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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.]

Making Butter or Selling Milk.

There are causes for revolutions in business as well as in government, and such causes are alike periodical in their nature. Men are impulsive, and they exhibit their impulsiveness in many and various ways. In politics we see it by the excited multitude following after a new leader, or a new idea; in business, by the way men rush into any new thing which, for the time being, seems to bid fair to enrich the pursuer. Farmers are, probably, no more easily influenced than men of other occupations, indeed we are inclined to count them less so, and yet they are not proof against entering a new business which, for the time being, seems to promise unusual profits. The breeding of certain fancy animals, Durhams and Jersey cattle, Merino sheep or Berkshire hogs, the hen fever, and the excitement over silk worms and mulberry trees, are well remembered illustrations. Again, any cause which creates a marked rise or decline in prices of any agricultural product, offers a strong temptation to make radical changes in one's business. During the War of the Rebellion, wool, for a short time, rose higher in proportion to its cost than dairy products. The soldiers needed overcoats, but could get along without much butter or cheese. Dairying became depressed, while sheep raising grew excited. The result was, thousands sold their cows and bought sheep. The cows were sold at low prices, because nobody wanted to buy, and sheep were bought at high rates, because none were anxious to sell. But those who made the change soon saw their folly, in most cases, for, by the time the cows were sold and sheep had taken their places, wool went down and dairy products began to go up. And now for a number of years the dairy business has been excited, to say the least. Dairy associations have sprung up everywhere, and conventions have been numerous.

Farmers have been urged to raise less grain, and send less hay to market, and to convert the forage of the farm into dairy products before sending it to market. Cheese factories sprung up in every State, soon to be followed by butter factories or creameries. The cheese market was soon broken and now the butter market is badly depressed. The cities are crowded with milk and all parties are feeling discouraged. Of course there is more or less adulteration and watering, but the fact remains that the cities are urged to buy more milk, butter and cheese than they can consume or pay for. For a few years past the greatest effort has been made in the direction of butter making. Newspaper writers and agricultural lecturers have set up hopes which could never, on a large scale, be realized. When gold was worth from one to two dollars premium, a few choice dairies of butter, made from cows that cost hundreds of dollars apiece, found a market to a very limited extent at prices ranging from seventy-five cents to a dollar and a quarter per pound. These extreme cases were picked up largely by dealers in fancy cows, and heralded all through the country. Farmers were made to believe that if they would purchase imported Jerseys, and adopt some new system of butter making, their fortunes would be almost insured. At the dairy conventions we were told that the dairy belt was short and narrow, that the cities would take all the milk within a circle, and that the West could never compete with Vermont, New York State, and Ohio in butter making, for the want of good pastures and pure water for their cattle. But the West, or more likely the Eastern men who went West, were not going to believe that statement. They adopted the same methods, bought the same kind of stock, and the result is, they are converting their corn fodder, grass and grain into butter and cheese, of a high grade, and are flooding the markets, much to their joy, but not more than to our sorrow and disappointment. A few long established dairies are still bringing high prices, and considerable good butter is bringing fair prices, but the tendency has been rapidly downward. At the same time the city milk trade has been going down.

Where milk was retailed a few years ago at prices ranging from eight to twelve cents per quart, just as good, and, probably, better milk is now freely offered at from five to eight cents, with the supply constantly exceeding the demand. On the whole, the farmers who supply the cities with milk, seem to feel the depression most severely. They are located on high priced land, and where much grain is purchased for their stock, and they are finding that the receipts barely cover the cost of the grain purchased. Many of the butter makers are far from the cities where land is cheap or comparatively cheap, and where other branches of farming are carried on in connection with the dairy. Most of the grain is grown on the farm, and where the labor bills are not extravagant, there is still some profit, real or apparent, in selling butter. But with the milk farmer the case seems harder, and we are receiving frequent inquiries by letter and otherwise, from milkmen, asking our advice about changing to butter making, to all of which we give one answer—stick. [Mass. Ploughman.

Don't "Throw Rubbish Away."

Don't throw anything away. That is good advice, not only from an economical point of view, with which this item does not pretend to deal,—but from several other directions. It is a too common resource with people who are tired of anything, or who find some article worn out, useless, or unnecessary, "Oh, throw it away!" This leads to the endless accumulations of filth and rubbish in the streets, in back yards, in vacant lots, in the cellars which yawn to tell where buildings have been burned, in the gutters, on the shed-roofs, by the roadsides, and everywhere else. Don't throw your old shoes out at the window—don't toss the broken saucer or stove-handle into the street. Don't let the servant-girl make a "Tower of Silence" of the kitchen-roof by placing her used-up skeleton-skirts there to be devoured by vultures. Neither vultures nor buzzards devour skeletons anywhere north of Mason and Dixon's line. Don't deposit the emptied tomato-cans in the back yard, or round the corner, or fling them over the back fence into your neighbor's garden. Don't put the green corn-husks into the street,—not but that there are plenty of prodigal sons there, but unfortunately they are not often reduced to husks in these days—they will not eat 'em. Don't toss bean-pods and apple-parings into the gutter; they do not look well, even at first, and after a little, they do not smell well. Do not use your onion-and-potato-peelings to mulch your neighbor's flower-garden which happens to abut on your kitchen window—these things must be composted before they are beneficial as fertilizers. Coal-ashes, too, when thrown from a window over among your neighbor's scarlet-runners and cucumber vines, neither improves their yield nor their owner's opinion of you. Don't drop your banana-skins on the sidewalk for people to slip up on. It is not well-bred to eat in the street, anyway, Benjamin Franklin's example to the country notwithstanding. Don't quote nor copy Benjamin Franklin in this matter, and many others. That old sinner, notwithstanding all his assumption, did a great many things which are not fit examples for anybody who respects himself, or deserves the respect of anybody else. So don't eat in the street. If you are hungry, ask the privilege of eating your biscuit in the shop where you buy it. If you buy fruit and nuts, simply for the fun of eating, carry them home and enjoy them and take care of the skins, stones, cores, peelings, shells or husks as the case may be, instead of devouring your goodies on the road like a quadruped, and leaving the debris to disfigure and litter the streets, or trip up your neighbor.

And above all, don't dispose of, by "throwing away," any sort of dangerous or mischievous thing. If you have been using Paris green for the doryphora, or corrosive sublimate for the lectularius, or arsenic or strychnine or tartar-emetic for rats, or any sort of poison for flies,—don't "throw away" what you have left, but destroy it altogether, out of human reach and knowledge. Don't leave any of these things in your house when you move away; it is a cowardly way of getting rid of rubbish. A silly man in Philadelphia, moving his family into a lately vacated house, found on a cellar-shelf a bottle of white powder which he decided to be cream of tartar baking-powder. He delightedly exhibited the lucky find to his wife, and suggested that she use it for the supper-biscuit. She, of course, had been instructed as to the duty of obedience, and she obeyed. The consequence was, a row of dead children before morning and two grown persons as sick as they had been silly the day previously. The bottle contained white arsenic.

When you move out of a house, take your rubbish with you, or destroy it utterly. The people who are to move in after you do not hold you sufficiently dear to make them value your broken dishes, paper-rags, leaky tinware and old shoes as desirable mementoes. As every heart has its own sorrows with which a stranger has no right to meddle, so every family has its own rubbish, which a stranger is under no bonds to dispose of or be cumbered by. You would not ask a stranger to spade your garden or kindle your fires without pay; and you have no better right to demand that he shall pick up your broken dishes and cart off your coal-ashes for nothing. The fact that he and his wife happen to occupy a house next after you, does not make it right that they should bear your burdens and clean up after your slovenliness. Beside such flagrant injustice is likely to hurt your reputation, because in such case the new tenant will walk a mile to find out who was his untidy predecessor, and it is a fair punishment for you when the affair is ventilated all over the neighborhood, and you are coldly spoken of by local householders, and looked upon with disfavor by landlords.

Again don't put into your ash-barrel or dust-bin or trash-box, any poisonous package or dangerous explosive. Not long ago, some children in Brooklyn found at a dumping-place a package of poisoned food which had been prepared for rats. Of course they ate it—children will eat anything, away from the table—and died in agony. If you have occasion to use dynamite or giant powder or fulminate of any dangerous type, don't throw away the residue, or put or leave it where it will be found by persons ignorant of its power. A short time ago three little girls were playing with what they supposed to be a small blacking-box on a vacant lot in New York, when the box exploded, burning them badly about the face and hands. The box contained a small quantity of the material of which railroad percussion-caps are made, and had been dumped on the lot with a load of refuse.

Three or four such cases have happened within a short time. In one case several children were killed, in another, two were blinded and disfigured for life.

Leave a clean track. How sincerely soever you may believe the fallacy that the world owes you a living, do not for a moment be flattered into believing that the world is under bonds to be your scavenger and general clean-up. Almost all useless rubbish can either be burned or buried—it is a wise provision of nature. Let everybody, like the old residents of Jerusalem, each keep his own door clean, and so the whole city, county and State will be clean. Consume or destroy your own smoke—take care of your own rubbish, and don't dispose of anything by the too common but highly improper method of "throwing away." So shall your portals shine with neatness, the aroma of your tidiness go up like a sweet odor to the nostrils of the health commissioners—when we get them—and ambitious and appreciative tenants bid high for the privilege of occupying the premises which have been sweetened and sanctified by your occupancy. Selah.

Gathering and Storing Apples.

In gathering apples from trees to store away for winter use, provide yourself with a strong, light ladder, some two feet wide at the bottom and tapering to a point at top—the two ends to be beveled together and pinned—this style of ladder being much more easy to handle and place among the top branches of a tree, than the ones commonly used, and not so much danger of knocking off the fruit. A half-bushel basket made of white oak splints, with a single handle extending from side to side, and a strong hook fastened thereto to hang up by on the limbs, answers the purpose best. In picking, take hold of the apple and by a gentle twist of the hand it will separate readily from the tree and still retain its stem. It should be gently laid (not carelessly thrown) in the basket, the contents of which, when full, should be carefully emptied upon a table fixed for the purpose, the same to be covered with a blanket or quilt to prevent bruising. This table should be about six feet long and three wide, and have a strip about two inches wide nailed all around the edges to keep the apples from rolling off.

The assorting and packing may now commence, in doing which it is better to make three grades of apples—the one of perfect fruit, another of rather inferior quality, and the third of such as are fit only for cider or to be fed to the stock. In placing the first two sorts in barrels, lay a single course on the bottom stems downward, and so proceed until the barrel is full, except that the last course should be placed with stems upward, taking care to shake the barrel well, a time or two, during the process of filling. Too much care cannot be taken in the above respects, for upon the careful observance of them all success in the production of first-class fruit depends, and without which a man had better sell his fruit for what he can get rather than attempt to keep it for a better market or more satisfactory prices.

The barrels so filled, may then be headed up and set away in some cool place until the approach of winter, when they should be placed in a cellar, the temperature of which is never so cold as to freeze.

If one wishes to put up a few barrels of choice apples for sale, their preservation is not only greatly enhanced by wrapping each apple in paper as a further security against bruising in case of transportation, but it gives them a more attractive appearance on being opened. [Baltimore Sun.

Brighton Cattle Market.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 5.

Amount of stock at market: Cattle, 2233; sheep and lambs, 4200; swine, 14,950; veals, 65; number of western cattle, 1841; northern and eastern cattle, 392.

Prices of beef cattle ℔ 100 lb live weight, extra quality, $6 62½@7 25; first, $5 75@6 50; second, $5 25@5 62½; third, $4 37½@5 12½; poorest grades of coarse oxen, bulls, etc., $3 50@4 25.

Brighton Hides, 9c ℔ lb; Brighton Tallow, 7½@7¾c ℔ lb; Country Hides, 7½c ℔ lb; Country Tallow, 4½@4¾c ℔ lb; Calf Skins, 11@12½c. ℔ lb; Northern Lamb Skins, 65c@$1 each.

Working Oxen—We quote sales of

1 pair girth 6 ft., 7 inches, live weight 2600 lb, $125;
1 pair girth 6 ft., 8 inches, live weight 2800 lb, $140;
1 pair girth 6 ft., 2 inches, live weight 2200 lb, $90;
1 pair girth 6 ft, 8 inches, live weight 2670 lb, $127 50
1 pair girth 6 ft. 6 inches, live weight 2500 lb, $100.

Store Cattle—Sales of 6 two-year Heifers at $20 ℔ head; 6 two-year-old Heifers for $110 the lot; 2 two-year-old at $22 50 each.

Milch Cows—Extra cows sell well; we quote sales of 13 cows and calves at $30@50 each; 22 milch cows and Calves at $45 ℔ head; 1 springer $40; 1 milch cow $50; 1 do $45; 1 do $35; 1 springer $42.

Swine—Store Pigs—Trade for them has been dull, small pigs selling at $2 50@5 50 ℔ head, or from 7@10c ℔ lb, live weight. Fat hogs cost landed at the slaughter houses 7@7½c ℔ lb, live weight.

The Sunrise Never Failed Us Yet.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

Upon the sadness of the sea,
The sunset broods regretfully;
From the far, lonely spaces, slow
Withdraws the wistfull afterglow.

So out of life the splendor dies;
So darken all the happy skies;
So gathers twilight, cold and stern,
But overhead the planets burn.

And up the east another day
Shall chase the bitter dark away.
What though our eyes with tears be wet?
The sunrise never failed us yet.

The blush of dawn may yet restore
Our light and hope and joy once more;
Sad soul, take comfort, nor forget
That sunrise never failed us yet.

On the Edge of the World.

BY SOPHIE SWETT

We had gone up into the wilds of northern Maine, equipped with snow-shoes and rifles, in search of winter sport. Ned Halliday, my comrade, had a slight pretext for the trip in the shape of business, his father owning a large amount of land in the Aroostook, which needed looking after. My excuse for what seemed to strike my friends as an eccentric pleasure trip to be taken in the dead of winter, was that my health had become impaired by the toils and trials of my profession—which consisted principally of industrious waiting for clients who never came.

Our journey had not been free from those obstacles which are supposed to give a zest to any pursuit. We were "snowed up" on the railroad until food and fuel were exhausted; the stage, which appeared where the railroad ended, relieved the monotony of the proceedings several times by standing on its head in a snow-drift; the driver, who was totally insensible to the claims of the Maine law, ended by imitating this acrobatic feat, and Ned and I reluctantly dug him out. But when the horses were fired into noble rage to distinguish themselves in the same way, we concluded to abandon the whole eccentric establishment to its own devices, and struck across the country on our snow shoes. Just as we were becoming thoroughly tired, we overtook an ox-team, and on this primitive conveyance, drawn by two beasts in whom the phlegmatic temperament of their kind was abnormally developed, we rode ten miles with the thermometer at twenty degrees below zero. Our driver was a large, loose-jointed youth, with an astonishingly prominent Adam's apple, and a bony grin. He was loquacious but non committal, after the fashion of the rural New Englander. The first time that he committed himself to a decided opinion was when he declared that "them critters hav'n't a two-forty gait," and that "riding on an ox-team isn't goin' licketty-split, the best way you can fix it." Which statements could not be said to afford opportunity for argument.

Continued inquiries respecting the game in the woods only elicited the information that it "wa'n't so skurse as it was some winters, but skurser than it was some others."

He reluctantly admitted that his Christian name was Leander, but seemed to be possessed of a stern determination never to be so fool-hardy as to reveal his surname. He asked us two hundred and seventy-nine questions (Ned counted them,) in a peculiarly indirect manner, they being invariably prefaced by the announcement that he didn't "calkilate" that it was so.

Having exhausted the subjects of our aims and destination, occupations and family history, style and cost of our clothing, political, religious and temperance opinions, price of wool and provisions "our way," probable future progress of the potato bug, and the reconstruction policy, he remarked that he didn't "calkilate" that we "set no great by a hunk of raw salt pork."

We assured him that his calculation was quite correct, and waited for an explanation without manifesting any undue curiosity.

After a pensive silence of some minutes he explained that it was the staple article of diet in the logging camps, and it would therefore be prudent for us to provide ourselves with crackers and "canned stuff" before venturing out to the camp. He was kind enough to further explain that these luxuries might be obtained in his father's store at Jonesville.

It was joyful news when Leander "calkilated" that at the top of the next hill Jonesville would "heave in sight;" a cheerful sight to see the lights from its windows twinkling through the gathering darkness.

It was not a thickly settled village. "Scatterin'," the adjective which Leander applied to it, was appropriate. It seemed to be clinging to the forest primeval, and was sheltered by it from the north wind; under the shadow of the mighty pines, and half buried in snow-drifts, the houses looked as if they must be inhabited by pigmies. The school house—which Leander facetiously called the "education shop"—with one tall hemlock standing directly in front of it, looked as if it had come out of a toy village. The graveyard, on the slope of a steep hill upon which the last, cold, pale yellow sunset rays cast a weird light, gave us an uneasy impression that the sleepers were lying in very uncomfortable positions. With an abundance of level or gently sloping land on all sides, we wondered why the dead had been given this apparently uneasy resting-place.

Leander seemed to derive a sense of security from being within the precincts of his own village, and expressed himself with much greater freedom. I am convinced that if he had not been interrupted by our arrival at the "tarvern," he would have revealed to us the state of his own sympathies on the "buryin'-ground and anti-buryin' ground" question.

The "tarvern" was a small farm house with a large barn overshadowing it, and a tall pine tree standing sentinel at its front gate. There was no sign signifying that it afforded entertainment for travellers, but, relying upon Leander's assurance that "Uncle 'Bijah Jones" would "eat us and sleep us," we walked boldly up to the door. An old man, his head haloed by tobacco smoke, opened the door. His manner was very much like Leander's on short acquaintance—inquisitive but wary.

Burn's sage counsel seemed to be the policy of Jonesville:

"Conceal yoursel as weel's ye can
Frae critical dissection;
But look thro' every other man,
Wi' sharpen'd slee inspection."

