

EMMA ABBOTT'S BABY.

W. H. Bush in *Deer's Tribune*.
Thy skin is of a scarlet hue,
Thou hast a shadow of a nose,
Thine eyes are milk and water blue,
Ten tiny dimples are thy toes.
Why wrinklest thou thy fuzzy face?
Why squintest thou as if in pain?
Has some sharp pin got out of place
That thou dost whoop thy wild refrain?
Thou smellest like a pan of clabber,
And squealest like a hungry calf;
And yet they understand thy jabber—
Thy mother and her meager half.
And yet, perhaps, the time will be
When thou shalt fill a lofty place
A terror soaring up to C—
But just at present you are bass.

A DESPERATE SITUATION.

Mr. Spoopendyke Has an Experience in Surgery.

"My dear!" exclaimed Mr. Spoopendyke, dropping his razor and examining his chin with starting eyes, "my dear, bring me some court plaster, quick! I've ploughed off half my chin!"

"Let me see!" demanded Mrs. Spoopendyke, bobbing up and fluttering around her husband. "Great gracious, what a cut! Wait a minute!" and she shot into the closet and out again.

"Quick!" roared Mr. Spoopendyke. "I'm bleeding to death! fetch me that court plaster!"

"Oh, dear!" moaned Mrs. Spoopendyke. "I put it—oh, where did I put it?"

"Dod gast the putty!" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke, who had heard his wife imperfectly. "What d'ye think this is, a crack in the wall? Got some sort of a notion that there is a draught through here? Court plaster, I tell you! Bring me some court plaster before I pull out the side of this house and get some from the neighbors!"

Just then it occurred to Mrs. Spoopendyke that she had put the plaster in the clock.

"Here it is, dear!" and she snatched off a piece and handed it to him.
Mr. Spoopendyke put it on the end of his tongue, holding his thumb over the wound. When it was thoroughly wet, it stuck fast to his finger, while the carriage run down his chin. He jabbed away at the cut, but the plaster hung to his digit until finally his patience was thoroughly exhausted.

"What's the matter with the measly business?" he yelled. "Where'd ye buy this plaster? Come off, dod gast ye!" and as he plucked it off his finger it grew to his thumb. "Stick, will ye?" he squealed, plugging at the cut in his o. "Leave go that thumb!" and he whirled around on his heel and pegged at it again. "Why don't you bring me some court plaster?" he shrieked, turning on his trembling wife. "Who asked ye for a leech? Bring me something that knows a thumb from a chin!" and he planted his thumb on the wound and screwed it around vindictively. This time the plaster let go and slipped up to the corner of his mouth.

"Now it's all right, dear!" smiled Mrs. Spoopendyke, anxious to secure peace in the family. "It's all right now!"

"Think it is, do ye?" raved Mr. Spoopendyke, with a fearful grin. "Maybe you got the same idea that court plaster has! Praps you think that month was cut with a razor! Maybe you're under the impression that this hole in my visage was meant to succumb to the persuasion of a bit of plaster! Come off! Let go that month!" and as he gave it a wipe it stuck to the palm of his hand as though it had been born there.

"Let me try," suggested Mrs. Spoopendyke. "I know how to do it."

"Then why didn't ye do it first?" howled Mr. Spoopendyke. "What did ye want to wait until I'd lost three gallons of gore for? Oh, you know how to do it! You only want a linen back and a bottle of mullage up your side to be a county hospital. Stick! dod gast ye!" and he clapped the wrong hand over his jaw. "I'll hold ye there till ye stick, if I hold ye till my wife learns something!" and Mr. Spoopendyke pranced up and down the room with a face indicative of stern determination.

"Let me see, dear," said his wife, approaching him with a smile, and gently drawing away his hand she deftly adjusted another piece of plaster.

"That was my piece after all," growled Mr. Spoopendyke, eyeing the job and glancing at the palm of his hand to find his piece of plaster gone. "You always come in after the funeral!"

"I guess you'll find your piece sticking in the other hand, dear," said Mrs. Spoopendyke pleasantly.

"Of course you can tell," snorted Mr. Spoopendyke, verifying his wife's assertion with a glance. "If I had your insight and a pack of cards, I'd hire a shot tower and set up for an astronomer!" and Mr. Spoopendyke, who evidently meant astrologer, wore that piece of blood stained court plaster on his hand all day long, rather than admit, by taking it off, that his wife had ever been right in anything.

SWEET-MINDED WOMEN.

So great is the influence of a sweet-minded woman on those around her that it is almost boundless. It is to her that friends come in seasons of sorrow and sickness for help and comfort; one soothing touch of her kindly hand works wonders in the feverish child; a few words let fall from her lips in the ear of a sorrowing sister do much to raise the load of grief that is bowing its victim down to the dust in anguish. The husband comes home worn out with the pressure of business, and feeling irritable with the world in general; but when he enters the cozy sitting-room, and sees the blaze of the bright fire, and meets his wife's smiling face, he succumbs in a moment to the soothing influences which act as the balm of Gilead to his wounded spirits, that are wearied with combating with the stern realities of life. The rough school boy flies in a rage from the taunts of his companions to find solace in his mother's smile; the little one, full of grief with its own large trouble, finds a haven of rest upon its mother's breast; and so one might go on with instance after instance of the influence that a sweet minded woman has in the social life with which she is connected. Beauty is an insignificant power when compared with hers.

REST ON, BLESSED MEMORY.

Laramie Boomerang.

One of the attractions of life at the Cheyenne Indian agency is the reserved seat ticket to the regular slaughter house matinee. The agency butchers kill at the rate of ten bullocks per hour while at work, and so great was the rush to the slaughter pens for the internal economy of the slaughtered animals that Major Love found it necessary to erect a box-office and gate where none but those holding tickets could enter and provide themselves with these delicacies.

This is not a sensation, it is the plain truth, and we desire to call the attention of those who love and admire the Indian at a distance of 2000 miles, to the aesthetic love for the beautiful which prompts the crooked-fanged and dusky brute of old Fly-up-the-Creek to rob the soap-grease man and the glue factory that she may make a Cheyenne holiday. As a matter of fact common decency will not permit us to enter into the discussion of this matter. Firstly, it would not be fit for the high order of readers who are now paying their money for the *Boomerang*; and secondly, the Indian maiden at the present moment stands on a lofty crag of the Rocky mountains, beautiful in her wild simplicity, wearing the fringed garments of her tribe. To the sentimentalist she appears outlined against the glorious sky of the new west, wearing a coronet of eagle's feathers and a health corset trimmed with fantastic bead work and wonderful and impossible designs and savage art.

Shall we then rush in and with ruthless hand shatter this beautiful picture? Shall we portray her as she appears on her return from the great slaughter house benefit and moral aggregation of digestive mementoes? Shall we draw a picture of her, clothed in a horse blanket with a necklace of the false teeth of the pale face and her coarse unkempt hair hanging over her smoky features and clinging to her warty, bony neck? No, no. Far be it from us to destroy the lovely vision of copper-colored grace and smoke tanned beauty, which the freekled student of the effete east has erected in the rose-hued chambers of fancy. Let her dwell there as the plump-limbed princess of a brave people.

Let her adorn the bar rack of his imagination, proud, beautiful, grand, gloomy and peculiar, while as a matter of fact she is at that moment leaving the vestibule of the slaughter house conveying in the soiled laprobe, which is her sole adornment, the mangled lungs of a Texas steer.

No man shall ever say that we have busted the beautiful Cigar Sign Vision that he has erected in his memory. Let the graceful Indian queen that has lived on in his heart ever since he studied history and saw the picture of the landing of Columbus in which he is just unsheathing his bread knife and the stage Indians are fleeing to the tall brush, let her say, still live on. The ruthless hand that writes nothing but everlasting truth, and the stub pencil that yanks the cloak of the false artificial from cold and perhaps unpalatable fact, will spare this little imaginary Indian maiden with a back-comb and gold garters. Let her withstand the onward march of centuries while the true Indian maiden eats the fricasseed locust of the plains and wears the cavalry pants of progress. We may be rough and thoughtless many times, but we cannot come forward and ruthlessly shatter the red goddess at whose shrine the far away student of Black-hawk and other Fourth reader warriors worships.

A nice way to prepare potatoes for breakfast is to cut cold boiled ones in square pieces, and dip them in beaten egg, and put them on a buttered pie-plate in the oven; when they are hot and brown send them to the table.

An excellent way to wash black cambric and calico dresses is first to prepare water for it thus: To four quarts of cold water allow a pint of wheat bran; boil it for half an hour, then strain it and wash the dress in it; do not use soap unless there are grease spots, and then only on those. Blue the starch deeply, and iron on the wrong side.

Never put ginger snaps in a jar while they are hot; take them from the tins and lay them on plates to cool, otherwise they will steam and become moist and will not be crisp and brittle; other cookies will not need so long a cooling process, and cake which you wish to keep a week or ten days is improved by being wrapped in a towel while it is still in the tin; let it stand in this way for two or three hours.

DOCTOR YOURSELF

and save money, and perhaps your life, send two 3 cents stamps to pay postage to A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass., and receive a copy of Dr. Kaufman's great medical work, 100 pages, elegant colored plates.

When an Arab enters a house he removes his shoes. Probably he thinks they would be a good deal safer outside.

The peculiar action on the kidneys and urinary organs of asparagus is frequently noticed during the season. Prof. Benson recently proved the case of Emperor William and others that in combination with malt and quinine it is an absolute specific for disease of the liver, kidneys and urinary organs. His method has been adopted by the Malt Bitters Company, and this great German food is now composed of malt, hops, quinine bark and asparagus.—*Medical Times*.

An extraordinary thing in ladies' bonnets—a cheap one.

The Height of Folly.

To wait until you are in bed with disease you may not get over for months, is the height of folly, when you might be easily cured during the early symptoms by Parker's Ginger Tonic. We have known sickly families made the healthiest, by a timely use of this pure medicine.—*Observer*.

A reader wishes to know the name of the smallest steam craft that has crossed the Atlantic ocean. It was probably "Tug" Wilson.

Highly Esteemed.

The youthful color and rich luster are restored to faded or gray hair by the use of Parker's Hair Balsam, a harmless hair dressing highly esteemed for its perfume and purity.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 105 Walnut Street, N. Y.

PERRY'S STEAM DYE HOUSE.

18 Main Street, North End.

All Work First Class.

Ladies' and Gents' Garments
DYED and CLEANED.
MADE TO LOOK LIKE NEW.
Garments Dyed by us will Positively not Smut.

DOWN TOWN AGENTS.
Greeley & Kallach, Limerock Street.
O. B. Fales, Cor. Park & Main Streets.
C. H. Sanborn, Vinalhaven.

A GOLD MEDAL GUITAR.

THE ORIGINAL W. B. TILTON'S PATENT GUITAR is the only guitar ever awarded a gold medal for general excellence, superior tone and finish, and is beyond all question,

The Best in the World!

Photographs and descriptive price lists of the Tilton Guitar sent free.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

Of all Styles of

Band & Orchestral Instruments

and every kind of musical instruments (except Pianos and Organs), can also be obtained on application, being particular to state the particular class of instruments desired. Correspondence solicited. Address

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Importers and Manufacturers,

33 Court St., BOSTON, MASS.

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CRACKENKENT & OPIUM EATING

C. C. Beers, M. D. & Son, 437 Fourth Avenue, New York, have painless remedies for these evils. Thins cured. Call or send stamp for evidence.

D47

BETTER THAN EVER

HEXEN, 400 best authors. Prose and Poetry. Introduction by T. L. Cuyler, D. D. This elegant home book made more beautiful. Revised. 61st Thousand. Entire new plates. 40 pages added. 34 new authors. \$2.75. On this, Bibles and our new Cyclopaedia, \$3.00 a month to Agents. D47

E. B. TREAT, Publisher, N. Y.

A SURE DEFENCE.

