

The Courier-Gazette.

For Governor,
HON. WILLIAM T. COBB.

Subject to the action of the Republican State Convention.

Republican City Caucus

The Republicans of Rockland will meet in caucus at the Armory Hall, Spring Street, on Wednesday Evening, February 17, 1904, at 7:30 o'clock, for the following purposes:—
To nominate a candidate for Mayor, to be voted for at the Municipal Election on Monday, March 1, 1904.
To elect a City Committee for the coming municipal year.
To transact any other business that may legally come before the meeting.

WARD CAUCUSES

The Republicans of the several wards of Rockland will meet in caucuses at the several ward rooms, on Thursday Evening, Feb. 18, 1904, at 7:30 o'clock, to nominate one candidate for Alderman, three for Common Councilmen, one for Warden, and one for Ward Clerk in each ward, to be voted for at the Municipal Election on Monday, March 1, 1904.
To elect a Ward Committee in each ward, for the coming municipal year.
To transact any other business that may legally come before the meeting.
Per order Republican City Committee,
J. E. RHODES, Sec'y.
W. M. SANSOM, J. L. CROSS,
C. W. HARRINGTON, S. A. ADAMS,
E. K. GOULD.

Rockland Maine, February 8, 1904.

JAMES E. RHODES FOR MAYOR.

The announcement of Mayor Snow, declining renomination for a second term, brought regret to the Republican party, that would have been glad to endorse his honor's creditable first year of service with a continuation for another term. Failure to induce Capt. Snow to reconsider his action has laid upon the committee the necessity of seeking another candidate. It was not a long search, for judgment quickly united upon James E. Rhodes, at present the alderman from Ward 7. When approached upon the matter Mr. Rhodes modestly declined the honor, but after mature consideration, and at the earnest desire of many citizens with whom he has consulted, Mr. Rhodes has consented to let his name come before next Wednesday's caucus. He does not seek nomination; rather he shrinks from the duties and obligations that the office of chief executive imposes upon the careful and conscientious business man. But Mr. Rhodes is the type of good citizen that cannot resist obligations of duty. He takes the ground that if his fellow-citizens demand his acceptance of a nomination he has no right to decline the call. All men realize that this is the sort of citizen who if elected to office makes the very best kind of an official. Mr. Rhodes has a long and honorable record in this community. He served with credit in the war and is among the best-known in the affairs of the surviving veterans. In the business ranks of our city he stands for honor and success, and in the city government, in both branches, he has been always known for his honesty, candor and conservatism. We do not know how the Republicans could make a nomination more creditable to the party. We have this far in this connection heard no other name mentioned and we feel very confident that we voice the opinion of citizens generally when we venture the belief that all will be glad to unite in giving Mr. Rhodes a unanimous nomination.

The bill before Congress, appropriating \$24,000,000 as national aid for the building of wagon roads, is entitled to thoughtful consideration. There is nothing that will more greatly benefit the average citizen than to have the roads of the country made permanent and agreeable. The suggested sum according to the bill is to be distributed according to the population of each of the states, except that the states having less than 700,000 people are to receive a minimum amount of \$250,000. Each state, county or town receiving national aid must add a like amount. This bill will result in the spending of \$48,000,000 for the building of wagon roads, and will build from 100 to 500 miles of road in every state of the Union. Four of our states (New Jersey, Connecticut, Massachusetts and New York) have appropriated over \$15,000,000 for 2413 miles of roads. The United States government appropriated in 1903 \$32,000,000 for river and harbor improvements, but nothing for good roads for the farmer. France has 23,600 miles of good wagon roads, Italy 6900 miles, etc. Every consideration of health, civilization and justice demands good country roads for the people. Hon. Walter P. Brownlow, member of Congress, will upon application send pamphlets to any address in illustration of the wisdom and benefit to be derived from the passage of the proposed bill.

This is a hard winter on the New England coast and it does not soften in its asperities when it touches the work of the Life Saving crew. Almost daily the press reports of hardship bywater are rife with accounts of gallant deeds performed by the brave and hardy men of this service.

The Republicans of the city purpose to use thoughtfulness and care in the selection of gentlemen for nomination in the various wards. We want another business men's government that shall have the welfare of the city, morally and financially, earnestly at heart.

Keith's Boston theatre has taken a startling departure from a long-standing custom. The program furnished patrons are now programs of the performance and nothing more—no jokes, no advertisements. The innovation will be relished alike by patrons and advertisers.

Valentines are very inexpensive this year and fully as funny as they ever have been.

Plucky little Japan. Thrice armed is he who has his quarrel just, and better still who gets his blow in fust. The island kingdom appears to have both these propositions standing to her credit. With great courage and extraordinary ability her navy strikes Russia a swift and crushing blow, the moral effect of which must be very great. It is significant that the sympathy of the world lies almost entirely on the side of Japan. Especially is this true in the United States. Every man you meet, almost without an exception, is taking a lively interest in the news from the orient and expressing a hearty hope that Japan may prove the winner. At first glance this would appear singular, for in old times Russia has been the traditional friend among nations of this country, but recent years have greatly altered many points of view. The New York Press puts the matter succinctly:

When we think that the main point of the Japanese demand was an insistence on the carrying out of the Russian pledge to the battle of the Japanese, the "administrative entity and territorial integrity of the Chinese empire"—a McKinley-Hay policy which Russia bound herself to keep by sacred pledge, alike to the United States and other Pacific treaty signers as to Japan—American sympathy must be with the nation that has made this common international grievance, and peculiarly America's grievance, all her own. Inasmuch as the battle of the Japanese is to punish Russia for her shameless perfidy in sight of the world in Manchuria, and to enforce the Russian promise of the open door for all the world in China, the Japanese nation's battle is ours.

The Public Library building is taking on its finishing touches and within another month ought to be in full commission. The mosaic floor is laid and the marble wainscot set, producing an effect at once beautiful and dignified. The decorating of the walls will be the concluding stroke. These items of the work, as our readers know, have been made possible only through the fund raised by subscription, and they will be fully appreciated when seen by visitors and a comparison drawn in imagination with what would have been presented had not these additions been possible. In this connection citizens should keep in mind the minstrel performance to be given Feb. 26 in aid of this fund. At the outset the gentlemen connected with the minstrel organization generously obligated themselves to the amount of \$250, giving a hearty lift and impetus to the fund at a time when such help was of great account. They are now with the assistance of the ladies and gentlemen of the amateur company engaged in "making good." The performance itself will be in every way an enjoyable and artistic thing, but especially it deserves the patronage of our readers because of the object to which its proceeds are to be applied.

Senator Carter of Montana has his mind made up as to the next Republican ticket. Roosevelt and Fairbanks suits him. "Both gentlemen will be nominated by acclamation," he says. "Senator Fairbanks represents the McKinley wing of the party, and even before it was certain he would accept the nomination it was practically certain he would be named as Mr. Roosevelt's running mate. Now it is known that he will accept, and all elements of doubt are laid at rest."

Mr. Rockefeller denies the report that he has retired from active business. Naturally he doesn't like to retire until he has acquired a competency.

WESTERN ASSURANCE CO.

TORONTO, DOMINION OF CANADA.

Assets December 31, 1903.
Mortgage Loans, \$20,000.00
Stocks and Bonds, 1,800,488.86
Cash in Office and in Bank, 143,917.84
Arrears of Premiums, 445,132.31
Bills Receivable, 13,877.01
Gross Assets, \$2,444,366.07
Deduct Items not admitted, 51,552.97
Admitted Assets, \$2,392,813.10
Liabilities December 31, 1903.
Net Unpaid Losses, \$131,997.77
Unearned Premiums, 1,476,007.77
Deposit Capital, 200,000.00
Surplus over all liabilities, 286,807.56
Total liabilities and surplus, \$2,392,813.10

Maynard S. Bird
ROCKLAND AGENT.
13-15-178

The City Trust, Safe Deposit and Surety Company

OF PHILADELPHIA.

Assets December 31, 1903.
Real Estate, \$20,100.00
Mortgage Loans, 32,000.00
Stocks and Bonds, 1,201,956.54
Cash in Office and in Bank, 297,662.75
Return on Investments, 4,141.09
Furniture and Fixtures, 8,122.43
All other Assets, 47,289.48
Gross Assets, \$3,164,546.24
Deduct Items not admitted, 8,122.43
Admitted Assets, \$3,156,423.81
Liabilities December 31, 1903.
Net Unpaid Losses, \$107,536.13
Unearned Premiums, 113,309.67
All other liabilities, 2,256,346.75
Surplus over all liabilities, 189,243.86
Total liabilities and surplus, \$3,156,423.81

A. J. FRISKINE & CO.
ROCKLAND AGENTS.
13-15-178

THE STANDARD Life and Accident Ins. Co.

OF DETROIT, MICH.

Assets December 31, 1903.
Real Estate, \$4,443.00
Mortgage Loans, 522,877.00
Stocks and Bonds, 885,504.66
Cash in Office and in Bank, 107,449.55
Market value of Bonds over book value, 19,483.00
All other Assets, Premiums in course of collection, 292,477.81
Gross Assets, \$1,886,146.07
Admitted Assets, \$1,886,146.07
Liabilities December 31, 1903.
Contingent Fund, \$50,000.00
Net Unpaid Losses, 445,045.51
Unearned Premiums, 665,716.18
All other liabilities, 169,143.46
Cash Capital, 250,000.00
Surplus over all liabilities, 366,185.42
Total liabilities and surplus, \$1,886,146.07

Cochran, Baker & Cross
ROCKLAND AGENTS
12-15-178

NOTICE.....

OUR AGENCY REPRESENTS

Nineteen Fire Insurance Companies

Which are among the oldest and strongest doing business in the United States. Most of them have met with large losses in the Baltimore fire. They will still continue in business and pay their losses in full as they did in the great fires of Chicago, Boston, Patterson and Jacksonville.

This, we believe, is evidence enough of the protection afforded property insured in our agency.

WE SOLICIT YOUR BUSINESS.

MAYNARD S. BIRD,

Rockland, Maine.

JAPAN-RUSSIA WAR.

The First Blow Struck In Which Japan Wins Notable Victory—Beginning of a Tremendous Struggle.

The first blow in the war between Russia and Japan has been struck, the Japanese getting decidedly the better of the encounter. The reports received at this writing are in many details, and even contradictory in others. However, after making allowance for want of exact information, the inference that can be drawn may be summarized as follows: The Japanese fleet arrived off Port Arthur, the naval stronghold of the Russians, at about midnight on Monday, and at once opened an attack on the Russian ships. As a result, two of the Czar's battleships, the Poltava and Carevitch, and the scout ship Novik were disabled. The latter is one of the most remarkable vessels on the naval lists. She is practically a 3000-ton destroyer with a speed of 25 knots. She is, in fact, a cross between a cruiser and a destroyer. How badly these ships were injured may be judged by the statement that two of them block the entrance to the harbor. As their damage was sustained below the waterline, it is possible that they were hit by torpedoes discharged by the small craft that accompanied the Japanese fleet. Therefore, in the first blow the Russian fleet in the east loses the services of three of its class of mechanical work. In mind in this connection that, unless previous information is wholly misleading, the Russians do not possess at Port Arthur the dock or other facilities needed to repair large warships that have been disabled. They have inadequate facilities of this character at Vladivostok, but that port is now ice-bound, and what is more, is over 1400 miles distant from Port Arthur, only to be reached by passing along the coast of Japan; hence, unless the Russians, through their fleet, have control of the sea, it would be difficult, if not altogether impossible, for them to take advantage of these facilities for the purpose of bringing their disabled warships into fighting condition, could they be kept afloat for this voyage. It is the result of the explosion of a torpedo against or under her hull, is something which cannot be readily repaired, except at a place where complete facilities exist for the carrying on of this class of mechanical work. What would appear that three of the ships of the Russian navy in Asiatic waters are at the start thrown out of the combat.

What the Japanese have been, if there has been any loss, is thus far conjectural, for Russian official reports on this subject contain no intimation that there was any loss to the attacking fleet. Not only has Japan employed the method adopted by Germany in the Franco-German war of striking a quick blow on the suspension of peaceful relations, but it has also, by the success thus secured, encouraged its own people and inevitably demoralized the Russians. A great deal of the success in war depends upon the morale of the men, and if, for any reason, the crews of warships forming a fleet bring themselves to believe that their opponents are in various ways their superiors, they cannot be made to fight with the force and determination that they otherwise might. If the Russians had been able to drive back and possibly destroy the Japanese fleet without doing damage to their own vessels, the effect upon the Russian sailors would have been of incalculable value.

The need the Japanese were under of striking their first blow at the Russian

naval force is plainly apparent when the exigencies of the war are taken into account. Japan is an island empire, and to carry on their contest against the Russian navy, must transport their army across the seas to the mainland of Asia. To send a great fleet of transports on even a relatively short voyage would be a dangerous proceeding if it were possible that the Russian war vessels might intercept these unarmed craft and quickly destroy them. After the landing of the Japanese army on the mainland of Asia, a constant and uninterrupted communication must be maintained with the base of supplies. In order that food, ammunition and the other needs of the soldiers may be regularly provided. But this would be difficult, and perhaps impossible, if the Russian fleet held control of the Asiatic waters, or even if it were in such a condition that it might evade the attempts of the Japanese warships to blockade it in one or another of the various ports. It is still a fleet in being, only obviously less strong than it was before, and it is questionable whether the Japanese will consider it safe to venture with their army in the direction that they would, unless a more complete disablement takes place.

If the Russian forces are to be promptly attacked, the method adopted would be to land a Japanese army, not in southern or eastern Korea, but possibly on the shores of Manchuria, for the reason that, if supremacy of the sea rested with Japan, the transportation of a large number of regiments could be much better made by water. The strength of the third candidate, Perry of Arrostook, is an unknown quantity. It is doubtful if he can command many votes outside of his own county, and he is probably only getting in line for another year. It is usually the case that a man must be defeated once or twice before he can win the prize. For this reason the soldiers in this section are not taking the candidacy of Perry very seriously and will all be glad to vote for him on some future occasion.

THE CUSTOMS DISTRICT.

A Washington despatch says that the introduction of a bill in the house by Representative Tawney of Minnesota, a member of the ways and means committee, authorizing the President to reduce the number of customs collection districts in the country is recognized as a renewed effort to take up the fight against Representative Powers of Maine and others of that delegation, who prevented any such provision becoming a law on the urgent deficiency appropriation bill. Such a bill may be forced through the House but the Maine men will find a way in all probability to prevent its becoming a law. There are plenty of good arguments to be advanced against such legislation from the standpoint of economy. Some important figures bearing on this matter have been already forwarded from the Waldoboro district to Representative Littlefield.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT RAISING CHICKENS.

The Prairie State Incubator

Does the work to the satisfaction of the chickens and yourself.

Come in and let us talk it over.

ROCKLAND HARDWARE CO.

ROCKLAND

SECURITY TRUST CO.

Main Street, Limerock St., Rockland Maine

DIRECTORS:
JOHN F. HILL, WM. T. COBB, JARVIS C. PERRY,
H. IRVIN HIX, W. A. WALKER, W. M. O. FULLER, JR.,
S. M. STAPLES, E. C. RICKLES, T. E. LIBBY,
SIDNEY M. BIRD, E. O. PICKER, MAYNARD S. BIRD,
NELSON B. COBB, W. O. VINAL, BENJ. C. PERRY,
A. S. LITTLEFIELD, CONNELLY BOBERTY, J. W. HUFFEL.

3-1-2 Per Cent Interest on Deposits in Savings Department.
Accounts Subject to Check Solicited.