Our inquiry whether this house was a tavern, seemed to plunge him into profound perplexity. He took his pipe out of his mouth and knocked it meditatively against the door before he replied:

"Well, folks, kind o' calkilate that 't is. We do put 'em up some, to obleege 'em."

We signified that he would "obleege" us extremely by "putting us up."

"Mebbe you'd better step in and talk to Mis' Jones. Mis' Jones, she don't like to hev folks come unbeknownst."

"But can't we see Mr. Jones, the proprietor?" asked Ned impatiently. Standing in the teeth of the north wind, with the marrow freezing in one's bones, the very indecisive Jonesville manner is trying to the patience.

"I'm Mr. Jones, but Mis' Jones she—she—she's terrible smart." Mr. Jones had evidently been on the point of acknowledging that Mis' Jones was the proprietor, but had remembered his dignity just in time.

In his embarrassment he forgot to delay us longer, and ushered us at once into a large room, in one end of which was a blazing wood fire, in the other end an unsightly air-tight stove. Two or three inviting old rocking chairs stood before the fire, and there was a comfortable looking chintz covered lounge in the corner. There were festoons of dried apples over the chimney piece. In one corner stood a tall and very ancient-looking clock, which had a loud and jolly tick, as if it were asserting its juvenility in spite of appearances. This little place looked very tempting and homelike in contrast with the dismal ugliness of the other side of the room, but our host laid a detaining hand upon us as we turned towards it.

"You just set down in the company eend. Mis' Jones, she'd be terrible put out if I let you sit down in the common folks's eend. Mirandy, she takes on because we don't give up the fire-place, bein' it's so ougenteel, and hev another stove; but Gram she wouldn't feel to home without the fire-place, and she's kind o' gittin' along in years, Gram is. She's ninety nine—will be one hundred come spring—and Mis' Jones feels as if we'd oughter humor her.

We had espied a tiny old woman almost hidden in the depths of a cushioned rocking-chair. She wore a kind of skull cap of black silk only partially covering the head, which was entirely guiltless of hair, and looked as if it were polished bone. A pair of little, sharp black eyes peered at us from a yellow, bony face. She looked like nothing so much as the witches which children make for fairs with a walnut for the head.

"Mis' Jones" presently made her appearance—not the woman outwardly that our fancy had pictured; she was little and light-haired, and mild of aspect, but before long we espied a spark in the depths of her light blue eyes, that reminded us of the tang that lurks in a certain mild sweet wine.

She showed us to our rooms, bleak and bare regions where fires were evidently unknown, and mountainous feather beds piled one above another were the only signs of an attempt at comfort.

But her manner was as soft as her feather beds, and she had been a pretty woman once, and still showed *de beaux restes*, and Ned declared that if she tyrannized over old Jones, it was without doubt because he deserved it.

When we went down stairs, we found the supper table set midway between the "company eend" and the "common folks' eend," with strict impartiality. Our seats were at the "company eend," and we shared this distinction with an affable and assured young man whom Mis' Jones introduced as the schoolmaster. "My niece, Mirandy," an angular young woman with a profusion of corkscrew ringlets, favored us with coquetish smiles, evidently with a view to disturbing the schoolmaster's peace; and we saw with alarm that Mis' Jones observed this, and that the spark in her eye grew livelier as she regarded us steadfastly—poor, guiltless creatures who had not the least intention of flirting with Mirandy. As we rose from the table, the little, witch-like old woman beckoned me towards her with a mysterious air.

"Wishin' and doin', the Lord he reckons 'em jest the same, and drowned folks never come up!" she said.

After supper, Mr. Jones approached us with an air of importance.

"If you wouldn't take it unkindly, and haint no particular objections, Miss Jones she'd be obleeged to ye if ye would set in the common folks' eend to-night. You see, the schoolmaster, he's kind of edgin' round Mirandy, and it would be pooty considerable of a spec for Mirandy to git him. Mis' Jones, she's high-minded, and she's set her heart on Mirandy's gittin' a minister, or a schoolmaster, and she's terrible anxious. When they're just beginning to edge round they're scairt off terrible easy, you know. They've been a doin' their courtin' in the company eend, and there haint no other place; you know, yourselves, that it's terrible kind of flusterin' and upsettin' to hev folks round a starin' and a gawkin' where there's courtin' goin' on. It's flusterin' business anyhow, courtin' is. I got so worked up a doin' mine, that I haint never been exactly clear in my mind about who spoke the word, Mis' Jones or me. I should not want you to mention it to her, but I've always run of an idee that she helped me along considerable."

We assured him that his confidence was sacred, and expressed our sense of the propriety of having the "company eend" strictly devoted to courting.

We stole but one sly glance towards the "company eend" in the course of the evening. That revealed to us the ringlets of Miss Mirandy in close proximity to the schoolmaster's coat collar—from which we inferred that Mis' Jones "high-minded" hopes were destined to fulfilment.

Our hostess hoped that we would excuse her, as there was to be a neighborhood "prayer meetin' to Deacon Jones'" and she felt it to be both a duty and a privilege to go. As "Bijah" didn't seem to feel a "call to go," he would entertain us.

Mr. Jones' spirits seemed to rise with the departure of his better half; he lost his air of indecision and timidity, and became brisk and voluble. He produced a convivial-looking brown pitcher, representing a jolly Dutchman with a capacious stomach, and announced that it contained cider which didn't "taste no great of rotten apples, nor yit of the—" which was the Jonesville non-commital way of saying that it was a nectar fit for the gods. A dish of great, smooth-cheeked, mellow apples, streaked with carmine and gold, he brought forward next, and remarked that they were "not what you could call gnurly apples," and he guessed "the sun hadn't had no spite agin 'em."

"Gram," in a corner of the fireplace, alternately slept and clicked her knitting needles like mad. Every time that she awoke, she bent her keen little black eyes upon me, summoned me near by an imperious wave of her knitting needle, and repeated her mysterious communication in a monotonous tone, as if it were a formula that she had learned by heart.

"Wishin' and doin', the Lord reckons 'em jest the same, and drowned folks never come up!"

"I don't understand," I said once, curious to discover what was working in that old brain that had lent itself to dreams and realities for so many years, until, at last, the two had become hopelessly intermingled; and it occurred to me that perhaps she was not so very different from many of us in that respect."

"Understand? Of course you don't understand. Nobody understards! Some folks say't was more than wishin' 't was doin'. Maybe 't was. 'Taint so long ago that I've forgot, and I guess the Lord hasn't forgot."

We asked several leading questions, but she seemed suddenly to remember herself, looked suspiciously at us, and was silent, arousing herself after a moment and asking, in a rational way, if it was "thickly settled" where we "came from," and saying she supposed we "enjoy great privileges."

We understood that privileges referred wholly to religious things, but before we had time to answer, Gram had dozed off again. Mr. Jones remarked meditatively:

"There's so much religion agoin' nowadays that I don't seem to get hold of none. When I was young there wa'n't but two kinds; if you wa'n't a 'lectioner you was free grace, an' that was all there was on't; and free grace only come round once a year, when there was a camp meet'n down to Schooteague. You see, in them days we was livin', as you might say, on the edge of the world. There didn't seem to be nothing beyond us. Even arter the military road was built, folks seemed to run of an idea that it went clear off into space arter it got by here. They called this the jumpin' off place of all creation. Of course folks knew the Provinces was beyond us, but the Provinces are furrin' parts, as you might say, and they haint of much account; they're backard in edecation and behind the times generally. But we haint always been what we air now. Things is considerable more stirrin' here than they was when I was a boy; and when my father settled here, seventy-five years ago there wa'n't nobody here, but lumbermen and Injins. But being on the river so, 'twas favorable for loggin', and the sile is pooty middlin', and when folks begun to come others followed. Sometimes there'd be two houses built in a year, and when a place grows as fast as that, what we've come to ain't surprisin'."

Our host evidently regarded Jonesville as a centre of commerce and "edecation," and expected us to be amazed as its small beginnings.

"Deacon Jones, he says there's great danger in our worldly prosperity. He's afeared folks will give their hearts to it. He's always a tellin' that the pleasures of the world is all yender grass."

"Yender grass?" we repeated in bewilderment.

"Don't you know, when you're a-mowin' poor grass, the grass beyond always looks a dretful sight better, but when you git there it's all of a poorness? The deacan, he says the pleasures of the world is all jest so deceiving, and mebbe they be. I hain't so pious as I'd ought to be. Mis' Jones, she's so terrible pious that I don't seem to get no chance."

The mention of Mis' Jones always drove her husband to the cider mug. When he emerged, he went on in a more cheerful tone:

"As I was a-sayin', folks here in them old times used to take comfort, and to hev about as much goin' on, as if they lived in the thickest of the world, instead of on the edge on't.

"I've heerd my father tell of funny doin's amongst 'em—and of some that wa'n't so funny. When a feller come amongst 'em that hadn't the right stuff in him, or was too high minded and hankered arter a tooth-brush and scented soap, them lumbermen didn't handle him as if he was eggs. There was Orlando Perry—I've heerd my father tell how they served him. He was a slick little chap from down river, and his father was a judge; he'd been considerable wild and they sent him up here to git him out of mischief. He wore store close, and iled his hair, and was as pretty-spoken as a school-master. Them things mebbe they could a' stood; but when he stuck an eye-glass onto his nose and courted Patty Hutchins, them two things was too much to bear. Patty Hutchins, she was the prettiest and the smartest girl in Number Eight—there wa'n't no towns up here then, you know; they was all deestricts, and went by their numbers—and the fellers, they didn't like the idee of hevin' her kerried off by a stranger and a little kid glove of a chap inter the bargain. He was a terrible hard drinker and given to gamblin', but his slickness and his store close went a long ways with the gals, as they're apt to with women folks.

"The fellers, they played considerable many tricks on him, without seemin' to take him down a mite, till one day when he set on the deacon's seat up in one of the loggin' camps a playin' keerds. Them loggin' camps has a smoke-hole as big as all out doors, and an ash tree growed so nigh this one that they tied a rope onter the eend of the branches and let it down thro' the smoke hole. It was young and soople, the branch was, and then while Orlando had his mind sot on the keerds so't he didn't notice nothin' they contrived to fasten the rope 'round him under his arms; and then let go, and kerslap he went, yanked clear'n out thro' the smoke hole and a danglin' in the air. And they kep him danglin' there till he'd agree to sign the pledge and quit courtin' Patty Hutchins. He kep' his word, and he didn't stay long arter that. But there! mebbe 'twould a' been better if he had. If Patty Hutchins had a' married him perhaps it wouldn't a' been no worse."

Mr. Jones had the important air of one who has a marvelous story to tell, but waits to be urged.

"Tell us all about Patty Hutchins," we said encouragingly.

—"Sh!"—Mebbe I hadn't better," he replied with an uneasy glance at Gram, who was stirring in her sleep. "Gram, she might wake, and she's apt to git worked up about them old stories. But mebbe I can think to speak low, and if you wont mention it to Mis' Jones——"

Being assured that nothing would induce us to reveal it to Mis' Jones, our host moved his chair nearer to us and began:

"As I was a' sayin' Patty Hutchins was the poottiest gal in the deestrict; she wa'n't bigger'n a pint of cider, but she was red and white complected, and her feturs was as harnsome as a doll's, and she had black eyes that would look you clea'n thro' to your backbone, and I've often heered 'em tell how she used to dance. She was jest as light as a hummin' bird and you couldn't tire her out.

"Of course she had her pick among the fellers, and folks was kind of 'sprised when she picked out Saul Eldridge. For Saul had the name of being terrible odd. He was a great big six-footer and he could lick his weight in wild cats; mebbe you've noticed that the female heart seems to set by size and heft in a man. And his bigness done Saul another good turn too; folks didn't dare to chaff him much about his odd freaks to his face; but they done all the more of it, behind his back. Saul wa'n't sociable, in a general way; he was fond of his own company, and he'd set and play on his fiddle by the hour, and they did say that he used to play so's to draw tears from folks' eyes.

"He set a sight by that fiddle, and some on 'em said he used to talk to it as if 't was a livin' creetur. But when folks begins to talk about anybody, they like to tell as good a story as they can, and mebbe that wa'nt so. But Saul was odd and no mistake. He thought more of dumb animals and little young ones than he did of folks. They said that he only jest had to call the birds and they'd come a flyin' round him and even light on his head and shoulders; and he tamed some bear cubs so they followed him round like dogs. He couldn't bear to kill nothing; he never went huntin' and some says that he never ate no meat; but I ain't sure about that.

"But for all his queerness he was as brave and manly a feller as there was 'round. But nobody ever thought of his takin' a shine to a gal, he was so kind of unsociable. He acted as if he was afraid on 'em and he wouldn't go to no parties where they was. But Patty Hutchins she cooked his goose for him! The fust time he see her he was possessed arter her. Folks reckoned she wouldn't hev him, but reckonin' on women folks is mighty onsartain business. And I run of an idee that they're dretful apt to set by a man that's got a weak spot.

"Anyhow, Patty loved him like a house a-fire; she gin him her promise, and they was like two turkle doves—till one day Saul run a-foul of a little Injin baby. It appeared that 't was a baby that hadn't no mother, and there didn't seem to be nobody in pertikler to look arter it, and what is ginerally looked arter hain't apt to be looked arter at all. The baby must have been layin' in a snow bank nigh upon two days and nights when Saul come acrosst it. If it had been a white baby, or a baby that anybody set by, 't would a' been dead long before; but bein' 'twas a little Injin that nobody didn't want, it wa'nt hurt a mite. 'Twas all wropped up so 'twas a wonder it hadn't smothered.

"It laughed up in Saul's face when he picked it up, and kind of clutched at his whiskers, playful. Saul, he fetched it to the loggin' camp,—that was all the home he hed,—and fed it and tended it as gentle as a woman, never mindin' nothin' about the men's jokin.' A great jokin' they kep' up, and so did the hull settlement. They thought he'd ought to kerry it to some poor-house, or 'sylum down river, but he wouldn't. Then arter a spell, some Injins down to Oldtown offered to take it, but he wouldn't agree to that. You see he was tender-hearted, and the little thing kind of clung to him and he got to settin' by it. 'Twas a little gal and goin' on two years old when he found her. 'Twan't a harnsome child; 't was as black as your shoe and it favored a monkey. But Saul seemed to take to anything that was kind of helpless and clingin', and that little Injin she learned to be terrible fond of him, as was nateral.

"Patty Hutchins, she was in a terrible takin'. Patty was high-minded and she couldn't bear to hev folks crack their jokes at Saul, and she was kind of jealous tempered too. She was afeared the little Injin was a weanin' Saul's affections away from her. She said she wa'n't goin' to hev no little Injin 'round in her house, and Saul must take his ch'ice atween her and it.

"Saul, he was dretful worked up. He set his life by Patty, but that little young one kind of confided in him, and he sot by her too.

"When Patty see that he wa'n't agoin' to give the young one up, even for her sake, she was pooty mad, and she said he need n't never come nigh her agin. But arter a spell she kind of come round a little. Saul he coaxed and coaxed, and she'd found out that it wa'n't quite so easy for her to give him up. She wa'n't the kind that has their hearts all ready for any man that comes along. She'd gin her'n to Saul, and she didn't seem to know how to take it back again, but she hated that little Injin like pison! Saul used to bring the young one 'long of him when he come out to the river with logs, because there wa'n't nobody to take care of it in camp, but he used to leave it to one of the neighbors when he went to see Patty; she wouldn't hev it in the house. And she wouldn't marry him, tho' he kept a coaxin' on her to name the day. She said she'd wait till he got red of that little Injin. So it went along for a year and more, and the little Injin was three year old, and Saul seemed to set more and more by it every day; but he was terrible in love with Patty too, and I expect the poor feller had a struggle atween 'em.

"When it come along spring there was a terrible freshet. We're pooty apt to hev a freshet up here along in the spring, but sech a one as they tell of that year ain't common. It had been a dretful cold winter, and the ice in the river was uncommon thick, and when it went out it was a sight to see, they all said. The great blocks was a leapin' and tumblin' over each other as if they was a wrastlin' and they was hove up onto the shore mountain-high in some places. Sawmills was kerried off, and the lumbermen had hard work to save any of the logs that they'd piled upon the shore, ready to drive down when the river opened.

"They was all there on the shore, a workin' to save what they could, and the hull settlement was there too, the day that the ice went out.

"Saul's little Injin was all by herself, Saul bein' too busy to look arter her, and folks in gineral hevin' a kind of a prejerdice agin' her. She was a humbly little cretur, and they didn't set by Injuns no how. And what did the young one do but go where Patty was standin' with a parcel of gals, and cling holt of her skirts.

"Patty, she shook her off and told her to clear out, but jest then Saul he sung out and asked Patty if she wouldn't look arter her a little, seein' he was in sech trouble. Patty hesitated a little and then she said she would.

"The gals was standin' pooty clost to the river, and the little Injin she was a standin' on a block of ice. They was a-watchin' the lumbermen tryin' to save the logs, and, the fust thing they knew, there was that block of ice with the young one on it, a-floatin' out into the river, and she a-yellin' and a screechin' to Saul to come and git her.

"Some thought she'd been a-jumpin' on it and kind of made it slip down into the river; some thought the water must a' washed up without their noticin' and kerried it off; and some on 'em looked askance at Patty, and thought she might a' pushed it.

"Anyhow, there was the block with the poor little Injin on it, a-being pushed and sure to be swallered up before many minutes.

"Patty, she stood like a stun, whilst the others was all a-runnin' and a screechin'. Saul he didn't stop for nothin'. He jumped onto the blocks of floatin' ice, fust one and then another. The current was a kerryin' out the block that the little Injin stood on pooty fast, but he all but fetched it—all but! There came a great pile of ice and logs a-swooping down on him, and knocked him off into the water as if he hadn't been no more'n a feather! The little Injun she went too, and the great heap of ice went over 'em, and they never come up.