How to Repel the Assaults of Ill Health.

Are you ever vexed or troubled with indigestion, torpid or disordered Liver, want of Appetite, Constipation, or a feverish state of the skin? If so, take without an hour's unnecessary delay Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. No medicine is so harmless yet so quick and positive in its action. It is Nature's own idea, condensed and made tangible by human skill. Dr. Kennedy's address is Rondout, N. Y.

D47

SMITH'S

Music and Variety Store.

Customers desirous of purchasing a

MUSICAL INSTRUMENT,

Will not only find our Prices Low and Terms of Payment favorable, but they will have the advantage of comparing a variety of styles by different makers as follows:

Chickering & Son's Square and Upright Piano Fortes.

Bourne & Son's Square and Upright Piano Fortes.

Hallet & Davis Square Grand Piano Fortes.

Wessner (New York) Square and Upright Piano Fortes.

Mason & Hamlin Organs, George Woods' Organs, S. D. & H. W. Smith American Organs and New England Organs.

Also, the smaller Musical Instruments, Organettes, Bells, Small Covers and Sheet Music.

OUR VARIETY DEPARTMENT

embraces in part the following:

Sewing Machines, Children's Carriages.

Croquet Sets, Base Balls and Bats, Stationery, Account Books, Writing Books, Pocket

Knives, Scissors and Razors, Fancy Goods and Toys.

ALBERT SMITH,

34 289 Main St., Rockland.

CITY OF ROCKLAND.

NEW CITY LOAN.

Strictly Municipal.

A limited amount of Rockland Municipal Bonds are now offered for sale, or in exchange for Bonds issued in aid of the Knox & Lincoln Railroad, if applied for immediately.

LEANDER WEEKS, Treas.

Rockland, June, 1881.

28

FALL AND WINTER Campaign of 1882-3

—AT—

W. O. Hewett & Co.'s

Large Dry Goods House,

HAS COMMENCED.

Have just returned from market with NEW GOODS, filling every department, and are ready to dispose of them in small or large quantities to suit customers.

LARGE ADDITIONS TO OUR

Dress Goods Department.

—OUR—

Blk Goods Departm't

Is full to overflowing in great variety of styles and qualities.

—A few pieces of that job lot of—

Black Cashmeres

40 inches wide, at 59 cts., left, (real value 70 cts.)

Look at our Black Cashmere at 75 cents.

You can find all shades and qualities in our

Dress Flannel Department.

Call and see those beautiful patterns of

Embroidered Cashmeres

—OUR—

Blk Silk Department

Was never so full of Bargains.

We would make special mention of a

Black Satin Rhodamas

Which we are offering at \$1.50. It beats every piece we have ever found in weight, color or texture; and another grand point, it does not curl up as most Rhodamas do. It must be seen to be appreciated. As this is the last piece we can get of this make of Rhodamas, don't delay, for delays are dangerous.

We have just opened a full line of

Cloaks, Dolmans and Circulars,

Made from the following named Goods: Black Satin Rhodamas, Light Cloakings, and Fur Lined Circulars.

D47

Every dealer in this city claims to have the "Best 50 cent Vest and Pants." It is a mistake. W. O. HEWETT & CO. have lately received one case of

Ladies Merino Vests and Pants,

Slightly spotted by oil in making them up, that they are offering for only 50 cts. each, (real value, if perfect, 75 cts.)

Every lady who ever run a sewing machine knows that oil spots can be easily removed by a slight washing with cold water and soap. Nearly one-fourth of these have been sold already by showing them to our customers. They sell every time.

A full line at 30c., 37c., 75c. and \$1.

D47

We have just received a full line of

Red UNDERWEAR

For Ladies, Gents and Children.

In times of Heat prepare for Cold.

The above warning we make to everyone who contemplates buying Blankets this Fall and Winter. We have just received one case

Slightly Damaged BLANKETS.

No holes in them, but small oil spots. Nothing to injure the wear of the fabric at all, in fact hardly perceptible to the eye. We shall offer them for the very low price of \$3.75. The same Blanket perfect cannot be bought less than \$4.75. To the many customers who remember the Great Bargains in the lot of similar Blankets we sold last winter, we would say this case is far ahead of those in value.

Also one case of assorted qualities of

BLANKETS

At all prices from \$1.50 to \$10.50.

Small Traders and Dressmakers can do better with us than elsewhere in the city.

Goods delivered free to all parts of the city.

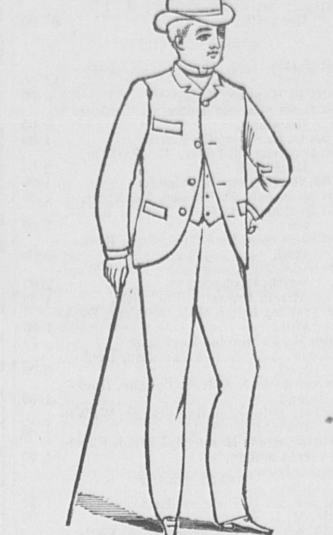
W. O. Hewett & Co.

277 Main Street, Rockland.

33

Grand Opening —OF— Fall and Winter CLOTHING

—AT THE—



NEW ENGLAND Clothing House

The NEW ENGLAND CLOTHING COMPANY are now opening the Largest Stock of Men's, Youths', Boys' and Children's Clothing to be found in any store in this section of the State.

As the Company have every facility for carrying on an extensive business, and intend to maintain their reputation as the leading Clothiers, they will continue to sell for cash as low as the lowest prices that goods are sold for by the Leading Retail Houses of Boston.

BEAR IN MIND

The N. E. Co. are backed up by one of the largest Wholesale Clothing Houses in the country, which gives them an extra opportunity to obtain their Stock under regular Wholesale Prices.

THE REASONS

1st. They have the Largest Stock of First-Class Goods in the city.

2d. Everybody visiting this Store is treated with politeness and attention.

3d. Every garment they sell they guarantee perfect satisfaction as to fit, style, workmanship and quality.

4th. Customers get full value for every cent invested.

5th. Money refunded or goods exchanged if customers are for any reason dissatisfied with ANYTHING PURCHASED at this Store.

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277 Main Street, Rockland.

33

Railroads & Steamboats.

KNOX AND LINCOLN RAILROAD. ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS.

Two Through Trains to Boston Daily.

Commencing Monday, June 19,

TRAINS WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS, VIZ.:

PASSENGER.—Leave Rockland at 8.15 A. M. and 1.20 P. M. Arriving in Bath at 10.35 A. M. and 3.45 P. M.

Leave Bath at 8.40 A. M. and 3.10 P. M. Arriving in Rockland at 11.05 A. M. and 5.40 P. M.

MIXED.—Leave Rockland at 6.30 A. M. Arrive in Bath at 11.15. Leave Bath at 12 M. Arrive in Rockland at 5.05.

A Monday Morning and Saturday Night Train will run as follows, viz.:

Leave Rockland every Monday at 4.25 A. M., arriving in Bath at 6.45 A. M., Portland 8.35

THE CLOVER.

JAMES W. RILEY.
Some sing of the lily, and daisy, and rose,
And the pansies and pinkies that the Summer-time
throws
In the green grassy lap of the meadow that lay;
Blinkin' up at the skies through the sunny days;
But what is the lily, and all of the rest
Of the flowers to a man, with a heart in his breast
That was dipped brimming full of the honey and dew
Of the sweet clover blossoms his babyhood knew?
I never set eyes on a clover field now
Or footed a stable, or climb in the mow,
But my childhood comes back, just as clear and as plain
As the smell of the clover I am sniffin' again;
And I wonder away, in a barefooted dream,
Where I tangle my toes in the blossoms that gleam
With dew of the dawn of the morning of love
Ere it wept o'er the graves that I'm weeping above.

NICE AND SOFT.

The Judge.
Together they sat in the parlor alone,
At the dusk of a Sabbath day,
Her slippers close to his own,
In a tender, loving way.
"I like to lay my head, dear Will,
Against your neck, and let me know
In tones which made his pulses thrill,
And his face with rapture glow.
"And is it because you love me, dove?"
He asked; and then she coughed,
"No dear Will, not that, but love,
Because it's nice and soft."

DYING WORDS OF THE GREAT.

Dr. Johnson, passing away amid a tumult of uneasiness and fear, said to one who stood close beside his bed: "God bless you, my dear!" The celebrated Dr. Adams, rector of the High School of Edinburgh, in some moments of delirium preceding his death, whispered, "It is growing dark, boys," stretching forth his hand, "you may go!" Queen Elizabeth of England, lying on her royal couch, was heard to mean to the heart-rending words, as she closed her eyes forever, "All my possessions for one moment of time!" But the noble Wesley simply exclaimed, in calmness of spirit: "The best of all, God is with us." Poor Robert Burns, out of his head when he drew his last breath, cried: "Oh, don't let the awkward squad fire over me!" How curious, indeed, that Lord Thurlow should have cried out, as he passed away: "I'm shot if I don't believe I'm dying!"

"Ah! me ens, you cannot cry as much for me as I have made you laugh in my time!" so said the brilliant wit of France, Scarron, as he lay dying that hour with a host of weeping friends around him.

It was a Christian philosopher like John Locke who exclaimed with his latest breath that solemn day, "Oh, the depth of the riches of the goodness and knowledge of God!" How strange to think that the great Mirabeau, after a life of such wild discord, should have cried out frantically, as he lay waiting for the change, "Music! Let me die to the sound of delicious music!" Washington, with the smile of a saint, looked up into the face of his weeping wife for the last time as she bent over him at Mt. Vernon that dismal day, and calmly said as he crossed his arms above his noble heart, "It is well!" And the last words of Luther's friend, Melancthon, are wonderfully striking, it seems to me. The former asked him that hour if he desired anything. "No, Luther, no! Nothing, nothing but heaven!" he answered, and died with a smile upon his face. The ruling passion may be said to have been still strong with Chesterfield when he passed away, for the last words he uttered were "Give Daytolles a chair!" Did poor Cowper say anything before he died—he who had always dreaded even the thought of dying? Why, it is said he said to rest peacefully as a little child. Ah, but what did Hobbes the deist say just before he gasped his last breath? "I am taking a fearful leap in the dark; but the sweet Herbert said, 'Now, Lord, receive my soul!'" Dear Goldsmith's physician asked him a few minutes before he ceased to breathe, if his mind was at ease. His mournful answer was, "No, it is not!" And yet was not Goldsmith really as lovely a character, at heart, as any man who ever lived? The deaf Beethoven, whose whole soul had been full of glorious harmony throughout his life, cried out at last, "Now I shall hear!" May we not cherish the hope that Byron's thoughts were of God and heaven when he said at last, so wearily, "I must sleep now!" The sun was shining very brightly in the room where the great Humboldt lay dying, and he said, as he watched the beautiful rays, "How grand the sunlight! It seems to beckon earth to heaven!" John Adams and Thomas Jefferson died the same day, but one said with his last breath, "Independence forever!" and the other, "I resign my soul to God—and my daughter to my country." Sir Thomas Moore said to an attendant, as he ascended the scaffold on the day of his execution, "I pray you see me safe up, and for my coming down let me shift for myself." Beautiful Anne Boleyn, just before she knelt down to lay her head on the block clasped her neck with her hand and said "It is small, very small, indeed!" What could have possessed Franklin to say to his friends on his deathbed, "A dying man does nothing well?" What a strange question for Cardinal Beaufort (or any other man) to ask at the last moment of his life, "What! is there no bribing death?" Scott said, even when death was creeping very near, "I feel as if I were to be myself again." And Hood, tired out, whispered only the words, "Dying, dying!"