In the Ice King's Clutch.

Rockland Harbor a Solid Sheet of Salty Crystal—Hundreds Walk To Owl's Head On the Ice—Not a Steamboat Arrival Thursday.

A prolonged cold spell, lasting some more than 40 days and 40 nights, showed its first sign of relenting Thursday, when the mercury took upward bound nearly to the freezing point. Since the new year made its advent there have been very few days when the thermometer registered that high, and fully half of the time there has been a temperature ranging from zero to 18 degrees below. This lengthy period was broken by a solitary mild day, which changed its mind directly after dark and before midnight the mercury was in its accustomed berth near the zero mark. With the exception of a few tough northeast snowstorms the wind has blown almost unvarying from the north-east. At the time the two Rockland and neighboring towns have been chilled to the marrow.

Day after day the ice blockade in Rockland harbor has been gaining reinforcements, and the spectacle which now presents itself from the water front is one that the younger generation has never been privileged to see. From Tillson wharf, where the most striking view is to be obtained, the open sea appears far distant. The area included between the shores and a line drawn from the end of Rockland wharwater to Owl's Head, is a solid mass of ice, nine inches thick, the outermost edge and about 15 inches thick in the inner harbor.

Thursday those who were on the water front enjoyed the novel spectacle afforded by teams being driven across the harbor to Owl's Head. People came from far and near in the afternoon and the broad expanse of ice was covered by sightseers who walked or skated as near to Owl's Head as their courage would permit. It was such a sight as we never again may witness in a lifetime, and those who do not improve the remaining cold spell to go and see the frozen harbor will be missing something worth talking about when they get to be the "oldest resident."

Thursday broke a record of 29 years if the memory of the wharf men is to be relied upon. It was the first week day in all that long period when there has not been a steamboat arrival at Tillson wharf. The Boston boat had been withdrawn from the route five days previously, while the coast and bay steamboats were running on a sort of emergency schedule. Steamer Minola of the Vinalhaven line made the trip from Rockland but with no intention of returning until Friday. Steamer W. G. Butman, carrying the Matinich mail, and considerable freight, was towed from her berth to the "channel" with much difficulty and had bumped half way to the open sea when the big revenue cutter Gresham came to the rescue. The government craft heaved through the thick ice in fine style and eventually the Butman steamed away to Matinich, the worst part of her trip over.

Shipping, as may be inferred from our marine column, is at a standstill until the ice king relaxes his grip on the harbors of the New England coast. The fishing industry is in a vacation, and lobsters and clams are at a premium.

A tale of the winter sea that makes interesting reading, is described in the experience of John Haffey and Charles Deveau, two Gloucester fishermen who arrived here Wednesday afternoon on steamer Minola. They belonged to the crew of the fishing schooner James H. Clarke of Beverly, and were rescued, quite by chance, after spending nearly 25 hours in a dory, with the temperature at no time above zero.

They had been separated from their vessel by the thick fog which shut in Sunday forenoon, and they are quite positive that another dory, which was even farther from the schooner, did not share their good luck. The dory being picked up. Its occupants were two French sailors, whose names are unknown to the rescued men. Mr. Haffey told his story to a Courier-Gazette reporter, as follows:
"We were tending trawls about five miles from Isle au Haut when the fog shut in so suddenly that we were unable to locate the vessel. We could hear a horn blowing and saw get within two miles of shore only to encounter a strong gale and lose our headway. "There was no food or drink in the dory, and sleep was out of the question. We dared not anchor for fear of

freezing to death, and for more than 24 hours we floated steadily in order to keep our blood in circulation and reach shore if possible. The dory load up very rapidly and we were obliged to pound the side almost constantly in order to keep the boat free.

"Monday forenoon we sighted the lobster smack Eva Martin of Tremont. We waved the trawl flags and shouted frantically, but at the end of 15 or 20 minutes we had failed to attract attention and the vessel was drawing farther away. Then came the reefing of the smack's mainsail and we were discovered. When we had been taken aboard it was found that my hands were frozen, and both of us were so weak that we collapsed on the deck. At the time of the rescue we were drifting steadily to sea."

The men were particularly grateful to C. O. Martin of Tremont, who commanded the smack. Eva Martin, and treated them most kindly. He landed them at Vinalhaven whence they were brought to this city by the Minola. Richard C. Hall took them in charge here, gave them meals and lodging at Elwell's boarding house, and provided them with transportation to their homes in Gloucester. The men made light of their experience yet it was undoubtedly their chance without the rescue the fishing smack that saved them perishing. The commander of the James R. Clarke is Capt. Frank Carroll, a former Rockland mariner.

In these days of icebound harbors it is not un-natural that the older citizens should hark back to the strenuous winter of 1875, when teams drove from Vinalhaven to the mainland and Hurricane Island was cut off from the mainland by a period of 10 days. This was the winter that Martin Kiff, a member of the state legislature rode from Vinalhaven across the ice and completed his journey to Augusta by rail. Ex-Mayor Albert W. Butler was one of the men who walked across from Hurricane where he was then employed.

T. H. McLean, who has kept a diary of the weather for many years, says that the period from Jan. 19 to Jan. 27 in the year 1875 was extremely cold. The ice went out of the bay Jan. 31. It was milder from the 28th to Feb. 3, and then set in very cold, the frigid spell lasting from Feb. 4 to Feb. 18. There were rainstorms Feb. 20 and 24, and the ice went out of the bay for a second time on Feb. 24th. For continuous cold the weather of 1894 has already excelled that of the famous winter of 1875.

Benjamin D. Littlefield, the South Thomaston stage driver, says that this is the severest winter in his 27 years experience on that route.

Beyond Rockland the same icy condition obtains in the bay and river. The value of the season's winter has its echoes awake by the sound of the steamboat whistle and the iron horse of the railroad reigns supreme. Our Camden correspondent writes:

"Camden is now wholly without boat service, the two up-river boats being forced Saturday to follow the example set by the Eastern S. S. Co. and suspend travel until the ice in the bay is broken. The schooner Joseph M. Farwell was caught in the ice near Belfast and disabled the last of the week. The sheet of ice now extends nearly out to Mark and Saddle Islands, and reports from Northport indicate that the fishery was caught from that place to Islesboro on foot. Teams now furnish the only connection between Camden and Belfast, calling to mind anew the desirability of an electric railway along the shore. Several are availing themselves of the unique experience of walking out to Negro Island and strolling across Sherman's cove and around the Point seaward on a solid floor. It bids fair to be at least a fortnight before boat service can be resumed."

Around Snow's shipyard the cold weather has set them talking about the time the schooner Joseph M. Farwell struck the end of her jibboom through the smokestack of the steamer Clara Clarita. The schooner had been following in the wake of the Clara Clarita and gained a headway when the steamer Railroad wharf she could not be stopped. In the collision which followed the schooner's jibboom ripped a hole through the steamer's smokestack and the schooner was disabled on the opposite side. This sounds like a whooper, but the Disciples of Truth who congregate around the stove at the railway stores will spring instantly to arms in defense of the story. They can prove it without Bill Jones being alive.

THE KNOX GASOLINE ENGINE

MADE BY

Camden Anchor-Rockland Machine Co.

ROCKLAND, MAINE.

PALMER GASOLINE ENGINES

Best known and most reliable engine on the market.

DON'T BUY EXPERIMENTS.

904 Prices 1-2 H.P., \$80 2-3 H.P., \$102 3-4 H.P., \$118 4-5 H.P., \$135

COMPLETE, INCLUDING WHEEL AND SHAFT.

4 Cycle Jump Spark Marine Engines, from 3 to 25 H.P. High speed engine, light prices from \$125 to \$600. A Special Discount will be given for the next 30 days. Write for same.

PALMER BROS., CORCORAN, CONN.

MARINE GASOLINE ENGINES

1-2 H.P. to 30 H.P.

The most satisfactory Gasoline Engine on the market. Throttle slow-down, positive cranker. The above points will be appreciated by the experienced motor-man. Material and workmanship of the best. Price was down.

See 1 for Catalogue.

ICE BROTHERS COMPANY

241 SOUTH BAY, ME. 2-18

Saturday, Feb'y 13, 1904,

Simmons White & Company OFFER

Corned Beef, good and fat, for 5c per lb.
Chuck Roast, 10c "
Chuck Steak, 10c "
Fore of Lamb, 11c "

Turkeys, Chickens, Hens and Veal in good supply. We have some great trades in our window—goods marked down to make room for new "Stuff." Ralph has a "Grab Box"—5c a grab. He says there are many things in the box worth a quarter, and nothing that is worth less than 5c—all prizes—no blanks.

Lost and Found

NAME to my home Thursday—A cocker spaniel puppy. Owner can have same by proving property and paying for this advertisement. Mrs. E. B. MACALLISTER, 25 Main street, Rock and.

LOST—Tuesday night between Hastings store and Granite st., small purse, containing small amount of money, a U. of M. pen and some checks of a Ross weeks. Finder please leave the same at this OFFICE and receive reward 15.

Wanted

WANTED—At Once—50 Girls to work on walking skirts—power machines. Smart operators make excellent wages. A guarantee of 75 cents a day while working. For full particulars address FULLER OSBORN MFG. CO., Hartland, Maine. 1116

To Let

DESIRABLE RENT—16 Elm street. Hot and cold water, with bath and furnace heat. Apply to C. E. WEEKS. 131f

STORE in Camden—Centrally located opposite express office; electric cars go by the door, suitable for most any kind of business. Inquire of LORING, the Stationer, Camden. 13

TO LET—The lower tenement in the W. O. Haskell house, 42 Fulton st. For further information inquire of J. S. W. BURPEE, at W. O. Hewett & Co's. 86f

TO LET—A desirable tenement on the corner of Orient and Union streets, Equine of FRED R. & C. T. SFAA, Rockland. 85f

For Sale

HOUSEHOLD GOODS for sale, including Parlor, Dining Room, Bedroom and Kitchen Furniture, carpets, Crockery, Stoves, Books, Dishes, etc. Piano almost new. These goods must be sold before March 1. MRS. W. J. DICKSON, 107 Broadway. 85f

FOR SALE—On account of death. Story and half house with oil and stable, and Grocery Store with goods, all in good condition. Nicely located, and a bargain for the right person. For further particulars, apply to MRS. W. D. STONE, Warren Highland, Warren, Maine. 85f

RARE BARGAIN—Ten lots of land situated near O'Connell's Head directly opposite the Samoset hotel on the water front, commanding a beautiful view of the Penobscot Bay. Making it a grand site for a summer home. Two hundred dollars takes the ten lots. Owner going to California. Must be sold at once. J. H. DONOHUE, Agt., Rockland, Me. 85f

FOR SALE—1 set 4-ton Fairbanks platform scales—new; 12 ft. low dory, 16 ft. with 51.2 H.P. motor, 12 ft. dory, 16 ft. with 11 ft. c. b. 26 ft. low dory, 15 ft. launch, 11 ft. 1 Merrill's brass binnacle with spirit compass and lamp, one set fishing trap and 35 lb. bait cabin launch with engine and one 23 ft. boat. Any of the above sold cheap. Apply to C. F. BROWN, 107 Broadway. 85f

FOR SALE—A 16 foot Mettall row boat with 2 horse power four cycle gas engine—entirely complete. Price low, fully guaranteed. Interested in same call or write to R. ANSON CRIB, Rockland. 85f

SCHOONER FOR SALE—At Rockland's Wharf, Rockland, Me. The schooner, suitable for lumber, stone and coal trade, and all ready for sea. Inquire of THOMAS W. BROWN, Gloucester, Me., or CHARLES BICKNELL, Rockland. 85f

Miscellaneous

MISS LIZZIE O'DONNELL will have a candy sale at her home Saturday, Feb. 13, from 11 to 3 o'clock. 85f

ALL PERSONS are forbidden to buy from Joseph H. Cunningham and Dwellings house situated on Green Head, on land formerly owned by John Cunningham, of Maine, for 1 am sole owner. MRS. EMMA MONTGOMERY. 1114

MIANUS Motors—Have delivered the goods to the Fishermen's Friend—Simple, safe, speedy. Put in 1000 miles. 100 to 200 ft. Hoisting outfit for vessels, take anchor, sails, cargo pumps, etc. Wood sawing outfit, engine cutting, etc. Price low, fully guaranteed. MIANUS MOTOR WORKS 29 3/4 Portland Pier, Portland, Me. 4-29

ALL persons indebted to the late Jennie S. Killebrew are requested to call at 10 High street, Rockland, Me., and settle at once. MRS. A. R. GREELEY. 85f

Time Notice

By Mutual arrangement I give my son Louis M. Gordon his time, and from this date shall not claim his wages nor pay him by 15th contracted. ALICE M. GOLDIN. 13-15

BORN

PEARSON—Portland, Feb. 4, to Mr. and Mrs. J. H. PEARSON, a son, 10 lb. 12 oz.
DELANE—Lawrence, Feb. 5, to Mr. and Mrs. William Delane, a son.
FATON—Little Deer Is., Jan. 27, to Mr. and Mrs. Hosa B. Eaton, a son.
FRAY—Deer Is., Jan. 27, to Mr. and Mrs. Warren Fray, a son.
WILLIAMS—Stonington, Jan. 20, to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Williams, a son.
ADDISON—Camden, Feb. 7, to Mr. and Mrs. Harvey F. Addison of Lewiston, a daughter—Faith Katherine. 4-29

MARRIED

BEGGS—Thomas—Vinalhaven, Feb. 10, J. Merton Beggs, of Vinalhaven and Ora Thomas, of Nova Scotia.
MOODY—CUNNINGHAM—East Jefferson, Jan. 30, J. M. Moody of Windsor and Gertrude Cunningham of Washington.
RANDALL—SWEETLAND—Rockbury, Mass., Jan. 27, George Randall of Rockbury and Albertina S. Sweetland formerly of Rockland. 4-29

DIED

ROBBINS—Rockland, Jan. 30, Joseph P. Robbins, a native of Deer Isle, aged 50 years, 10 months.
WATERMAN—North Appleton, Feb. 3, Fred J. Waterman, aged 75 years.
WATERMAN—Port City, Feb. 5, infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Lathly Thompson.
SMITH—Vinalhaven, Feb. 8, Warren Smith, Currier—South Thomaston, Feb. 7, Earle Francis Curtis, aged 2 years, 8 months, 22 days.
BROCKLE—Rockville, Feb. 6, Clara F. Brockle, aged 69 years, 3 months, 22 days.
MILLER—Burkettville, Jan. 14, infant daughter of Stephen and Carrie Allen.
DUNBAR—Thomaston, Feb. 11, D. Adelaide, wife of Benjamin F. Dunbar, aged 66 years, 1 month, 11 days. 4-29

The Majors and Telephones have another of their great polo contests next Tuesday evening. Ber-lud!

POPULAR BOOKS

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON

Author of IN HIS STEPS

Mr. Sheldon is one of the most popular of modern writers. His books have sold into the hundreds of thousands. We are offering a number of works in nice printing and good binding for 38 cents.

Richard Bruce
The Twentieth Door
The Crucifixion of Philip Strong
38 CENTS A VOLUME.

Edward Blake
Robert Hardy's Seven Days
John King's Question Box

Large assortment of Valentines left. This is the last day. 1 Cent Up.

HUSTON'S BOOK STORE

Opp. Thorndike Hotel.

The advertising for the library benefit minstrel is very attractive.

Don't forget the ushers' hop in Willoughby hall next Wednesday evening. The boys will give one of the best times of the winter.