"Patty Hutchins, she took on like a wild cretur; some thought she really was a little teched, and wouldn't never be herself agin. There was considerable whisperin' and most folks believed that she'd gin that ice block a little hist; she did hate that little Injun so like pison! But of course there wa'n't never nothin' done about it. She shet herself up, and she wouldn't hev nothin' to say to anybody—till arter ten years or more. Then she up and merried a widerer with seven children. Folks was surprised, but you see, her father and mother was dead, and she hadn't no home.

"I don't mind tellin' you that 'twas my father that she merried," added Jones lowering his voice. "I hain't nothin' to say agin' her. She wa'n't never what you could call fond of children, and she was kind of gloomy by spells, but she done her duty pooty well by us. She'd always seem to be a-broodin' over things, pertikerly when it got along towards spring, and the ice was a-goin' out of the river. She'd always go and set on the bank and watch it a-goin.' Seems as if any body would kind of forgit, after years and years but some folks don't seem to; but when they git on-common long in years, they do get kind of mixed, and they're apt to say kind of queer things to folks. I wouldn't hev you mention it to Mis' Jones fer she's terrible high-minded, Mis' Jones is—but—"

Our host interrupted himself, by throwing some spruce boughs upon the fire; they snapped and cracked and filled the room with spicy, woody odors, and then blazed up in graceful and fantastic shapes. The flames danced in Gram's face and awoke her.

Her little keen black eyes searched our faces. The room had grown very quiet; Mr. Jones, apparently exhausted by his efforts as a story-teller, had leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes; even the low murmur of voices in the "company eend" had died away.

"I want Pamely to come and put me to bed. I always have to wait," Gram broke out querulously. "I've waited a terrible many years to find out things, that's the hardest kind of waiting!"

We murmured an assent sympathetically.

"Maybe you can tell me the things I want to know," she went on. "You look as if you knew as much as a minister. But then I've asked them, and they don't know. They say that wishin' *ain't* doin' and if for one minute—only think! jest one little minute,—'t was more than wishin', that may turn this world black, but it can't turn the other—because the Lord is forgivin'. I know he is. But I want *to take it all back!* What I want to know is—*can all Eternity make things jest as if they hadn't never been?*" Gram's voice sunk to an impressive whisper at that question.

Pamely came in just then, with two or three cronies from the prayer meeting who had stopped to get warm. They brought a pleasant bustle and an out-of-door freshness with them, which made us feel as if our host's story of the old time dwellers "on the edge of the world," and Gram's mysterious question that fitted so curiously into it, were all a dream. They mingled with our dreams that night. We saw Gram's keen eyes peering into the darkness, and her worn voice asked us questions that no man could answer.

We were glad to be off in the morning before Gram was astir.

"We found good sport and novel experience, and pushed on "over the border" into Canada.

When we came back to be again, "eaten and slept" at Mr. Jones "tavern" on our home ward way, six weeks had gone by. Spring was abroad in the lands. The river had opened two

Maine Matters.

NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM ALL OVER THE STATE

THE CAIN MURDER TRIAL.

This trial began at Rockland, on the 4th inst. The proceedings on the opening day were published last week. On the 5th examination of government witnesses was begun. Robert Cain father of Willie, was the first witness. He testified that Willie, who was ten years old last March, was a timid child and would not go alone to the pasture for cows. He last saw him alive on Tuesday, July 12th at a quarter of one, and first missed him at quarter past six. He had 24 cents that morning. On that day was at work in view of the road which Willie would naturally have taken if he had gone to the place where the body was found. Other witnesses testified to seeing Willie Cain going to the pond or in the vicinity with Richards and Gross, and to seeing the prisoners returning alone. Dr. H. B. Eaton, Jr., one of those who went for Richards, testified that Richards said on the way to the pond that Willie Cain wanted to go across the pond in the boat with him and Gross, and they came back and got him and took the money from him, and in doing so pushed him over board. The witness also testified to going for Gross, who first denied all knowledge of Willie Cain, but after wards told the same story as Richards. Witness described the condition of the body when found, which had no abrasions except a hole back of the right knee, that might have been caused by a hook; though the body could not have been long where it was found.

On the 6th three boys testified to bathing in the stream in that vicinity between the day of Willie Cain's death and the discovery of the body, some of them quite near and within sight of the spot where the body was found and did not see or smell it. Other testimony was given in support of the theory that the body had been removed from the pond and put in the place where it was found. After some further testimony on minor points prosecution stopped.

Mr. Staples opened for the defence, alluding in strong terms to the tender years and humble circumstances of his clients, and to the intimidations practiced upon them. A rope had been put about the neck of Gross by citizens of Rockport, and Richards was intimidated and threatened with death if he did not confess on the evening of Willie Cain's disappearance at the pond, and also when the citizens had failed to find the body in one part of the pond, they would intimidate the boys until they induced them to name a new place. None of these confessions were true. He should show it was impossible for Richards to have been at the pond after half past ten, and should show that Willie Cain was not at the pond that afternoon. The pond was searched most thoroughly, and if the body was there it must have been found. It was not strange Willie went to Goose river because his father was working in that vicinity. In the pocket of Willie's coat was a paper collar, the condition of which shows it could not have been under water in the pond. He would show the pocket book to have been in another boy's possession at the time of Willie's death, and that Willie could not swim, and undoubtedly was drowned in the stream. There was water enough to float the body, there was no hole in the gang-way so it could have been if the body had been hooked up, and the lime in the clothes can be accounted for. The whole case of the prosecution hangs on the confessions, and intimidations to be proved will rule that out.

Mrs. Susan E. Richards mother of the older prisoner testified to threats having been used to make her son tell what he did, and to giving Bert twoten cent pieces and a five to buy medicine in the morning. Bert had three dollars in silver in his handled one. Witness thought Bert did not admit seeing Willie at the pond till he had been threatened. On cross examination, witness admitted that before the coroner's inquest she testified she did not hear any threats at the pond, also that she asked Bert on the way home why he did not tell her the Cain boy was drowned, and he said "What would be the use." Gilbert Richards, father of the older prisoner, and Jonathan Gross, father of the younger, testified to threats having been used to make the boys admit having committed the crime. Other witnesses testified as to intimidation, and evidence was introduced to show that the Cain boy was not at the pond with the Richards and Gross boys.

Ralph B. Richards, the older of the two boys arrested for the murder of Willie Cain, was examined Saturday at great length, the court room being crowded to hear the story of the young prisoner. He reiterated his former testimony, in which he claimed that he was frightened into confessing the crime because of the threats made to tar and feather him and drag him across the pond with a rope attached to his neck. A searching cross examination failed to impeach the prisoner's testimony. The other witnesses who were called to the stand threw no new light upon the manner in which the Cain boy lost his life.

Monday, Edward Freeman Gross, the younger of the two prisoners, eleven years of age, was called to the stand and examined at great length. He testified to being at the pond with Richards and others July 12th, corroborating Richards; was at the pond in the afternoon about three o'clock with Charley Philbrook and the Lewain boy; Bert Richards was not there then; didn't see Willie Cain that afternoon. He said he had confessed to the drowning through fear. On cross examination said he told the County Attorney that he told his father about the drowning of Willie Cain, when out fishing, in the presence of his father who didn't deny it; had to tell them something to get rid of them; did not tell his father that in the boat At Mrs Morey's house the witness' mother besought him to tell her the truth and he told her Bert Richards pushed Willie overboard; this was before the rope was put on my neck. Several other witnesses were examined, and then the Government offered some testimony in rebuttal.

Tuesday morning testimony for the State in rebuttal was heard; and at 3 o'clock I. M. Staples began his argument for the defence. He was to conclude his argument yesterday morning, when Judge Gilbert was to argue the case for the prosecution. The case was expected to be given to the jury yesterday, Wednesday.

FARMERS' FESTIVALS.

The North Kennebec Agricultural and Horticultural Society's annual fair was inaugurated in Waterville Oct. 4th, by an exhibition at the town hall of large quantities and varieties of flowers, fruits, vegetables and grain, the hall being beautifully decorated with the handy-work of farmers' wives and daughters. The show of live stock at the fair grounds in the afternoon was much more extensive and valuable than had been seen there for many years. The intense cold and high winds caused the fair to be closed on the 5th, and the trotting was adjourned to some future day.

The exhibition of the old Kennebec Agricultural Society which began at Augusta, Oct. 4th, drew a very large attendance. The day was devoted chiefly to the exhibition of cattle and the drawing match. The number of cattle exhibited was considerably larger than the number at the State fair, mostly blooded stock and remarkably fine. The exhibition continued Wednesday and Thursday. The examination of horses took place Thursday. The semi centennial of the society was celebrated on that day, and the customary horse trot took place.

The cold lessened the attendance at the Kennebec County Fair in Winthrop Oct. 5th. The exhibition of horses was good and the show in the hall was very fine. In the three year old race Grant's station "I Want Him," won, time three minutes. The two fifty class was won by Grant's "Napoleon," time two fifty two. Thursday the attendance was large. Judge Bean of Readfield, delivered the semi centennial address. The 2:40 class was won by David Patchen; time 2:36. Sweepstakes was won by Jepson's King Philip; time 2:36.

The Piscataquis Central Agricultural Society began their 28th annual exhibition at their grounds in Foxcroft Oct. 4th. The exhibits and attendance were greatly diminished by the severe weather. The fair closed Thursday with trotting. R. M. Hollis' Lady Hamilton, won the three minute race. G. R. Palmer's Franklin won the two forty race and the same horse also won the sweepstake race; no time was given in any of the races.

The Bridgton and Harrison Fair held in Bridgton Oct. 5 and 6, was an immense success. There was a very large attendance and a creditable display of stock, fruit and fancy articles.

The Orono Horticultural Society had a very successful exhibition in the town hall last week. The displays of fruit, flowers and vegetables was good, though not up to the standard of former years.

The Bluehill Town Fair was held last Friday. There was a good display of cattle and colts, and an unusually fine show of apples.—enough to prove that it only needs care and time to raise as good apples there as anywhere.

THE STATE BAPTIST CONVENTION.

The Maine Baptist convention which met in Skowhegan on the 4th inst. was largely attended. The annual election of officers was held in the morning and resulted at follows: President, F. T. Hazelwood, of Bangor; Vice President, Rev. J. McWhinnie, Portland; Corresponding Secretary, Rev. J. Ricker, Augusta; Recording Secretary, W. C. Barrows, Rockland; Treasurer, Prof. J. E. Foster, Waterville; a board of forty trustees was appointed. In the evening the Maine Baptist Charitable Society held its annual meeting. The object is to aid indigent Baptist ministers and their widows. The Treasurer's report shows a permanent fund of $1,700. Three beneficiaries have been added this year. The following officers were elected: Percival Bonney, President; Rev. H. C. Estes, Vice President; Rev. H. S. Burrage, Secretary; J. C. Phoenix, Treasurer; Revs. McWhinnie, Bakeman and Merrill, Executive Committee. Wednesday afternoon, 5th inst., the meeting of the Maine Baptist Educational Society was addressed by President McWhinnie; also address by Rev. Alvah Hovey, D. D., President of Newton Theological Institution. The election of officers resulted as follows: Rev. A. R. Crane, Winthrop, President; Rev. W. H. Spencer, Waterville, Vice President; Rev. W. O. Ayer, Skowhegan, Secretary; Rev. S. P. Merrill, Biddeford, Treasurer. The meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society, was addressed by Rev. W. H. S. Haskell, the returned missionary from Burmah, and Mrs. Fred Eveleth, a returned missionary. The following officers were elected: Mrs. J. C. Philbrick, Waterville, President; Miss Sallie Curtis, Hampden, Secretary. Sermons and addresses were delivered during the convention by distinguished clergymen, and great interest prevailed.

IN GENERAL.

Mr. C. F. Coburn, of Greene, left at the Lewiston Journal office a limb cut from a Vicar of Winkfield pear tree that has in the space of five inches twenty one pears.

Senator Frye believes that the new administration will be characterized by ability and breadth.

Mrs. Sarah Small, of Bowdoinham, will, in November, complete the one hundredth year of her life. The aged lady is in good health physically and mentally, and the completion of her century of life will be properly observed by the family and friends.

The Lewiston Journal says late apples are beginning to come into the markets. Buyers are paying $2 per barrel for Baldwins. Gravensteins are very popular for a late fall apple and are fully 25 cents per barrel above the market. Twenty ounce pippins are another favorite variety of apples. Holders of potatoes decline to sell at present market rates.

Governor Plaisted has notified the Yorktown authorities that he will be present with his staff, but that owing to the failure of the Legislature to appropriate funds no military bodies from Maine will be present.

It is estimated that 600,000 sticks, or 40,000,000 feet of lumber, have been driven down the Kennebec river this summer. Lumbermen anticipate a long winter in the woods. Sawmills are unable to keep pace with their orders, and Maine is shipping an enormous amount of lumber to other states.

The annual report of the Odd Fellows' Mutual Relief Association of Maine shows that the Association has now been in existence eight years, and has a membership of thirty five hundred. During its existence it has paid in benefits to the families of deceased Odd Fellows $163,302. The total number of deaths is 114. The average membership is 2233, and the death rate has been one for every 190 members or 53-100 per cent. The average cost of insurance in the Association thus far has been $7 02 per annum for every one thousand dollars of insurance.

The Commercial says in regard to the Chadbournes, the Parkman murderers: "It is said that at every opportunity the father, mother and son Wallace have made threatening signs to the mute, intending to frighten him, and that, in consequence he has been driven at times insane lately."

Horace Fabyan of Bradford, one of the oldest and most widely known hotel men in New England, died in Bradford, Vt., Oct. 5. He was born in Portland, in January, 1806, commenced hotel life in the old American House, Rutland, and followed this employment until his death. He founded the Fabyan House at the White mountains.

Hon. Rufus Prince, who is visiting friends in Illinois, writes to the Lewiston Journal: "Please say to Maine fruit growers not to be in haste to sell late keeping fruit, as there is none in the West. I have paid as high as five cents each for apples here. Of course they were large. Saw potatoes sold at wholesale at $1 per bushel a day or two since. Watermelons are all the green things I have seen in the West but they are higher here than in Lewiston. There are any number of orchards in Androscoggin county in which there are more apples than I have seen since I left Maine."

The crops in Maine along the line of the Grand Trunk are reported as generally good.

Miss Susie E. Rogers of South Anson, a self taught artist, has made a crayon portrait of Secretary Blaine, which the Somerset Reporter pronounces an excellent likeness.

Dr. Daniel Harwood, who died at his residence in Dorchester district, Boston, Oct. 1st, aged 80 years, was the oldest past master mason in Massachusetts. Dr H. was for many years a resident of Machias and was largely interested in the Machias Water Power and Mill Co. He ranked among the first dentists in the country.

The Hotel St. Sauveur, at Bar Harbor, owned and occupied by Mr. Fred J. Alley, was burned to the ground Oct 4. Loss probably $12,000 to $15,000. Insured for $8000.

C. C. Clough, of Blue Hill, began to set out an orchard nine years ago and this year he expects to gather 1000 bushels of apples.

Secretary Blaine has returned to Washington.

Cole's circus tent was blown down in Waterville 5th inst.

The Penobscot Musical Association, at its session in Bangor, last week elected the following officers: President, G. W. Merrill; Vice President, G. Stickney; Secretary, E. F. Duren; Auditor, H. G. Hanson. An advisory committee of eighteen was chosen.

The Journal says there is a sort of epizootic prevalent among horses in Augusta. It affects them in the way of a severe cold, and while owners are not particularly anxious concerning the disease, yet it is quite difficult to deal with.

Reports from all parts of Androscoggin county show a hard freeze the night of the 4th inst. All tender vegetables were killed. Most crops were out of danger. Fruit has been blown off by the heavy wind prevailing and will be injured. Snow squall Wednesday afternoon, the 5th. Snow also fell in the morning in Bangor and Ellsworth.

The race at Biddeford, Oct. 5 between Frank F., of Biddeford, and Dandy J., of Lewiston, for a wager of $100 a side, was won by Frank F. Best time, 2:34.

Hutchins' Hotel at Readfield, was burned Oct 5th, together with all the buildings, twenty five tons of hay and a large part of the furniture. Cause probably a defective chimney. Loss $5,000; Insured $3,500 in the Home, New York. Mr. Hutchins has kept hotel there thirty five years.

Hon. Geo S. Peters, of Ellsworth, brother of Judge Peters, died last week. Deceased was one of the most prominent citizens of Hancock county, was formerly Judge of the Municipal Court of Ellsworth, and was most highly esteemed for his many sterling qualities. His age was fifty five years and four months. His death was the result of Croup.

The Bowdoin correspondent of the Portland Press says that the fall term of the college has opened under very favorable auspices. The freshman class contains fifty three members, forty six of whom are now present. Besides the members of the freshman class there have been several additions to the upper classes from different colleges.

Mrs Eliza Allen, of Biddeford, who, it was alleged some months ago pushed her mother in law from the piazza of their house, from which fall she died in a few hours, was indicted at the present term of court for assault and battery, to which she pleaded nolo contendere, and paid in fine and cost $30 60.

One of the boilers of the Judson Tarr's fish canning establishment at Pemaquid burst Oct. 3d and nearly destroyed the building. Most of the employees had been temporarily discharged and the few remaining happened to be out, or many lives would have been lost.

Charles W. G. Smith was arraigned in the Supreme Judicial Court, Rockland, Oct. 5th, for the murder of his infant son. He said when called to plead that he was guilty of shooting his wife, but knows nothing about the shooting of the child, and a plea of not guilty was entered. Tuesday Smith was brought into court, retracted his plea of not guilty and pleaded guilty of killing his infant son. He was to be sentenced yesterday.