There are six different types of the Goddess of Liberty afloat in this country, and not one of 'em is dressed in a way you would like to see your sister adopt.—Somerville Journal.

We are an old traveler for our age, and rarely find ourselves surprised at anything, but the other day our nerves received a shock from which they have scarcely recovered. We found a railway sandwich that our teeth went through on the first application of power.—Lowell Citizen.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

Preparations are being made to discover another comet. One that will not get up so early in the morning is preferred.—N. O. Picayune.

"N. W. preferred," my husband mutters in his sleep, and I know as well as I want to that he means that nasty whisky. I can tell it by his breath!—Syracuse Herald.

A Mr. Hawley, of Fairfield, has received a patent for a ventilated shoe, although we do not know how he could, that shoe having been in general use for ages.—Danbury News.

A Cincinnati man in trying to break a forty dollar colt smashed up ninety dollars worth of property, but as he had the applause of some two hundred men and boys he didn't mind the loss much.—Boston Post.

Health journals insist upon reposing on the right side only, and claim that it is injurious to lie on both sides, but we don't know where they will find a healthier set of men than lawyers.—Toledo American.

Mrs. Partington honored us with a call this morning. She is looking well and she says she is like the windows of a renovated house—all the old panes are out of her and the panes are things of the past.—Boston Star.

Perhaps the casual reader has never sat down on a buzz saw and felt himself gradually fading away. If so, he doesn't know what it is to form the acquaintance of a somnambulist bull-dog in the prime of life.—Laramie Boomerang.

A Chicago minister makes a note of the fact that he has never seen a lady reading a newspaper in a street car. Well! He has never seen a lady smoking on a car platform either, has he? It simply goes to show that a lady is no gentleman.—Savannah Times.

"Anybody called this morning?" asked the editor of a country paper of his assistant, whom he met on the stairs. "Yes, our subscribers are all up stairs." "What! all of 'em?" "Yes, they're all there." "What did you do then? We've only got two chairs." "Oh, I borrowed one next door."—Cinn. Sat. Night.

Scientists have told us that women are capable of greater endurance than men. We believe this statement now, having yesterday afternoon observed two ladies standing on the corner of one of our principal streets in the bleak, cold wind, and talk for the space of precisely one hour by a chronometer watch.—Lowell Citizen.

Two Germans were discussing a disease which caused the death of a friend, when one remarked: "Ah, yah; dot vos a strange sickness, dot harmonia." "Donner vetter!" exclaimed the other; "vat you denk dot is? Dot drouble vat 'harmonia' vat killed Yawcob; dot vasammonia, and don't you forget him!"—N. Y. Commercial.

"Yes, sir," said the market man at the boarding house table, "these chickens were bought of me. They came from my old home." And one of the boarders remarked: "Your old home is a very long distance from here, isn't it?" Then the market man looked across and the rest of the people at the table snickered and didn't mind the badness of the food so much.—Boston Post.

The October *Wide Awake* opens with a dainty drawing by Miss McDermott, designed as a frontispiece for a fanciful story by Susan Hale, entitled "The Hope Works." Many other excellent short stories make this number a very entertaining one: "A Nap in a Cannon," a tale of the Charleston Navy Yard, by Mrs. S. B. C. Samuels; "Captain Leampadaro," by W. H. W. Campbell; "The Stimpets" by Sunrise Party, a first-rate circus story, by Mrs. A. M. Diaz; and "Ralph's Club," by John Preston True. Mr. Talbot's comedy, "No Questions Asked," which has been so keenly enjoyed by both young and old, is brought to a capital close, as are also Miss Harris' beautiful "Wild Flower Papers," with their series of fine drawings by Miss Humphrey. There is a romantic chapter of "The Trojan War," one serial by A. Boy, and a very exciting one of "Lost Among Savages," the Bornean serial, by David Ker. Arthur Gilman's Dictionary is useful and also entertaining.

THE MODERN NOVEL.

Chicago Tribune.
"Welcome home, Pansy."
Dapplevale was at its prettiest this sweet June day as it nestled cozily among the hills that towered above it on every side. Down in the shady glen where the village church stood, almost hidden by the cypress trees whose great boughs of green were swept carelessly against the sides of the modest structure, Pansy Perkins was standing, and as Ethelbert Pettingill spoke the words with which this chapter opens, her face lighted up with a radiant smile that was beautiful in its sad expanse of territory.

"Come to me, Pansy," he said.
It was Ethelbert's voice, tender, gentle, that spoke, yet with something in its tones that made the girl pause.
Presently Pansy spoke.
"It is very hot, is it not, darling?" she said.

"Yes," replied Ethelbert, "and it is getting late, and we should be going home." And as he spoke the girl looked up at him with those dark eyes that had wided so many men.
"Do you love me?" she said.
"Passionately, my angel," was the reply in tremulous tones.

"And you will buy me some ice-cream?" she continued.

Ethelbert felt his heart throbbing against his suspender, and for an instant he could not reply. But the momentary agitation was soon over, and he spoke out in mellow tones:

"I will do it with pleasure."
The peachy cheek of the girl was laid close to his now, and the velvet lips kissed him tenderly back of the left ear. And then turning her head slightly, Pansy whispered to herself: "I have not lost my grip."

THE MAGAZINES.

Peterson's Magazine for October is unusually brilliant, if we can say that of a magazine that is always exceptionally good. It has two colored patterns, a specialty with it; no other lady's book giving them at all; a very fine steel-engraving, "The Woodland Bath," a beautifully colored steel fashion-plate, with the latest styles, among others, of wedding-dresses. There are, besides, some fifty wood-engravings of fashions, patterns in embroidery, etc., etc. The stories, as always in "Peterson," are all original and all first-rate. Address, Chas. J. Peterson, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Harper's for October presents an unusual variety of contributions, every one of which must challenge the attention of a large class of readers. Among the more interesting we mention "Certain New York Houses," by M. E. W. Sherwood, richly illustrated by Frank Lathrop and C. A. Vanderhoof, showing the best recent work in interior decoration; the first of an exceedingly interesting series of papers on Southern California, beautifully illustrated, by W. H. Bishop; Will Carleton's poem, "Flash: The Fireman's Story," his best vein, and admirably well illustrated by A. B. Frost; the mysteries of "Symme's Hole," and the peculiar characteristics of Symmes himself, in a curiously interesting article contributed by E. F. Madden. The number is unusually fine.

The October number of the Eclectic is one of unusual interest. Among its numerous articles are the following: "Some Impressions of the United States," by Edward A. Freeman, LL.D.; "Reminiscences of a March," by A. T. T. Point in the History of Cooperation; "Personal Recollections about Garibaldi," by Karl Blind; "The Salvation Army," by The History of Kissing," by T. F. Thielson Dyer, M. A.; "Letters from Constantinople," by Frederick Chopin; by E. J. Whitley; "An American View of Ireland," by E. L. Godkin; "Death and Life," by A. P. Stanley; "Literature and Science," by Matthew Arnold; "A San Carlo Superstition," "Disease Germs," Foreign Literary Notices, Science and Art, and Miscellaneous. Published by E. R. Pelton, 25 Bond street, New York. Terms, \$5 per year; single copy, 45 cents.

Lectures on Evolution, by Prof. T. H. Huxley. (Illustrated.) Price 15 cents. J. Fitzgerald & Co., Publishers, 30 Lafayette Place, New York. This valuable work forms number 36 of the "Humboldt Library," a collection of works by the most eminent scientists of our time, such as Huxley, Spencer, Tyndall, Procter, etc. They are printed from clear type, on good paper. The enterprise of bringing the best popular scientific literature within the reach of all is one that merits, and doubtless will receive the hearty support of every one interested in the diffusion of useful knowledge. It is to be hoped that instructive volumes like these, in which the charms of literary style serve to render attractive the teachings of science, will in time have the effect of banishing from our homes the demoralizing trash which passes current as "Literature."

The North American Review for October opens with an article on "The coming Revolution in England," by H. M. Hyndman, the English radical leader, giving an instructive account of the agitation now going on among the English working classes for a reconstruction of the whole politico-social fabric of that country. O. B. Frothingham writes of "The Objectional in Literature," and endeavors to point out the distinction between literature which is per se corrupting, and that which is simply coarse. Dr. Henry Schliemann tells the interesting story of one year's "Discoveries at Troy." Senator John I. Mitchell, of Pennsylvania, treats of the rise and progress of the rule of "Political Bosses." Prof. George L. Vose, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, contributes an article of exceptional value on "Safety in Railway Travel," and Prof. Charles S. Sargent, of the Harvard College Arboretum, contributes an instructive essay on "The Protection of Forests." The Review is sold by booksellers and newsdealers generally.

String beans make good pickles, though unless they are canned immediately after picking they will not retain their freshness longer than for a week or two. To pickle them, first remove the "strings," then pour hot vinegar over them. They will be ready for use in a day or two.

Epilepsy (Fits) successfully treated. Pamphlet of particulars one stamp, address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Richard III was only 19 years old at the opening of Shakespeare's play.

Large treatise for three stamps, giving means of successful self-treatment. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Enquirer: The easiest bird to imitate is the parrot. Let a bee down your back and you'll do it perfectly.

It Never Fails.
Mr. J. Leist, warehouseman for Lantz Bros., Buffalo, N. Y., says he had a swelling on his foot which he attributed to chilblains. He used Thomas' Electric Oil, and is troubled no longer.

George W. Cable, the novelist, is a Presbyterian Sunday school superintendent in New Orleans.

When I publicly testified that I had been cured of a terrible skin humor by the Cuticura Remedies, I did so that others might be cured, and do not regret the time given to answering inquiries.—Hon. William Taylor, Boston, 1887.

The corner-grocery man who "chinks" it up for impecunious customers evidently believes in the old adage: "It is better slate than never."

Make yourself healthy and strong. Make life happy by using Brown's Iron Bitters.

What can't be cured must be endured, as the physician remarked when he ordered his patient into close confinement.

Demand it and take no other iron preparation except Brown's Iron Bitters. It is the best.

STRONG FACTS!

A great many people are asking what particular troubles BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is good for.

It will cure Heart Disease, Paralysis, Dropsy, Kidney Disease, Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all similar diseases.

Its wonderful curative power is simply because it purifies and enriches the blood, thus beginning at the foundation, and by building up the system, drives out all disease.

A Lady Cured of Rheumatism.

Baltimore, Md., May 7, 1880.
My health was much shattered by Rheumatism when I commenced taking Brown's Iron Bitters, and I scarcely had strength enough to attend to my daily household duties. I am now using the third bottle and I am regaining strength daily, and I cheerfully recommend it to all. I cannot say too much in praise of it. Mrs. Mary E. Buehler, 173 Prentissman.

Kidney Disease Cured.

Christiansburg, Va., 1881.
Suffering from kidney disease, from which I could get no relief, I tried Brown's Iron Bitters, which cured me completely. A child of mine, recovering from scarlet fever, had no appetite and did not seem to be able to eat at all. I gave him Iron Bitters with the happiest results. J. KYLL MONTAGUE.

Heart Disease.

Vine St., Harrisburg, Pa. Dec. 2, 1881.
After trying different physicians and many remedies for palpitation of the heart without receiving any benefit, I was advised to try Brown's Iron Bitters. I have used two bottles and never found anything that gave me so much relief. Mrs. Jennie Hess.

For the peculiar troubles to which ladies are subject, BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is invaluable. Try it.