The John T. Berry building which was recently damaged by fire, in connection with the Tibbitts and Kimball block, is being repaired.

The steamer Cambridge was wrecked on Old Man ledge 18 years ago last Wednesday. To many of our readers it doubtless does not seem nearly as long ago.

The chief event of next week will be the concert given by the Rockland High school students Monday and Tuesday evenings. The program has already appeared in this paper.

Pleasant Valley Grange will serve a circle supper at their hall on Wednesday night at 8 o'clock. All members who were not present at the last meeting are requested to bring something for the table.

This is the evening of the James F. Sears House Co's annual ball. The event takes place at Willoughby hall and will be a grand good time for the firemen and their friends. The company gives away a large number of valuable presents.

The Universalist ladies are "earning a dollar," and one especially bright, sensible woman of whom we are making long sleeved blouses for children, that are a comfort to busy mothers, they are at once so pretty and so useful. They can be seen at the circle.

The seats for the Black Bard Minstrel to be given at Watts hall, Thomaston, next Thursday evening, will go on sale Monday, at Charles C. McDonald & Co's store, Thomaston. Telephone 12-11. No seats will be held later than 8 o'clock on the evening of the performance.

General Secretary E. T. Garland of Portland and Frank W. Over, field secretary of the National Y. M. C. A. committee, were in the city Wednesday.

Mr. Garland has charge of one of the largest Y. M. C. A. branches in New England and the effectiveness of his work makes him one of the Association leaders in the country.

The Camden Concert Band, H. N. Walker conductor, assisted by Madame Cote-Howard and Dr. Walter V. Hanson will be heard in sacred and standard music at Farwell opera house Sunday evening, Feb. 28. Prices: children 10 cents, adults 25 cents. All seats reserved. Concert at 8.30. This same musical organization will be at the opera house, Camden, Sunday, Feb. 21. See next issue for further particulars.

The circle supper and play to be given by young men of the Universalist Young People's Christian Union on Wednesday, Feb. 24, (the affair having been postponed to that date) is to be one of the interesting social events of the season. Friends of the house-keepers are enlisting to furnish an especially tempting supper, at which the guests will be served by suitably qualified young men of the Union, who will then "learn to labor and to wait."

The evening will be brightened by a very cleverly written little comedy entitled "Who's Who?"

D. W. Pierson the popular proprietor of the Camden bowling alley, was in town Thursday. A few weeks ago he had quite a large number of ailments, but has completely recovered, and declares that he never felt better in his life than he does at the present time. In proof thereof he stepped into a local bowling alley and rolled three successive strings with an average of 82. The Camden bowlers are getting into gear for the great contest with the Bath team which will take place at an early date. Bath will bowl at Camden in the afternoon and here in the evening.

The February issue of the Ladies' World (New York) is marked by the opening of a new department of "Japanese Shadow Painting," which is the work of a former Rockland girl—Winifred Shaw Pales. The department occupies a page and the letterpress is enlivened by three illustrations, comprising a lady's waist, coral decorations and a sofa pillow, all very artistically depicted. The department was originated by Mrs. F. and both the letterpress and illustrations are her work. The magazine supplies orders for perforated patterns of the designs shown and the work ought to become popular among ladies of refinement and taste.

The minstrel performance set for Feb. 26 ought to bring out a great audience, one that will pack the opera house to its doors. The 40 artists who are to appear, guaranteed to the public, are of the highest caliber. The program is musical and funny. Some of the artists, as already specified in these columns, are of the very front rank of amateurs—good enough for professionalists indeed. It is natural to expect that the great crowd of amusement lovers will be present, but there is another class who don't so often take in a minstrel entertainment who for this occasion ought to be counted upon.

Because their attendance will help the object for which it is given—the Public Library fund.

Although the continued cold weather has raised a rumour with the fleet business, Henry Higgins wore his usual placid smile when the reporter dropped into his market on Sea street Thursday. Clams are about the scarcest article in his line just now, and the few Cushing bivalves which he was able to secure that day cost him \$2.50 per barrel, as against the usual selling price of \$1.75. Scallops are in good supply, but for some days past the craft has been frozen into the ice near Eagle Island, and the scallops are enjoying a vacation of indefinite length. Other fish prices at present are as follows: Flinnan haddies, 10 cents per pound; haddock, 6 cents; extra large smelts, 15 cents per pound; sea trout, 12 cents; eels, 10 cents; large Newfoundland pressed herring, 50 cents per dozen. Oysters have advanced 50 cents per barrel. There is the usual variety of smoked and pickled fish in the market with the exception of tongues and sounds.

The insurance agency of Maynard S. Bird, which represents nineteen companies, calls attention to the fact that these companies are amply competent to care for all their losses arising from the Baltimore fire. As an illustration is cited one of the companies that sustains three-quarters of a million dollars loss. Not only does this loss not disturb its resources, but the company becomes a contributor to the Baltimore relief fund. One doesn't have to worry about his policy if it is written in any of Mr. Bird's 19 companies.

F. M. Shaw's window exhibit at the Harkness store in postoffice block is attracting a great deal of attention, and will doubtless be attended by good results. It represents the work of the International Correspondence Schools of Scranton, Penn.



ALICE HAYHURST.

Whose Pickaninny Act in the Library Benefit Minstrels is worth the price of admission. Farwell opera house.

Anderson Camp, S. of V., celebrates Union Defenders' Day next Tuesday evening at G. A. R. hall, and has invited friends.

W. O. Fuller celebrated his 83rd birthday on Thursday the 11th inst. Sixty years ago next month Mr. Fuller began business on Main street.

The management of the Black Bard Minstrel Company has secured the services of Miss Mildred Clark and Albert Benner of this city, who will sing in the olio a famous character song, "Home Ain't Nothing Like This."

John T. C. Nash—brother of Myrick H. and E. R. Nash of this city—has disposed of his hotel and livery stable business in Medford, Oregon, and is now located in East Berkeley, Calif. His address is 2438 Cedar street.

The name of Col. E. J. Gould is prominently mentioned in connection with the Republican nomination for county attorney. Col. Gould is the former register of probate and is very favorably known to the Knox county voters.

Albert J. Rawley, Republican county committeeman from St. George, was in the city Thursday. He believes that the Republicans of St. George want to see the best possible ticket nominated in Knox county, regardless of where the nominations go.

A middle street woman recently baked a pan of biscuits for the benefit of the birds whose means of obtaining sustenance is greatly handicapped by the present ice and snow. Her kindness was rewarded by the effort of which with which the feathered folk swooped down upon the food.

Repairs on the Y. M. C. A. parlors were finished in season for that room to be greatly admired by those who attended the annual meeting and banquet Thursday evening. A new maple floor has been laid, ceiling repaired, the woodwork painted, walls papered, etc. The renovated parlor is now a very attractive room.

Mrs. Elliott Stone of Union and Grove streets owns a Bible which is 388 years old. It descended to her from the family of Gov. Bradford, of which she is a lineal descendant, and is believed to be one of the three old Bibles which have been considerably mentioned in the Boston newspapers of late. Mrs. Stone has been offered \$100 for it, but declined.

The Republican city caucus takes place in Armory hall, Spring street, next Wednesday evening, and on the following night the various ward caucuses will be held. Only one candidate for mayor is being considered, J. E. Rhodes of Ward 7, who, it is understood is willing to accept if the nomination comes to him in a spirit of harmony and unanimity. On this score there seems to be no ground for doubt.

Mrs. Rhodes is known throughout the city as a conservative business man of many years' standing, and the proposal of his name seems to have elicited none but the heartiest endorsement throughout the seven wards. There is a very general feeling that it is Ward seven's turn to be thus honored.

The next board of aldermen, by the way, will show quite a number of changes. There have been rumors that Frank P. Harding would not return to his old position, but it is believed that he would be very reluctant to permit his withdrawal. In Ward 2 it is also understood that Merritt A. Johnson does not care for another term. In Ward 3 Alderman Smith retires after two years' service, leaving the field open to the candidates of the city as a conservative business man of many years' standing, and the proposal of his name seems to have elicited none but the heartiest endorsement throughout the seven wards.

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Fuller & Cobb

FEBRUARY SALE OF FURS

The Surplus Stock from five of the best manufacturers in New York together with our entire stock are now before the purchasing public.

At Irresistible Prices

This is the opportunity of the winter, as it means closing out Furs at Big Discounts at early in the season prices.

We have only a few Men's Fur Coats left.

We have plenty of Electric Jackets, both plain and trimmed, at a saving to you of from \$5.00 to \$15.00 on each. Hundreds of Neck Pieces in Opossum, Coon, Fox, Martin, Sable, Squirrel, Seal, Chinchilla, Persian, Etc.

Men's Fur Lined Overcoats, Women's Seal Coats,

Women's Persian Coats In Stock To Show You

THIS IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY! DON'T MISS IT!

FEBRUARY SALE OF FURS

Fuller & Cobb

CHURCH NOTES

Rev. W. J. Day of Rockland will preach in the Glen Cove school house Sunday afternoon at 1.30 o'clock.

Rev. B. S. Fife of the Free Baptist church will preach at the West Meadow chapel Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

The regular services will be held in the Christian Science church Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. The subject will be "Mind."

There will be services at the Methodist church Sunday as usual. In the morning the pastor will preach, subject, "Abraham Lincoln and His Religious Views."

Regular services will be held in the Universalist church Sunday. The pastor will preach on "The Meaning of Disappointment in Life" in the morning, and "Christian Heroism" in the evening.

Services at the Free Baptist church Sunday as follows: Preaching by the pastor, Rev. W. J. Day, at 10.30 a. m., subject, "The Days of Noah." Evening service 7. The pastor will begin a series of sermons on a Scripture Question, looked at and answered in the light of history. These sermons will be of interest to all classes. A special invitation is extended to men.

The usual services will be held at the Adventist church, Willow street, Sunday. Preaching by the pastor, Dr. A. W. Taylor, at 10.30 and 7 p. m., subject of morning sermon, "How Large a Bible Do We Need?" Evening, "Signs of the Times. What Does the Bible Teach on the Subject?" Mrs. Taylor preaches at Friendship Sunday forenoon and evening.

Seats go on sale at McDonald's drug store in Thomaston next Monday morning for the famous Black Bard Minstrel performance which is guaranteed as the best amateur performance offered to the people of Thomaston and vicinity in modern times. The Black Bards made a great hit with their show last winter, since which time there has been a liberal infusion of new talent, new jokes and new songs—everything new that is also funny or musical, or both. Manager Dinsmore announces two great special attractions in Eddie LaBarre, who has done minstrel work on the professional stage for 15 years or more; and P. L. Dennison, who is honestly superior to half of the artists doing a professional black-face turn. The "amateur" Dockstader of minstrelsy is presented to the public as being alone worth the admission price. There will be a very fine circle, with two interlocutors and four end men and four end women. The date of this entertainment has fluctuated owing to various causes but now all is in readiness, and Mr. Dinsmore has ordered an extra supply of superlative weather for Thursday evening, Feb. 18.

When you are in want of Calling Cards or Wedding Invitations you can find specially attractive samples at Spear's from all the leading manufacturers.

The Gardiner polo team has challenged the Majors to a game in that city March 10. The challenge has been accepted.

Anderson's cigarmakers were defeated at bowling Tuesday night by Clark's cigarmakers. The summary was as follows: Anderson's—O'Brien, 244; Moulash, 227; Cameron, 217; Fox, 208; Kallach, 211; Clark—Tius, 239; Richards, 216; Clark, 218; Sobel, 222; Jones, 225; Totels, Anderson, 1107; Clark, 1122.

Only six pins separated the Bakers and Druggists in their bowling match at Kennedy's alleys Wednesday night, that six being in favor of the pill pounders. The scores were as follows: Druggists—Tittus, 249; Pooler, 283; Kiltredge, 247; Norcross, 211; Smith, 261. Bakers—Nixon, 232; Dwyer, 256; Rising, 263; O. Flint, 252; G. Flint, 242.

The Westbrook Seminary basketball team comes here one week from this Friday night.

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DOUBLE

YOUR SALARY!

Thousands Have Done It

So Can You!

By Taking a Course in the

INTERNATIONAL

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

The Greatest Educational Institution in the World

Endorsed by the Foremost Educators

in the Country

BY W. W. STETSON, Maine Superintendent of Schools.

BY UNCLE SAM, through the Congressional Committee.

BY MR. MOODY, Secretary of the Navy.

BY THE GOVERNMENT EDUCATORS at West Point Military Academy.

BY EDUCATORS at Annapolis Naval Academy.

BY THE EXPERT ENGINEERS at Willett's Point.

BY THE 152 MIDSHIPMEN who are studying French, German and Spanish by the use of the International Repeating Phonograph.

BY THE HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS

SPANISH PEGGY

A STORY OF YOUNG ILLINOIS

By MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD

Copyright, 1904, by Herbert S. Stone & Co.

CHAPTER V.

The old Sac, who had guarded her rooftop, whether cabin or wigwam, every night of her remembrance, sat upright, holding his knife, on which frozen blood was crystallized. Two or three dead wolves lay outside the log on the snow. But not one of them was frozen stiffer than the log. Who, after his own fashion, had given life itself for the safety of his adopted child.

Peggy would not believe he was dead. She clung to his old shoulders, and screamed to rouse him. The Sac, who loved white men, and had never failed to answer the appeal of his white child, silently blocked the entrance of the log. His eyebrows were hoar frost, and the dark ruddiness of his face and neck seemed crusted with rough silver.

Peggy's wild crying might have resounded long in the hollow log, and brought no person to help her. For all around was the vast prairie stretching from horizon to horizon, a glare of whiteness unbroken by the smoke of a single fire. But two figures toiled toward New Salem through the early cold, wading with effort, and finally making for the hummock in which they recognized the submerged log. Lincoln and his chain-bearer encountered the frozen Indian and the crying girl as they stooped to enter and warm themselves.

High as drifts were piled in New Salem streets, for this was the winter known long afterward as "the winter of the deep snow," people gathered hastily through the unabated storm when word went around that Shick-shack had been brought in frozen to death. Lincoln and Antywine, in service, stopped the ox sled they had borrowed, at the door of Rutledge's tavern. Neither said, "Let us take him to his own cabin." In death, at least, he should escape from the environment which Sally made, and be publicly honored.

Antywine went directly to carry the news to the widow, and Sally heard it, making a clicking sound of disapproval with her tongue.

She knocked the ashes out of her cob pipe, partly on the hearth and partly in the dinner pot, which hung from the crane.

"Now don't that beat ye! Gone and froze himself to death the best of us, and New Salem seven miles from a buryin' ground! He always was the most ill-convenient old In'an! Took him to the tavern, did ye?"

"Yes," replied Antywine, without apology.

"Well, keep him there. I'll come to the funeral. Funerals is no novelty to me, buryin' men as often as I have."

Neighbors talked in whispers around the dignified figure stretched on a white-covered board under a canopy of sheets. But Antywine and Lincoln had themselves washed it, and dressed it in the Sac's best buckskins. They found girded around the waist a heavy belt of rattlesnake skin.

"This is the snakeskin of money belonging to Peggy that he told me about," Lincoln said to Antywine. "He must have taken it out of his hiding-place before he started to find Dick Yates. What shall we do with it?"

"Put it on, Sleur Abe, to wear for her, as Shick-shack said."

"They say snakeskin in the hat is good for the headache; but I don't think I could bear it rubbing against my naked hide. This belt is nearer your size, Antywine."

"Me, I am a boy, Sleur Abe. Shick-shack put his trust in you. He tell you I am a squaw!"