The Oxford County Musical Association assembled at Norway Oct. 4th for a four days' festival. The president is Dr. A. S. Hersey, secretary and treasurer, F. A. Thayer. Eighty persons were present in the first chorus. Several members of the Haydn Association of Portland were present and a large delegation from Lewiston and Auburn. The musical director is Hermann Kotzschmar.

Patents have been issued as follows: Owen W. Davis, Bangor, and G. D. Colby, Katahdin Iron Works, roasting and calcining furnace. C. C. Mallet and Z. T. Furbush, Augusta, screw driver. John N. Gaylor, Portland, automatic step ladder brace rod. Edward E. Swett, Biddeford, fire escape.

Secretary Blaine is one of the executive committee for establishing at Washington by subscription, a Garfield Memorial Hospital.

The Portland Greenback News says that the Greenback State committee appointed by the recent convention at Lewiston, is the only true Greenback State committee in Maine. It charges that whatever has been done in the name of the committee which has been masquerading as Greenback the past year, "has emanated from Hon. F. W. Hill, whom the Argus styles a Democrat, and, that it is a little singular that nearly all of that committee were originally Democrats, from the chairman down." The News adds: "Is it possible that those men are laboring to make a Democratic party rather than a Greenback party?"

John O. Hare, an intoxicated peddler, was robbed of over three hundred dollars in money and a valuable watch and chain in one of the dens on the "Point," Rockland, Thursday night. The persons suspected have left town.

The dry house of Winslow B Marston's match factory, Waterville, caught fire and burned Friday night. Loss $1,000; no insurance.

Hon. Hannibal Hamlin and wife expect to visit Paris in Oxford county, this week, to take leave of friends, before their departure for Spain, Mr. Hamlin having accepted the appointment of minister made the day President Garfield was shot.

The Kennebec Journal says that an aged farmer on Church Hill mourns his young wife, whom he married last spring, and who has left home taking $3,000 which he settled upon her. She writes him from Boston that she "will return and explain everything."

The trustees of the Insane Hospital have voted that on and after November 1st visitors shall be admitted to the hospital on Tuesday and Thursday of each week. This order is not to apply to relatives of the patients or municipal officers, but only to people who visit the hospital simply out of curiosity.

Seventeen persons were convicted of violating the liquor law at the late term of the superior court in Kennebec county, and were heavily fined or imprisoned. Sixteen persons charged with liquor selling are now in Kennebec county jail.

WALDOBORO, Oct. 11. Ambrose Hall and Edward Brackett, both of Waldoboro, fell from the afternoon staging of a vessel being built by William Fisk, a distance of twenty five feet, striking on the rocks below. Hall is dangerously injured and will not probably live through the night, and Brackett is severely bruised about the hips, but his injuries are not considered fatal.

Hon. Wm. T. Johnston, Cashier of the Granite Bank, Augusta, a well known and much esteemed citizen of that place, died very suddenly Tuesday, of paralysis of the heart, aged 66 years.

Six buildings including the shoe factory were burned in South Paris, Monday. Loss $20,000. The fire originated in the upper story of the shoe factory, cause unknown.

The bodies of Mr. and Mrs Harris, drowned in Moosehead lake by the oversetting of their canoe, have been emmalmed and enclosed in metallic caskets, and sent to Providence, R I., in charge of relatives.

The main part of the new mill at Waterville is now nearly or quite roofed in, and windows are being put in in some parts of the mill.

The Guiteau Indictment.

In Washington on Saturday last at 12 45 the Grand Jury entered the Criminal Court and presented the indictment against Guiteau, endorsed a true bill, and signed by Caleb Churchman, foreman. The indictment embraces eleven counts and is drawn with great minuteness. The fifth and sixth counts are the ones upon which it is said the prosecution will mainly rely. They describe the shooting as having been done at the Baltimore & Potomac Depot, Washington, with malice aforethought, with a pistol of the value of five dollars, inflicting a mortal wound of the depth of six inches and breath of one inch, of which said mortal wound said James A. Garfield, until the 19th day of September, as well at and in the county of Washington and District of Columbia, as at and in the county of Monmouth, State New Jersey, did languish and languishing did live and ultimately did die. The next count formally repeats the charge that Guiteau in the manner and by the means described, feloniously, willfully and of his own malice aforethought did kill and murder, against the form of the statute in such case made and provided and against the peace and government of the United States.

Mr. Blaine's letter accepting the position of Secretary of State under President Garfield, now first published, does equal credit to the writer's head and heart. It is an admirable production.

The Yorktown celebration begins to day and an elaborate programme for this week and next has been arranged. Cornwallis surrendered on the 19th of October, 1781.

Mr. S. J. Tilden appears to always have one or more law suits on hand. Just now he is involved in litigation respecting investments in iron mining in Michigan.

REPUBLICAN JOURNAL.

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Gov. Foster Re-elected in Ohio

The returns received from the State election in Ohio on Tuesday last are meagre, but the indications are that Governor Foster has been re-elected by 8,000 majority. The complexion of the Legislature is unknown, owing to the heavy scratching on local tickets. There was a falling off in the total vote, as was expected.

A storm has delayed the returns from Iowa.

"Tax Payer's" communication in last week's Prog. Age abounds in misstatements and groundless insinuations. So far as the controversy in our columns between "Fair Play" and "Tax Payer" is concerned, no favor was shown to one that was not granted to the other; and it was not until "Tax Payer" resorted to personal abuse, after having been worsted in argument, that we closed our columns to him. This is a matter wholly within the discretion of the editor, and "Tax Payer" was not deprived of any right by this decision. A newspaper is "a private and purely business enterprise," and "the public has no right to the newspaper except what they pay for." What was granted "Tax Payer" by courtesy he forfeited by the use of objectionable and libelous language.

"Tax Payer's" last letter was not, as he asserts, "outrageously mutilated." The words stricken out bore no more relation to refunding or the railroad question than they did to the discovery of America. It was simply abuse of some one assumed to be the writer of the communications signed "Fair Play"—abuse that "Tax Payer" would not have published over his own signature. But he was willing to hide behind a nom de plume and make the Journal the medium of his slanders and innuendoes. The Journal does not propose to be made use of in this way, nor to allow "Tax Payer" or any one else, to grind their little axes in its columns. Those who want to create dissensions in the Republican party to further their own private ends, and to advocate schemes contrary to the principles of that party, and adverse to the public interest, will have to seek an organ elsewhere.

The allusion to the "senior editor" of the Journal presumably refers to the late editor, who retired from the management of the paper more than a year ago—a fact of which "Tax Payer" is no doubt aware, and which makes his reference to the affairs of a private individual in a discussion of this sort uncalled for and discourteous, to say the least.

A meeting of the Cabinet, lasting about one hour and a quarter, was held Tuesday at the residence of Senator Jones. It was unimportant, the time being chiefly devoted to an exchange of views on the political situation. It is said that both Secretary Windom and Attorney General McVeagh, are desirous of being relieved from their present duties. The Washington correspondents appear to have agreed upon the following slate for the new Cabinet: Theodore Frelinghuysen of New Jersey, Secretary of State; Judge Charles J. Foster of New York, Secretary of the Treasury; Robert T. Lincoln, Secretary of war; A. A. Sargent of California, Postmaster General; Timothy O. Howe, of Wisconsin, Secretary of the Interior; Ex-Governor Rice of Massachusetts, Secretary of the Navy; Benjamin F. Brewster of Pennsylvania, Attorney General. President Arthur is yet to be heard from.

The Senate met in extra session on Monday last, all the members present except one Republican and one Democrat, who were paired. The Democrats refused to admit the three new Senators—Miller and Lapham of New York and Aldrich of Rhode Island—until a President of the Senate should be elected, and proceeded to elect Senator Bayard to that position by a party vote. Mr. Bayard took the chair and the Senate then adjourned. Tuesday, Senators Aldrich of Rhode Island and Lapham and Miller of New York were admitted, and a committee appointed to wait upon the President which reported later that the President would communicate in writing with the Senate Wednesday.

"Young Farmer" of the Boston Journal, who visited a country fair where neither the trotters nor spectators were fast, says:

I was reminded of the story of the young man who was surprised by the minister while he was attempting to play the violin, and who anxiously asked the reverend gentleman if he thought there was any harm in playing dancing tunes: "Why, no," said he, "not unless you can play them better than you do now."

Not much harm in a trial of speed between two or three horses at an agricultural fair when they can't get out anything faster than three minutes

The Philadelphia Press says of George Bliss, one of the attorneys retained for the prosecution of the star route plunderers: "He has the scent of a hound and the grip of a bull dog." There is a chance here for a pun on the lawyer's name, but we forbear.

Senator Voorhees, of Indiana, hitherto known as a free trader, declared himself for protection in his speech at the opening of the Atlanta cotton exposition. Dan evidently does not intend to get left by remaining on the wrong side.

The Portland Society of Natural History is desirous of increasing its membership, that its usefulness may be extended, and has issued an appeal to the public, which will no doubt evoke a generous response.

Agricultural Fairs.

That this season's agricultural fairs have not been generally successful is due in some degree to neighborhood dissensions and in part to a falling off of interest which seriously diminished the exhibits. The excuse offered that this has been a bad year for agricultural products can hardly be accepted as valid. Pears and plums have not been so abundant and so fine for many years, and no failure is reported save in the potato crop. Had every farmer contributed the best from his farm, orchard and garden, the exhibitions would undoubtedly have been of a high order. But they did not do so, save in exceptional localities. The most conspicuous failure was the Houlton fair, whereas judging from the agricultural resources of the surrounding country, it should have been the most successful. The Pioneer says—

This failure is charged to those who require some change of tactics; some new feature to create enthusiasm and revive that interest which lies dormant. There is no scarcity of material: what we want is something to bring it out. The Secretary, Mr. Holland, has labored hard to preserve the reputation of the society, but it seems to be a thankless task. If farmers can employ their time to better advantage, and feel that it is not profitable to spend a day at the close of the busy season, after the crops are gathered and housed, to exhibit with neighbors and co workers in the vineyard the fruits of their labor, they must not be censured, as they alone are the best judges. The farmers of this county are prospering, and will no doubt continue to do so, regardless of cattle shows and fairs. They can learn from the best agricultural journals and their own experience what they most need to produce the best results. They have a productive soil and ready market for their surplus. What more need the Aroostook farmers to make them selves happy?

We are certainly not disposed to censure farmers for failing to contribute to their local fairs, although we believe it to be for their interest to do so; and we should be glad to see the causes of their dissatisfaction removed. This is a matter to which fair managers might turn their attention with profit to themselves and to the community. It is no doubt true that our fairs have followed old ruts so long as to cause a gradual decline of interest and that new methods, in accord with the progressive spirit of the times, are demanded. The practical farmers, those who live by tilling the soil, feel that their interests are neglected, while the fancy farmer and stock raiser and the factories carry off all the premiums and the honors. The men whose capital enables them to indulge in experiments and to invest in costly machinery, and who bring blooded stock into the country, are certainly entitled to encouragement, and fill an important place in our agricultural system. But the great majority of hard-working farmers, whose working capital is their head and hands, should not be ignored. The comments of one of these men on the recent State Fair in Lewiston were that it was given over almost entirely to horse racing, and that the small farmer received no consideration whatever. This question of horse racing is perennial and it would be idle to discuss it now. The arguments for and against it have been published hundreds of times and it still remains a vexed question.

The system of giving money premiums is a good one, and should be followed if possible. But we believe a fair may be successful and profitable to exhibitors without such premiums. The farmer who does not receive new and valuable ideas in visiting a first class agricultural fair cannot keep his eyes and ears open, and in most instances he will be pretty certain to find new customers for his products. The opportunity is afforded him of advertising, free of cost, save in transportation to the fair, whatever he may have to sell. In the World's fairs and the industrial exhibitions this opportunity is much prized, and space is eagerly taken by exhibitors. In these great fairs money premiums are rarely given; yet American manufacturers have found it to their benefit to contribute to fairs held in Paris, London, Vienna, Matanzas, and in Australia and New Zealand.

The New England Farmer is in favor of having competitors the judges upon their own exhibits, and makes a strong argument in support of its position. It says—

With the adoption of such a system, judging would no longer be considered a burden. In case of a failure to agree, the competitors should themselves have power to choose one outside party to act as a judge, one being better than a large number, instead of having the selection left to officers of the society, who may be entirely incompetent for the work, or to that worst of all methods, nomination at large.

While we are not altogether convinced on this point we heartily endorse what the Farmer says concerning the present method of making awards—

The management at the centennial exhibition in Philadelphia, was a long stride in advance in the matter of awards, although there was, doubtless, imperfect work done by the judges. What we refer to specially, was the rejection of the old method of giving prizes for first, second, and third best exhibits, without designating the special merits which governed the judgment of the committees. Where prizes were given, they were awarded for certain named merits, but without reflecting upon the merits of other similar exhibits. It is hard to step directly out from long traveled ruts, and it may be necessary, for some time yet, to go through some sort of form of awarding honors to goods exhibited at public shows, but for our own part we are fully in favor of dispensing with money awards, and with all reports of judges which merely name the order of merit, as first, second, third, etc., without giving the exhibitor or the public any clew whatever to the reasons the committee had for making the awards as they did. An award made by a board of judges at an industrial exhibition, should be some guide to the public in helping to decide what animals or merchandise it would be advisable to purchase. It is not enough to know, that in the judgment of certain men who had in some way got upon a committee to pronounce upon a collection of cows, that Mr. A had the best cow on exhibition. The public want to know what Mr. A's cow is good for, whether for beef, milk to sell, butter, cheese, or to sell and cheat somebody else with. Mr. B, who fails to get the prize for his cow, also wants to know wherein his exhibit was inferior to that of Mr. A, whether it was merely a fancy of the judges, or whether there is a real difference in the actual value of the two cows.

Perhaps there are no exhibits upon which there is so little satisfaction given to all parties concerned, as that of butter. We claim that there is not, and never can be, any standard for good butter, so long as butter is made by so many different methods, and by so many different people. People, after a time, become attached to the kind of butter they are most likely to get. We have never yet seen two samples of farm dairy butter exhibited at a fair, that were so near alike in all respects as to be undistinguishable, nor is it common to find two judges who exactly agree in their taste and judgment. For a period of ten years, the writer had the experience of a competitor for butter prizes offered by one of the most popular agricultural societies in New England, and during those ten years the reports of the judges merely named the order of awards, but gave little or no clew to the reasons why the awards were made as they were. What good influence in the art, did such awards exert upon the dairy interests of the locality? What lesson did the unlucky competitors learn? Just none. But if those butter makers had been put upon the committee to judge upon the different exhibits, would not there have been a good deal of valuable interchange of experience, that would be of value to them, if to no one else? Certainly there must; and if it were understood that exhibitors were to be the judges, what an inducement is offered for new competitors to come in, compare goods and methods, and learn from each other.

This method would necessarily entail a good deal of work on the judges, but by adopting certain figures to represent grades of excellence, and the use of printed forms, it might be satisfactorily done; and would, we are confident, give better satisfaction than the present plan. It is worth trying, at all events.

The Republican State convention, held in New York last week, was anti-machine, harmonious and nominated a good ticket. Conkling was not present.

Farmers' Festivals.

WALDO AND PENOBSCOT AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY. The annual fair of the above society was held at the Park and Halls, in Monroe, on Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 5th and 6th. The exhibits were more numerous than last year, and although the weather was not so pleasant, the showing of stock on the grounds was good, and that of produce much better than that of last year. The following are the stock entries and premiums—

Fat Cattle—Willard Ellis, Monroe, 1st prem.; A. B. Clark, Winterport, 2d; J. H. Cates, Jackson, 3d.

Draft Oxen, any size—G. M. Hasty, Jackson, 1st prem.; Chas. Marden, Swanville, 2d; Silas Pierce, Jackson.

Draft Oxen, 7 ft. or upwards—Charles Marden, Swanville, 1st prem.

Four years old Oxen—E. C. Fenderson, Jackson, 1st prem.; A. F. Kendall, Jackson, 2d.

Three years old Steers—J. H. Cates, Jackson, 1st prem.; A. Conant, Winterport, 2d.

Two years old Steers—Willard Ellis, Monroe, 1st prem.; Charles Conant, Winterport, 2d; H. C. Marden, Monroe, 3d.

One year old Steers—A. K. Fletcher, Monroe, 1st prem.; H. C. Marden, Monroe, 2d; Hiram A. Hourses, Monroe, 3d.

Steer Calves—J. W. Snow, Winterport, 1st prem; John Goodwin, Monroe, 2d.

Trained Steers under 2 years old—Chester J. Wallace, 1st prem.

Town Teams—Jackson, 1st prem.; Monroe, 2d.

Farm Stock, 8 Herd—John Goodwin, Monroe, 1st prem.; Willard Ellis, Monroe, 2d; B. W. Harding, Hampden, 3d.

Milch Cows, 3 years old—Willard Ellis, Monroe, 1st prem.; George Sweetser, Newburgh, 2d.

Stock Cows, with Calf—Willard Ellis, Monroe, 1st prem.; J. W. Lowe, Winterport, 2d.

Two years old Heifers—C. A. McKenney, Monroe, 3d prem.; John Goodwin, Monroe, 2d; A. Conant, Winterport, 1st.

One year old Heifers—T. B. Plummer, Winterport, 1st prem.; J. W. Lowe, Winterport, 2d; C. A. McKenney, Monroe; Willard Ellis, Monroe, 3d.

Heifer Calves—C. A. McKenney, Monroe, 1st prem.

Thoroughbred Cattle—Thoroughbred Durham with stock, Eli C. West, Frankfort, 1st prem.

Thoroughbred Hereford Cow with Stock—C. A. McKenney, Monroe, 1st and 2d prem.

Thoroughbred Jersey, one year old Heifer—Eli C. West, Frankfort, 1st prem.

Thoroughbred Jersey Calves—W. B. Ferguson, Dixmont, 1st prem.

