afflicting us, as the epizootic did a few years ago, as a wide spread and dangerous epidemic. Prof. Chadbourne is not an alarmist and what he says is confirmed by other distinguished medical authorities.

What, therefore, can be the cause for this terrible increase of malaria in all parts of the states and territories? Unquestionably the drinking water used in every portion of the land is the most active agency for carrying malaria into the system. This water may be clear, but it has become poisoned by filtration through the vaults, cesspools, and barnyards in the country, and other impure agencies in the city. Heretofore the Western states and territories and almost the entire South have been considered the field of malaria, owing doubtless to the poor drainage in many localities and the consequent accumulation of green poisonous matter. This theory is, however, now exploded because malarial poisoning is becoming just as common in other regions, and those which have been settled for hundreds of years. Nor are low lands alone subject to malaria, for it is found in the Berkshire Hills of New England and up among the snows of the Rocky Mountains.

Whatever may be the cause of malaria, its existence is a terribly established fact, and so much so that it is attracting the attention of the leading physicians, scientists and scholars in every portion of America. By means of its blighting powers the blood becomes poisoned and the most terrible diseases follow. The special field for the operation of this poison is in the liver. If this organ is at all diseased, malaria seizes it with a death grip. It is therefore, absolutely necessary to keep the liver in perfect condition and especially at this time. The elements of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure are exactly fitted for just this very purpose. Composed of a pure and simple vegetable extract and prepared in the most careful manner, it has been the means of restoring more people to health within the past year than any other agency known in the land. Prof. S. A. Lattimore, Ph. D., LL. D., one of the analysts of foods and medicines for the New York Star Board of Health, pronounces its elements and composition purely vegetable, neither poisonous nor injurious, and the manufacturers present it to the public with the utmost faith that if taken faithfully and persistently, according to the directions, it will cure every form of liver disease and kidney disorder.

There seems to be a constant struggle between mankind and disease. Malarial poison, with its insidious power, the influences of heat, cold, bad water and impure food, all combine to undermine the health and strength, both of which are the privilege of the race. In order to counteract these terrible influences, the greatest care is required, especially at the present time, in guarding the kidneys and liver, which are the governors of the system. How this can best be done has been outlined above, and as such it is cordially recommended to all as the most efficient means for securing the best of health and continued happiness.

To The Public:

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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.

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

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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.

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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

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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. 1tf

I am receiving new goods by every train to Belfast.

DO NOT FORGET THE PLACE.

E. L. BEAN,

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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, Brackets, 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 always be ready to do all jobs that come along.

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

Searsmont, - - Maine.

June 25, 1881.—26

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

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—AND—

HEAD STONES!

—WE SELL—

MARBLE SHELVES CHEAP!

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Iron Vases, Bouquet Holders, &c.

A. E. CLARK & CO.

Belfast, June 9, 1881.—3mos23*

New Marble Shop!

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W. T. HOWARD,

Manufacturer and dealer in

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of the best Italian and American marble

CHURCH STREET, BELFAST.

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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

2m28 **I. F. FRISBEE, Principal.**

WANTED.

50 GOOD STONE CUTTERS TO WORK BY the day. Wages from $2.75 to $3.25 per day. HALLOWELL GRANITE CO., Boston, Mass., Office and Works 47 Medford St., Charlestown, Mass. 2w29

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL,

For Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, such as Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Consumption.

The few compositions which have won the confidence of mankind and become household words, among not only one but many nations, must have extraordinary virtues. Perhaps no one ever secured so wide a reputation, or maintained it so long, as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. It has been known to the public about forty years, by a long continued series of marvelous cures, that have won for it a confidence in its virtues, never equaled by any other medicine. It still makes the most effectual cures of *Coughs, Colds, Consumption,* that can be made by medical skill. Indeed, the CHERRY PECTORAL has really robbed these dangerous diseases of their terrors to a great extent, and given a feeling of immunity from their painful effects, that is well founded, if the remedy be taken in season. Every family should have it in their closet for the ready and prompt relief of its members. Sickness, suffering, and even life is saved by this timely protection. The prudent should not neglect it, and the wise will not. Keep it by you for the protection it affords by its early use in sudden attacks.

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TREASURER'S STATEMENT.

Belfast Manufacturing Company.

Amount of assessments paid in	$14,181.16
" " capital stock (certificates out standing)	14,050.00
Amount of debts due (except taxes)	221.35
" invested in real estate and fixtures	17,636.48
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 13, 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. 3w28

PHILO HERSEY, Notary Public.

Belfast Gas Light Co.

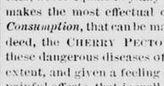
AS required by law, I hereby certify that the amount of capital of the above corporation is $17,500.00. That the assessments have all been paid, there are no debts due or unpaid, and the whole amount invested in real estate and fixtures is $17,500.00. The aggregate value as fixed by the assessors for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

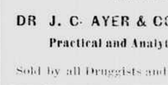
FOR SALE OR RENT.



Desirable house for sale or to rent, situated at Lincolnville Beach. Two stories high with L, finished throughout, with new recemented cellar, and two new 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 chamber, 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 skip. 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 B. D. DYER.

Belfast, April 11, 1881.—15tf

Farm for Sale!

In Brooks or vicinity, 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.

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Produce Commission Merchants,

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Shipments paid for soon as sold. Any information given as to markets, &c. 6m15*

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BOSTON, October 19, 1870.

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Yours truly, GEORGE DRAPER,

Boston, Jan. 1, 1881.—1yrl

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