"I reckon he changed his opinion. He only struck out to find Dick because we were away. But you're a little nearer than nearest of kin to Peggy, so if you say I'm to undertake the thing, I'll try it. And if Mother Eve is too strong in me to stand the snake next to me I'll manage it some other way."

Lincoln and Antywine also helped the cooper make Shick-shack's coffin, for neighbor was then obliged to depend upon neighbor for such service. No fee was ever charged, though if one was offered it had to be accepted.

Religion did little to soften the grimness of death in those early days. The unpainted coffin stood on two chairs in the largest room of the tavern, and Mahala Cameron's father, hymn book in hand, placed himself behind it as behind an interment, whence he could launch warnings on the uncertainty of life. His father, called old Daddy Cameron, a tremulous and toothless creature, who encountered age as a disease rather than a transition, sat by, sighing, as if to illustrate the unpleasantness of life's certainty.

Such funeral rites as New Salem afforded were held in the early forenoon, because snow continued to fall, and seven miles of drift had to be cut through to Concord burying ground. The entire population, as well as men from Clary's Grove, crowded the tavern. People stared when Don Pedro Lorimer came in with Redmond Clary, richly and warmly dressed, as if he had not found it unprofitable to plead the annexation of Cuba. His shining black hair and olive face had a placid, worldly look. One hard-working woman whispered to another that you would not think butter could melt in his mouth, and he appeared the last man to rob an orphan or to run her off with him against her will.

Peggy saw him through her tears with indignation. She sat beside Anty-

wine on one of three chairs which Ann Rutledge had placed at the head of the coffin for Shick-shack's family. But the third chair remained vacant until the preacher stood in embarrassment, undecided whether or not to raise a hymn while all the mourners gathered. Shick-shack's widow finally entered the tavern muffled from the snow in a blanket, carrying a basket on her arm. The crowded assembly opened to let her pass. She set her basket down, and with a vicious pounce took Antywine and Peggy by the ear. Antywine visibly restrained himself and walked unresisting with Peggy to the foot of the coffin. Sally shoved the chairs after them, and returned to her own place as chief mourner.

"This isn't your funeral!" the be-reaved woman explained sourly to them. "He wasn't no kin to either of ye!"

Solemn-faced neighbors relaxed in countenance and looked sideling at one another. They watched Sally lay off the blanket and take from her basket a rusty mourning shawl, a black bonnet and crape veil. In this regalia, kept for her husband's funerals, she dressed herself publicly, and, having completed her preparations, sat down, heaving a deep sigh. The sight of her beard under widow's weeds so affected one of the Grove boys that he disgraced himself by an audible snort. He did not mind disturbing meeting, but a funeral was different; and he whispered apologetically to the man beside him: "I bet God laughed when He made that woman!"

Candles were lighted in the tavern before the masculine population of New Salem—for only those went who could shovel snow and help dig a grave agreement, stopped the ox sled they had borrowed, at the door of Rutledge's tavern. Neither said, "Let us take him to his own cabin." In death, at least, he should escape from the environment which Sally made, and be publicly honored.

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the liquid clink of gold. Ann, Peggy and myself watched the counting. Viane Rutledge, looking through the door at the silent company, beckoned little Jane to stare at such amazing wealth.

"Whose is it?" whispered Jane. "Peggy Shick-shack's, of course. Where would Antywine La Chance, or Mr. Abe Lincoln, or Ann get it? The old Indian must have been a miser. But I wouldn't be her—and a Spaniard—for all her money."

"Two thousand and fifty dollars," announced Lincoln. He began to return the gold to its pouch.

"Two thousand dollars is a large amount," said Ann. "Am I very rich?" inquired Peggy. "Well, one hundred dollars will buy eighty acres of land, or two horses. You are therefore worth sixteen hundred acres of land, and something over for calico and linsey; and, considering the times and the country, may call yourself fairly well off."

"Must I buy sixteen hundred acres of land?"

Lincoln's eyes twinkled, losing for a moment their usual expression of dark blue wisdom. He was not much older than the Canadian boy who had already begun to guide the destinies of others.

"You'd better let your husband decide that matter when you are older," he answered, and while the words were being spoken, Pedro Lorimer entered the tavern in a whirl of winter air. He closed the outer door, made his salutations with grace, and approached the table where the money counters sat. Lincoln deliberately filled the snake skin, tied its neck shut, and sat with it in his large hands, pleasantly returning the visitor's greeting. The tavern was free to all comers. Yet Antywine at once stood up in front of Peggy, his blond head towering above the swart arrival.

"What you do here, eh? You drive Shick-shack around, so he die in the drift? When I see you to-day I think I will throw you in the street! Go off—get some states hance to Cuba!"

"My pretty fellow," returned Pedro Lorimer, "I rode here through very biting cold to see my young cousin. I shall now take charge of her."

"Tell him I won't go with him, Antywine said Peggy."

"The gentleman must understand," spoke Lincoln, "that he cannot force guardianship on a girl of Peggy's age—except by kidnapping. We folks in New Salem have not measured ourselves with the great people in the world, but we rather reckon that a New Orleans gambler would make a mighty poor guardian."

The foreigner's olive skin, chilled by the cold from which he had just entered, took a swift greenish pallor. He stepped forward hissing, and snapped his fingers in Lincoln's face. Antywine was upon him like a tiger, dragging him to the door, throwing him out into the snow, and shooting the bolt behind him.

"Goody!" Peggy exclaimed with passionate approval.

Ann put her hands to her eyes and Lincoln laughed.

"Take care, Antywine."

The oiled paper of the window through which Peggy had watched Ann Rutledge from the hand-mill, was slashed by a knife. Antywine flattened himself against the door. The knife snatched past his head and stuck quivering in the opposite wall.

If New Salem folks had distrusted this erratic and intermittent visitor from the first, they quite made up their minds about him when he disappeared once more after Shick-shack's funeral. It became generally known how he had followed that poor Indian to rob a girl. The winter of the deep snow shut in householders plenty of time to talk. The fact that Pedro Lorimer had been harbored at Clary's Grove added no sweetness to his reputation. Some were afraid he would come back and organize the wild spirits there for any kind of local annexation which might strike his fancy. But the northern winter, from which a tropical nature shrank, went by without disturbance. If Black Hawk had stirred in the northwest, he settled down to await a better season. People no longer rode in sleds over buried stake-and-riders fences. Vast white frosted leaves of prairies, and forests standing knee-deep in snow, returned to their natural aspect. Streams ran brimful, and Rock Creek covered half the valley during the spring thaw.

Peggy had plenty of chances to loan her money at a high rate of interest to impecunious people, with little prospect of getting it back. Lincoln said he was not a good adviser, for he had failed at storekeeping, and made debts which must cost him years of hard work. But it appeared to him that her gold was safer in the snakeskin coiled around his waist than it would be turned into anything else, until she could buy and hold land.

Antywine and Peggy had gone back to Sally's cabin. But as the season advanced and it was time to take up the work of surveying again, Antywine consulted Lincoln.

"I have made up my mind," he declared, "not to live with that woman some more at all. She have my father's goods, and her first man's goods, and Shick-shack's cabin. She is well off. There is that Onslow house at the west end of the road. I can buy it

myself for some trade. We will keep house."

"Peggy and you?"

"Yes," replied Antywine, with innocent enthusiasm. "I will take care of her. Me, I can make moccasins; I can kill plenty deer and cure venison. When I am away with you to carry the chain, she can bar the door and keep Sally out, and I sleep easy. I not sleep easy, Sleur Abe, to go away and leave her alone with that Sally, who may cast an evil eye or a stick of wood at her the minute my back is turned!"

"You better put off the housekeeping until we come home," suggested Lincoln, smiling, "and let Peggy live at the tavern while we are away. She has plenty of money."

Antywine's blue eyes flashed joy at the unfolding of this brilliant plan. He had never thought of Peggy's money as currency which might be put to use. It was simply a valuable possession, hoarded for her.

Peggy was directly received into the Rutledge family, where she had an abundance of good food and Ann's teaching and companionship for a stipulated sum in shillings and pence amounting to less than two dollars a week. To her it was a season of joy and rapid development. Viane Rutledge, herself budding into girlhood, watched the Spaniard with surprise and reluctant approval. Peggy's angles disappeared. She shot up taller. Her lissome limbs were round, and her halting step without a crutch had an appealing charm. Her little face gathered a sweetness which provoked kisses; it had the clean polish of a flower petal. She was so good and so happy, so busy learning how to manage the affairs of daily living, and so glad to draw her breath, that everybody said, "She is growing pretty! Whoever imagined that little weakened Spaniard would turn out like this?"

Antywine and Lincoln were away until early in June. They came driving an ox-wagon from the west into New Salem one evening at sunset, and drew up at the vacant cabin which Antywine intended to make his own. It stood waiting for him in primitive security. The ox-wagon carried a squat, low chest of drawers, evidently bought at second-hand, but bright and rosy through its old mahogany surface, and Antywine's first housekeeping investment. Lincoln helped him unload it, and they set it on the sward before the cabin door.

"I lift him into the house myself," said Antywine. So Lincoln drove the borrowed cattle on, knowing he was welcome to put them into anybody's pasture until he and his chain bearer returned them.

Antywine opened the door of the playhouse he was intending to make for Peggy. Through the sensitive part of which Peggy said was like a woman, quivered with delight, he had a free, bold spirit, ready to dare anything. On long tramps and rides and through days of mechanical labor with a master mind he had been coming to his own as a man.

"There's a mighty difference," Lincoln once said to him, "between studying with the outside of your eyeballs and studying with your eyes open clear to the bottom of your brain."

Antywine saw that new oiled paper would have to be put into the weather-beaten windows, over which Peggy would hang short white curtains, perhaps like those that could be heaved apart on strings at the tavern. He selected the corner for his chest of drawers, and was silently calculating how long it would take to turn out chairs and tables at the cooper's shop, when the smell of a cob pipe made him shut the door to keep Sally from looking into his house. Sally had come up behind him and was examining the chest of drawers. In earlier days, before beard grew upon her face, or avarice and vindictiveness heaved it, her piercing black eyes may have been admired. She fixed them on Antywine.

He touched his cap with the courtesy his father had taught him to show all women, and said, "Good day, Sally."

He heard Lincoln's gee-hawing to the oxen turn to "W-on, Buck!" and saw that Slick Green and young Yates had come down the road to meet the surveyor.

"Have you heard about Peggy's death?" inquired Sally.

"Her death?" Antywine repeated.

"Yes. She was buried a week ago."

"Are you here, Abe? You're wanted at the tavern."

"What's the matter at the tavern?" The Grove boys are coming to throw everything out of doors if you don't give that Lorimer man the Spaniard and her money."

"How do you know?"

"Martha Bell Clary slipped off on her father's horse and brought word."

"Where's Dick?"

"He's looking somewhere else for you."

Lincoln stood up and glanced at Antywine, who had suffered, but was unable to fight, resting like a log at the hearth corner.

"Poor Antywine!" he whispered, and ran off to the door as he went out to settle the unconscious boy's fate.

The self-appointed censors of the Grove had once wrecked a store in New Salem, and kicked the merchandise about the street. The population of the village was about 100 souls, few of whom could be mustered as fighting men; while the Grove males were all fighting men.

The night was starlit and cloudless, but there was no moon. Dull pangs of oiled paper revealed candles in some houses, but a hush like expectation seemed to stretch along the uneven windings of the street. When the Grove boys mounted for a raid of any sort they usually rode at full gallop, yelling like Indians. Lincoln was ahead of Slick Green in the race to the tavern, when both stopped, halted by a procession with lanterns. There had been no noise of shouting and no crash of destruction. The quiet approach of the company seemed worse than its ordinary riotousness.

"They didn't stop at the tavern!" whispered Slick Green.

They had been to the tavern, for Dick Yates, bareheaded, was leading them peaceably away from it, walking in front of the cavalcade; and a girl's figure could be discerned sitting upon

his weeping, and made no answer to the young men, who called his name through the window.

Sally was asleep in her own cabin long before Antywine crept out of his and took the road to Concord burying-ground. It was a long walk under blurred stars, for the wind changed after midnight, belying the promise of a fair sunset.

Antywine tried to bring Peggy's face before him, with its many flitting expressions. Her eyes were hazel, or black, or gray, by changeable turns, swarming with points of light. He remembered drinking from the gourd after her, on the very side where she had drank, and the pleased trembling of her lips when she noticed it. All the ways and trails which went to the making of the companion he called sweetheart were present to his mind, when groping among saplings in the thinly peopled burying-ground he came to Shick-shack's sunken grave which he had himself helped to make, and found a fresh clay hillock beside it.

The latter part of the night rain poured upon the chest of drawers which Antywine had left standing in front of the cabin and strewn down its polished sides. Rain beat upon Antywine through sapling boughs, saturating his linsey hunting-shirt and darkening his worn buckskins.

Drenched grass and a tangle of little trees he scarcely felt or saw when sodden and miserable daylight came. By the end of the afternoon some light crept out from sunset, and there was a clearing up in the west. Lincoln climbed the burying-ground fence, and found Antywine lying asleep across the new-made grave. He was so ghastly that Lincoln at once shook him, feeling relieved when he opened his eyes.

The boy looked up at the mole like a warm pulsing heart on his friend's cheek. But his friend's eyes twinkled.

"What are you doing here on old Daddy Cameron's grave, Antywine?"

Antywine sprang as from a rattlesnake. He was exhausted, so that Lincoln gave him both hands to help him rise.

"Daddy Cameron died last week and they buried him in the same row with Shick-shack. He was a fine old man, but if I were you I wouldn't lie out all night and all day on his grave!"

"Sally have tell me this is where she is buried!"

"Who? Peggy?"

"Yes, Sleur Abe. Where is she?"

"At the tavern."

"She is not dead?"

"Not a bit!"

"But Sally have tell me—"

"Haven't you summered and wintered Sally long enough to know when she is paying you a grudge?"

"But I run to the tavern myself—"

"And scare Ann, and run away again without asking any questions. I've had a long jaunt through the mud and searched the better part of a day for you."

Antywine threw his arms around Lincoln and sobbed and laughed like a woman. He swayed, and could scarcely stand.

"You've made yourself sick being so downhearted when you ought to have kept your wits. That Lorimer fellow is back at the Grove again, and he's making a bold stand now. If he had known I carry that snakeskin I reckon he would have followed our chain."

But Dick Yates is here. We tried to get you last night, and couldn't."

"I tell Sally I not believe her!" shivered Antywine.

"And then you let it out here and pass a sentimental night and a watery day on Daddy Cameron's grave! I'm surprised at you!"

The American way of joking over what had been a tragedy seemed delicious to the Canadian boy as he trumped back the long seven miles. When he reached his house at the end of the village Lincoln did not think it advisable to take him any farther. Antywine was so ill that he lay down upon the floor, resisting any suggestion of fighting men.

Through delicious eyes he saw the blaze, which Lincoln contrived to start in the chimney, interlaced sticks piled there months before in readiness for a first house-warming.

Lincoln was on his knees blowing it when he heard Slick Green peep through the door:

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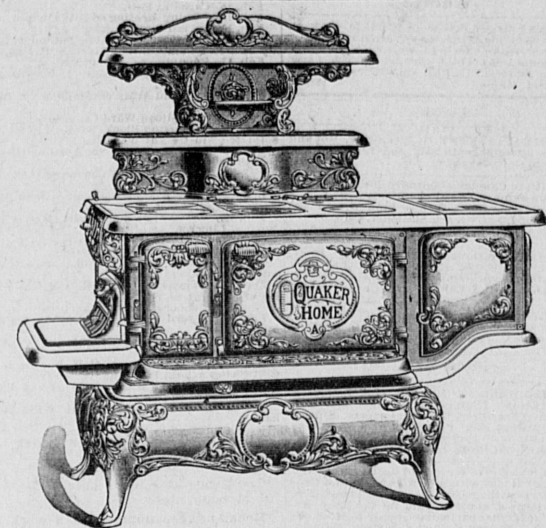
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TWO SPLENDID RANGES

Opportunity for St. George and Deer Isle Housewives To Win Grand Prizes.