Thoroughbred Bulls—Durham, Eli C. West, Frankfort, 1st prem.; Hereford, C. A. McKenney, Monroe, 1st prem.; Jersey, W. B. Ferguson, Dixmont, 1st prem.; Devon, Cyrus Pollard, Dixmont, 1st prem.; B. M. Harden, Hampden, 2d, A. Conant, Winterport, 3d; Grade Bull Calves, John Goodwin, Monroe, 1st prem.

Grade Bull Calves with Stock—C. A. McKenney, Monroe, 1st prem.; C. F. Robinson, Newburgh, 2d.

Four year old Stallions—Winfield Edminster Knox, 1st premium.

Three year old Stallion—T. A. Hunt, Unity, 1st prem.; S. M. Means, So. Etna, 2d.

Five year old Stallions—J. H. Campbell Plymouth, 1st prem.; B. F. Harding, East Troy, 2d.

Breeding Mares with Stock—E. K. Grant, Winterport, 1st prem.; Eli C. West, Frankfort, 2d; Arthur Croxford, Newburgh, 3d.

Four years old Colts—Lincoln Rich, Newburgh, 1st prem.; Fairfield Emery, Monroe, 2d; Lincoln Rich, Newburgh, 3d.

Three years old Colts—A. J. Mudgett, Jackson, 1st prem.; E. R. Grant, Winterport, 2d.

Two years old Colts—A. J. Mudgett, Jackson, 1st prem.; G. E. Mudgett, Newburg, 2d; W. E. Hamilton, Swanville, 3d; C. Barlow, Newburgh.

One year old Colts—G. E. Bragg, So. Levant, 1st prem.; E. R. Grant, Winterport, 2d; A. F. Kendall, Jackson, 3d.

Trained Colts—A. J. Mudgett, Jackson, 1st and 2d prems.

Stock Sheep with Buck—I. G. Reynolds, Brooks, 1st prem.

Buck Grade—I. G. Reynolds, Brooks, 1st and 2d prems.

Flock Thoroughbred Sheep—Lyman Clark, Winterport, 1st prem.

Thoroughbred Buck—I. G. Reynolds, Brooks, 1st prem.

Swine and Fowls.

Boar—Nathaniel Littlefield, Prospect, Suffolk, 1st prem.; Nathaniel Littlefield, Prospect, Berkshire, 2d.

Breeding Sow—E. C. Ritchie, Monroe, 1st prem.

Show of Fowls—J. Bickford, Dixmont, 1st prem.; J. P. Kenilston, Dixmont, 2d.

Brown and White Leghorn—J. Bickford, Dixmont, 1st prem.; J. P. Kenilston, Dixmont, 2d.

Brown Leghorn—J. Bickford, Dixmont, 1st prem; J. P. Kenilston, Dixmont, 2d.

Bolton Greys—Francis Moody, Winterport, 1st prem.; J. P. Kenilston, Dixmont, 2d.

Pair Geese—S. F. Mansur, Monroe, 2d prem.

Turkeys—J. P. Kenilston, Dixmont, 1st prem.

Ducks and Geese—Dolloff and Chase, four W. F. B. Spanish hens.

Fruit—Collection of fruit, twenty kinds, Henry S. Webber, Monroe, 1st prem.; J. P. Kenilston, Dixmont, 2d.

Fall varieties—A. M. Clark, Winterport, 1st prem; H. S. Webber, Monroe, 2d.

Winter varieties—A. M. Clark, Winterport, 2d prem.; B. Webber, Monroe, 1st; J. P. Kenilston, Dixmont, 3d.

J. P. Kenilston, Dixmont, 1st prems. on Duchess of Oldenburg, Golden Russet, Northern Spy, Bare Limb Greening, Greenings; Bell Flowers, B. Webber, Monroe, 1st prem.; Rhode Island Greenings, G. W. Sanborn, Monroe, 1st prem.; Cathcads, H. S. Webber, Monroe, 1st prem.; Bare Limb Greenings, H. S. Webber, Monroe, 1st prem; Baldwins, Jas. Bickford, Dixmont, first prem.; George Sanborn, Monroe, 2d; D. D. Gould, Jackson, 3d; Northern Spy, H. S. Webber, Monroe, 1st prem.; D. D. Gould, Jackson, 2d; varieties crab apples, J. P. Kenilston, Dixmont, 1st prem.; varieties pears, Levi Rich, Jackson, 1st prem.; J. P. Kenilston, Dixmont, 2d; collection of grapes, D. W. Mansur, Monroe, 1st prem.; Jas. Bickford, Dixmont, 2d; John Moore, Monroe, 3d.

Winter—Jas. Bickford, Dixmont, 1st prem.; S. F. Mansur, Monroe, 2d; E. H. Gregory, Hampden,

News of Belfast and Vicinity.

Sch. Moses Eddy, of Belfast, from New York for Danvers, put into Edgartown last week with the loss of jib and jibboom.

Ship Clarissa B. Carver, of Searsport, from Manilla for New York, put into Batavia Sept. 22d, leaking, and is discharging for examination.

A company of Belfast Odd Fellows left yesterday for Union, where a new encampment was formed, a branch from the order in this city.

Mr. Benj. Ryder, of Islesboro, one of the prominent men of the town, and proprietor of the Ocean House at Ryder's Cove, died last week.

The oldest house in Belfast, the one on Miller street below the Methodist church, is tenantless. The house was built in 1792 and is so decayed as to be uninhabitable.

Ten barrels of insulators and other apparatus for the Mutual Union Telegraph Co. arrived in this city last week. The Mutual Union is a new company and is building lines through this State.

The cargo of coal lost on the sch. Malabar was owned by Swan & Sibley Bros. of this city, and is the first cargo of coal ever lost consigned to our Belfast dealers. The cargo was insured.

Mayor Woodcock, Harrison Hayford, keeper of the city's poor, and W. H. Fogler, Esq., went to Lewiston last week to look after a suit between Lewiston and Belfast. The suit was for $240, pauper supplies furnished the family of Henry Jackson. A settlement, satisfactory to all, was effected and the case taken from court. The amount paid was $180.

The Journal last week stated that Sorrill Fred, the Camden horse, which trotted a mile in 2.34, made the best time ever recorded on the Belfast track. The Journal is a little "off" on "hoss." Anodyne, of Bangor, in 1877, on the Belfast track, scored a mile in 2.32¾, which is a second and a quarter better. The same animal two years later on the Monroe track made a mile in 2.27½.

At the meeting of the Penobscot Musical Association at Bangor last week, Miss Alice Bicknell and Miss Agnes Thompson, of this city, sang, and were accorded high praise by the association and the local papers for their vocal efforts. A vote of thanks was also extended to them. On the advisory committee appointed we notice the following from this vicinity:—Parker Spofford, Backsport, Loomis Eames, Searsport, and A. J. Raffuell, Castine.

One of the best places in this vicinity to hunt for game is in the woods back of the stock farm in ward five. You can hunt all day and the chances are you won't see anything. Five men and a dog one day last week scoured the woods and succeeded in killing three partridges. Judge J. fixed his legal eye on a retreating rabbit, and sent a charge of shot after him, but the animal made good his escape. There is but little game near the city and that little is pounded by an army of boys and dogs.

Mr. Hiram E. Pierce, although he has 5,000 tons of ice in his building at the mouth of Goose River, Belfast, left over from last winter, will go into the business more extensively the coming season. Charles A. Mundy, Mr. Pierce's foreman, was in Bangor last week purchasing lumber for the erection of additional ice houses. Mr. P. says he intends to cut and store 9,000 tons, which with his present stock will give him 14,000 tons. Should it be a favorable winter (or Maine women, Mr. P. will reap a harvest.

The front of J. S. Caldwell's book store on Main street has been repainted and the old sign which has been over the door for forty-four years replaced by a new one, which reads—"J. S. Caldwell & Co.," the "Co." being Mr. Clement, Mr. Caldwell's son-in-law. Mr. Caldwell, who has lost the use of his limbs and is wheeled about in a carriage chair, stationed himself on the opposite side of the street and calmly surveyed the scene, gracefully submitting to the inevitable, as the old sign which he placed there in 1837, came down. Mr. C. is one of the few old business men of Belfast, who are still in trade, but whose places are being rapidly supplied by younger men. Mr. Caldwell has recovered from his recent illness, and, with the exception of his limbs, is as well as ever.

ARRESTED. The readers of the Journal will remember the account of the shooting on board ship Louis Walsh which arrived at this port from Liverpool Sept. 9th. David Murray, one of the sailors, made complaint before Joseph Williamson Esq., that on the fourth day of August, while on the high sea, he was assaulted by the mate, Mr. William Hoffses. The mate left the ship soon after her arrival here, the sailor was discharged and the case fell through. Mr. Hoffses, who is a Waldoboro man, was last week arrested in that town and taken before U. S. Commissioner Rand, at Portland. On Thursday Capt. Augustus White, master of the ship, was summoned and proceeded to Portland. The examination has been continued until the 15th inst. A passenger on the ship who saw the affray told the Journal reporter that the mate was justified in shooting the man, who was insolent and attacked Mr. Hoffses with a knife.

THE LOST SHIP ALICE BUCK. The Daily San Francisco Chronicle of Sept. 28th, containing a full account of the loss of the ship Alice Buck, of Belfast, has been received in this city. The ship struck at midnight on the 27th off on the southwest side of Half Moon bay. The wreck was discovered the next morning by a man on shore who heard the cries of the sailors in the water. The man rode rapidly to Amecport, a place near by, and spread the news, when the steamer Salinas proceeded to the wreck and rescued the survivors of the disaster. Eleven of the twenty-four persons on board the ship were drowned. Capt. Henningsen was the last man rescued, after being in the water nine hours. The following is the captain's story as related to a Chronicle reporter:—

"The ship left New York on the 7th of last April. We crossed the equator at the other side twenty-five days, and crossed the line equator on the Pacific side Aug. 14th. On August 28th a hurricane struck the ship in 16 north, and tried her so badly that she began to leak. After that we had only moderate gales, but the ship doubled her water, and the day after that we put her up for San Francisco, when between 40 and 41 north. She continued to leak, and we had to work the pumps without ceasing. There were sixteen men on board of us, besides the officers and cook—twenty-four in all. Four of them were drunk with scurvy, but not bad enough to prevent their working. We had to work the pumps every minute, and even then the water gained on us. The water made two feet eight inches in one hour towards the last. I was sick nearly every hour from the day we headed for San Francisco in distress, and I was just about blind for want of sleep. At 4 o'clock P. M. Sept. 27th, I made an observation, and supposed from it that I was sixty miles off shore, and I made my course out, the Farallones bearing just northeast by my steering compass. I went down to sleep for a little while. It seems we were closer in shore than I supposed from my observation. The next thing I knew they came down to call me, and we were in the surf. We had had a strong breeze all day, but it suddenly fell dead calm, and we began drifting in shore. We had the foresails and upper and lower topsails all set, but the lazy master was going down, and I did not set any more sails. It would have been no use anyhow, because there was not a breath of wind. We tried all we could to save the ship, but it was no use. She was helpless as the lazy swell that was on, and drifted fast towards shore. At midnight she struck bows on, and remained in that position, the bow being the last part to break up. She did not seem to strike very hard, and she lay there cracking and straining in the swell for some time. I couldn't say how far from shore she was, because there was a thick bank of fog over the line. I got out a marlinspike and a small line, and sounded as well as I could when she struck, and as near as I could get it there was about 4½ fathoms of water there. She couldn't stand the strain long, and within half an hour after she struck she began to break up. The masts stood till nearly everything of the hull had gone to pieces. The sea ran very high, breaking all over the ship as she lay, so that the only place we could get was in the forward rigging on the starboard side. The crew got in a panic almost the first thing after she struck. There were four boats on board, plenty to carry everybody off. Two of them were light ones, easily handled. The first mate and second mate and one man jumped into the first boat, and lowered her away. I shouted and ordered them back, and to wait till more got in, but they paid no attention. The boat was smashed in lowering, and they were all drowned. Four men got into the second boat, which upset just after she left the vessel. Two of them swam back to the wreck and the others were drowned. The other boats were going to launch or make any use of. We tried one, and it smashed against the vessel in lowering. The other we did not try. The others lashed themselves to spars or jumped overboard. I suppose it was about 2 o'clock when I saw the cabin boy, 14 years of age, put on life buoys and jump overboard. We were swimming a little while when one of the deck houses came floating by. I swam with the boy over to it and he climbed up on it. He said it was better than a spar, and he would stick to it. Soon four of them came along and got up on it with him. I swam along beside them for a while, not caring to get up on the house. Then the current took them away in shore. George, the boy, asked me if I was afraid, and I said no. He said, "All right, as long as you keep up and along with me I'm all right." As they drifted off I sang out "good-bye," and he answered me cheerfully. Before they reached shore the undertow capsized them and they were all drowned but one man. He said that Georgie kept up a stout heart to the last. He was a brave little lad, and I am more sorry about him than anything else about it. Only five men in all reached shore alive. Six stayed on the bow of the wreck about the capstan until morning, when Captain Smith came along in the Salinas and took them off just before the last part broke up. After Georgie and those fellows drifted away on the deckhouse I didn't see anybody. I swam around in the dark, occasionally resting on a spar, but for the most part the pieces were too small to be of use, and they kept hitting against me and bruising me badly about the back. At 8.50 o'clock in the morning I was still trying to make my way ashore, but the current was drifting me out in spite of all I could do, and I am a pretty strong swimmer. My strength was giving out, but I kept on doing the best I could, when along came Captain Smith and picked me up, the last living man in the way.

The brave little boy, George Parker, who met his death so heroically, belonged in Winterport. The mate, Mr. Hurlburt Berry, of Stockton, was the only other person on board belonging in this vicinity. The captain's story of Mr. Berry's unseamanlike conduct in rushing away from the ship should be taken with a grain of allowance. No one is left to defend Mr. Berry, but those who know him do not credit the captain's story in this particular. There was an insurance of $30,000 on the ship and $15,000 on the cargo.

A contract has been made with Capt. J. J. Merritt, of the Merritt Wrecking Co. of New York, to save the iron cargo of ship Alice Buck. Divers and wrecking material will be sent from New York overland.

The Belfast branch railroad will enter upon its winter arrangement on Monday next.

Sch. Welaka, of Belfast, arrived at Washington, D. C. on Sunday last, with the usual loss of jibboom and foretopmast.

The Maine Central company will issue excursion tickets from Belfast to Boston on the 23d and 24th, for $6.00 for the round trip.

In Woodcock's window are displayed a snipe, a woodcock and a ruffed grouse, stuffed and mounted, by Mr. Castle, who is a skillful taxidermist.

The Bangor Whig learns that Walter G. Merrill, of Dexter, has just bought the five-year-old mare "Surprise" of E. H. Nealley, Esq., of Monroe, for $800. She has trotted a full mile in 2.35, and a quarter in 37½ seconds.

Mr. Newell White, an experienced gentleman, is desirous of teaching short hand writing in this city, if a sufficient number of pupils can be obtained. The art is useful to any one, especially to the professions. Terms, moderate. See his advertisement in another column.

ALONG THE WHARVES. Woods & Co. have loaded with hay for Boston, schs. Mary Eliza and Hero.....Benj. Hazeltine is loading with ice sch. F. E. McDonald, for Jacksonville....Wm. Pitcher & Son are loading sch. Nellie with hay for Brunswick, Ga. Same firm has discharged a cargo of 338 tons of coal from sch. Lois V. Chaples.

WHEREABOUTS OF BELFAST VESSELS. Ship Nancy Pendleton arrived at Yokahama, Sept 8th....Bark John C. Smith cleared from Boston on the 7th, for Port Elizabeth, Cape of Good Hope...Brig James Miller cleared from Mobile on the 8th, for Corpus Christi....Sch. Fred A. Carle arrived at New York on the 9th from Baltimore.

Messrs. Hodgdon and Coburn, county commissioners for Kennebec were in this city a few days ago where they were met by commissioner Thompson, of Montville. The Kennebec gentlemen are on a tour of observation, visiting the several jails, etc, with a view of ascertaining the different modes of treating prisoners. They say that their county jail is a large source of expense to the county and an effort is being made to reduce the cost of keeping prisoners.

WILL OF THE LATE WM. O. POOR. The will of the late W. O. Poor, of this city, has been filed in the Probate Court. The property is devised to his immediate family. To his son Clarence O., he bequeaths his entire interest in the stock and business of the firm of Wm. O. Poor & Son. A legacy to his daughter Isabella G. for her support. The remainder of his property, including the homestead, he bequeaths to his widow. Upon the decease of Mrs. Poor the property to be equally divided between the two children, Clarence O., and Isabella G.

The Belfast Choral Society will meet again next Tuesday evening at 7.30 o'clock, Mr. Geo. B. Blake, Director. Every member is requested to be present and all those desirous of joining the society must make application to the Secretary on that evening. The society is to be under the instruction of Mr. George B. Blake, of Chelsea, Mass., a gentleman thoroughly educated in music, and who makes this work of instruction a matter of love. The society is under many obligations to the gentleman, whose efforts should be appreciated by a large and earnest attendance. When the society is prepared it will give a concert assisted by prominent soloists from abroad.

STEAMER NOTES. Steamer City of Richmond has been pumped out and floated, and is now on the marine railway at Rockland where she will be temporarily repaired....Capt. Wm. R. Rolx, of steamer Katahdin, stopped over in this city last week while his boat went to Bangor. He says the company's new steamer, now ready for launching at East Boston, will be a very fine boat, built of the very best material. The new steamer will be especially adapted to rough weather....The Boston boats during excursion week, carried large numbers of passengers to the west....Steamer Cambridge was detained at Rockland on Thursday evening of last week, until 10 p. m. waiting for steamer Lewiston, and arrived at Boston the next forenoon at 10 o'clock.