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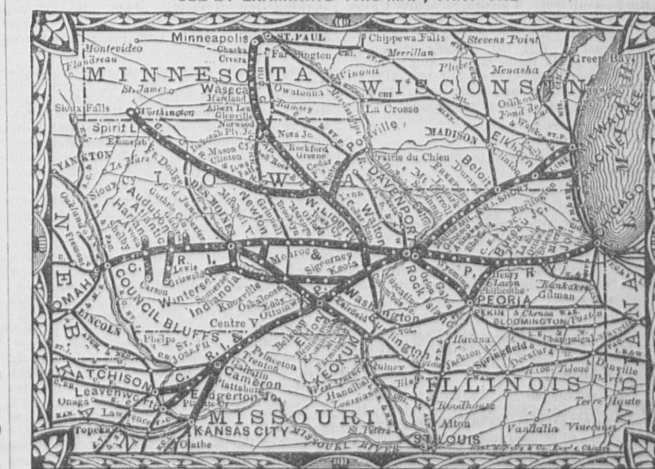
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THE COURIER-GAZETTE

By PORTER & FULLER.

Entered at the Postoffice at Rockland, Me., as second-class mail matter.

A MODERN PAPER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SOUTH THOMASTON.

Capt. Horace Allen has arrived home from New York after a voyage of seven weeks.

A solid plank drain has been laid across the road near the line between this town and Rockland.

Chas. Fisk has built a substantial bridge over the ditch in front of the house which he has recently purchased.

Why don't some one stir around and do something. This is just the time of year to start a dramatic club.

We are pleased to see Mrs. Deborah Miller back in the Koss again. She has been visiting friends in Boston for the past few weeks.

Dan, Pierce shot at a mark at Rockland on Saturday and beat several of the Tillson Light Infantry boys who were present. 'Rah for Dan.

Schooner Pearl, Capt. John Robinson, arrived yesterday, Monday. She was out in the north eastern gale of Monday of last week and carried away some of her rigging and was shaken up very badly.

The Methodists held a social at the parsonage Wednesday evening. There was quite a large company present, and a good time was enjoyed by all. These socials are very pleasant affairs and do not belie their name in any sense of the word.

The "much talked of" acorn ride came off Saturday. The party went to Warren for acorns, and from there to Union for pleasure. They took supper at the Burton House. Most of the party staid in Union to the dance and social given there that evening. We could not vouch for the number of acorns gathered, but we were informed that one young lady was the fortunate possessor of one acorn, and that was called to her.

We are grieved to mourn the death of another of our friends, Mrs. Ella Sleeper. Her health has been failing for some time past, but her death was quite sudden. Two little children are left without a mother's love and care. No words of ours can assuage the grief of the bereaved relatives. We will only say "she is not lost, only gone before." The funeral services were held Sunday afternoon at two o'clock, Rev. Joseph Kallio officiating.

Shepherd Butler and wife gave a lawn party at their residence on the old Thomaston road, Thursday evening. It was just the right sort of an evening for an out of door entertainment and the guests had the most of it. Copious refreshments were the order of the day, or evening, rather—but the other plays were not neglected. Supper, such as would make a man "take off his hat to the cook" was served with the rest of the plays. At about twelve o'clock the guests with some hands and demolished watch chains departed, with the firm conviction that Mr. and Mrs. B. understand the role of host and hostess to perfection.

APPLETON.

Don't forget the Fair, 10th 11th and 12th.

Stephen Simmons has been blasting and removing some unsightly buildings.

Laforest Graham of Vinalhaven is visiting his parents. He is just recovering from the effects of a tumor in his throat.

Mrs. H. A. McLain, nee Graham, of Haverhill, Mass., is at her father's on a visit. Henry came with her, but returned last Thursday.

Wm. Walker has a good crop of apples, peaches 400 bushels. A good yield for a small orchard. He has sold them to Judson Gould of Hope.

Almond S. Gashue from Boston is visiting his parents and other friends in Appleton. Allie is looking nicely. I learn that his mother is improving in health.

H. C. Pae's trotting mare sustained an injury last week, stepping through a hole in the highway in Hope and laming her foot. She could not extricate herself, fell over on her side, and it was only by the aid of a crowbar that the foot could be drawn out.

The Appleton base ball club played with the East Union club last Saturday, in Keating's pasture. The Appletons got worsted, the score standing 22 to 33 if I remember right. Our boys console themselves with the reflection that it is not as bad as they beaten before, by the E. U's.

John O'Mera and wife of Minnesota formerly of Appleton, are visiting friends hereabouts. Mrs. O'Mera is the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Emery, who formerly preached at McLain's Mills. Mr. O. is a successful farmer and stockraiser. They have been in Minnesota about 15 years.

Suppose you heard of the accident to Worthing the stage-driver. The bridge below Union common being unsafe, a rope was stretched across the road. Not perceiving it, Mr. W. drove against it, full tilt. When the horses struck it, the shock threw him out and he landed in the water waist deep. Life is laid up for a time. His ribs are very sore. In the meantime Leonard handles the ribbons.

CUSHING.

Oscar Wallace of Bath is visiting his old home this week.

The first frost of the season made his advent last Tuesday morning.

Frederick Farham was down from Aroostook county last week on a short visit.

The Thomaston patrons of Judson Payson, butcher and gentleman, are hereby informed that his delinquency is due to the sudden lameness of his eyes.

The proprietors of the Georges River Ice Co. have completed their dam, and their pond is nearly full of water. Work on the wharf has been commenced, and will be rapidly pushed towards completion.

E. W. Palmer, of G. W. Palmer & Son, Rockland, met with quite a serious mishap in this place last Tuesday. While driving across the abrupt rise of ground near the residence of Elijah Norton, the forward wheel of his carriage broke, overturning it, smashing the side-light and otherwise marring the beauty and utility of his movable store.

The genial countenance of our old friend, J. Dana Payson presented itself to our view last Monday for the first time in five months. Mr. Payson has been in Ohio for the above length of time where he has been stoking up the golden dollars. His brother who has been with him stopped by the wayside on his passage home. He will make his advent in Cushing at an early day.

WARREN.

Mrs. J. C. McIntyre died last week.

A. Eastman is repairing his hotel and stable.

Our sidewalks are in poor condition—ditto roads.

The shoe factory is expected to be completed in six weeks.

A. M. Wetherbee is repairing his store house at east end of the bridge.

The shoe shop hands will be home from Marlboro the last of the month.

James Stevens, father of J. L. Stevens, was buried Saturday. He was nearly 91 years of age.

A sister of Mrs. Pond lectured Sunday afternoon at the Congregationalist Church on Temperance. Her lectures are highly spoken of.

The Powder Mills Co., are still erecting buildings. They have put 30 feet on the coal house, put in two new elevators and erected another chimney.

Caleb Page jammed his finger last June while making a wagon tongue, by a wedge slipping out and catching his finger in the cleft. He is still unable to use his hand.

THOMASTON.

Mrs. Lucinda Coombs is visiting friends in Portland.

E. W. Prince and family leave for Florida on Monday of next week.

Mrs. John H. Blodgett (nee Anna Robinson) has returned to her home, Boston.

Capt. John T. Rider is at work again, and has nearly completed rigging ship Cyrus Wakefield.

Horace C. Phinney, Bowdoin College, will teach the High School at Union the coming winter.

Miss Annie Rokes, daughter of Leander Rokes, is attending the classical school at Hallowell.

Edward O. Burgess is superintendent of the Sabbath-school at the old church on the hill at Mill River.

The Thomaston column contained many typographical errors last week. Was the proof reader abroad?

Silas W. Masters and wife and C. A. Leighton and wife have been at the Union Square hotel the past week.

William Edgar Rivers, with Fogg Brothers & Co., bankers, Boston, is at his father's residence, East Main Street.

Charles Crawford, who has been here the past summer, left for his orange grove in Florida Tuesday of last week.

Rev. G. P. Mathews and wife are visiting their old friends at Auburn. There was no preaching at the Baptist last Sunday.

Thomas Keating, of Damariscotta, a practical workman, is building the stairs for the new house of Capt. William Wiley.

Mrs. George K. Washburn and Mrs. Elizabeth Watts made a visit to William G. Washburn and wife at Portland last week.

Rev. C. H. Pope and S. S. Gerry and wife attended the American Board of Foreign Missions at the session held in Portland last week.

The Grand Army Fair at Rockland this week, ought to attract the attention of the towns, and cause many of them to visit the same.

Three convicts came to Maine State Prison from Auburn jail, under charge of Sheriff Littlefield, accompanied by Judge Wing, of Auburn, Monday last.

Teacher D. J. Starrett brought three convicts to the Prison from Bangor, Saturday.

Philip Parks has purchased the Gilman Freeman house, eastern Meadow road, and Mr. Freeman has purchased the Alfred Rollins house near by on the same road.

Horace O'Brien has moved into his new store, recently filled up by him in the building just west of Carr & O'Brien block. His store presents a very neat and pretty appearance.

A five cent social will take place at the vestry of the Methodist Church on Friday evening of this week, at which clam chowder, ice cream, cake and other refreshments will be served.

Miss Betsey McCarter, an aged lady of 85 years, who is visiting at the house of Miss E. A. McIntyre, Green street, fell on the floor of her bedroom striking on her hip, producing injuries which confine her to her bed. The accident occurred Tuesday night of last week.

Lt. Colonel Silas Fuller, of Somerville, Mass., and Albert Fuller, of Skowhegan, brothers of Joshua A. Fuller, and Capt. Thomas S. Fuller, came home Saturday on a visit to their brothers. Col. Fuller was one of the officers of the gallant 4th Maine Regiment.

William H. Hewes, who has been engaged in the ship chandlery business at Savannah, Ga., the past few years, is about to quit that city, and engage in another business enterprise at Haverhill, Mass. He is in Boston this week.

Edward Hewes went to Boston on Monday, with his brother.

Mrs. J. D. Rominus (nee Florence Starr) of Poston, whom the COURIER-GAZETTE complimented so highly as a pianist in its report of the musical convention last week, is a native of Thomaston (not Rockland) and is the daughter of Richard D. Starr, at whose house she is now visiting, East Main street.

Sam Haynes, who has been in solitary confinement at the Maine State Prison for the past fifteen months, has been taken out, and set at work. Judge Barrows, at the last session of the Court left it optional with Warden Bane whether to set him at work or keep him in solitary confinement any longer.

Messrs. Carleton, Wood & Glover, the commissioners to divide the upper bridge between the towns of Thomaston and Warren, have decided that the draw bridge is over the middle of the channel, but leave the matters for the Courts to determine at what point the line is located under the same bridge. This leaves to Warden the keeping in repair the larger part of this bridge.

Repairs are being placed on the following houses in the village: D. J. Hodgman's house, Green street; R. C. Sumner corner of Water and Green streets; the house of Geo. L. Carney Green street; the John Gray Paline house west of Capt. Wm. Tobey's; Main street; the painting his house; William A. Campbell is making improvements about the Edward O'Brien house; The eastern wing of Maine State Prison is having new iron gutters placed on the building.

CAPTURE OF PRESCOTT.—His route of escape and pursuit. Chas. E. Prescott, the murderer of Harry Williams, who escaped from the prison at Thomaston last Thursday week, took the following route of escape, and going over the granite to be hereafter mentioned.