On Wednesday, Feb. 17, 1904, The Courier-Gazette is to give away, two Home Quaker Ranges absolutely free of charge on— to some lady in St. George and one to some lady in Deer Isle. The ranges will be disposed of through a Voting Contest, after the manner as often before conducted in these columns.

Any woman in St. George or Deer Isle may compete, the one having the largest number of votes in each class at the close of the contest being the winner. No other prizes will be given.

Winners can have choice of Ranges to turn wood, or coal, or one that will burn either wood or coal. The Quaker Ranges are now so well known to housewives that a further description is unnecessary.

RULES OF CONTEST.

It is essential to the contest that the names of not less than two contestants appear and be actively engaged until the close. In the event of the withdrawal of all active contestants before the close, there can be no contest and the prize will be withdrawn.

A coupon will be printed in each issue of The Courier-Gazette, until and including Tuesday, Feb. 16, 1904, which will contain the last coupon. The contest will close at this paper's business office at 6 o'clock p. m. the following Wednesday.

1. For every year's new subscriber to this paper at \$2 two hundred votes will be given. A new subscriber may pay as many years in advance as he wishes and receive votes at the rate of 200 for each \$2 per year paid. But all these payments must be made in advance at one time.

2. For every \$2 paid by present subscribers, either arrearages of accounts or in advance on present subscription, one hundred votes will be given.

3. Changes in subscriptions from one member to another of the same family, etc., made for any purpose of securing the increased number of votes given to new subscribers, cannot be permitted.



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Actual sterility in woman is very rare. If any woman thinks she is sterile, let her write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., whose advice is given free to all expectant or would-be mothers. The medicine that instantly asserts its curative powers in the ills of women is

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"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—During the early part of my married life I was very delicate in health. I had two miscarriages, and both my husband and I felt very badly as we were anxious to have children. A neighbor who had been using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advised me to try it, and I decided to do so. I soon felt that my appetite was increasing, the headaches gradually decreased and finally disappeared, and my general health improved. I felt as if new blood coursed through my veins, the sluggish tired feeling disappeared, and I became strong and well. Within a year after I became the mother of a strong healthy child, the joy of our home. You certainly have a splendid remedy, and I wish every mother knew of it. Sincerely yours, Mrs. ANNA POTTS, 510 Park Ave., Hot Springs, Ark."

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I was married for five years, and gave birth to two premature children. After that I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it changed me from a weak, nervous woman to a strong, happy and healthy wife within seven months. Within two years a lovely little girl was born, which is the pride and joy of our household. If every woman who is cured feels as grateful and happy as I do, you must have a host of friends, for every day I bless you for the light, health and happiness your Vegetable Compound has brought to my home. Sincerely your friend, Mrs. M. P. WHARRY, Flat 31, The Norman, Milwaukee, Wis." See Northshore Oratorical Society.

\$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

In this community is to be dipped in the Sangamon!"

Lincoln, who had seen a knife thrown at Antwine's head for fewer words, kept his eye guarding the indistinct movements of the Spaniard. An uneasy tremor ran around what had been a dead wall of antagonism. But unfortunately Mahala Cameron's father now lifted his voice from the back ground, and in the character of minister exhorted Redmond Clary to draw his followers homeward and cease abetting the ungodly. Redmond Clary turned on him and told him to go home himself, or he might be neatly laid beside his daddy in the Concord burying ground.

One word had swiftly followed another while Lincoln gauged the force drawn around him. His hair was ruffled over the arch of his head. His strong nose and clean-cut neck and the outward curving of his lips showed by fitful light above his shorter companions. Some radiation from his personality made one of the men exclaim:

"Abe, we know you're honest. But if you're too stubborn to hand over that money we've got a barrel at the mill all ready to roll you into the river."

"Wait!" said Lincoln, stretching out a long fore finger.

Pedro Lorimer hissed at him: "I do not wait while boys practice speeches! I could myself in return call my enemies names. This is not what was promised me."

"What Red Clary promised you," stated Lincoln with intuition which amounted to knowledge, "was if you would cancel his gambling debts he would make me hand over the little Spaniard's money."

Redmond Clary flung himself off his horse and ran at his accuser. The time for words was past. If the figure towering above them all had stood with less assurance, the raging leader might have led his mob to a cruel murder. But Lincoln's humorous eye spread a contagion of smiles as he caught the bull-bodded champion of the Grove by the collar and flung that muscular bulk across the ring to cool.

There was to be a fight. The men drew deep inhalations of enjoyment. For ever since Abraham Lincoln appeared in New Salem they had wanted to see him knawed with Red Clary. Lincoln knew he was about to succeed or fail with the only argument which could move those to whom might was right. Eloquent and convincing words had to be backed by a man who could master his listeners. He was tired and superfluous. The Spanish girl leaned down on her horse's neck, unconsciously uttering prayers aloud for her champion. The struggle would be over in a few minutes, but if Red Clary whipped him her future lay in unknown and terrible places. That Antwine was missing seemed a token that the worst must be in store for her. She was in the grip of an evil force.

Both men threw off their roundabouts and vests. Lincoln faced his two companions, making them a screen, and hurriedly unfastened the belt of gold which he wore under his shirt, and put it in his hat. This he gave to Slick Green, who held it, while Yates stood guard.

"You were cut out for a banker, Slick," said Lincoln. "I wasn't. I might burst the snakeskin and spill the money."

His opponent rushed at him like a mastiff let loose, and Peggy doubled herself lower upon the horse's neck. She heard the impact of blows, which sent shudder after shudder down her body, and the panting of spent breath. The Grove boys set up a yell, and she stuffed the horse's mane into her ears. The big muscular bully who had made everybody in the Sangamon country afraid of him, and shaped public opinion for the Grove, was taking some cruel advantage of a clean wrestler, unused to sledge-hammer brutality. Then a hush penetrated even the horsehair, and Peggy looked as Lincoln knocked Red Clary flat beneath the chin of a startled animal. He fell against its hoofs, and being pulled into the clear space by one of his friends, lay still.

"I reckon," said Lincoln, pulling his own shirt collar wider open, and sitting on the chest of drawers to breathe, "he has the wind knocked out of him."

paneled jury who would have to render verdict in this first case which Yates and he had associated themselves to win.

"A boy," he panted, "is like a white dress: soil him, and he can be washed and made clean again. But a girl is like a glass bottle: if you let her fall, or throw her down and break her, she is broken forever. Now men, we are determined to have this poor little bottle destroyed!"

There is often speech where there is no language heard; and Pedro Lorimer knew he stood by himself from that instant.

He spurred his horse toward Slick to seize the hat and break away with it. But Antwine darted out of the cabin and across the open space like a stroke of light, intercepting the Spaniard. His eyes large with fever, and his high features impassioned, he had almost the beauty of an apparition. As the two encountered, Antwine seized the horse's bits and jerked it to his haunches. He and Pedro Lorimer stared at each other. Before the rider found his balance again Lincoln asked with whimsical significance:

"Boys, how would any of you like to get up out of chill-and-fever, and find all Clary's Grove helping a stranger rob you of your own dear gal?"

A sympathetic and sheepish grin seemed to relax as much as could be seen of every rude face; and Pedro Lorimer, throwing away caution, spurred over Antwine. The boy fell, and leaped up, understanding it was a struggle for Peggy. A whirlpool of shouts and plunging horses, and men scrambling to mount, drove all watchers back. Even Redmond Clary's voice was heard, denouncing

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dreaded face. But happiness and security became a habit, and she loved after awhile to tell her own story.

Years later the two who had steered her destiny—Abraham Lincoln and Richard Yates—began to steer the destinies of a nation and a state, and the Spaniard of New Salem grew to experience the grateful awe of a person who has been visited unawares by strong angels.

THE END.

An Amusing Incident.

An incident during the royal visit to Edinburgh, which was the cause of a good deal of amusement at the time, occurred on the occasion of the conferring of the accolade by the king on one of the newly made knights. The worthy citizen, when placing himself upon his knees in order to receive the all-important tap on the shoulder from the king's hand, knelt down in the flurry of the moment at such a distance from the king's chair that he was quite out of reach. A sign was made to him by some one in attendance to approach nearer, whereupon the good man, without rising to his feet, shuffled along on his knees until he got within the required distance. His majesty expressed his interest by a genial smile, while his gracious consort held up to surface an enormous bouquet.—Modern Society.

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UNION, MAINE.

That Home Feeling.

Mrs. Von Blumer heard the cook cursing and swearing in the kitchen this morning.

Von Blumer—Well, I'm glad she's beginning to feel at home.—Town Topics.

The Voice of Ignorance.

Mrs. Oldstyle—I don't think that a college education amounts to much.

Mr. Sparero—Don't you? Well, you ought to pay my boy's bills and see.—Tit-Bits.

DOWN IN MAINE.



Native—My prescription calls for a pound of quinine and two quarts of whiskey.

Druggist—Sorry, but I'm just out of quinine.

Native—Well, supposing we make it three quarts of whiskey?—Boston Globe.

Voices of Wisdom.

Some of your hurts you have cured And the sharper you still have survived; But what torments of grief you endured From evils which never arrived.

Testing His Courage.

"I would fight for you," he said heroically.

"Would you, really?" she laughed; "then go ask papa."—Yonkers Statesman.

His Gain.

"Johnny, you've lost a tooth. Aren't you sorry?"

"Naw! It makes one less to clean."—Judge.

Should Be Kept Secret.

Dyer—Miss Ferris is 35 years old. Would you think it?

Duell—Not out loud.—Town Topics.

Helen A. Knowlton,
Attorney at Law
400 Main St., Rockland, Me.

Jonathan P. Cilley, Edward B. Burpee,
Cilley & Burpee,
COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
417 Main St. Rockland, Me.

FRANK B. MILLER
Attorney-at-Law
Formerly Register of Deeds for Knox County.

Real Estate Law a specialty. Titles examined and abstracts made. Probate practice solicited. Collections promptly made. Mortgage Loans negotiated.

Office 427 Main St., Rockland, Me., Over Limerock National Bank.

A. J. Erskine & Co.
Fire Insurance Agents
417 MAIN STREET, ROCKLAND, ME.
Office, rear room over Rockland Nat'l Bank. Leading American and English Fire Insurance Companies represented. Traveler's Accident Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn.

TO BUY OR SELL REAL ESTATE, TO OBTAIN MORTGAGE LOANS, TO PURCHASE LIFE, FIRE OR ACCIDENT INSURANCE IN THE STRONGEST COMPANIES—
CONFER WITH—
T. G. H. TALBOT, Camden, Me.

PROBATE COURT.
Special attention given to Probate and Involuntary proceedings. Years experience in Probate Office. COLLECTIONS MADE.
PHILIP HOWARD, Attorney at Law
385 MAIN ST., ROCKLAND.

Rockland, So. Thomaston and Owl's Head Railway

5 PER CENT SINKING FUND GOLD BONDS

APPLY TO
C. E. Meservey, President,
Rockland, Me.

OR
James H. Dalton, Treasurer,
8 Congress St., Boston.

FEDERAL TRUST CO., BOSTON, TRUSTEES.
ROCKLAND STATE BANK, ROCKLAND, DEPOSITARIES.

Correspondents will receive prompt attention.

The Splendid Flour

Makes Bread That Eats Nice and That Looks Nice

GREAT FOR BISCUITS

All users acknowledge its good qualities

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Farrand, Spear & Co.
ROCKLAND

Burn the Best

COAL

FOR SALE BY

A. J. BIRD & CO.

Prices—as Low as any body's. Never undersold

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ROCKLAND, ME.

Ripans Tablets are the best dyspepsia medicine ever made. A hundred millions of them have been sold in the United States in a single year. Constipation, heartburn, sick headache, dizziness, bad breath, sore throat and every illness arising from a disordered stomach are relieved or cured by Ripans Tablets. One will generally give relief within twenty minutes. The five cent package is enough for ordinary occasions. All druggists sell them. 75-79

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

Every good act is charity. Giving water to the thirsty is charity. Removing stones and thorns from the road is charity. Exhorting your fellowmen to virtuous deeds is charity. Smiling in your brother's face is charity. Putting a wanderer in the right path is charity. A man's true wealth is the good he does in this world. When he dies mortals will ask what property he has left behind him, but angels will inquire, "What good deeds hast thou sent before thee?"—Mohammed.

Broad Enough.

A large and stout woman called on a friend and while waiting for her was stared at so intently by the friend's little children that she asked one of them: "What are you staring at, little girl?"

"Why, you see, mamma said you were so narrow in your views, and I was wondering what view she got."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Good Play of a Golf Enthusiast.

"The Wilkie shot is what we call a special stroke in the game of golf," said a New Orleans man. "This stroke is so called all over the south and was given its name because it was made by a man named Wilkie, a member of the New Orleans Golf club."

"It was one of the prettiest plays I ever saw and was made during a match. Wilkie drove off from the ninth hole, and his ball landed in a small creek, which was one of the hazards in the course. The ball was lighter than the water and floated. To take it out and begin play over again meant the loss of two strokes and the hole, so Wilkie waded into the water, which was about two feet deep, and played the ball from there. He made a pretty stroke and was on the green, making it in two. He holed out in three, which is bogey for that hole. It was a cold day, and that water was not pleasant, but the act gained Wilkie lasting fame, and his stroke will always with us be called a Wilkie shot."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Girl of the Netherlands.

The Dutch girl does not enjoy anything like the amount of freedom granted to her English or American sister. She is a very carefully chaperoned young person, and when she goes to the theater it is with her elders, not merely with a friend or two of her own age. At the dances she attends, songs, recitations and music for the entertainment of the elders form a part of the regular programme, and the chaperons sit at tables socially enjoying their coffee or other refreshments, while the young folk glide over the waxed floor to the strains of the latest waltz. Dutch maidens have to make the best of their opportunities of amusement, for when it pleases their parents to seek the quiet of home, they must meekly accompany them. In their country the idea of a girl being unchaperoned at a dance is not to be thought of—at any rate, not yet.—Exchange.

Whistler Before Whistler.

Mortimer Menpes told the following story of Whistler, who was to deliver an address one day to the Society of British Artists: "The master at length entered, faultlessly dressed, walking with a swinging, jaunty step, evidently quite delighted with himself and the world in general. He passed down the gallery, ignoring the assembled members, and walked up to his own picture. And there he stayed for quite fifteen minutes, regarding it with a satisfied expression, stepping now backward, now forward, casting his head and dusting the surface of the glass with a silk pocket handkerchief. We watched him open mouthed. Suddenly he turned round, beamed upon us and uttered but two words—'Bravo, Jimmy'—then took my arm and hurried me out of the gallery, talking volubly the while."

A Battle of Languages.

Three or four languages strove for mastery in ancient Gaul, which is now France. German was spoken by the 12,000 Frank invaders. Popular Latin was spoken by 6,000,000 Gallo-Romans. Literary Latin was the language of the church and of literature. Low Latin was afterward the language of the administration. German was the first to succumb. In four centuries it ceased to be understood by the soldiers, and in seventy years more it had become an object of ridicule. But it survives in more than 900 words, expressing the things of government, law and war, and thus forms no insignificant part of the French language.