A Massachusetts man got the g. b. in this city one day last week. He came down to transact some business with a young man. The meeting took place at the Belfast foundry, and after some discussion the young man, who by the way has a crippled hand, refused to comply with the former's request. The Massachusetts man became enraged and assaulted the other, striking him in the face. The foreman of the foundry could not stand and see a cripple assaulted, so told his crew to give the man the g. b. The man was picked up and fired through a pair of folding doors and kicked all over the yard. He was the most discouraged looking man imaginable, and the last seen of him he was making a beeline for the Boston boat which was at the wharf.

A VETERAN FARMER. Rufus West, of Frankfort, now in his 82d year, has lived 79 years within six rods of where he was born; never absent from his home over 15 days at any one time; never chewed any tobacco, nor smoked a pipe or cigar, nor played a game of cards. His father took the Belfast Journal fifty years and paid for it. He has built three miles of stone wall on his farm, clearing the land so that he now does his mowing by a machine. The pleasant thing left to the said is that Mr. West would be taken on the street for not over 70 years of age, and has something handsome to show for his life of prudence and labor. [Bangor Whig, Oct. 10th.

When we began to read the above paragraph we thought the case a very remarkable one, but when we learned that Mr. West had taken the Journal fifty years and paid for it, everything became clear. The case would have been unprecedented had Mr. West been other than the good, moral man he is after perusing the Journal for fifty years. We send this moral and religious educator to any address, post paid, for $2 per year, cash in advance.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. Attention is called to the large and new stock of fall and winter dress goods now on exhibition at the store of H. H. Johnson & Co. The recent cold weather obliges all to prepare for it, and no store in Belfast offers superior advantages to this. Call and examine stock and learn prices....Great bargains in overcoats and winter suits are offered by the Andrews' Bros. at their new Boston clothing store....Miss A. F. Southworth calls the attention of the ladies to her millinery opening on Wednesday and Thursday Oct. 19th and 20th, on which occasion will be displayed a full line of millinery and trimmed hats and bonnets....Mrs. B. F. Wells announces that she will return this week from Boston with a full line of fall and winter millinery....Rubber circulars of all sizes at B. F. Wells....A good second hand furnace for sale at John B. Wadlin's store, Main street....Wanted a family to move on to a good farm in Belmont. Inquire of Lincoln Blanchard.

LOSS OF ANOTHER BELFAST VESSEL. Sch. Malabar, of this city, was totally wrecked on Thursday of last week, at Nantucket. The vessel was coal laden from Hoboken to Swan & Sibley Bros. Belfast. When on the Shoals she took a heavy gale which split sails, obliging the captain to anchor. The vessel dragged ashore and bilged. The crew were saved. Capt. Ed. Curtis, the master, telegraphs that the vessel has been stripped, and that a portion of the cargo can be saved. The vessel was owned in this city, J. W. Frederick & Co. being the agents, and was uninsured, but the cargo was covered. The Malabar was 126 tons, built by Carter & Co, in 1845, being one of the oldest coasting vessels owned in this city. She was built for Capt. James Gilchrist and has been a very profitable vessel. This is the third Belfast vessel lost within a month. The sch. M. W. Drew was abandoned Sept. 9th, off Cape Hatteras, and the ship Alice Buck was lost Sept. 27th, off the California coast.

PERSONAL. Miss Francis J. Dyer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David W. Dyer, of this city, is on the editorial staff of the Boston Congregationalist. Her department is "News from the Churches," in which church matters from all parts of the country are admirably gotten up. The missionary work is also under the management of Miss Dyer. The lady is well adapted for the work, thoroughly familiar with the subject, and a very vivid and interesting writer....Miss M. A. Pillsbury, the faithful Western Union telegraph operator in this city, is away on a vacation, her place being supplied by Miss Field, of Farmington....Rev. Theodore Gerrish, of Bucksport, made his many Belfast friends a brief call the first of the week....Dr. R. E. Paine and Fred Lewis of Camden, made the Journal office a pleasant call on Monday afternoon.....Mr. Leslie Kellar, of this city, is express messenger on steamer Falmouth, on the Boston and St. John route....Mr. Robert U. Collins, son of the late I. G. Collins, of this city, after a thirteen years residence on the Pacific coast, has returned to Belfast for a visit, and will pass the winter here. He resides in San Francisco.

GOOD TEMPLARS. The semi-annual session of the Grand Lodge I. O. of G. T. of Maine, is held at Rockland, this week, Oct. 12-13. The report of the Grand Sec'y, Geo. E. Brackett, shows the Order to be in its usual good condition. Whole number of Lodges, 294; total membership about 20,000. Thirty lodges organized since April, and the work will be vigorously pushed during autumn and winter. The finances are in a healthy condition. The Juvenile Temple department numbers nearly 5,000. The annual session will be held at Augusta next April....Belfast Lodge No. 30 has changed its night of meeting to Monday evenings; Universalist Vestry....The regular quarterly session of Waldo District Lodge will be held with Progressive Lodge No 26, at Sandy Point, Stockton, on Thursday, Oct. 13.....Secretary Brackett and wife and others of Belfast Lodge are attending the Grand Lodge at Rockland....M. J. Dow, of Brooks, State Deputy, has returned from his lecturing and organizing tour in Piscataquis County, having instituted seven new lodges. He will soon visit Knox county on the same business....Belfast Lodge has passed resolutions of respect to the memory of Wm. O. Poor, who was one of its oldest members....Several lodges will be organized in Waldo county during this autumn and early winter.

The heavy frost of last week killed the foliage upon the trees, and the leaves are rapidly falling.

The S. J. Court begins its October session in this city on Tuesday next, Judge Symonds presiding.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred A. Small of this city, are rejoicing in the birth of a bouncing boy who put in an appearance at their residence on Monday. Alfred is as proud as a new father can be, and has made all his friends happy. Small is not very small on such occasions.

An old sign in front of Caldwell's store last week upon which was painted the name of H. G. K. Calef brought to the mind of our older citizens the man who more than forty years ago was an active merchant in this place. He traded in the store now occupied by A. D. Chase.

The foundry engine which went through the fire of 1873 has been rebuilt and set up. It was started on Saturday for the first time and worked finely. The engine is about 35 horse power while the one put in when the new building was erected is over 80 horse power. A considerable saving in fuel will be made by the change.

A very pleasant evening was passed at Masonic Temple in this city on Monday last. The occasion was the conferring of the Royal Arch degree. About sixty companions were present including large delegations from Key Stone Chapter, Camden, and St. Georges Chapter, Liberty. After work and some pleasant remarks the company were treated to a collation.

Some very excellent concrete sidewalks have been laid in this city, under the supervision of Commissioner Faunce. The stone walk from Moody's corner to the Angier store, on High street, has been removed and concrete put in its place. A new walk has been laid in front of F. B. Knowlton's and M. W. Frost's on High street. The walks on Main and on several other streets have been patched up with a coating of new concrete. The smooth, flat stones from the walk on High street have been taken to Bridge street and laid for a walk from Green street to the lower bridge.

THE CHURCHES. The subject of Rev. Mr. Ross' Sunday morning sermon at the North church, will be "The Goodness of God." Prayer meeting in the evening....A county conference of the Congregationalist churches, was held at Frankfort on Tuesday and Wednesday....A series of revival meeting are in progress at the M. E. church in this city. Much interest is being manifested and members are being admitted to the church. The pastor is assisted by the Rev. Mr. Cunningham....The meetings at the M. E. church are continuing through this week. Rev. Mr. Gerrish, of Bucksport, preached a very interesting sermon Tuesday evening. Last Sabbath at this church, there was a baptism and reception into the church. Subject of next Sabbath's discourse, "The Future Condition of the Wicked."

TRANSFERS IN REAL ESTATE. The following are the real estate transfers in Waldo county for the week ending Oct. 11th—Harvey and Jane Achorn, Lincolnville, to George H. French, same town. Inhabitants of Burnham to Henry S. Dore, same town. Reuben and Jane Brainard, Northport, to Wm. H. Hall, Belfast. Heirs of Rebecca Bean, Montville, to John E. McDonald & al., Washington. Marion Beverage, North Haven, to Henry T. Sanborn, Winterport. Mary E. Blanchard, Burnham, to Isaac C. Libby, same town. Calvina A. Bowen, Belfast, to Thomas Storer, Morrill. H. J. Drake, Benton, one lot, and Wm. B. Davis, Freedom, one lot, to Ellen R. Pinkham, Freedom. Walter L. Eldridge, Brewer, to Sarah A. Hurd, Winterport. Joshua Farrow, Belfast, to Lizzie T. Thayer, Belfast. John P. Farrow, Islesboro, to Joseph Williamson, Belfast. H. P. Farrow, Belmont, two lots, to J. M. Fletcher, Belfast, Parris Gilkey, Islesboro, to Lincoln N. Gilkey, same town. R. P. Gilkey, to same. Edward P. Hahn, Lincolnville, to Harriet E. Coombs, same town. James Haley, Winterport, to Walter L. Eldridge, same town. Wm. H. Hall, Belfast, to John M. Fletcher, Belfast. Henry S. Lampher, New York city, to Lewis and Isabel Mudgett, Stockton. Sewell Larrabee, Winterport, to Augusta A. Alley, Frankfort. Ora E. Marden, & al., Montville, to John E. McDonald, & al., Washington. Ellen R. Pinkham, Freedom, to Wm. B. Foster, same town. I. G. Ricker, Waldo, to John S. Morrill, Knox. William Trask, Jefferson, to Nancy Wyman, Freedom. Horatio Thurston, Belmont, to H. P. Farrow, same town.

POLICE NOTES. Thomas Fellesy, of Prince Edward Island, on complaint of Milford Weed, was before Judge Boardman last week for drunkenness and disturbance. He was found guilty, fined $5 and costs, amounting to $10.36. In default of payment he went to jail. The same party was up on another warrant for using obscene language in the street, the complaint being made by the city marshal. Fellesy was fined $10 and costs, in all $16.26. He was committed....Lewis Wentworth, of Knox, on complaint of C. A. Pilsbury, of Belfast, for drunkenness and disturbance, was before Judge Boardman on Thursday. Wentworth recently, in company with another drove recklessly through our streets, colliding with the carriage of Mrs. Abbie and Mrs. C. A. Pilsbury. The ladies were slightly injured. Wentworth was fined $5 and costs amounting to $13.60, from which he appealed.....John Hurley of Belfast, was before Judge Boardman last week for drunkenness and fined $3 and costs. Appealed.....On Monday on complaint of officer P. S. Staples, of Belfast, Beverly Staples, of Monroe, was before Judge Boardman on a warrant for search and seizure. Liquor was found in the woodshed of Staples, whose premises are near the fair grounds. Staples pleaded ignorance of the liquor being on his possessions. Fined $100 and costs, from which he appealed. ... John Shaw on complaint of same officer was up for drunkenness and disorderly conduct and fined $5 and costs. Committed to jail....Charles McIntosh for drunkenness in the street, in violation of the city ordinance, on complaint of officer G. F. Murch, was fined $5 and costs. Committed to jail.

CASTINE. Nelson P. Noyes has been appointed postmaster at this village, in the place of Charles Rogers.

CAMDEN. John Porter is preparing to enlarge his house by adding another story, French roof and an addition to the west side preparatory to taking summer boarders next season....An old time custom was revived last Monday P. M. on the farm of D. Knowlton about 1½ miles out of our village in having a husking party. Supper at 5, and dancing until 7. There were 26 at the table. Most of the party were conveyed home in a hay rick. A general good time was had.

SEARSMONT. The officers of Quantebacook Lodge of Masons were publicly installed on Thursday evening of last week, by Past Master Charles M. Cunningham. Much interest was manifested by all present. After the installation ceremonies an excellent supper was furnished by Bro. Geo. B. Dyer.....First snow on Tuesday of last week....Miss Mary McFarland, who for a number of years has been suffering from a spinal trouble, is fast improving, and her many friends are pleased to see her once more on the street....One of our young men who attended the circus at Belfast, on Tuesday of last week, returned so fatigued that he could not get home from the village, a distance of about half a mile. His strength was so far gone that his teeth dropped out of his mouth....The first corn husking of the season was on Monday evening last, at Mrs. Roxie Fitzgerald's.....James Barker has got his sleighs well under way and they are first-class.... The hay pressers say there is a very poor lot of hay in the country this fall to be pressed, which is due to the bad weather during the haying season.... David B. Cobb is improving his farm this fall quite extensively....E. L. Bean is selling goods for five per cent. discount for cash....Rev. Mr. Simonton is visiting friends in China for a few days.

PENOBSCOT. Sch. Amazon, Capt. Bowden, in coming up the Bagaduce river on the 30th ult. ran on the middle ground ledge, and stove a hole in her bow, causing a bad leak. The captain saved his load of flour by hoisting it on deck. Damage to the schooner about fifty dollars. Why has the general government neglected to have this river buoyed out? The yearly value of merchandise transported on this river is upwards of $100,000 at the smallest valuation. And above Negro Island, near Castine village, never a thing has been done to facilitate the navigation of this dangerous and much used channel of commerce....The brick-makers have closed the year's labor. The following number have been manufactured since May 1st—W. S. Hutchings & Son, 360,000; M. & T. Leach, 396,000; D. Grindle & Son, 378,000; Wardwell, Leach & Sellers, 576,000; Bowden & Grindle, 954,000; Total, 2,664,000. To burn these one thousand cords of wood have been used, and forty men have been employed.....Dr. E. A. Sprague of Swan's Island, homeopathic physician, has settled with us. You are welcome Doctor, but this is such a horrid healthy place you will not be able either to die or live.... Rev. G. G. Winslow of Castine, will lecture in the M. E. Church at the Head of the Bay, 14th inst. Subject, "Influence of Industry, Wealth and Social Custom on Society."....The Farmers & Mechanics Club held its annual show and fair on the 6th inst. Owing to the severe cold that prevailed many of the members did not attend, and as a natural consequence, the show was inferior to that of former years. There was a good exhibition of oxen and cows, equal to the best that can be shown in any town. But what was remarkable was the fact that not a horse, sheep or hog was entered. George Leach took the premium for the best trained oxen. The most noteworthy was the fruit table. Mrs. Ursula Devereaux, thirty-six varieties of apples. Frank Perkins made a fair show of peanuts of this year's growth. Mrs. Alonzo Snow, of West Brooksville, made a very tempting show of peaches raised and ripened in the open air. We know that they were good for we applied the usual test....Arrived Oct. 6th, sch. Cabinet Capt. Leach, laden with flour and corn for H. Perkins & Co. Oct. 7th, sch. St. Leon, laden with a general variety of merchandise, for Wm. N. Perkins and H. Perkins & Co.

SEARSPORT. Our dry goods dealers close their places of business at six P. M., except Saturday evening....By desire of Captain [illegible] Post, G. A. R., Comrade W. G. Haskell, several members of Freeman McGilvery Post No. 36, G. A. R., went to Bluehill Saturday and mustered a Post there. They are loud in their praise of the Bluehill comrades and predict for them a high place in the Department of Maine. The new Post take the name of James A. Garfield, and starts with twenty members....Mr. Joseph Lewis, the celebrated comedian from Boston, assisted by the Searsport Dramatic Club are to give the romantic French drama Robert Macaire, in aid of Sears Lodge No. 82, I. O. O. F., Thursday and Friday evenings, Oct. 20th and 21st....Bark Robert Porter was spoken Aug. 26th 12 deg. north, 25 deg. west....Ship Hope, Capt. Henry Curtis, arrived at Hong Kong Oct. 8....The new sch. Lackawana has just arrived here with coal for J. H. Lane.....The Searsport Cornet Band left on the steamer Katahdin for Boston Wednesday, having been engaged by the Steamboat Co. to play for the excursions; they will return Saturday on steamer Cambridge....Capt. James F. Carver, while working on the barn of Mr. Chas. Fowler Monday, was thrown down by the breaking of a ladder and badly bruised, breaking two of his ribs.

Chippings.

If the Transcript would take time to go to Maine it would find that the Republican machine there is only the phantom of a few men who are not kept perpetually in office. [Boston Journal

The strongest man politically in the country today, considered in himself and apart from any office he may hold, is unquestionably James G Blaine. He has never before stood higher in the confidence or firmer in the affections of the people. [Philadelphia Press.

Those hostile to Secretary Blaine are asserting that he and his friends are making special efforts to persuade the President to retain him. The report is almost too absurd to be refuted. Mr. Blaine would be one of the last men to ask for a Cabinet position, or to permit his friends to do so if he could prevent them from being thus foolish. [Boston Journal.

Astronomers predict bright meteoric showers on the 18th, 19th, and 20th inst. The best time to observe the phenomena will be between midnight and moon rising.

The tobacco crop in North Carolina has been badly injured by frost.

BELFAST PRICE CURRENT.

Corrected Weekly for the Journal.

BY C. H. SARGENT, No. 8, Main Street.

PRODUCE MARKET.	PRICES PAID PRODUCERS.		
Apples ℔ bush,	25@40	Hay ℔ ton,	$10.00@14.00
" dried, ℔ lb.	4@5	Hides ℔ lb.	6@7
Beans, pea, bush	3.00@3.25	Lamb ℔ lb.	7@8
" Medium	$2.50@3.00	Lamb Skins,	75@90
" Yellow-eyes	2.25@2.50	Mutton ℔ lb.	7@8
Butter ℔ lb,	18@20	Oats ℔ bush,	45@50
Beef ℔ lb,	7@9	Potatoes,	75@80
Barley ℔ bush,	50@60	Round Hog ℔ lb.	6@0
Cheese ℔ lb,	10@12	Straw ℔ ton,	$6.00@8.00
Chicken ℔ lb,	12@14	Turkey ℔ lb,	00@00
Calf Skin ℔ lb,	12½	Veal ℔ lb,	6@6½
Duck ℔ lb,	0@0	Wool, washed, ℔ lb,	35
Eggs ℔ doz.,	25	Wool, unwashed, ℔ lb,	27
Fowl ℔ lb,	10@12	Wood, hard,	$4.00@5.00
Geese ℔ lb,	0@0	Wood, soft,	$2.50@3.00

RETAIL MARKET.