Between the hours of 8 and 9 o'clock in the morning of Sept. 29, Prescott was sent to the garden to gather corn, and not coming back, officer Wm. P. Bunker, who wanted him, went down to the corn-field, but could not find him. Bunker immediately gave the alarm, and the Deputy Warden summoned the officers, who tracked his footsteps to the railroad track. Here he had out the painter of the boat moored to the river, and paraded with a brood of geese on board across the river to the opposite shore, secreting himself in Brown's woods. Thence he went through the woods to South Waldboro, arriving there in the evening. There he remained four days, going back and forth in the thick woods, sleeping in a barn every night. On Monday night at dusk he came out to the house of Warren Wallace, South Waldboro, situated on a neck of land near the river, and inquired if there were any men at home. The inmates of the house replied that they had just gone out. Prescott then asked for food, and said that he had not had anything to eat since Thursday morning. He took off his prison cap before he entered the house, and laid it on the door step. They gave him some supper, and he told them whom he was and how long he had been in prison. After supper he went towards the woods. In the morning (Tuesday) Wallace found that Prescott had stolen his boat, and afterward found it on the opposite shore at Dutch Neck. Prescott went into a barn on Dutch Neck that night and staid the next day (Wednesday). The following night between 8 and 9 o'clock he came out and went to Gray's house, who gave him supper and "extra grub," after that he went up the road some three houses above, and got more food, which he put into his handkerchief. He then started down the neck again towards the point, but meeting two boys, he turned and went back. That night (Wednesday) he took a boat from the point, and went on to Load's Island, opposite to Round Pond, Bristol. There he remained until Thursday, when he got a man to set him off to Brown's Point, Bristol. The officers heard of him but twice since he left the prison, although they had been in hot pursuit, and frequently near him, the first time at Waldboro, the second time on Dutch Neck, where they lost track of him, until Friday night, when Mr. Eaton, of Waldboro, notified them that Prescott was in Bristol, and had taken the above described route from Dutch Neck to that place. After that the officers were on his track until he was captured. Saturday morning they mustered all their forces, and ran the game down to Pemaquid Point, where he was captured near the light-house. He was seen at three Friday at New Harbor, Long Cove and other places, where he came out twice for food, as he did also Saturday morning for breakfast. He was taken Saturday

morning about 9 o'clock by George Ellis of Bristol, who came out on the road near to him. Officer Dunton of the prison was near at hand, as also was officer Bowers, who soon came up. In a short time officers Bunker and Peabody arrived, and the shackles were placed on Prescott. He made no resistance at time of capture. When Mr. Ellis first met Prescott he told him to give up, and that he was an officer. Prescott replied, "It makes no difference whether you are an officer or not, I am ready to give up." He got his hat and overalls at South Waldboro, where a man who was at work in a field took them off and gave them to Prescott. After the capture he was taken to Ellis's house, where the party took breakfast. They then came to Round Pond, fed their weary horses, and took dinner. From there they came to Waldboro, and took the freight train for Thomaston at 3 o'clock, arriving with Prescott at the prison about 5 o'clock in charge of officers Bunker and Bowers, where he was soon placed in his old cell, after nine or ten days weary travel. The officers were vigilant and prompt in the search for Prescott, and his earnest and strenuous efforts for liberty were futile.

CAMDEN.

Rev. H. M. Parsons of Toronto, preached at the Congregationalist church last Sabbath.

The iron rod and dove taken from the spire Methodist church, now adorns B. F. Adams' barn.

A Grand Army Post, has been organized in Camden, officers elected, and will be mustered in on the 18th inst.

At Knowlton Bros.' machine shop and foundry they have so many orders ahead that when they start up again they will be obliged to run a night crew.

At the woolen factory they are putting in one of the Victoria turbine wheels, of 80 horse power, with the gates 7-8 open.

There is likely to be some trouble between the town authorities and Israel Secorv relative to the line fence at the corner of the latter's barn.

Freeman Harkness, returning from Camden with a load of plank on the Hope road last Friday evening, when near Joseph Crane's was thrown under the wheel and suffered a fracture of the leg.

Last week Wednesday, Ambrose Upham, while at work in the anchor factory, had the shank of an anchor weighing 550 pounds fall upon the toes of his left foot, smashing them badly. Dr. Colver has called.

The fish market building of Ayers & Mullin is to be moved from its present site and placed on land between M. C. Whitmore's and D. W. Russell's shops, and used as a store-house, while the Knowlton building is to be fitted up for a fish market.

Since Fred Allen left the light house, Dame Rumor has it that he has purchased the grocery store of James Seward; that he is going to run both the hotels; and that he is a candidate for the postoffice. Thinking if he gets all of these he will need some clerks, we have handed in our application.

On the 27th of last February J. S. Cleveland set a hen. On the 20th of March following this hen left her nest with a brood of chickens, four of which proved to be pullets. One of these pullets laid her first egg July 29th. The others commenced laying some three weeks later. The one which first commenced laying, laid two courses of eggs, a few days intervening between the first and second, and then she wanted to set. On the 12th day of September, she laid her first egg, and on the 13th inst., last week, Tuesday, she left her nest with twelve chickens. Thus a pullet 6 months and 13 days old has a brood of her own chickens. The hen and chickens will be on exhibition at Mr. Cleveland's store on pleasant days of this week.

After the next issue of the Camden Herald on the 13th inst, the editor and proprietorship will be changed. A stock company has been formed and purchased the office, its fixtures, and means to be used in the coming year. Things pertaining to the Herald publishing business. The paper will continue to be issued under its present name, and will be under the editorial management of the Hon. T. R. Simonton. The editorial, quill and scissors are not entire strangers to Mr. Simonton, for he has had at different times the editorial charge of the Herald since its first establishment. The office will be removed into the rooms recently vacated by the Camden National Bank. With the change of management will be a change in the political complexion of the paper. Instead of its being fusion, or opposition, as heretofore, it will be republican, and we mean to be loyal to the Union and the Constitution. The editorial, quill and scissors are not entire strangers to Mr. Simonton, for he has had at different times the editorial charge of the Herald since its first establishment. The office will be removed into the rooms recently vacated by the Camden National Bank. With the change of management will be a change in the political complexion of the paper. Instead of its being fusion, or opposition, as heretofore, it will be republican, and we mean to be loyal to the Union and the Constitution.

TENANTS HARBOR.

A new library of 165 volumes has been added to the Sunday-school of this place.

Schooner Kendrick Fish arrived Saturday with a load of coal for Geo. Rawley.

Schooner George D. Loud is now discharging coal at Fuller's wharf for John M. Fuller.

Thomas Sweetland has painted his house and added blinds which is a marked improvement.

Capt. Madrien Rawley has been making extensive repairs on his buildings. He has given his house a new coat of paint which makes it look up.

In the absence of our pastor, who was attending the Baptist convention at Waterville, Rev. Mr. Leach of this place filled the pulpit very acceptably last Sunday.

A new granite curbing has been placed around the grave of Mrs. John Sweetland in the cemetery. It is a very fine specimen of workmanship executed by the Wall Bros. of this place.

Additional Local Notes.

Wanted.—A competent girl to do house work. Apply at Perry Brothers, North-end.

Timor's "Dancing" Company will soon appear in this place. They are said to be first-class.

Rooms for Rent, the finest piece of the season will be given here December 5th.

Smoke the "CHICAGO TIMES," the boss five cent cigar. For sale only by G. A. Blood, Main street.

Cyclamen! Don't forget the name, for it is the surest cure for Catarrh. J. H. Wiggin and all druggists sell it.

For Sale.—Sch. Rescue, ten tons, new measurement; lately rebuilt. Address, F. B. Averill, box 90, Rockland, Me.

If you want to enjoy a delightful smoke just try the hand made C. B. P. "Noriega," for sale in this city by Edward Merrill.

See "Bird" advertisement; get Holden's Bird Book; food, care, diseases, breeding. He has extra subjects. 8 38

There are many brands of 10 cent cigars in the market, but none that will compare with the hand made "C. B. P. Noriega," for sale by Edward Merrill.

CARD OF THANKS.—I desire to thank my friends of the Universalist Society for their kindness, on the occasion of the recent death of my grandchild. FRED S. SWEETLAND.

The ladies pronounce the samples of Woodworth's "Nelson Bouquet," given away by the druggists, to be the most elite perfume of the day. Sold by J. H. Wiggin and W. H. Kitt redge.

Go to Harrington's and get three of the F. W. W. or Don Carlos for a quarter. Pronounced by good judges to be the two best brands of ten cent cigars in the city. Made expressly for the first-class trade.

A very fine entertainment is to be given here next Monday evening, Oct. 16th, in Oliver Doul Byron's "Across the Continent." The Chicago Tribune says: "There is a touching narrative running through the entire drama which interests the audience from the rising of the curtain to its fall. The scenes are the most effective we have ever witnessed in this city, the situations of the piece are—to use a theatrical phrase—immense, and there is a fine opportunity for good acting, not only on the part of the hero of the piece, but also of the subordinate characters."

Incredible.

F. A. Scratch, druggist, Rathven, Ont., writes: "I have the greatest confidence in your Broom Brood Bitters. In one case with which I am personally acquainted their success was almost incredible. One lady told me that half a bottle did her more good than hundreds of dollars' worth of medicine she had previously taken." Price \$1.00. Sold by J. H. Wiggin.

An extraordinary thing in ladies' bonnets—a cheap one.

A Difficult Problem Solved.

The desire for stimulants is becoming a monstrous evil, and how to overcome it is a serious question with reformers. Parker's Ginger Tonic fairly solves the difficult problem. It invigorates body and mind without intoxicating, and has brought health and happiness to many desolate homes.—*Engineer*. See other column. 1m37

Fell Down.

Mr. Albert Anderson, York street, Buffalo, fell down stairs and severely bruised his knee. A few applications of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil entirely cured him. Sold by J. H. Wiggin

Births.

In this city, Oct. 10, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Newbert, a daughter.

In Cork, Ireland, Sept. 20, to Capt. and Mrs. John DeWinter, a son.

Marriages.

At Vinalhaven, Oct. 7, by Rev. C. Purinton, Albert R. Clark and Miss Hattie L. Calderwood, both of Vinalhaven.

In South Thomaston, Oct. 6, Ella K., wife of Geo. T. Sleeper, aged 21 years, 4 months, 5 days.

In Camden, Oct. 5, Abbie H. Young, aged 17 years.

Deaths.

In this city, Oct. 5, Lorenzo Packard, aged 55 years, 9 months.

In this city, Oct. 9, Joseph Jackson, aged 69 years, 8 months, 19 days.

In South Thomaston, Oct. 6, Ella K., wife of Geo. T. Sleeper, aged 21 years, 4 months, 5 days.

In Camden, Oct. 5, Abbie H. Young, aged 17 years.

Piano Forte Teaching.

MISS ELLA J. FRISBIE, A pupil of the Boston Conservatory of Music, and of Kitzschmar, of Portland, will receive a limited number of pupils for instruction upon the Piano Forte. TERMS—\$5 for Twenty Lessons.

Apply at SMITH'S MUSIC STORE, or No. 7, MAIN ST., Rockland.

A CONSIGNMENT OF

Ironstone China!

FIRST CLASS

PERFECT

In every Particular.

HYDE'S FANCY VARIETY STORE,

No. 9 LIME ROCK ST.

Tenement To Let.

CENTRALLY LOCATED. Five large rooms, on second floor—shed room, etc., on the same floor. All conveniences, in thorough order, handsomely painted, papered, etc. Rent reasonable. Apply to or address,

A. G. HUNT, Summer Street, Rockland.

MILLINERY!

MILLINERY!

F. G. SINGHI & Co.

Invite your attention to the Largest and most Magnificent Stock of

Fine Millinery

—AND—

Ladies' Furnishing Goods

Ever shown in this City, a display of which we shall make

Wednesday & Thursday,

OCT. 11 and 12.

Also an immense Stock of FANCY GOODS, YARNS, WORSTEDS, &c., &c.

To those who need any STAMPING done, we would say that we have a large variety of New and Elegant Patterns.