Charity.

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"Why, you see, mamma said you were so narrow in your views, and I was wondering what view she got."—Philadelphia Ledger.

MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD
Parlor and Sleeping Cars Between Rockland and Boston

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS
In Effect Oct. 12, 1902

PASSENGER TRAINS LEAVE ROCKLAND FOR BOSTON:
5:00 a. m., Sundays only, for Boston, Portland and Bangor, except ferry transfer to Bangor.
5:15 a. m., week days for Bath, Brunswick, Lewiston, Bangor, Portland and Boston, arriving in Boston at 12:45 p. m.
8:30 a. m., week days for Bath, Brunswick, Lewiston, Bangor, Portland and Boston, arriving in Boston at 1:00 p. m.
1:40 p. m., for Bath, Brunswick, Lewiston, Bangor, Portland and Boston at 5:05 p. m.
10:40 a. m., Morning train from Portland, Lewiston and Waterville.
4:25 p. m., from Boston, Portland and Bath.
10:55 a. m., Sundays only, Boston, Portland and Lewiston, except ferry transfer Bath to Waterville.
GEO. F. EVANS, Vice Pres. & Gen. Man.
F. E. HOOTBY, G. P. & T. A.

EASTERN STEAMSHIP CO.
WINTER REDUCTION IN FARES—
Rockland to Boston, \$1.75

Steamers leave Rockland weather permitting for Boston at 5:30 P. M., Mondays and Thursdays.
For Winterport, via way landings, Wednesdays and Saturdays at 5:30 A. M., or upon arrival of steamer from Boston.
For Bar Harbor, via way landings, Wednesdays and Saturdays at 5:30 A. M., or upon arrival of steamer from Boston.
RETURNING
From Boston, Tuesdays and Fridays at 5 P. M.
From Winterport at 10 A. M., Buckport at 12 M., Mondays and Thursdays.
From Bar Harbor Mondays and Thursdays at 5 P. M.
F. S. SHERMAN, G. E. A., Rockland, Me.
CALVIN LUTHER, Vice Pres. & Gen. Man.
Forster's Wharf, Boston, Mass.

VINAL HAVEN & ROCKLAND STEAMBOAT CO.
The only route between ROCKLAND, HEBBURN ISLAND, VINAL HAVEN, NORTH HAVEN, STONINGTON, and SWAN'S ISLAND.

WINTER SERVICE.
In effect Friday, January 1, 1904.

East Bound—Leave Rockland every week day at 11:30 p. m., for Rockland, Vinal Haven, North Haven and Stonington, and Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays for Swan's Island.

West Bound—Leave Swan's Island Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 5:45 a. m., and Stonington every week day at 7 a. m., for North Haven, Vinal Haven, Hebburn Island and Rockland.

W. S. WHITE, Gen'l Mgr.
J. R. FLYE, Agent, Tilton's Wharf.
Rockland, Me., Dec. 25, 1903.
Commencing Monday, Feb. 24, Steamer will leave at 2 p. m.

Rockland, Bluehill & Ellsworth Sth. Co.
WINTER SCHEDULE—1903-4

Bluehill Line
Commencing Wednesday, Dec. 2, Steamer Juliette will leave Rockland, Tilton's Wharf, upon arrival of steamer from Boston every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY for Dark Harbor, a Little Deer Isle, o. so, Brooksville, Sargentville, Deer Isle, Sedgewick, Brookline, a. so, Bluehill, Bluehill, a. so.

RETURNING
Will leave Sargentville at 6:30 a. m., Bluehill, Mondays and THURSDAYS at 8 a. m., upon arrival of steamer from Boston, to connect with steamer for Boston.

Will stop Wednesdays going eastward, Thursdays returning.
Will stop Saturdays going eastward, Mondays returning.
A flag station.
A flag through to Sargentville only.

Mount Desert Line
Commencing Wednesday, Dec. 2, Steamer Catherine will leave Rockland, Tilton's Wharf, upon arrival of steamer from Boston, every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY for North Haven, Stonington, S. W. Harbor, No. East Harbor, a. so, Bar Harbor, and Bar Harbor.

RETURNING
Will leave Bar Harbor MONDAYS and THURSDAYS at 8:00 a. m., for Rockland, via above landings connecting with steamer for Boston.

Will stop at W. Tremont Mondays.
O. A. CROCKETT, Manager.
Rockland, Me.

PORTLAND & ROCKLAND INLAND ROUTE.
Commencing Friday, April 20, 1904, until further notice, Steamer

MONHECAN
AMERICAN LARKER.
Leaves Portland, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, Portland Pier at 6:00 and Boston Boat Wharf at 7 a. m., for Rockland, touching at Boothbay Harbor, New Harbor, Round Pond, Friendship, Fort Cytle and Tenakee Harbor, arriving in season to connect with steamer for Boston.

Leaves Rockland Monday, Wednesday and Friday, Tilton's Wharf at 6:30 a. m., for Portland, making way landings at above, arriving in season to connect with the Boston and New York Steamer the same night.

Connections made at Rockland the following morning with steamers for Belfast, Castine, Bucksport and Bangor; Isleboro, Deer Isle, Sedgewick, Brookline, Bluehill and Ellsworth; Vinal Haven, Stonington, Swan's Island, South-west Harbor, Northeast Harbor and Bar Harbor. Time table subject to change.

J. A. WHEELER, Agent, Portland.
J. R. FLYE, Agent, Rockland.

JAMES WIGHT,
Park Place, ROCKLAND, ME.
PRACTICAL GAS AND STEAM FITTER
and dealer in Pipe and Steam Fittings, Rubber Packing, Pump Packing, Cotton Waste, and all goods pertaining to Gas and Steam Fittings.
Steam and Hot Water House Heating.
Agent for BLAKE & KNOWLES STEAM PUMP

In Social Circles

A special meeting of the Sorority Club will be held at the home of Mrs. A. C. Mather, Friday evening Feb. 12. All the members are requested to make a special effort to be present.

The attendance at the meeting of the Metheben Club last Friday was unusually good. The papers were of great interest. On "New Hampshire and Vermont," Miss Lenora S. Keston; "Dover, Portsmouth, Manchester and Montpelier," Mrs. Flora J. Simon; "Romance of Isle of Shoals," with recitation of Whittier's poem "Vreck of Rivermouth," Miss Carrie Bowler. The study of Maine will be the next topic.

The marriage of Leander Neworthy of Brooklyn and Miss Annie Lanette Duncan (daughters of Mrs. Louise S. Duncan) of this city will take place at the home of the bride's brother, Walter T. Duncan, 29 Admont avenue, Monday evening, Feb. 15.

Miss Sadie Beckwith, who has been attending Rockland Commercial College, has returned to her home in New Hampshire. Miss Luella Brown, who has just graduated from the college, has returned to her home at Owl's Head. Both are members of the Nantuxquas, and will be greatly missed by their sister members.

The Wide Awake Sewing Circle held an important meeting with Mrs. John E. Leach, Warren street, Tuesday afternoon, the proposed constitution evoking a lively discussion. At supper the members' husbands were guests, and it was their unanimous verdict that the women are skilled cooks if not always accurate on the matter of parliamentary practice. Mrs. Leach was assisted by Mrs. Bragg in entertaining the members.

About 30 members of Miss Alice Shaw's class in the Rockland High school gave that popular young lady a very pleasant surprise party at her home on Park street Wednesday evening. The guests were admitted by a rear entrance, and the surprise of the involuntary hostess when she found them assembled was very marked. The evening was devoted to games and music and refreshments were served.

Miss Hilley, teacher of the class, was present and enjoyed the party fully as much as the youthful guests.

Mrs. James Spearin entertained a few friends at whist Thursday evening.

The pupils of the Commercial College, with invited friends, enjoyed a dance in the college rooms Thursday night.

The Junior Christian Endeavor society of the First Baptist church held a supper and entertainment in the church parlors Wednesday. At 5 o'clock about 75 sat down to the bountifully supplied tables. Games followed and a program was given, consisting of instrumental numbers by Jannette Simmons, Madeline Bird, Christina Hall and Helen Nash. Readings and recitations by Winnie Nash, Ethel Jordan, Mildred Simmons, Nettie Jordan and Kathleen Ingraham and solos by Dorothy Bird. The officers of the society are: President, Madeline Bird; vice president, Madeline Bird; secretary, Winnie Nash; treasurer, Frank Prescott; division leaders, Nettie Jordan, Gladys Mitchell, Rose Pillsbury, Florence Wall, Fannie Butler, Lizzie Pillsbury and Jannette Simmons.

Mrs. E. C. Lord of Lowell, Maine, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. George Whitten, returned home this morning.

Mrs. Frances Thomas returned home Tuesday after a visit of six weeks with relatives and friends in Boston and vicinity.

Miss Winnie Clark observed her eighth birthday last Saturday at her home on Rankin street by entertaining a large number of her young friends. Refreshments were served, games were played and Miss Winnie proved her abilities as a capital hostess.

The White Feather Club met Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Charles R. Fry, Summer street. Mrs. E. Mont Perry won the whist prize.

The Rubinstein Club meets with Mrs. French in Camden this Friday afternoon.

HOTEL MEN ORGANIZING.

At the annual meeting of the Maine Hotel Proprietors' Association recently held in Bangor, E. P. Ridd of Portland Springs and Harry A. Chapman of Bangor were elected directors. A. W. Thayer of Thomaston was elected vice president for Knox county. The association will work actively in the interest of restriction and county associations will be organized all over the state. The hotel men believe that the 1000 members of their association can control 20,000 votes.

THE BIG SALE For Little Folks

Will continue this week. Mothers will find many wonderful bargains for the little folks in

DRESSES, BONNETS, UNDERWEAR, ETC.

Agent Bangor Dye House and Butterick's Patterns.

THE LADIES' STORE

MRS. E. F. CROCKETT

Opp. W. O. Hewett & Co.

A CARD.

I wish to correct an erroneous impression which some people may have received by reading Dr. Richan's dental notice stating that he has been associated with me for some years past. The word "associate" would naturally lead people to infer a partnership between Dr. Richan and myself. Dr. Richan has simply been employed by me, receiving his pay every Saturday night the same as any assistant.

DR. J. H. DAMON, DENTIST,

302 Main Street, Rockland

Sign of the Big D. Telephone 305-12

Dorothy Dodd

The Famous \$3.00 Shoe for Women.

BOSTON SHOE STORE

W. L. Douglas Shoes for Men.

Men's Box Calf

Regular \$2.00 Shoes for

Only \$1 49

Men's Goodyear Welt

Regular \$2.50 Shoes for

Only \$1 98

DO YOU WANT DRY FEET

without having to wear rubbers?

Then let us show you our

WATER KING LINE

Guaranteed Water Proof

PRICE \$2.49

WE ARE SELLING Rubber Shoes

—AT—

One Half Price

BOSTON SHOE STORE

FOOT OF PARK ST., ROCKLAND, ME.

SAMUEL G. EVERETT.

Capt. Samuel G. Everett, who died at the Head-of-the-Bay, Feb. 6, was a well known Knox county man. He was born in South Thomaston, within a short distance of his late residence, Nov. 3, 1823, being a son of David and Jane (Bartlett) Everett. His early life was spent on a farm, but for many years he followed the sea, commanding the schooner "The Fish Hawk" in the trade, for William Parnsworth. Among those vessels were the schooners Mary Parnsworth and Adrian. He began his seafaring career at the age of 14, and accounted a very successful mariner.

He retired to his farm in 1876 and his remaining active years were devoted to the cultivation of his fertile acres. Mr. Everett was one of seven sea captains who were converted at the series of revival meetings held by Rev. W. O. Holman (then pastor of the Rockland First Baptist church) in the old school house at Ingraham Hill. Capt. Everett was baptized in the First Baptist church Sunday April 1, 1866. Mr. Holman pays the following tribute to his memory:

He was a man of the strictest business integrity and pure morals, genial in his temperament, making friends of all who had to do with him, a good and faithful husband, a loving and excellent parent, bringing up his children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, ever ready to do a service or bestow a charity on any one in need. He was one of the few men who go through a long life living it well, and at the same time enjoying it himself in a spirit of grateful appreciation of its mercies. He survived all the rest who were converted at the Ingraham Hill revival meetings in 1866, and to the last honored the profession of faith he made that day.

He leaves a wife, Mrs. Susan E. Everett, two daughters, Mrs. Margaret E. Hudson of Lawrence, Mass., Mrs. Amelia E. Johnson of South Thomaston; two sons, Adrian C. and George S. Everett, both of South Thomaston, one brother David Everett of Pearl River, N. Y., and one sister Mrs. Sarah E. Drew of San Jose, Cal.

The funeral services were held at the home of Mrs. W. J. Day and Rev. W. O. Holman officiating. An abundance of floral tributes attested the love and esteem in which the deceased was held. The bearers were the two sons and Alfred Johnson and B. A. Emery. The interment was at Sea View cemetery.

CAPT. NOYES P. HASKELL.

The death of this former well known Rockland citizen took place in East Oakland, Calif., Jan. 28. A correspondent writes: "Capt. Haskell was taken with a slight stroke of apoplexy about five weeks before his death, but seemed to have entirely recovered from its effects. He had been watching The Courier-Gazette and noting with sorrow how many of his old friends, some of them members of his lodge, were passing away. He had been spending the morning in the room of his invalid wife, his daughter being in the city that day; he went into his own room and was taken with an attack of pain in his heart, such as he had had quite frequently for the last 4 years. He did not wish to lie down, but the maids who were his devoted attendants, urged him to do so, after which he said he felt more comfortable. He gave the maids to understand that he would like to go to sleep so they left the room going back a few minutes later to find him in the attitude of quiet sleep but gone from all pain to his Father's house. The funeral was held on Sunday, the services being conducted by his pastor, Rev. C. M. Hill, D. D., assisted by Prof. S. B. Randall of California College. The quartet of the church rendered "Crossing the Bar." "Zephyr," which had been selected long ago by Capt. Haskell, to be sung when his call should come, also "Abide With Me." At the cemetery they rendered "Nearer My God to Thee." The floral offerings were many and beautiful. The board of directors of the "Home for Incapables" sent a large maltese cross with the letters "H. N." in purple velvet the body being made of white chrysanthemums and lilies of the valley. The family covered the light drab casket with white and lavender orchids, three hundred being used. He was "Faithful Unto Death" he has received a "Crown of Life."

FOR THE CHILDREN

Snow Modeling.

The best time to build a snow statue or an elaborate snow man, says Country Life in America, is just before the formation of a crust on the snow—that is, during a thaw and just before a cold snap. The thaw is sure to occur at the right time, but to be "real smart" one should consult the weather map for the cold snap. A subject should be chosen and thoroughly committed to memory in advance, since the actual work of modeling must generally be hurried and finished between 2 or 3 o'clock and dark, and there is no time for "counting the muse."

If the weather conditions are favorable, the statue may last a month. But within a week the evaporation from the surface begins to have a disfiguring effect, especially on the sides most exposed to the sun, even though the temperature has continued below freezing.

Among the statues that have been attempted at Cornell university are Shakespeare, Queen Louise of Prussia, the Gibson girl, Napoleon and Emperor William wearing a spiked helmet. The Napoleon requires deep slits built crosswise through the head to help support the corners of the enormous hat.

Some years ago the art students of Brussels modeled a lot of snow statues that were exhibited in one of the public parks.

Clever Dog Jack.

A marvelous story is told about a dog, a fine collie named Jack, that solves mathematical problems. Jack is owned by a gentleman living in the suburbs of Philadelphia and is in charge of an English shepherd named Giles, who has trained the dog to do some wonderful tricks.