Beef, Corned, ℔ lb,	5@9	Oat Meal ℔ lb,	5@
Butter, Salt, ℔ box,	20	Onions ℔ lb,	3½@4
Corn ℔ bush,	90	Oil, Kerosene ℔ gal.,	14@25
Corn Meal ℔ bush,	80	Pollock ℔ lb,	3@3½
Cheese ℔ lb,	13@15	Pork ℔ lb,	12@13
Codfish, dry, ℔ lb,	5@6	Plaster ℔ bbl.,	$1.00
Cranberries ℔ qt.,	5	Rye Meal, ℔ lb,	4
Clover Seed, ℔ lb,	12@21	Shorts ℔ cwt.,	$1.40
Flour ℔ bbl.,	$7.75@10.00	Sugar ℔ lb,	9@11
H. G. Seed ℔ bush,	$3.25	Salt, T. L., ℔ bush,	40
Lard ℔ lb,	14½@16	S. Potatoes ℔ lb,	4@4½
Lime ℔ bbl.,	@1.25	Wheat Meal, ℔ lb,	4½@5

Boston Market.

SATURDAY, Oct. 8.

BUTTER—Fresh choice creamery, 32@34c, the same being held higher for selections New York and Vermont dairy, 28@31c; Vermont and New York long dairies, 24@25c; fair to good, 20@22c; western creamery, fresh and choice, 32@34c; do dairy packed, 21@26c; fair to good, 19@25c; factory, choice, 19@20c; fair to good, 17@18c; common to poor, 13@15c.

CHEESE—Good whole milk factory cheese, Sept. make, 13@13½c; fair to good, 12@12½c; common, 10@11c; skim, 7@8c; full skim, 3@6c.

EGGS—Good fresh eastern stock sells from 23@24; Vermont and New York, 23@23½c; Canada, 23c; P. E. Island, 23c; near by stock, 25@26c.

BEANS—Pea beans, hand-picked, are quoted at $3.00@3.05; mediums, choice hand-picked, $3.50@3.60; yellow eyes, $3.10@3.20; red kidneys, $2.90@2.95.

POTATOES—Aroostook rose, 55@60c; Maine Central, 50@55c; northern, 50c; prolifics, 75@80c; peerless the same; sweets remain at $3.25@3.50 ℔ bbl.

APPLES—Choice apples, $3@3.50 ℔ bbl; common, $1.75@2.50 ℔ bbl; fair to good winter apples sell at $2.25@2.50 and upwards ℔ bbl.

HAY AND STRAW—Choice timothy, $22 ℔ ton and firm; fair to good, $20@21; fine hay at $17@18; medium to poor, $12@15. Rye straw, $21@22 ℔ ton; oat straw, $9@10.

MARRIED.

In this city, Oct. 9th, by J. S. Harriman, Esq., Robert Bray and Mrs. Belinda Scribner, both of Waldo.

In Morrill, Oct. 9th, by Rev. S. Goodenough, Mr. James P. Vickery of Providence, R. I., and Miss Amy B. Gay of Belfast.

In Camden, Oct. 10th, by Rev. Mr. Harwood, Mr. Frank W. Limeburner and Miss Adella M. Limeburner, both of Belfast.

In Bangor, Oct. 9th, Mr. Frank A. Palmer and Mrs. Augusta A. Bradbury, both of Bangor.

In Frankfort, Sept. 18th, Geo. F. West and Mabel Pendleton of Prospect.

In Lincolnville, Oct. 1st, Mr. James H. Thomas and Miss Annie M. Spaulding.

In Rockland, Oct. 4th, Mr. Charles McDonald of Rockland and Miss Mary O'Neil of Thomaston.

In Surry, Sept. 20th, Mr. Emery A. Smith of Ellsworth, and Miss Rosanna G. Mann of Surry.

In Castine, Oct. 1st, by Rev. L. J. Thomas, Mr. George A. Wardwell and Miss Lettie A. Macomber, both of Castine.

Sept. 22d, at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. G. G. Winslow, assisted by Rev. J. R. Clifford, W. A. Paul, M. D., of Rock Island, Ill., and Miss Jennie C., only daughter of Rufus Stevens, Esq., of Sheepscot Bridge. [Incorrectly printed 29th ult.]

DIED.

(Nothing beyond the announcement of the name, age, residence, &c., of deceased persons will be published under this heading.)

In this city, Oct. 6th, Frank E. Trundy, aged 24 years, 1 month and 15 days.

In this city, Sept. 26th, Isabella, relict of the late Cornelius Cunningham, aged 68 years.

In this city, Oct. 2d, Albertie S., youngest child of the late J. Howard and Sarah W. Bean, aged 4 years, 5 months and 17 days.

In this city, Sept. 27th, Willis W. Patterson, aged 23 years, 1 month and 5 days.

In Islesboro, Oct. 8th, Mr. Benj. Ryder, aged 67 years, 9 months and 25 days.

In Stockton, Oct. 5d, Capt. William L. Libby, aged 40 years.

In Rockland, Oct. 1st, Mrs. Mehitable Brown, aged 83 years and 15 days.

In Rockland, Sept. 23d, Gardie Bentie, only son of Frank H. and Melvina M. Whitham, aged 6 years, 10 months and 9 days.

In Rockland, Oct. 2d, Joseph H., son of William McNamara, aged 19 years, 6 months and 21 days.

In Rockland, Sept. 27th, Annie, daughter of John and Celia Sullivan, aged 6 months.

In Thomaston, Sept. 21st, John T. Paine, aged 51 years, 6 months and 9 days.

In Ellsworth, Sept. 22d, Arthur W. Laflin, aged 5 months and 18 days.

In Ellsworth, Sept. 22d, Mrs. C. M. Hall, aged 61 years, 6 months and 25 days.

In Ellsworth, Sept. 28th, William Batterberry, aged 75 years, 9 months and 25 days.

In Mt. Desert, Sept. 24th, Mrs. Bathsheba Richardson, aged 87 years and 11 months.

In Mt. Desert, Sept. 27th, Elvena, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Randall, aged 9 months and 19 days.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF BELFAST.

ARRIVED.

Oct. 7th, schrs. S. D. Hart, Burgess, Bangor; Earl, Darby, Boston; Brunette, Babbage, Portland; Forest Queen, Closson, Rockland; Altavela, Wells, Boston.

Oct. 8th, schrs. Geo. Shattuck, Hart, Bangor; Hero, McDonohue, Boston.

Oct. 10th, schrs. Louis V. Chaples, Chaples, New York; F. E. McDonald, Kane, Boston.

Oct. 11th, schr. Mary Farrow, Pattershall, Bangor.

Oct. 12th, schrs. Harmona, Pattershall, Bangor; Lillian, Ryan, Boston.

SAILED.

Oct. 8th, schrs. Harmona, Pattershall, Bangor; Annie L. McKeen, Patterson, Bangor; Orion, White, do; Mary Farrow, Pattershall, do.

Oct. 10th, schrs. Mary Eliza, Bullock, Boston; Brunette, Babbage, Bangor; Earl, Darby, do; Geo. Shattuck, Hart, Boston.

Oct. 11th, schrs. Altavela, Wells, Frankfort; Hero, McDonohue, Boston; Mary Farrow, Pattershall, New York.

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

IS A REALLY RELIABLE REMEDY FOR WASTING AND NERVOUS DISEASE.

After numerous experiments Mr. Fellows succeeded in producing this combination of Hypophosphites, which has not only restored him to health, but has since been found so successful in the treatment of disease emanating from loss of nerve power, and consequently muscular reaction, viz.:

Aphonia (loss of voice),	Neuralgia,
Anæmia,	Nervous Debility,
Chronic Diarrhœa,	Wheeping Cough,
Dyspepsia,	Congestion of the Lungs,
Fever and Ague,	Palpitation of the Heart,
Leucorrhœa,	Melancholy,
Malaria,	Mental Depression,
	Nervousness.

MALARIA.

Persons living in Malarious districts may protect themselves from attacks of fever by the use of **Fellows Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites.** Its effects in toning up the system enables it to ward off contagious disorders, and successfully combat disease.

The soluble phosphites and the other life-sustaining principles composing Fellows' Hypophosphites are so carefully proportioned and so judiciously mingled, that their action upon the nerves, muscles and membranes in imparting vitality, strength and healthy action is generally apparent within twenty-four hours, and the good effect experienced proves a permanent character. 1yr47

For sale by WM. O. POOR & SON.

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

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sold by all Druggists. 6

1yr16

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER

IS A PURELY VEGETABLE REMEDY

For INTERNAL and EXTERNAL Use.

A sure and speedy cure for Sore Throat, Coughs, Colds, Diphtheria, Chills, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Cramps, Cholera, Summer Complaint, Sick Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Bruises, Cuts, Sprains, etc.

Perfectly safe to use *internally* or *externally*, and *certain* to afford relief. No family can afford to be without it. Sold by all druggists at **25c., 50c.,** and **$1** a bottle.

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

1yr25

SEAMEN WANTED.

ONE HUNDRED SEAMEN WANTED IN ROCKLAND for coasting. Apply to JOHN S. RANLETT, Shipping Agent. Rockland, Aug. 30, 1881.—36

There is no Death.

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer shower
To golden grain or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize
To feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away;
They only wait through wintry hours,
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate.
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird like voice, whose joyous tones
Made glad these scenes of sin and strife,
Sings now an everlasting song
Amid the tree of life.

And when he sees a smile too bright,
Or heart too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in paradise

Born unto that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them—the same,
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless Universe
Is life—there are no dead.

Catching Fish with a Pier at Montauk Point.

An iron pier on the Atlantic coast at Napeague, L. I., sixteen miles from Montauk Point, was recently set to work fishing, and it will be kept at work night and day until the frozen spray of December makes the nets useless. The pier is in principle a gigantic pound net. As to the name pound applied to a fish net, it describes the way in which fish are imprisoned.

The scheme of fishing with an iron pier was first broached by Mr. A. C. Rogers of New York, and he has lived at Napeague since the building of the pier was begun. The money to buy lands and build the pier was furnished by the Long Island Fish Company, a stock corporation formed for the purpose last year. The object of the company was to send food fish to the New York market, but it is now thought that not only this will be brought about, but also that uneatable fish will be caught in such quantities that fish rendering works will be built, and that another large profit will be made by selling oil and scrap. The land bought by the company is on a neck half a mile wide, with the ocean on the south and Little Peconic Bay on the north.

This spot was pitched upon in the first place as the great natural fishing station of the Atlantic coast. Fish, in migrating up or down the coast, touch the eastern end of Long Island. Just at this spot, too, there are lower sand bars than at any other point on the southern shore, and the fish can and do run closer in shore than elsewhere. The fish procession there is almost continuous. For a few weeks one species will predominate, and suddenly will move off the stage and another will come on. Only in the coldest weather does the march of fish fall off. Sometimes the fish travel in enormous schools. Off the shore near where the pier stands as many as 17,000 pounds of bluefish were taken not long ago in a single seine net at one haul.

In high water this trap has a capacity of 72,000 square feet, and it can be pulled up at any time and the fish taken out.

"In what fashion is the pier constructed?" asked a reporter.

"As you see," said the inventor, "it looks as any of the iron piers at Coney Island does when half completed, excepting that it has but one story, and has a swelling at the outer end. From where we stand at the shore end you cannot see the shade of the pound; it is just a thousand feet distant, nearly a quarter of a mile. The iron piles are 4½ inches diameter, outside measurement, and they are of wrought iron and hollow. The first piles was driven on April 25 last; the last on July 22. The Reading Iron Works made them, and they were brought here by water last spring. At the shore end of the pier they are sunk 11 feet in the sand; at the other end, where water is deepest, of course, 20 feet in the sand. The piles are from 20½ to 35 feet in length, with a cast iron disc at each end. The method of sinking the piles was the same as that used by the contractor, Henry Case, in building the new iron pier at Coney Island. It is well known as the hydraulic process. The girders for bracing were made by Cooper, Hewitt & Co. Two rows of piles were driven. The rows are 10 feet apart, and the piles in the same row are 20 feet apart. Girders are fastened both lengthwise and across the pier, and the whole structure is braced diagonally with three quarter-inch rods."

"The usual size for a pound is forty feet along shore and fifty feet off shore. It is placed with the longest sides off shore, because the fish are less likely to escape by swimming out at the place where they came in. They try to get to deep water all the time. This pound is eighty feet along shore by sixty feet off shore, and is set therefore in the Jersey style.

"The pound net has upright sides and a bottom that rests flat on the sand. At each spile the top of the side is fastened by means of an iron ring around the spile, and held taut by a lanyard fastened to the top of the spile. At the bottom of the spile is another iron ring that not only holds the bottom in its place but keeps it down flat to the sand. Each ring weighs ten pounds. A lanyard reaches from this ring to the top of the spile, and when we want to take up the net and anything that's in it, we pull the lower rings up little by little, one at a time."

It is the intention of the company to run a car from the head of the pier to the land, and continue it across the narrow neck where the sloop lies. At the end of the pier over the pound there is to be a crane carrying a basket, so that the men in boats below can scoop the fish into the basket. Other labor saving appliances are daily suggesting themselves.

The pier and the land adjacent cost $30,000. The majority of the stockholders of the company are New York business men. The President is Herbert M. Rogers, of the Fulton Market Fishmongers' Association; Superintendent, A. C. Rogers; Secretary and Treasurer, Herbert C. Plass.

Comanche Bill.

William Porter, General Terry's favorite scout and guide and one of the best known and most reliable plainsmen and mountaineers that ever scouted the western country, is known far and wide by the appellation of Comanche Bill. He has been for some time with General Reynolds at Fort Reno, and is now on his way to join General Terry's command at Parton, Dakota Territory. He came direct from the Ponca country here, riding horseback the entire distance, and indeed from Reno. "Comanche" disdains all such modern conveniences as railroad cars, and it is only when pressed for time that he will use them at all. It is his favorite boast that he has been thirty one years in the saddle. This is the first visit Comanche Bill has made to the States for almost a score of years. He is 47 years of age, but looks much younger. No one would take him to be over 30. He wears the proverbial long hair, cropped closer behind than some who affect this style, and a heavy moustache, which is allowed to run far down on the side of his face. He is not over 5 feet 10 inches in height, with a broad chest and brawny arms and an iron frame, which fatigue cannot overcome nor exertion subdue. He has a slightly aquiline nose a piercing gray or dark blue eye, and is in all respects the typical scout and frontiersman of fact and fiction.

The life of William Porter reads like a border romance. It has much of the dime novel order of sensationalism in it. Comanche Bill has already figured in several such stories, but little was really known of his earlier life and history. He is taciturn almost to a fault and loth to speak of himself. In the far west his reputation as a guide, scout and interpreter is great, and he looks with scorn on such lesser luminaries as Buffalo Bill and other would-be heroes. In fact, Comanche never did like Buffalo Bill much, and since the latter's stage experience has liked him still less. It is notorious that he would take the latter's scalp on the least provocation, and he has frequently taken occasion to refer to him in terms which the latter has never seen proper to resent. Buffalo Bill steers clear of the old plainsman.

An incident illustrating his nobleness of heart and gallantry toward women is related of Bill, which happened in Wichita a few weeks since. Bill rode into town dressed in a complete suit of buckskin and with a gang of honest rangers at his back. As he went along he saw a "counter jumper," as he was pleased to call him, roughly catch a little girl about eighteen years old, by the shoulder and solicit her attention. The girl withdrew her arm angrily, and just then the scene fell under Bill's personal inspection.

"She was a poor girl," says Bill, "and plainly clad in an old dress, but I wan't going to see her insulted by any darned counter hopper under my mountain eyes. I just jumped down from my hoss and I called for that fellow to stop. He didn't seem to want to, but I made him stop. I took up the little girl in my arms and set her down on a box. I took off her shoes and said to the counter-jumper: 'Now I want you to get down and lick the dust off the soles of that poor girl's feet whom you have insulted!' And I made him do it. He looked down in the muzzle of a 45 calibre Colt's for just about half a minute, and then he came to his milk like a little lamb."

Congregationalism in Maine.

The following statistics of Congregationalism in Maine are gathered from the minutes of the General Conference for 1881, just published: The number of Congregationalist churches in the State is 213, the same as last year. This number has varied little in the past ten years. There are 196 ministers, of whom 63 are pastors, 82 are acting pastors and 51 are without charge. This is a decrease of 10 in the number of pastors and an increase of 4 in the number of acting pastors. Seven pastors have been dismissed, five were installed and there were six ordinations. The total number of additions to the churches for the year was 633, of which number 205 were admitted on profession of faith. The removals numbered 759, of which 390 were by death and 28 by discipline. The memberships of the churches is 21,338, or 126 less than for the preceding year. There have not been so few additions to the churches since 1861, when they were about one hundred less. Of the total number of churches 63 have been given during the year nothing to home missions; 110 have given nothing to foreign missions; 145 have given nothing to the work of the American Missionary Association in the South, and 45 report no gifts to any object. The number of baptisms reported is of adults, 256; of infants, 111. The observance of infant baptism is declining in the churches. The membership of the Sunday School is 22,258, a gain of 755. The number of families in the congregations is 14,232, a gain of 887. The contributions to foreign missions have been $10,014, a loss of $875; to the College and Education Society, $1267, a decrease of $70; to the Congregational Union, $647, a decrease of $273; to home missions, $10,465, an increase of $564; to American missionary associations, $3303, a decrease of $568; to other objects, $16,078, an increase of $3,340. The total contributions to benevolent objects were $41,296, an increase of $579. The total amount of home expenditures reported is $183,172, an increase of $3,437.