MADAME SINGHI is still at the head of the Dress and Cloak Making Department, which is a sufficient guarantee of Good Style and Fit.

F. G. SINGHI & CO.

242 Main Street, ROCKLAND, ME.

Shorts, Fine-Feed, Middlings

At Chas. T. Spear's.

SURE DEATH

To Explosion of Kerosene.

No more Shavings!

No Trouble to Start a Fire.

No more Kindling Wood.

EAGLE GOLD

FILLS THE BILL.

The Best Fire Kindler Ever Made!

30 Cts. Per Cross.

SOLD ONLY BY

COBB, WIGHT & CO.

MINOR CHORDS.

New Advertisements To-day.

Simonton Bros.—Bargains in carpets.
Fuller & Cobb—Bargains in every department.
"Across the Continent" Combination.
Four Bank Reports.
G. L. Holden—Bris.
Baker's Dye House—Lace curtains, etc., cleaned.
Mrs. I. Bailey—Millinery Opening.
Miss Frisbee—Piano Instruction.
Cobb, Wright & Co.—Fire Insurer.
W. H. Hyde—Ironstone china.
Wise & Son—New Hub Range.
E. B. Mayo—Grand opening display.
J. L. Brock—Furniture to the Boys in Blue.
T. A. Wentworth, the latter.
Chas. T. Spear—Flour, corn and meal.

H. S. Hobbs is building a barn on Lisle street.

Baird's Minstrels had a \$502 house Saturday night.

Otis street has been finely graded by the new road machine.

Arthur Shea has bought out F. E. Cobb's plumbing business.

K. C. Rankin has moved the old Sleeper house recently purchased by him to his own premises.

Eight couples were made happy by marriage licenses duly signed by the city clerk during September.

City Undertaker Burpee superintended 21 interments during September, two being non-resident. A very large number.

The Limerock National Bank has declared a semi-annual dividend of three per cent., payable on and after next Monday.

A course of assemblies begins at the Hook & Ladder House this evening, given by the American boys. A pleasant series of dances is promised.

A. C. Gay & Co. are erecting a stable on the site of the carriage shop which was burned a few months ago, opposite Rankin block. The basement is to be used as a stable and the upper part as a store-house.

Rev. Mr. Philbrook is to consider the "rum question" from his pulpit next Sunday evening. He announces as his subject: "The Real or the Greatest Evil of Intemperance." All are invited. Services begin at seven o'clock.

A dance is to be given at Washington Hall, head of Middle street, tomorrow evening, for the benefit of Adelbert Blackington. An efficient corps of management will attend. Mesdames and Demuth furnish music. The tickets are 50 cents.

At a regular monthly meeting of the city council last evening a quorum was present only of the aldermen. After transacting several minor items of business they adjourned to Friday evening, when the common council will be called together.

There were police—some of the time one, some of the time two—at the show Saturday night, and they attended to business, with the result that good order was maintained and decent people enjoyed themselves. Several have spoken in us in praise of the latter. Let the good work go on.

Court adjourned Friday, after disposing of one or two minor cases in addition to those reported by us last week. The session was a busy one though no important cases were tried. Several cases were satisfactorily disposed of without trial by Co. Atty Robinson, two of which being state vs. Elbridge C. Fisk formerly of Washington, and Daniel Doherty, of Rockland, each of whom paid \$100 and cost for breaking the liquor laws.

THE CHURCHES. Rev. Joseph Kallach preached one of his usual vigorous and effective sermons, at the First Baptist, Sunday morning. In the evening there was a very interesting prayer-meeting led by Rev. F. J. Bicknell. Rev. Mr. Chandler who preached here a week ago has accepted the Cambridgeport call....During Rev. Mr. Southard's vacation, Rev. D. H. Sawyer will conduct services at the Methodist church.

Baird's Minstrels showed to a fine audience Saturday night, there being over 1000 people in the hall. During the day the band, accompanied by a squad of four uniformed cadets and a lightning zouave, paraded the streets. The band played excellently. Prof. Carl, the trombone soloist played finely. The band contained four slide trombones which contributed greatly to the effect of their fortissimo passages. The entertainment in the evening was first-class, there being no low jokes nor acting, and was an entertainment which no one need fear to attend. Baird proves to his audiences that a good, laughable, enjoyable minstrel show can be given without resorting to lowness and vulgarity in any form.

Capt. Isaac H. Grant of the White Head Light Station sends us the following: The bell-boat moored one-half mile south from this station, lies pitched forward, at an angle of about forty-five degrees. About two thirds of her length is under water, and is consequently disabled. The supposition is that she has been struck by some vessel, and that one of her compartments is full of water....The diver employed to assist in raising the sloop in which Willie Shea was lost, could not operate, on account of the great depth of water. He descended until his head became dizzy and confused, and he barely had sufficient presence of mind to give the signal for his attendants to haul him up. He was in a bad condition when relieved, and would not descend a second time. The attempt to raise the sloop has been abandoned.

Capt. John F. Hamilton, the contractor from Portland, who is to do the work on the breakwater in our harbor, commenced operations Monday, and will continue as long as the weather permits. The appropriation for the work now commenced is \$49,000 being double the amount appropriated before. The present work will be an extension of that already built from Jameson's Point, and will build an additional length of nearly 500 feet, making when done 1300 feet of the 1900 from high water, as at present designed. On account of the increased price of stone and freighting, and the greater depth of water, the present appropriation will not build so much in length as is already finished. The structure will be 29 feet deep where the work begins and on the bottom about 100 feet in width and 10 feet wide on the top. There will be employed on the work some twelve different stone slopes, each one putting in an equal portion of the whole amount. The stone will be obtained from all the quarries, from Spruce Head to Green's Landing, as fast as it is made and possibly some of the stone will be obtained from private parties who will quarry for the contractor alone.

Theodore Davis has new-clapboarded his house on Broadway.

A number of our citizens attended the horse trot at Monroe last week.

W. H. Glover & Co. have painted their Fulton street houses in colors.

S. M. Pinkham is to open a shipping office in the city, at Shepherd's building.

The track extension of the Knox & Lincoln has been put in first-class order.

Prof. Nelson has made several improvements on his house on Summer street.

John Lothrop has purchased the old Kimball estate on the north side of Limerock street.

The board partition between the freight and passengers' depots has been removed. A decided improvement.

Pillsbury Johnson's bakery at the North-end was broken into last night. Loss, \$2.60 in cash and sundry pies and cakes.

The case of Oliver Otis vs. B. H. Clay for assault has been adjusted without trial, being entered "Neither party—no further action for same cause."

Capt. Sam'l Hix has bought a very fast, ten ton yacht of a Bar Harbor man. She is to be left here for Loring & Goulding to put on a new cabin.

We trust the local attendance on the meetings of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union which holds its state convention in this city Wednesday and Thursday may be large. The local union will do all in their power to hospitably entertain their guests, and full houses at the public meetings will be very encouraging. The ladies are doing a noble work with their order and deserve the sympathy of all good people. The program embraces the following among other items:

Wednesday forenoon, address of welcome by Mrs. R. C. Hall, and response by Mrs. G. S. Hunt of Portland; annual address by President L. M. N. Stevens of Portland. After-noon, reports of recording secretary and treasurer. Evening, report of corresponding secretary; address by Pres. Stevens; readings by Mrs. S. H. Doten of Portland. Friday forenoon, report of year's work done by the several unions; election of officers. Evening, address by Mrs. E. L. McLaughlin of Boston. Of this lady a writer says: "The secret of her hold upon the people is that she speaks from and to the heart. Well posted on the different phases of the temperance work she does not lack convincing argument, at the same time, possessing the ready tact which enables her to adapt her words to the people who gather in the church or hall, or meet by the shores of our lakes, and in our forest camps."

During the meetings the singing will be led by Mrs. Bent of Portland with the cornet. We shall print a full report of the convention next week.

Capt. C. A. Packard, whose recent thrilling adventure on the schooner Almon Bird has been treated of at length in these columns, together with his almost miraculous recovery after undergoing the operation of amputation of both feet, has been making a visit at Pigeon Cove, Cape Ann, Mass., to which place he and his rescued crew were taken by their brave preservers. Capt. P. has written us a personal letter from thence a portion of which we take the liberty of printing:

I want to give you some description of this most pleasant of all pleasant places. I arrived here on Wednesday Sept. 13th via Eastern R. R., and went directly to Mrs. Annie Pierce's, where I was so kindly cared for in January. I met with a cordial greeting and on the next evening met about thirty of my former friends, we all partaking of an oyster supper passing a very delightful evening. The succeeding day was spent in driving around the Cape, passing through many fine avenues, which are perfectly situated, and on which many elegant cottages are erected, the finest of which is Mrs. C. S. Bishop's, the lady who was among the foremost in contributing to our comfort last winter. There are about twenty cottages along these avenues, some of them very fine. There are three large hotels here which are filled with guests during the summer months, the Pigeon Cove House being the larger and most pleasant situated, and from which the whole bay is visible. Thatcher's Island, Stratham Light House and the village of Rockport, the fishing fleet darning here and there, make a picture which is admired by all. The Bay View House and Linwood are also very pleasantly situated the Linwood on the bluffs, just over the shore and from whose veranda can be seen and heard the surf on the rocks below it. Altogether this is one of the most delightful places I ever visited, the scenery being so varied that the most fastidious are ever sounding praises, and any that wishes a cool and pleasant place to pass a few days or weeks away from the busy turmoil of cities could do no better than visit here. I have spent a week at this quiet little spot so pleasantly looking it and my many friends is a most unpleasant thing to do. Everything has tried to erase the sadness of my former visit here, among whom is Mrs. E. S. Robinson, whose guest I am at present, and in whose company I have had the most delightful days completely encircling Cape Ann, including Annisquam, Lanesville and Bay View, where are the elegant summer residences of Gen. B. F. Butler and Col. French. We also visited Col. French's granite quarries where they are getting out stones which when finished are worth \$1000—each the last named places being visited in the genial company of Messrs. Goldsmith and Reed, who endeavored to make my visit pleasant in the extreme. One night was passed at J. M. Reed's, there meeting a few very pleasant friends and passing a most delightful evening. In closing I would advise all mariners that contemplate being wrecked to speak at Pigeon Cove fishermen assuring them of a cordial reception by all here. I can not go out at all without meeting some one who contributed to my relief and pleasure on my last visit here. I wish I could give the place all the credit due it but my brain is not equal to the task.

"DICK TURPIN."

Our sensational highway robbery of last week looks as if it was not so much of a sensation after all. Our version of the affair was made up from Mr. Fuller's story. A Boston detective was put on the case, and he speedily determined that the whole thing was a put up job by Fuller, who was quite heavily involved, for the purpose of beating his creditors. The injuries were all self inflicted. This detective's story is now the generally accepted theory of the affair. Fuller's stock has been attached by creditors, and Chas. Ulmer put in charge as keeper. The stock and fixtures inventories \$470. Fuller's liabilities, he says, are from \$1500 to \$2000. A quantity of groceries were found apparently secreted under the floor of the store. The keeper says that while he watched in the store Saturday night somebody attempted to effect an entrance. Further developments in the case are looked for. Fuller still stoutly maintains his version of the affair, and says that his creditors will be paid in full.

Our physicians say that the Positive Pile Cure is giving better satisfaction than any other remedy now in the market.

PERSONAL POINTS

Concerning People More or Less Known to Rockland People.

G. W. Palmer is in Boston.

Capt. C. F. Williams is at home.

Clerks of Courts Starret is in Portland.

Ira Ripley visited in Boston last week.

Miss Alice Coburn is visiting in Boston.

J. Fred Hall went to Boston last evening.

Wm. H. Severance and wife pass the week in Boston.