One of these is to solve arithmetical problems. "Three times three," Giles will say, and Jack will bark nine times. "Five plus eight," he will go on, and the dog will give thirteen barks. "Nine minus two," and seven barks will be the prompt reply.

Jack will also, to a certain extent, read. Two big cards are kept beside his hut, one inscribed with the word "food" and the other with "drink."

When he is hungry he will take the "food" card down and carry it to the shepherd. When he is thirsty he will take down the "drink" card. Jack is valued at \$1,000.

A Fish Story.

Sir Herbert Maxwell contributes to the Monthly Review an attractive article on the debatable subject of "Animal Intelligence."

Some remarkable experiments were made about thirty years ago by Mr. Amsberg of Stralsund. A large pike in an aquarium was so destructive to other fish in the tank that it was separated from them by a sheet of plate glass.

The sight of its accustomed prey tempted the pike to make the usual dash, only to receive a smart blow on the nose. After about three months of this experience it found this to be such a losing business that it gave up trying, and so firmly convinced was it that these fishes were past masters in the art of self defense that when the glass was removed at the end of half a year it let them severely alone.

Yet when other fish were introduced they were not spared.

He Got the Biscuits.

It is an encouraging thought that when we really brace up and try to overcome misfortune we are very likely to gain the sympathy and often the help of those who have before hindered us.

There is a story of a wise old elephant which illustrates this point. There is a big African elephant at the London zoological garden which was formerly much troubled by the bad aim of people who throw crackers toward the cage so they would fall in between the barrier and the cage, beyond the reach of the animal and the thrower alike. But the elephant has found that by using his trunk as a bellows it can blow the biscuits to the barriers, where it may be picked up again. Of course the clever elephant is rewarded by a better throw and gets the biscuits.—Boys' World.

No Use For Exchange Desk.

"Well, Bobbie," said a West Philadelphia man to a little friend of his, aged five, "what's new to your house?"

"Nothin' much, 'cept I've got a new baby brother."

"You don't mean it! Well, I suppose you're very fond of him?"

"Nope; he's no good—yells all the time."

"Why don't you send him back?"

"Capt; we've used him four days already."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The "Keep-a-tryin'" Signboards.

"My boy," said Uncle Hiram, "you'll soon be starting out to drive o'er life's long roadway, and oft I'll puzzle you completely as to which you'd best pursue. Of branching ways when roads fork out, as they're inclined to do. Each bears the equal marks of well worn travel, like as not, but so one's undecided which he'd better choose to trot. But I have learned the route, my boy, and thus much I'll confess—The 'Keep-a-tryin'' signboards mark the highway to Success."

"The road that runs through Watlingville has prospects bright and fair. When first you start, but farther on it leads through swamps of Care, And after that you'll have to climb the weary hill of Debt! Then, still beyond, there looms in view the tangle of Regret. And so, my boy, when starting on the road of Life, alone. The route your Uncle Hiram chose I trust you'll make your own, but heed his plain directions if you'd quite avoid distress! The 'Keep-a-tryin'' signboards mark the highway to Success."

—Success.

J. W. WALKER

PIANO TUNER

Is in the city prepared to do all work in his line.

Orders left at this office will receive prompt attention. Telephone 370.

You can exchange

Anything you don't want to keep for something you do want

By Advertising in The Courier-Gazette

Some Minstrels



Huntley's Big Jubilee Minstrels that are to appear in a Public Library Benefit performance at Farwell opera house, Feb. 26.

A Sardine Industry Maybe.

Messrs. Lamson and Von Bayer Outline Their Plans Before Board of Trade—Rockland's Semi-Centennial, Forthcoming Banquet, and the Dogfish Evil.

WHEN President Donohue called the Board of Trade to order Tuesday night he surveyed the largest attendance which one of these meetings has called together for a long time. The appeal of The Courier-Gazette and the statement outlining the important matters to be discussed had not been issued in vain. But for the cold weather and various social engagements it is probable that the number would have been doubled.

Curiosity to hear particulars concerning the proposed sardine industry was a dominant factor of the meeting. When he is hungry he will take the "food" card down and carry it to the shepherd. When he is thirsty he will take down the "drink" card. Jack is valued at \$1,000.

"We purpose," said Mr. Lamson, "to organize a stock company for the purpose of manufacturing sardines. The charter is already in course of preparation and New York and Boston capitalists have been interested in the enterprise. I do not come here as a man of wealth, but a plain man who sees a dollar in sardines. I like your people and I like the place. I like Rockland to be a good locality. Last year our company got lots of our herring in the Mussel Ridge channel and Fox Island thoroughfare. Where the fish are we have got to locate. One of the wealthiest packers on the Maine coast is now locating at Port Clyde. We are going to locate where we can get the best ingredients."

"The benefits that a sardine industry would bring to your city would be very many. I wish you might go with me to Eastport and Lubec and see two of the busiest towns on the Maine coast. The amount of money paid to the help would surprise you. And the operatives spend the money freely. 'Come aisy, go laizy,' as Dooley expresses it."

"A man who is a good sealer can make from \$2.50 to \$4 a day, according to the rapidity with which they work. Many girls earn as high as \$2.50 and \$3 a day, and even little boys, almost too small to go to school, can make good money. The wages are paid out among the merchants almost as soon as they are received. If we can carry on the plans which we have contemplated we would employ between 200 and 250 persons on the average here. The cost per case of packing is about \$1, and the smallest output would be 300 cases per day. We could carry on a business of at least \$1000. This money would be right here in town and it would be money coming from out of town. This may be secured without expense on your part, for all we ask is your moral encouragement and such backing as you may care to give us."

Since the newspapers have stated that we were considering Rockland as a location we have had 10 factory offers, but none of them suits us as well as the Rockland location. We have already viewed property here and think that we have an ideal place in view."

"A plant such as we have in mind would cost about \$30,000 and this would include steamboat, launches and the necessary paraphernalia. The capital stock will be placed at \$50,000 and we have planned \$15,000 of it in Rockland, although our coming here is not contingent upon that. We are not asking Rockland's charity, but are putting before your town a business proposition. It will be principally outside capital that is invested."

"What can the Board of Trade do to assist in this matter?" asked President Donohue.

"The Board of Trade is the life blood of a good healthy town," replied Mr. Lamson. "I had rather place a business matter before it than before anybody else. What we want is your good will and encouragement. The plant as we have outlined it of itself, but if each sealer did that it would have the effect of detracting from the profits in the run of a week. In order to exercise strict economy the manufacturers allot a certain amount of order to each operative, who is obliged to pay for the amount wasted. The sardine industry is a business proposition, not a Klondike. It requires good judgment and intelligent operation."

"If a sufficient amount of capital is invested it will bring excellent results," said Mr. Lamson. "Find what the people want, then supply that want. They want sardines. The market calls for 1,200,000 cases of 100 cans to the case, and that amount is being packed in this state at a good profit, providing all corners are cut off and the business is managed carefully through the help."

Mr. Lamson spoke in an earnest, straightforward manner which made an excellent impression with his audience. Mr. von Bayer also spoke along the above line and received appreciative attention.

Frank Crockett of Dix Island, who has been interested in the local fishing industry all his life, was present at the

meeting, and President Donohue asked the sardine industry in Rockland would have done him any good.

"I have been in the Mussel Ridge a good many years," said Mr. Crockett, "and I have seen the herring business crippled because there was no market for our fish. Over half the well-men abandoned the industry because they had no chance to sell their fish. Last fall the packers sent vessels down there, however, and in two days \$1300 worth of fish were sold from one well alone. Should the sardine business start up in Rockland there would be 10 wells down there where you now find one. But, Mr. President, you know more about what is being done down there than I do."

Whereas there was a laugh at the expense of the Board's experienced president, President Donohue reviewed the situation as it had developed during the evening and called for a suggestion from Messrs. Lamson and Von Bayer.

"We have practically decided to locate here," said Mr. Lamson, "but we must have a big factory and big capital. If your board wishes to aid us let it give an expression that will show we have your good will in the enterprise."

In accordance with this wish a committee was appointed, which presented the following resolution:

At a meeting of the Board of Trade of the City of Rockland, Maine, held on February 9, 1904, after hearing the statement of Messrs. Thomas F. Lamson and R. C. von Bayer, and carefully considering the same, it was unanimously resolved, that, in the opinion of the board, the proposition made by those gentlemen is a sound and businesslike one, and it is cordially endorsed and approved; and it is recommended to the consideration of the business men of our city. We are satisfied that the establishment of the sardine packing business here would be of great advantage to our city and profitable to investors. Rockland has the natural facilities for such an industry, owing to its location in the center of the fishing section of the state of Maine.

Having thus given impetus to what may develop into an important new industry, the Board of Trade turned its attention to some other matters, the first being Rockland's semi-centennial celebration. Owing to the lateness of the hour the Board did not go into details but appointed a committee which will get the views of the Old Home Week committee and other citizens, reporting at the next meeting of the Board. On this committee are Charles E. Weeks, John L. Donohue, John W. Thomas, John A. Karl and Fred W. Wright. The celebration will probably take place Old Home Week and the chief feature may be a firemen's muster, an ever-popular attraction which Rockland has not had the pleasure of seeing for some years.

The matter of a banquet to be held on the night of Feb. 24 or 25 was considered at some length. The Grand Lodge, A. O. U. W., is to be held here Feb. 25, and the celebration of the night the Grand Lodge officers will be the guests of the Rockland Board of Trade. The reception committee, comprising Frank W. Fuller, A. H. Jones, P. C. Knight, Dr. A. R. Smith and John L. Donohue, was authorized to confer with the United Workmen and make the arrangements.

The dogfish evil also came in for its share of attention. President Donohue explained the situation, showing that the dogfish are a menace to the entire fishing industry. He was followed by Charles E. Weeks who made a motion that the Rockland Board endorse the resolutions passed by other boards, asking government aid in the extermination of the pests. A bounty of five cents each has been suggested but the dealers doubt if the government will consent to that figure. The British government is taking hold of the matter in the provinces and operates factories in which the livers of the dogfish are manufactured into oil.

The meeting was interesting from start to finish and there should be more of the same.

Hot Water Bags

FOR COLD WEATHER

You can find a large assortment at our store. Hot Water Bags are indispensable in the house.

C. H. MOOR & CO.,

ROCKLAND.

HAD PROSPEROUS YEAR.

Maine Odd Fellows Did Splendidly in 1903 and the Rockland Lodge Was In the Very Front Rank.

In an official circular treating of Odd Fellowship during the year 1903 the grand secretary extends congratulations to the fraternity in Maine for its excellent record. In many features the returns are an improvement over those of 1902.

"At the close of last year," says the circular, "we numbered 22,206 members, which is a gain of 225 for the year. Our aggregate assets are \$809,048, a gain of \$21,000. The real work of the order is better expressed in the number of initiations, which, for the year, amounted to 1,106, with other admissions of 86. This is the best record in a single year since 1892. The suspensions for non-payment of dues were 338, against 281 the year previous. A net gain in membership of 1,069 in two years, and this without the institution of a lodge, must be considered satisfactory as Maine. One gratifying feature of the returns is that the largest gains come from the oldest lodges. The past year has been emphatically a banner year for the old lodge. They exhibit an excellent example of what can be accomplished when the right spirit is shown. As was stated, last year there results are the work of live, hustling officers, with the assistance of the new members themselves. Among the lodges entitled to honorable mention is Rockland Lodge, No. 29, of Rockland, with thirty-two admissions. The lodges in Portland admitted seventy-one members, the largest in a decade, while those of Bangor admitted seventy-eight."

"The total relief for the year was \$75,287—nearly \$5,000 larger than for 1902. This represents an expenditure of \$206 for every day in the year. In the sixty years of Odd Fellowship in this state, there has been expended from the treasuries of our lodges, encampments and by relief associations, for the relief of members, widows and orphans the magnificent sum of \$3,979,578. To impress this great outlay upon your minds in a different manner I will say that Bible chronology claims that the world is 6,000 years old. If Adam had been taken sick on the day of his creation and had continued ill to the present moment, the Odd Fellows of Maine have paid a sum for relief sufficient to have given him a continuous weekly sick benefit of \$12.82 per week during the entire period of 6,000 years."

THE UNITED WORKMEN.

Massachusetts Branch Not Through With Supreme Lodge.

The Supreme Lodge of the Ancient Order of United Workmen has brought a bill in equity to have the grand lodge, Ancient Order of United Workmen of Massachusetts and its officers ordered to continue making contributions to the guarantee fund of the supreme lodge as it has been doing for several years and to restrain them from taking any steps looking to a discontinuance of such payments after Jan. 1, last. At a vote passed at a special session of the grand lodge, Nov. 17th, last, this discontinuance was ordered.

The supreme lodge claims that the vote of the special session is null and void and asks the court to so declare it. It further asks that the grand lodge

be adjudged to act as the trustee or agent for the trustees of the supreme lodge in making benefit contracts for members, in establishing subordinate lodges and in using and exercising franchises and powers and the right required to continue such agency.

The entire order of working about 200,000 members while the membership of the Massachusetts jurisdiction which also comprises New Hampshire and Vermont is about 40,000.

SCH. J. B. BORDA, FREEMAN, were in the Vineyard Wednesday with coal from New York for Rockland.

Sch. Jennie Pillsbury, Campbell, sailed from New York Wednesday with coal for High Island.

Sch. Carrie Strong, Strong, sailed from Mobile the 3rd for Havana.

Sch. Edgar W. Murdoch, Maguire, arrived at Philadelphia the 9th from Savannah.

Sch. Helen Thomas, Lermend, arrived at Providence the 9th with coal from Norfolk.

Sch. Jos. G. Ray, Crocker, sailed from Boston the 9th for Wilmington, N. C.

Sch. John S. Beacham, Burgess, arrived in New York the 10th from Richmond, Va.

Sch. Frank Berner, Frances, is due here from Boston with part of a cargo of hardpine lumber for the Limerock Railroad.

Schs. Ella Frances and Pardon G. Thompson are still in the stream loaded with coal of the small schooner Mary E. Lynch, Captain Tuttle, bound from Block Island, Me., to New York, with a cargo of stone, made this port after Monday's mild temperature and came to anchor, her captain and crew of two men nearly famished and suffering severely from the effects of the cold and constant work in trying to break free from the field of ice at the head of Long Island Sound.

"Capt. Tuttle reports that when on Jan. 21, he was making for New Haven harbor the sound was full of drift ice and every effort to find a clear course was fruitless and his vessel was caught. He was helpless and let go of two men nearly famished and suffering severely from the effects of the cold and constant work in trying to break free from the field of ice at the head of Long Island Sound."

"On breaking away, Monday, being short of sailors and knowing it was useless to make New York, the schooner was headed for this port and came in during the night. The Lynch will remain here until New York can be made in safety."

SUFFERING FROM COLD.

Crew of Rockland Schooner Mary E. Lynch Among the Ice Floes.

A despatch from New London, Conn., dated Tuesday, says:

"Carried past the New Haven breakers in a field of ice four times during the last 14 days, the small schooner Mary E. Lynch, Captain Tuttle, bound from Block Island, Me., to New York, with a cargo of stone, made this port after Monday's mild temperature and came to anchor, her captain and crew of two men nearly famished and suffering severely from the effects of the cold and constant work in trying to break free from the field of ice at the head of Long Island Sound."

"On breaking away, Monday, being short of sailors and knowing it was useless to make New York, the schooner was headed for this port and came in during the night. The Lynch will remain here until New York can be made in safety."