A young lady who is doing the Alps reports progress to her guardian: "I tried to climb the Matterhorn; didn't reach the top. Its absurdly high—everything is high in this country. Please send me some money."

Lesson for young housekeepers—"How can you tell a young fowl from an old one?" "By the teeth!" "By the teeth! But fowls have no teeth!" "I know they haven't, but I have."

CEPHALINE is superior to alcohol or acid phosphates for nourishing the brain and nerves.

An Indiana woman is the proud owner of a washboard over one hundred years old. Washboards never wear out in Indiana.

The best preparation known in market for restoring gray hair to its original color is Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer. Try it!

It is said that there are seventy eight methods of adulterating beer. And yet how many thousands of adults drink it!

One bottle of "ELIXIR OF LIFE ROOT," taken as directed, will convince any person troubled with Kidney Complaint or Dyspepsia that they *can* be entirely cured of their troubles.

When Fenderson said he was at his wit's end, Fogg remarked that it wouldn't take him long to get back; a very short journey indeed.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound revives the drooping spirits; invigorates and harmonizes the organic functions; gives elasticity and firmness to the step, restores the natural lustre to the eye, and plants on the pale cheek of beauty the fresh roses of life's spring and early summer time.

"Sa-a-y, father, I learned something new at school to-day." "What was it?" "I learned to say 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir.'" "Did you?" "Y-a-a-s."

However watched by loving care,
Home has distempers lurking there.
And human power cannot defend
From ills that constantly impend:
But Sanford's Ginger bids pain cease,
And home restores to health and peace. ow38

Jesse James and his brothers in crime ask a suspension of public opinion, while public opinion asks a suspension of Jesse James and his brethren.

"JUST AS GOOD." One of my friends who had been using Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites for Consumption, was induced by one of our druggists to take another preparation of Hypophosphites, which, he said, was "just as good, if not better." The use of half a bottle taught him that, if he would consult his safety, he must return to your Syrup again.

GEORGE C. FOOT,
Mansion House Hotel, Baltimore, Md.

England has a fog horn which can be heard twenty two miles, but a boy playing marbles 200 feet away wouldn't hear the first note from it.

DR. BAXTER'S MANDRAKE BITTERS are a superior combination of Barks, Roots and Herbs not attained by any other manufacturers of Bitters.

Keep in the stable and always at hand HENRY & JOHNSON'S ARNICA AND OIL LINIMENT, as it is the best remedy for Hurts, Bruises, Strains, &c.

For Coughs, Colds, Croup, Asthma, and all Lung Affections, use DOWNS' ELIXIR, which has stood the test of fifty years, and has not been found wanting.

"Mr. Smith," said a lady at a fair, "won't you please buy this bouquet to present to the lady you love?" "I wouldn't be right," said Mr. Smith, "I'm a married man."

Rescued From Death

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

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

Some men are always actuated by good motives. When they run to a dog fight, it is to see if they can't do something to stop the combat. But they never can.

The good a man does lives long after him, so the virtues of a really good medicine will last for ages, and although Dr. Graves' Balsam of Wild Cherry and Tar may be new to you, its healing properties have long been known and appreciated, and when we recommend you to give Dr. Graves' Balsam of Wild Cherry and Tar a trial for the certain cure of Sore Throat, Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, &c., we only ask you to use and be benefitted by the same medicine that has given so much relief to others. The Materia Medica does not furnish better remedies for the diseases of the pulmonary organs than Wild Cherry and Tar. Their virtues have long been known and appreciated, and you cannot fail of relief if you give Dr. Graves' Balsam a trial when afflicted. Sample bottle, 10 cts.; large bottle, only 50 cts.

For Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Constipation, or Liver Complaint, use Improved Family Cathartic Pills, made by Dr. Graves; price 25 cts. per box. For sale by Wm. O. Poor & Son. 1w11

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

SANFORD'S GINGER

Impure water, unhealthy climate, unripe fruit, unwholsome food, cramps, chills, malaria, excessive heat and the thousand and one ills that beset the traveler or family are nothing to those fortified and sustained by the use of SANFORD'S GINGER, "the delicious." As a beverage it quenches thirst, opens the pores, relieves the head, regulates the stomach and bowels, eradicates a craving for intoxicants and imparts new life to the languid, careworn, overworked, nervous and sleepless. *Beware of imitations said to be as good.* Ask for SANFORD'S GINGER and take no other.

Sold everywhere. WEEKS & POTTER, Boston. 3mos30

OVERCOAT LOST.

LOST, SUNDAY, OCT. 24, on the road between Poor's Mills and the Morrill woods, a reversable overcoat, dark gray on the outside and blue checked inside. A suitable reward will be paid if the coat is returned to FRED L. CARTER, Belfast. 2w40*

NOTICE.

MRS. J. M. GILKEY, informs friends and patrons that she has just returned from New York with one of the finest stocks of hats, bonnets and millinery goods ever offered here. Searsport, Oct. 5, 1881.—40

FALL STYLES!

—IN—

Bonnets & Hats,

—ALSO—

A Large Assortment

—OF—

Scotch & Germantown Yarns

JUST RECEIVED BY

J. W. Ferguson & Co.,

MASONIC TEMPLE.

Gilmore & Babcock

The subscribers beg leave to inform the citizens of Belfast and vicinity that they have purchased the

Millinery Establishment

—OF—

Mrs. H. H. McDONALD,

at the corner of Main and High streets, Belfast, and have just put in the

Latest Fall Styles

—OF—

Millinery & Fancy Goods!

We also keep a full line of

Ladies Underwear, Hosiery, CORSETS, TIES, &c.

We shall be pleased to welcome all the old friends of the establishment and as many new ones as will favor us with their patronage. We shall keep only

FIRST-CLASS GOODS,

and shall sell as low as any similar establishment in the city.

Come and Look at Our Goods.

MRS. ADELAIDE GILMORE.
MRS. MARTHA BABCOCK.

Belfast, Sept. 22, 1881.—38

New Boston Clothing Store,

11 PHŒNIX ROW,

OFFERS GREAT BARGAINS IN

Hats and Caps!

Having bought a wholesale stock at bankrupt sale at 50 cents on the dollar.

100 dozen Hats,	50 cents each.	
100 "	" 75 "	"
100 "	" $1.00	"

Fine Fur Hats only $1.25, $1.50 and $2.00 Each.

A GREAT BARGAIN.

A LARGE ASTORTMENT OF CAPS

At 25c., 50c., 75c. and $1.00 each.

OVERCOATS!

The largest assortment of Overcoats, Ulsters and Reefers for men, boys and children's wear to be sold at the city, at bottom prices.

SUITS!

See our $5.00 Suits,	Former Price,	$ 7.00	
" " 8.00	"	"	10.00
" " 10.00	"	"	12.00

Nobby Sack and Frock Suits.

A Full Line of Dress Suits,

At $12.00, $14.00, $16.00, $18.00.

Boys' Clothing!

A full assortment of long and short pants at $3.00, $4.00, $5.00, $6.00, $7.00, $8.00, $9.00 per suit.

Shirts, Collars, Neck Ties, &c.

Call and see our immense stock before purchasing. Remember we keep any thing you want in the clothing line for men and boy's wear. 6m51

NEW BOSTON CLOTHING STORE,

11 PHŒNIX ROW.

ANDREWS BROS. Proprietors.

Book Binding.

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

NEW TOOLS

—AND A—

LARGE STOCK OF MATERIAL!

I am now prepared to do

BOOK BINDING

In all its branches at the very LOWEST PRICES.

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

Repairing Neatly and Promptly Done.

REMEMBER THE PLACE:

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

H. H. CORBETT.

YARN! YARN!

A NEW STOCK OF

SCOTCH WOOL

Knitting Yarn

JUST RECEIVED AT

B. F. WELLS.

At MANSFIELD'S,

Masonic Temple.

HAVING just returned from New York and Boston, where we have selected many new and choice goods, we are prepared to offer special bargains to customers in all departments of our trade, both in quality and prices. Our stock was never before so complete and varied. It is useless to enumerate all the different goods to be found upon our counters, but among them we have a nice line of

FALL & WINTER DRESS GOODS,

Novelties in Plaids and Stripes.

The SURAH SILKS,

In all the stylish shades. An elegant line of

BLACK VELVETS!

A full assortment of

Trimmings, Fringes, Gimps, Girdles,

AND ORNAMENTS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

We are prepared to offer to the people of Waldo County, the best bargains in

DOMESTIC GOODS

to be found in the State, and would call special attention to a large lot of

Remnants of Cotton Flannels,

Sheetings, Cambrics,

Silisias, Prints, Cheap Dress Goods, etc.

Which we are selling at before unheard of prices. Among our Fancy Goods suffice it to say that there is every novelty in

Laces, Ties, Silk Mdkfs., Collars, Back Combs,

HAIR ORNAMENTS, EAR JEWELS,

and small wares of all sorts and prices.

We thank our friends and customers for their patronage in the past and hope to deserve a continuance of their favor in the future. 40tf

☞ *Please call and examine our stock.* ☜

A. P. MANSFIELD,

MASONIC TEMPLE.

Millinery Opening!

JUST RECEIVED OUR

NEW FALL GOODS

and invite you to examine our stock, consisting in part of

PLUSHES, VELVETS,

Black & Colored Satins,

Silks, Gros Grain Watered,

—AND—

FANCY RIBBONS!

FULL LINE OF

Straw, Felt & Beaver HATS & BONNETS!

Flowers, Plain & Shaded Plumes

RICH OSTRICH FEATHERS.

Our Stock of Millinery Goods is Complete.

H. H. JOHNSON & CO. 40

MILLINERY!

Miss A. F. Southworth

(Successor to Richards & Southworth.

Informs her friends that she has reopened her rooms, which have been enlarged and refurnished to suit an increasing trade, and which are now filled with a stock of

Millinery not to be Surpassed in the City.

She invites attention to her large stock of

HATS & BONNETS,

Comprising every quality and price. Some rare shapes in

BEAVERS & FRENCH FRAMES.

Great speciality made of

LONG PLUMES!

IN COLORS AND BLACK.

OSTRICH TIPS

—AND—

FANCY FEATHERS,

Fancy Plushes & Fancy Ribbons,

And every thing needed to make or trim a first-class bonnet or hat.

MISS S. has spent the past week visiting the wholesale and retail stores of

BOSTON & NEW YORK,

selecting her goods with greatest care and educating herself in all the new ideas of trimming. And with a long experience in millinery and with her stylish and popular milliner,

MISS BERRY,

in the trimming department, she hopes to please all who may favor her with their patronage. 40

A. F. SOUTHWORTH,

11 MAIN STREET.

Rooms over Caldwell's Bookstore.

DICKEY, BROWN & MORSE,

Manufacturers and Dealers in

Doors, Sash & Blinds,

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

We shall keep on hand in connection with the above

PAINTS, OILS, COLORS, JAPAN,

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

Our Prices are Reduced to the Lowest for CASH.

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

RETAIL PROFITS SAVED.

THREE AND ONE HALF CENTS PER POUND for all common castings, such as sled shoes, wagon bridle shoes, hub boxes, etc., at Belfast Foundry. 1w39 C. J. HALL, Lessee.

LOST.

LOST on the road between Vinal Hills and Howard Murphy's, a TRIPOD belonging to a surveyor's compass. The finder will be paid for his trouble by leaving it with the CLERK OF COURTS, Belfast.

Sept. 29, 1881.—40tf

WANTED.

10,000 Bush. Baldwin, Greening, Russet & Cooking Apples.

C. S. McFARLAND, Montville, Me.

Montville, Sept. 29, 1881.—2w40

--NEW--

FALL HATS!

Just Received at

Mrs. B. F. WELLS.

33

New AND Second Hand Machinery

For Sale at a Bargain.

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

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

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

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

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

1 Air Pump for condensing engine (new,) cylinder 8x10, connections for 1 3-4 inch pipe.

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

I am also prepared to cut on carriage axles, to take up end play in box, and will guarantee satisfaction in all cases. 16tf

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

F. A. HOWARD.

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES,

Railroad colors. New shades just received.

Phœnix and Atlantic Strictly Pure White Lead Linseed Oil, Colgates Pure Raw and Boiled.

Best oil in the market.

Eagle Ready Mixed Paints in asst. cans, all colors, Artists Colors and Brushes, Japan and Oil Colors, Gold Leaf, Lubricating Oils, &c., Paint and Varnish Brushes, Chamois Skins, &c., &c.

Extremely low prices to reduce our large stock. Wholesale and retail. 2w36

E. J. Morison & Co., 52 Main St., Belfast.

Foundry & Machine Shop!

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

First-Class Mechanics & Tools,

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

Mining Machinery & Ship Work

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

POWER WITH ROOM TO RENT.

C. J. HALL, Lessee

Belfast, March 1, 1881.—9

REDUCING STOCK!

We offer our large stock of

Hardware, Nails, Glass, Locks, Knobs, Iron, Steel Hubs, Spokes, Rims, Shafts, Horse Shoes and Nails at extremely low prices.

JO3 LOT OF 300 SETS TABLE CUTLERY

at 25 per cent under price.

Shovels, Picks, Lanterns, Traps, Cow Ties, Powder, Shot, Cartridges, Gun Caps, Wrapping and Sheathing Papers, Paper Bags and Twine.

Wholesale and retail. Special prices to large buyers.

E. J. MORISON & CO., 52 Main St.

New Marble Shop!

In Longworthy Building.

W. T. HOWARD,

Manufacturer and dealer in MONUMENTS, TABLETS, GRAVESTONES, AND MARBLE SHELVES, of the best Italian and American marble. *CHURCH STREET, BELFAST.* 8tf

RUBBER SHEETING

In all Widths,

—AT— 22

B. F. WELLS'.

CARRIAGES AT BARGAINS.

THE SUBSCRIBER offers the remaining part of his stock of carriages at great bargains, to close out. Now is your time to buy a first-class carriage at a trade. Terms to suit. Cash, stock or good paper taken. E. T. HANSON, West Searsport.

N. B. One of the best ox presses in the county for sale or rent. 29

FOR SALE.

The subscriber offers for sale his house on Main street, near Wilson Hill, late the residence of Asa A. Howes. The house is in good repair, piped throughout for gas and furnace, cemented cellar, and commands one of the finest views in Belfast. Good lot for a garden, and has apple trees that last year produced fifty bushels of fine fruit. Will be sold at a bargain, as the owner is going to sea. If not sold soon will be rented. Apply to DAVID PERCE.

Belfast, Sept. 8, 1881.—35tf

FARM FOR SALE.

Pleasantly situated on the shore road between Searsport and Belfast, two miles from Searsport village, four miles from Belfast city, 100 acres of good land, partly under cultivation, good pasture and plenty of wood, good young orchard, splendid buildings, good supply of water, an excellent cellar. Will be sold with farming implements and stock at a bargain. Enquire on the premises. ELIZA J. CURTIS.

Searsport, Aug. 18, 1881.—36w39

Farm for Sale!

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

REMOVAL.

THE SUBSCRIBER wishes to inform her many friends and patrons that she has moved from Church street to the rooms over Geo. W. Burgess, in McClintock Block, High street, where she will welcome all. Those in want of a first-class Dress or Cloak Maker are invited to call. Terms reasonable. MRS. M. A. SNOW.

Belfast, Sept. 15, 1881.—37tf.

NOTICE.

FURNISHED ROOMS TO LET WITH OR without board. Apply to ANDREWS BROS., 11 Phœnix Row. 38tf

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID

—FOR—

Hides, Calf & Wool Skins, Potatoes,

Butter, Eggs, Beans, &c.

—BY—

C. C. HAMILTON, - Searsport, Me.

2mos39*

Cure Your Corns!

BY USING

SCHLOTTERBECK'S

Corn, Wart & Bunion Solvent.

Entirely harmless; is not a caustic.

It removes Corns, Warts, Bunions and Callous, without leaving a blemish.

Brush for applying in each bottle.

☞ *A CURE IS GUARANTEED.* ☜

Price 25 cents. For sale by all Druggists.

Try it and you will be convinced like thousands who have used it and now testify to its value.

Ask for Schlotterbeck's Corn and Wart Solvent and take no other. 1yrs

AGENTS! BOOK AGENTS!

SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW

By *John B. Gough*

This is the best book to *make money* on ever offered to you. Big big profits! Sales beyond all competition. For Pathos, Spicy Humor, and Thrilling Interest it is without a peer. Ministers say *"God speed it."* Everyone laughs and cry over it. Tens of Thousands are now waiting for it. It is the *"Coming" book for Agents.* ☞ *54th thousand in press.* 1000 Agents wanted, men and women. Now is the harvest time. *Purchase Territory, and Special Permission.* ☞ *Send for Circulars to* A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn. 13w40

GARFIELD Agents wanted for Life of President Garfield. A complete, faithful history from cradle to grave, by the eminent biographer, Col. Conwell. Books all ready for delivery. An elegantly illustrated volume. Endorsed by edition. Liberal terms. Agents take orders for from 20 to 50 copies daily. Outsells any other book ten to one. Agents never made money so fast. The book sells itself. Experience not necessary. Failure unknown. All make immense profits. Private terms free. GEORGE STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. 1w40

AGENTS WANTED for MARY CLEMMER'S "Ten Years in Washington," including a history of **LIFE AND DEATH OF GARFIELD.** It portrays the "inner life," Wonders, Marvels, Mysteries, Private dealings, etc., of the Capital, *"as a woman sees them;"* gives sketches of **The Ladies of the White House,** and is the *best selling book out.* It includes 18 *fine illustrations* with *portraits of President and Mrs. Garfield.* Send for circulars, with Extra Terms to Agents. A grand chance to make money. Address, **The Hartford Publishing Co., Hartford, Conn.** 4w40*

This Purely Vegetable Compound is scientifically prepared from the best Roots and Herbs of the Materia Medica, and has gained an unrivaled reputation for the following effects, viz.:

**PURIFYING THE BLO