Dr. A. M. Austin and wife passed last week in Boston.

H. S. Moore and wife are visiting the Boston fair this week.

Mrs. O. P. Hix went to Boston on the boat Monday night.

Mrs. H. C. Long returned last week after a five weeks' absence.

Timothy Sullivan, of Sullivan Bros., went to Boston last evening.

Miss Kate Fay, of Bangor, is visiting at South Thomaston.

Wm. Avery of Conway, Mass., has been visiting S. M. Bird's.

E. H. Larabee and wife returned to Marlboro, Saturday evening.

Miss Lizzie Newbert was a passenger on the Boston steamer last night.

Capt. Hurley is at Washington, D. C., looking after granite contracts.

Mrs. S. M. Bird and Miss Lizzie Hall are visiting in Boston this week.

Mrs. L. Bailey is in the city personally attending her millinery opening.

A. N. Farrington of Boston, formerly of this city, is in town for a few days.

Mrs. Nath'l Jones and daughter Lizzie have returned from a visit in Boston.

Mrs. Caroline Alden and daughter Addie started last evening for Oberlin, O.

Charles A. Stone has closed his season at Newport and is in the city. His wife is with him.

Capt. C. A. Packard and wife returned last week from a month's visit at Cape Ann.

Rev. Wooster Parker, formerly Cong'l minister of Belfast, was in the city yesterday.

Fred R. Switzer went to Seaport Saturday morning, where he has a chorus class.

C. T. Frost went to Boston last evening, where his family has been for three weeks.

Col. Beals the Boston decorator, arrived Saturday evening and returned Monday night.

Mrs. Fred C. Bradbury, of Saco, Maine, is spending a few weeks at Capt. Otis Ingraham's.

Eugene Larabee, who has been at work in Massachusetts, is at home for a short vacation.

Mrs. C. M. Tibbets and Miss Ella Chadbourne are visiting a sister in Providence, R. I.

Wm. Moody started Wednesday night for Virginia where he will cut ship timber this winter.

Miss Manie Kallach went to Boston on the boat Saturday night, where she makes a short visit.

Mrs. Lawson, of Tremont, who has been visiting at Ed. Bartlett's, returned home last week.

Ephraim Snow and family started yesterday for Wakefield, Mass., where they will spend the winter.

Mrs. A. L. Richardson arrived home Saturday from Tremont, where she has passed the summer.

Elmer Shaw of Cambridge who has been visiting in this city, returned home Saturday evening.

Mrs. Wm. Holbrook and daughter Mabel, returned Thursday from a two weeks' visit at Ellsworth.

Miss Ella F. Palmer returned home Friday noon from an extended trip among the White Mountains.

City Marshal Crockett is away on a vacation. Deputy Marshal Thomas fills his place during his absence.

Daniel Churchill and son Herbert, are at work in Westboro, Mass., where they have an extended job.

Mrs. J. C. White, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. M. A. Achorn, has returned to Lockport, N. Y.

Miss Elmina Hawes, who has been visiting at S. T. Mugridge's, returned to her home in Castine, Saturday.

N. D. Clark of Newton, Mass., came on the boat Saturday morning for a short visit at Capt. O. J. Conant's. He returned home last night.

Rev. H. A. Philbrook and wife went to Boston last week. Mrs. P. is now visiting relatives in New Hampshire.

George E. Payson was in this city for a day last week. He is now settled in Haverhill, Mass., and is prospering.

Mrs. Samuel Tibbets went to Boston Wednesday night, where she will make a three weeks' visit among relatives.

C. P. Curtis of East Boston, arrived Saturday morning, and is stopping at Capt. John Holbrook's, his father-in-law.

Mrs. Philip Witham and daughter Grace, who has been visiting relatives in Marlboro, Mass., returned home Friday.

Harley Newcome, who has been introducing the McPhail piano in this city, returned to Boston on the boat Saturday evening.

Capt. Robert Gregory arrived home Thursday morning sick with malarial fever. He left his vessel, the Edith Hall, at Baltimore.

Jno. Crockett, who has been living near Boston for the past two years, has returned to the city, and will work for J. F. Wise & Son.

Mrs. Thos. Dermot and daughter Jessie started by steamer last night to join Capt. Dermot in New York. Miss Jessie accompanies her father on his next trip to Europe.

Rev. C. A. Southard, Methodist, started for a month's vacation last night. He stops a week in New York and then goes to attend the reunion at Gettysburg, where he is expected to be a survivor, being in the 20 Maine Regiment. His wife accompanies him to New York.

General Augustus Austin of the Boston & Bangor Steamboat Co. has been on a gunning trip to Molokus, with two friends, and has just returned to Boston, safe and sound. It is asserted upon good authority that there isn't enough game, either wild or tame, left around Molokus for next year's seed.

Hon. T. H. Murch has concluded to accept the position of editor-in-chief of the Albany Evening Union, the offer which was noted by us last week. He will enter upon the active discharge of his duties as soon as his term as Congressman expires, and in the meantime will have general oversight of the paper.—Opinion.

Mrs. Bachelder, the artist, of Boston, arrived in the city last evening, and is the guest of Mrs. W. H. Glover. She will remain here for about three weeks and will receive pupils for instruction in oil painting Thursday, in the room above R. F. C. C. C. Mrs. Bachelder is a lady of much talent, and those who have received the benefit of her teaching in former visits here speak highly in her praise.

Conductor George Woodbury has left his position on the Knox & Lincoln and will fill a similar one on the European & North Atlantic, recently leased by the Maine Central. He has been on this road since it started, and has been one of the most popular officials, a favorite alike with his employers and the public. He will be missed. His successor will be either Kidout or Ingraham—which one is not yet determined.

F. L. Jones, of Fries & Jones, the well-known Bangor cracker men, was in the city on his usual business visit last week. These visits have been interrupted for some time by the recent fire, which we noticed at the time. The firm is now back again in its old stand at Pickering square, in finely fitted quarters, and are better than ever prepared to attend to their growing trade. They make one of the very best articles of crackers in the market. Mr. Jones' success, as a Rockland man, we are pleased to note.

LACE CURTAINS

Cleaned and Finished as Good as New.

OSTRICH FEATHERS

Dyed Black or in Colors, and Curled, at

BAKER'S Steam DYE HOUSE,

194 Main St., (at the Brook,) Rockland, Me.

Best Price List sent free.

A LARGE LINE OF

Fall and Winter Styles of

BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS,

HATS, CAPS,

And Gents' Furnishing Goods,

Just received and for sale cheap at

WENTWORTH'S, THE HATTER,

243 Main St., Rockland.

FARWELL HALL.

ONE NIGHT ONLY!

MONDAY, OCT. 16.

The Funniest Play in the World!

THE DRAMATIC CYCLOPE

Oliver D. Byron,

In the greatest success on the American stage,

Across the Continent

Supported by the Charming Actress

MISS KATE BYRON,

and the greatest comedy combination extant.

MR. FRED WARREN, the greatest of all

Dutch Comedians.

MR. CHAS. GIBBS, the funniest of all negro

impersonators.

MR. CHAS. HAGAN, in his imitations of Pat

Rooney.

333 Laughs in One Play. 333

Reserved Seats 75 and 50 Cents.

Which can be secured at Spear & May's.

Admission, 50 and 35 Cents.

—AND—

Round Hats

Together with a large assortment of

Veillets, Ribbons, Silks,

Feathers and Ornaments.

Also, a choice selection of

FANCY Goods,

Handkerchiefs, Worsteds,

Laces, etc.

253 Main St.

Corn and Meal,

AT

CHAS. T. SPEAR'S

Mill at Spear's Wharf,

ROCKLAND.

FALL

MILLINERY!

Having returned from the markets of Boston and New York with a choice selection of

SEASONABLE

MILLINERY GOODS,

We will open the same to the inspection of the ladies, on

Wednesday and Thursday,

Oct. 11 and 12.

—Our stock is replete with—

NOVELTIES.

Annie B. Reilly,

MAIN STREET, ROCKLAND.

372

FLOUR.

Best St. Louis,

New York State Roller,

St. Louis Roller,

CHAS. T. SPEAR,

329 Main Street,

383

FULLER & COBB

—ARE PREPARED TO OFFER—

Bargains in every Department,

As their stock is Larger than ever before, and with our increased facilities for doing business, we shall continue to offer Specialties in each line of goods carried by us. Below we will mention a few of the many.

Dress Goods.

In DRESS GOODS we have all the novelties of this season, such as:

OTTOMANS, SEDAN CLOTHS, BERNESE,

Velours, Billiard, Rhadames, Mervelleux, &c.

—In all the Fashionable Shades of—

Ox Blood, Electric Blue, Crushed Strawberry,

Terra Cotta, Cadet Blue,

Mahogany Brown, Garnet, Golden Brown, &c., &c.

SILKS.

The best line of Black and Colored to be found in this city. A new line

Ottoman Silks in Elegant Shades for \$2.25

Sold in Boston for \$2.50 per yard.

A new line of Colored Mervelleux, very choice.

Dress Flannels.

A new lot of DRESS FLANNELS just opened, in best quality and styles, all sponged, so they will not shrink, only \$1.15. Not a yard sold in Boston at retail less than \$1.25.

New Lot of Embroidered Flannels for Skirts.

A large assortment of Fancy Flannels for Basques & Dressing Sacks.

Outside Garments.

THE SECRET OF DEATH.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

"She is dead!" they said to him. "Come away!" Kiss her and leave her—thy love is clay. They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair—On her forehead of stone they laid a fair; Over her eyes that gazed too much, They drew the lids with a gentle touch; With a tender touch they closed up well The sweet thin lips that had secrets to tell: About her brow and beautiful face They drew her veil and her marriage lace; And drew on her white feet her white silk shoes—Which were the whitest, no eye could choose; And over her bosom they crossed her hands. "Come away!" they said—"God understands." And there was silence, and nothing there But silence, and secrets of glances. And they said: "As a lady should lie, lies she." And they held their breath as they left the room, With a shudder, to glance at its stillness and gloom. But he who loved her too well to lead The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead, He lit his lamp and took the key And turned it—alone again, he and she. He and she; but she would not speak, Though he kissed, in the old place, the quiet cheek. He and she; but she would not smile, Though he called her the name she loved ere while. He and she; still she did not smile, To any one passionate whisper of love. Then he said: "Cold lips and breast without breath, Is there no voice, no language, of death—Dumb to the ear and still to the sense, But to heart and to soul distinct, intense? See now! I will listen with soul, not ear; What was the secret of dying, dear? Was it the infinite wonder of all That you could ever let life's flower fall? Or was it a greater wonder to feel The perfect calm o'er the agony steal? Was it the miracle greater to find low deep Beyond all dreams sank downward that sleep? Did life roll back its records, dear, And show, as they say it does, past things clear? And was it the innermost heart of the bliss To find out so what a wisdom love is? There must be a pleasure in dying, sweet, To make you so placid from head to feet. I would tell you, darling, if I were dead, And 'twere your hot tears upon my brow shed—No, I would say, though the angel of death had laid His sword on me, to keep it unsaid. You should not ask vainly with streaming eyes, Which of all deaths was the chiefest surprise—The very strangest and suddenest thing Of all the surprises dying must bring. Ah, foolish world! O, most kind dead! Though he told me, who will believe it was said! Who will believe that he heard her say With the sweet, soft voice, in the dear old way: 'The utmost wonder is this; I hear And see you, and love you, and kiss you, dear; And am your angel, who was your bride, And know that, though dead I have never died.'"

THE SILVER RING.

There stood in Berkshire, far out upon a quiet country road, a little inn, which the wood sign swinging at the door declared to be known as "The Magpie's Nest."