FIND THE MONEY

Aroostook Reminiscences

Of a Rockland Man Who Resided There Forty Years Ago—Early Currency—Recent Crops.

[By F. W. Smith.]
My father died when I was 11 years old. The next year I hired out on a farm with Geo. L. Fogler of South Hope and worked there continuously for twelve years. I attended school winters until I was 20, when I commenced teaching. At 24 I was married and decided to try my fortune in the wilds of Aroostook. This was in 1868. The Editorial Association of Maine made a tour through that country about that time, and was told of its praises of the many inducements for emigration.

Up to that time I had never been able to settle upon any trade I desired to learn. I thought of a mill, but a good farm was about as independent and happy as any one could wish to be in this mundane sphere. I did not bear the idea of running a debt for a farm in the locality and then try to stock it, pay the interest on mortgage, taxes and principal. It looked far more enticing to take up wild state land at fifty cents an acre, or to buy a good farm in Aroostook at a far less price. So I hired a man (L. S. Safford of Hope) with a span of horses to move us. I purchased furniture of the well known Burgess firm in this city and packed all of our effects on double sleds covered with canvas. My wife seated herself in an easy rocking chair and we started on the 6th day of March from South Hope. It took five days to make the journey. When we arrived in Bangor I purchased a stove, flour, molasses and other heavy articles, and added to our supply.

On leaving Bangor we began to meet scores of heavy teams, four, six and sometimes eight horses on a team laden with immense loads of cedar shingles from all parts of Aroostook country to exchange for goods and provisions, farming tools and store supplies to be hauled back and distributed. It is 170 miles from Bangor to Fort Fairfield, the place of our destination. It required two weeks to make the trip. At some seasons of the year the roads were in terrible condition from this heavy teaming. Usually these teams went in drives, sometimes two or three teams to a stage. At that time there were numerous hotels along the whole route. Frequently a drive coming down would meet another going up at some one of these hotels to put up for the night. The landlord would be put to his utmost exercise of ingenuity to find places for all these men and horses. One can well imagine the confusion, noise and crowded miles to market. No hungry men, especially when they paraded freely of the overjoyful which all the hotels provided.

It is now 44 years since this trip was made. This system continued several years ago, and nearly all these hotels have gone the way of all the world. Everything pertaining to Aroostook has changed.

On the fifth day as we neared our new place of residence we began to see many log houses, the clearings along the roadside were thickly dotted with black stumps, the barns generally were capacious and comfortable, necessary so to hold the large stocks of cattle and the great yields of hay and grain.

We set up housekeeping about a mile from the village of Fort Fairfield. I took up a 160-acre lot of state land in the town of Plymouth, across the river from Fort Fairfield, and bought a 55-acre lot in the town not far from where I lived, on which I cleared about 20 acres doing nearly all the work myself. I taught school winters.

At this time in that county money was very scarce indeed. Oats, buckwheat and shingles were currency. hired men were paid off in these products. In one of the spring town meetings an old farmer made a motion that the school teachers, nearly all of whom were women, be paid in oats and buckwheat. I had just been elected a member of the school committee, and the idea seemed so ridiculous to me, that I strenuously opposed it. The motion failed to pass.

There were no bridges across the Aroostook river at Fort Fairfield, Presque Isle or Caribou. It was a common occurrence to see men with their teams fording the river even when the water was deep. The river was 20 to 50 rods wide; no railroad whistle disturbed the stillness of all that vast fertile region. The markets were so far away that it did not pay to raise potatoes. The starch factory had not been in sight. There were no rich people and no very poor ones. All made a comfortable living, there had never been a town pauper in Fort Fairfield until after the war of the Rebellion broke out.

Soon after that occurrence prices began to reach the skies. I have given three bushels of oats for a yard of cotton cloth, four bushels for a gallon of molasses, and 17 for a barrel of flour.

Just prior to this time a great many young men and middle-aged had taken

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Don't Know It.

How To Find Out.

Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand twenty-four hours. A sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; if it stains your linen it is evidence of kidney trouble; too frequent desire to pass it or pain in the back is also

convincing proof that the kidneys are disordered.

What To Do.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, fulfills every wish in curing rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects inability to hold water and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists in 50c and \$1 sizes. You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful discovery and a book that tells more about it both sent absolutely free by mail. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing mention reading this generous offer in a paper.

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up land and made a beginning to secure a home. Some had erected either frame or log houses, and were prospering fairly well, but when this wave of high prices swept over them, it was more than they could bear; they were obliged, many of them, to abandon the little home they had so far secured, and enlist in the army or retire to more favorable locations. In one new town so many had gone that there were not able bodied men enough left to fill the quota when drafting came. Your respondent was drafted in the fall of 1863, he was patriotic and willing to enter the service in defence of his country. Serious obstacles prevented him from going and he sent a better man in his place.

On the 28th day of September, 1869, there occurred one of the coldest storms ever known in that locality before or since. It snowed furiously all day and potatoes froze in the ground. I had four acres of stout late oats that had not been harvested and they were buried under a foot of snow. This cold wave extended through New Hampshire and Vermont, in some places doing much damage. After that there were six weeks of lovely summer weather. A relative of mine from outside the county was stopping with us at the time of this storm with a view of locating in town. He remarked the next morning that he had seen all his kindred of Aroostook, and he would bid it goodbye forever.

The population of this county then was made up of several nationalities—French and Irish predominating. There were termed "blue noses," and came largely from New Brunswick, having followed up the St. John's river to the mouth of the Aroostook, and then into Maine. It is said they were descendants of the Tories, who were driven out of the states in the Revolutionary war.

The soil in this region is free from stone, is easily cultivated, and is strong and productive. It is not uncommon to raise 100 bushels of oats on an acre. One Mr. Stevens raised 1200 bushels of wheat on 40 acres the season I resided there. Many thousands of acres that were covered with forests or stumps 40 years ago, are now smiling fields, cultivated by machinery, producing millions of bushels of potatoes, carried to market on railroads. No more importing flour when 75,000 barrels are now made annually at home, no more riding three or four days on stage coaches to get to Bangor. Evolution has put in its work here.

Early in the sixties a Masonic lodge (Eastern Frontier) was instituted in Fort Fairfield, the writer of this serving as master the next two years. A large amount of work was done. Many soldiers received the degrees. The lodge still exists in a prosperous condition. On the first day of January, 1866, we left the good town where we had resided six years, and made many friends. The cause of our return to our native town was in consequence of the discontented condition of the female member of the lodge. She had known of better opening for an industrious young man who has a liking for agricultural life, he can soon become prosperous and independent.

SOUTH HOPE

School in this district closed a week ago. Those not absent during the term were: Harry Watts, Myrtle Mink and Julia Fern Mink. Four year old Bernice Oxton was only absent one-half day, and seven year old Ruth Howard absent one day on account of a cold. This is the seventh successive term taught by Mrs. Eva Taylor in this district. The teacher treated the scholars to all the nice fresh candy they could eat the last day, which was no mean quantity. The school was more or less broken up by sickness, but those who were able to attend made good progress.

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Payson and son Mayo were in Rockland Sunday and Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Randall Robbins of East Union were at A. A. Carter's Sunday.

Lorin E. Bowley has gone to Boston. Mr. and Mrs. George Taylor and Mrs. Taylor's mother, Mrs. Litchfield, have moved into their elegant new tenement on the corner.

Mrs. Daniel Leighton and Mrs. Henry Starrett and son Arthur visited in Camden one day last week.

Seven from this place, friends of Mr. and Mrs. David Hemenway, gave them a little surprise party Friday evening of last week.

At A. A. Carter's are living four generations. Mrs. Hulda Thordike, her daughter Mrs. Augustus Carter, Mrs. Carter's daughter, Mr. Alton Robbins, and the four weeks old baby son, Holman Randall, of Mr. and Mrs. Alton Robbins. Baby Robbins is wonderfully well for grandparents, two grandmothers and four great-grandmothers.

Walter Mayo and daughter Margaret of Rockland were at F. L. Payson's Sunday.

Miss Kate Payson has been visiting her friend, Lela Taylor.

W. A. Mink is home from Rockland.

Ben Gould of East Union was at F. L. Payson's recently.

Nearly Forfeits His Life.

A runaway almost ending fatally, started a horrible ulcer on the leg of J. B. Orner, Franklin Grove, Ill. For four years it defied all doctors and all remedies. But Bucklin's Arnica Salve had no trouble to cure him. Equally good for Burns, Bruises, Skin Eruptions, etc. Files at W. H. Kittredge's drug store.

APPLETON

Appleton I. O. O. F. lodge recently received a present of a set of very pretty gavel from Marcus Mitchell, a member of the lodge now residing in Pasadena, California. The gavel is made of rare and costly woods found on one of the mountains of the state.

W. S. Larrabee of Auburn organizing a deputy, has been here a few days at work in the interest of the grange. Wednesday evening Mr. Larrabee gave a lecture in Grand hall to which the public were invited.

Ben Kella was home Saturday and Sunday from the Medical School, Brunswick.

WOLVES HELD AT BAY

A GREEDY PACK OF ILLS SUR-ROUND A CLERGYMAN'S WIFE.

Through the Arrival of Timely Aid She Escapes From the Terrors of a Prolonged Siege.

Certain encounters with physical ills resemble very closely the terror of an attack by ravenous beasts, which crowd around their victim in a gradually narrowing circle, filling him with a prolonged dread of certain destruction in the end.

The Rev. W. A. Denton, of Girard, Crawford county, Kansas, tells the following story of a harrowing experience of one of the members of his family: "My wife," he says, "was assailed for fifteen years by a combination of ailments following the birth of our first child. Female weakness, rheumatism, dropsical tendencies, indigestion, torpid liver, nervousness, insomnia and irregularity of the heart's action were among them. The food she ate fermented in her stomach, she had frequent dizzy spells, her limbs were swollen, her nerves were quite shattered and she was many times on the verge of heart failure.

Physicians gave her only temporary relief. Her youngest sister had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People with benefit for stomach difficulty. My brother-in-law had found them helpful for heart trouble and several neighbors had given favorable reports about them. Finally my wife was induced to try them. She experienced improvement almost at once and continued to use them. They relieved her sleeplessness, the smothering sensations have disappeared and have not returned for years. They freed her from stomach trouble and the dropsical tendency was mitigated. The progress of the rheumatic affection, which had begun to make her fingers crooked, was stayed and the pain was banished. In every respect they gave her more help than any other remedy she had ever used, and she is today in better health than for many years.

"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have earned our full confidence. They are our staple household remedy, and I am in the habit of recommending them to all who suffer from troubles like those which afflicted my wife."

"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have earned new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves are equal to a complete Pink Pills for Pale People. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppression, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental strain, overwork or excesses of a debilitated nature. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in bulk) at fifty cents a box or six boxes for two dollars and fifty cents, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

An Augusta special to the Lewiston Journal says: "The general field of state politics is quiet, save for the rumors which chase each other from one camp to the other. One of these rumors of the week has announced that the Portland Press is soon to come out for Col. Prescott for Governor, and this despite the fact that the Hon. Joseph H. Manley is one of its directors. The report has been given little credence, though it has been quite persistent. Here and there throughout the state there is plenty of active work being done, but it is of an individual nature. None of the candidates have really got their campaign forces started on the final chase for delegates.

WHISK BROOM HOLDER.

One That is Easily Made and Produces a Pretty Effect.

The illustration shows a whisk broom that is easy to make and one produces quite a pretty effect as a decoration. It costs but a trifle and looks like an expensive article.

Get a cuff such as butchers wear. Some Manila rope, enough ribbon, width one and a half inches, and brush. Now

start sewing rope on at center where tassels is and loop around in figure 8 style until you come to where you began, cut rope after fastening securely. Start at bottom of cuff, sew rope in circles to edge, letting the circles come below. Make hanger of rope with tassels and bow of ribbon. Put another tassels and bow where the ends of rope are fastened in front. Cherry ribbon is a very pretty contrast.

Tassels are made by taking two pieces of rope one foot long, put four ends together, tie with strong string where they are doubled and then pull the strands apart.

In cases of catarrh Hood's Sarsaparilla cleans the blood, builds up the system, expels impurities from the blood and cures.

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EAST WARREN

C. U. Jackson was in town this week on business. Miss Viola Carroll was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Carroll this week. The winter term of school in Highland closed on Friday of last week. Several from this vicinity attended the entertainment at Rabbittown last week. They report a fine time.

James Anderson of Boston was calling on friends here last week. Several of the members of Brookline lodge, I. O. of G. T., attended the District session held at Rockland last week.

The winter term of school in the Upper district, which has been under the instruction of Miss Ruth Bachelor, closed last week.

F. P. Carroll, in connection with his grain and flour business, will put in a full line of groceries.

Highland grange, P. of H., conferred the first and second degree on twelve candidates and at their regular meeting on Saturday night they will confer the third and fourth degrees on thirty-five candidates. At the close of the ceremonies a baked bean supper will be served.

STONINGTON.

The harbor here is still frozen over, but the steamer managers are making a landing every day.

There has been no mail from Isle au Haut for several days on account of so much ice.

Some strange teams have been seen in town since the reach has been frozen over. It has been 15 years since teams crossed on the ice.

Business is very dull here the past few weeks, owing to the very severe weather. The quarries are practically closed, thus throwing a large number of people out of employment.

George Noyes is in Cuba looking over a place he has recently purchased. He just escaped the very cold weather we are having.

We have had more snow here than for years. We hardly ever get over a week of sleighing but this year have had over two months of it.

EAST WARREN.

School closed in this district under the instruction of Miss Florence Brewster, Friday, Feb. 5. Pupils not absent during the term: Albert E. Knowlton, Ernest V. Clark, Milton B. Knowlton, H. Brown Crockett, Ralph Crockett, Martin W. Knowlton; Eva B. Knowlton, half day.

Mr. Wooster is hauling stage lumber to a pond here.

David Wheeler, who has been quite ill, is much improved.

Value of Crops.

The official estimates for 1903 place the value of this country's farm crops at \$2,541,873,977, exclusive of cotton. Now watch some wise city editor bob up and tell how prosperous farmers must be with all that money. Farm production and farm dividends are very different propositions. The estimate of the value of farm crops is no more an index of prosperity than an estimate of the output of factories is of their prosperity. It is true in both cases that years of greatest production have often been less prosperous than those of moderate production. The cost of running the plant, of the raw material, of labor and of marketing the products all figure in agriculture as they do in manufacturing. But no figures are so apt to be misused as those in relation to farming, because many who use them do not understand their significance.—Stockman and Farmer.

Good and Bad Composts.

Composts are necessary in the flower processes of gardening, but they should be made in a cleanly manner and be kept free from contamination. There is nothing better than compost of clean rods free from weed seeds and manure from grain or forage fed animals, mixed in varying proportions and well worked together as decomposition progresses. It takes about two years to make a first class article, but much may be accomplished in one season by frequent turnings. If you use a compost, do not degrade it with doubtful organic wastes. Keep them separate, burn where possible or bury deeply. The ounce of prevention in this matter is worth whole tons of the disease "cures" our scientists have so far provided.—Rural New Yorker.

Securing the Best Effects.

The present style of having a brace shelf at the molding line in a small room gives opportunity for exercise of ingenuity as well as artistic ability in the arrangement of one's articles of virtue. A better effect is obtained when few pieces are put in one panel. Two or three peacock feathers fastened against the wall, if the background is light, are pleasing. Care should be taken to have vases or statuettes in proportion to the width of the shelf, as heavy ones will look grotesque on a narrow board.