It had been thus named because of the number of magpies in the neighborhood. And straight before the door stood an oak-tree, a century old, among whose uppermost branches, year in and year out, always hung a magpie's nest, to which the country people believed that the same old magpie returned regularly.

No very elegant entertainment was offered at the "Magpie's Nest" for either man or beast; but its patrons thought the ale good; and then it was served to them by the most charming rosy-cheeked little bar-maid, who wore a cap with bright ribbons, and had a waist that could have been spanned by two hands—a well-behaved little maid, also, who resented too much freedom by a box on the ear, and who was known by the rector of the parish church to have been the best girl in his Sunday-school.

So, though she was a poor orphan, and had only her little meed of wages, Betty might have married many a stout farmer. However, she refused them all and kept on with her duties at the "Magpie's Nest" until the son of her master, coming home from India, where he had served as a soldier for several years, fell in love with her, and offered her his hand and heart. Betty did not prove unkind. The inkeeping father was willing enough to secure his handy Betty for a permanent assistant, and amid the chattering of the magpies, Betty and John exchanged their vows under the nest-hung oak tree one bright afternoon; and John put upon her finger a thick silver ring, which he had obtained abroad, perhaps by purchase, perhaps by gift, perhaps as soldiers obtain many things in the time of war.

It was not a costly gift—to our eyes it would not be a beautiful one—but Betty valued it highly. She kept it polished to perfection, and wore it with great pride on high days and holidays; but though she loved John, and looked forward to her wedding day with joy, she would not alter the bright, coquettish manner which had always belonged to her. She joked with the farmers, flung them back repartee for repartee, and even gave them those bright glances which John, the soldier, thought should be only given to himself. So John grew jealous, and being a moody sort of man, said nothing about it.

It never entered Betty's mind that the very manner which had once enchanted John should now offend him; and she herself grew angry with her lover for his scowls and sulks.

Therefore, when a young Frenchman from Marseilles, black-eyed, and polite in his manners as Frenchmen usually are, chanced, in the course of a business journey, to stop at the "Magpie's Nest," she felt that he really would be a fine example for surly John Leaf, and was amiable to him to a degree that might have made a less jealous man angry. Then, indeed, John Leaf spoke out, and Betty soon discovered the secret of his ill-temper.

Her pride being flattered thereby, she forgave him, and retired on Saturday night with the firm intention of winning back John's smiles on the morrow, her holiday, when she would go to church in her best attire and charm his heart from him over again, as he walked by her side.

What woman ever had any design on a man's heart, ever desired to win from him any favor or any gift that she did not bethink her of all her finery? Before Betty slept she took from her trunk her blue-plaid dress, her fringed shawl her Scotch-ribbed cap, her Sunday shoes and her silver ring, and having given the latter an extra polish, laid them where they would meet her eyes the first thing next morning.

John Leaf, sulking in his room under the garret eaves, had no thought of this. Those slow natures do not forget and forgive in a hurry, any more than they do anything else.

sufficient to make her happy. She braided her hair, put on her cap, buttoned her dress, tied about her throat the gay neck-ribbon, laced her shoes geometrically and then looked for her ring. It was gone!

She knew the very spot upon the red heart-shaped pin cushion into which she had thrust the needle over which the silver ring had been hung. There stuck the needle still. It was below the window-sill, on a little table; it could not have rolled out; but it was not in the room. She shook out her dress, her shawl, her bed-clothes. She swept the floor. It was gone. That was the end of it.

Betty sat down and wept bitterly. All the country people of the day were superstitious. The ring had disappeared in a most mysterious way, for her door was bolted, and her window high from the ground, and she firmly believed that the loss portended some great evil.

Meanwhile at the bar of the inn a little scene was going on. The Frenchman had asked for a glass of ale; and John, who was always tapster on Sunday mornings, had drawn it for him, when as their hands almost met in the act, he saw upon the little finger of his customer a thick silver ring, the very counterpart of that which he had given to his Betty.

"You're a pretty ring, Monseer," he said, with a sort of catching of the breath. "May I ask where you got it?" "Ah, yes, certainly," said the Frenchman. "One does not boast, but a pretty girl gave me that. Yes, and a kiss also."

John turned as pale as any florid face could turn. He made no answer, but marched straight out of the tap-room and into Betty's kitchen.

She stood near her door in her holiday dress, with her white cotton gloves on. The magpies were chattering overhead, and afar the church bells were ringing.

"You are going to church with me, John?" she asked, softly, with a smile.

"That depends," said John Leaf.

The man walked straight up to her, and looked full into her honest eyes.

"You don't look like a cheat," he said; "but who knows a woman? Take off your gloves, Betty."

She obeyed.

"Where's your ring?" he asked.

Betty burst into tears.

"It's lost, John," said she. I can find it nowhere."

"You haven't looked on Monseer's finger, then," said John. "You poor fool, to give it to him, and think I shouldn't know it!"

"Oh, I'll swear I never did," sobbed Betty. "I give your ring to any one else! Why, John—"

But he pushed her from him with his rough hand, and would hear no words from her; and the next day he left the inn, and enlisted once more, and was sent away again to India. And Betty left the inn also, and took service with a farmer's wife close by; and whatever the magpies chattered about, it was no more of the love-making that they heard when John and Betty sat together beneath the old oak-tree.

Five years went by. At last John received a letter from England, telling him that his father was dead, and had left all his little possessions to his only son.

John Leaf's fighting days were over, in any case, and he was on the invalid list for life. He had fought as desperate men do; had been commended and promoted, and had some medals and ribbons to show and boast of as compensation for a wooden leg. So he went home again, and settled down as proprietor of the "Magpie's Nest," and was a sort of hero among the neighbors; but he was very lonely. Men do not quite forget in five years. He could still see Betty's buxom form flitting about the kitchen in imagination, and when the magpies chattered in their nests he could fancy that he sat with her still under the oak branches. Then he grew wroth with the magpies, who seemed to mock him, and ordered his pot-boy to tear the nest down.

In vain the lad pleaded for the birds. In vain he declared that, even if the new nests went, the old one in the topmost branches should be left "for luck."

"If the old magpies that built that find it gone, they'll peck some one's eye out in the night-time," said the boy. "It's been known to be done often."

But John Leaf, the soldier, had cast away all his country superstitions.

"I'll have those magpies chattering about my ears no more," he said. "Up, and leave not a nest of them all. Some of the noisy rascals will take possession of that old rag, if it is left hanging."

So the boy obeyed. He planted a ladder against the tree, and then swung out upon the branches. There was a grievous noise; and doubtless to this day old magpies tell their children of that massacre of the innocents at the great oak-tree. But there were no birds to chatter and scream in that great rag of a nest which the boy's hands clutched at last. He came down with the relic in his hand, and stood before his master with a grin.

"Eh, master! may I have all I found in the old nest?" he asked.

"If it is not a magpie's egg," said John Leaf.

"It's a silver ring," said the lad.

"Let me see it," cried John Leaf, and snatched it from his hand.

It was the ring with which he had pledged his troth to Betty under the oak; and he knew now that the magpies had stolen it, and that the Frenchman only wore one that resembled it.

The first thing that John did was to call himself hard names. "A jealous fool! A suspicious brute!" Heaven knows what else. Then he melted, and all by himself in the wood beyond the house, shed tears, and vowed to find Betty if she still lived on earth.

Where he went, of whom he inquired, matters not. But one day when the sun was setting in the west, he opened a little cottage gate to which he had been directed and saw at her knitting, under a vine-covered porch, his Betty, not changed one single bit. And she? She looked at him and did not know him with his thin, sallow face and his wooden leg.

"What may you be wanting, sir?" she

asked. And he said, "Betty!" And she cried out, "Why, mercy, it's John Leaf!"

Then he sat down on a bench close by her side. "You know I never had many words to spend on anything, Betty," he said. "I'll come to the point at once. I know now that you were true, and no cheat, and that you never gave my ring to Monseer. I found it—or my lad did, for I'm not very good at climbing now—in the old magpie's nest in the oak top."

"So the magpie stole it, eh?" said Betty. "Well, they are strange birds. I've heard they've taken spoons before now."

"And so, Betty," said John, "if you'll overlook the past and let bygones be bygones, I'll be a happy man."

"I owe you no grudge," said Betty; "and bygones are bygones, John Leaf."

"But you'll let things be as they were, Betty?" said John. "You'll be my sweetheart again?"

She laughed.

"Don't you know?" she said. "Why, look there."

He looked. Through the gate came a foreign-looking man, with gold rings in his ears and a silver ring upon his finger, who led by the hand a toddling child.

"Why, it Monseer," said John.

"You see," said Betty, "I went to him to ask him how he came by his ring, and he proved it was none of mine. It has a name and a date on it that mine never had. And he was kind to me, and you had been so cruel. And so we have been married three years—eh, Louis?"

"And this is our boy."

"I had better go home, I think," said John Leaf. "One is always punished for being a fool. But this is your ring. Will you have it, Betty?"

"Pray keep it for your sweetheart," said Betty. "You'll find one soon, no doubt."

But John Leaf never found one again, and the silver ring found in the old magpie's nest was buried with him when he died.

FOR THE COURIER-GAZETTE.

THE INSPIRATION THEORY.

Charles J. Guiteau was Inspired to Kill the President.

Guiteau's claim of inspiration in the killing of Garfield has received such little attention by the newspapers of the nation, that people have given it scarcely any consideration. Guiteau died still firmly alleging his crime—even at the point of death—to have been the result of incorporeal persuasion.

Now, the question which very naturally arises is this: Was Guiteau inspired to remove James A. Garfield, President of the United States? Was he sustained and nerveed during the terrible ordeal by supernatural influence and the conviction that he had done right in murdering the Chief Magistrate of his country? Others have been inspired to perform different deeds, among the rest to shed human blood. Was it not possible for Guiteau to have received a similar injunction? Abraham was inspired and commanded to take Isaac, his only son, and offer him as a burnt offering—an order in direct opposition to the promptings of nature and the divine law against the shedding of human blood. But although Abraham loved his son tenderly, yet he bound him upon the altar of wood, which the Lord had commanded him to erect, and took forth his knife to slay him; and there is no question but what Abraham would have taken the life of Isaac had not the Angel of Jehovah called to him from heaven. Could not such have been the case with President Garfield's assassin?

If Guiteau was thus commanded it is plain to see that his hand was not stayed by any interposition from heaven, as was that of Abraham. His hand was apparently firm and steady as he fired that deadly shot which finally terminated in the bereavement of the nation and world.

Perhaps, as Guiteau said, it was for the benefit of the country and to save certain impending difficulties that the President was removed, and he had been chosen as the instrument to perform that deed. Other people have a right to their own personal opinion—a privilege which is a peculiarity of an independent country like our own—but for our part we claim and assert that Charles Guiteau was inspired to kill Garfield. In making this announcement many will doubtless say we are wild and insane, but we shall stick to this assertion until it is proved otherwise. There are many facts in connection with the case which lead us to this opinion, and after we have explained matters, you, kind reader, will agree with us.

No man under ordinary circumstances would have dared attempt the performance of such a crime in a crowded railroad depot in broad daylight and in full view of all. Eminent medical and scientific men have made a careful post mortem examination of Guiteau's brain since his execution and have failed to find any indication of insanity. He must have been well aware of the penalty which would inevitably follow the perpetration of this atrocious deed, and yet he stood up bold and defiant and fired the shot at our beloved President, who had never wronged him in any way—a cold-blooded murderer! Anyone not prompted by some preternatural power would have chosen a more appropriate place; some secluded spot where the President was alone and away from friends and public officers, so that there would have been a chance for escape.

It will be remembered that we have not stated who, in our opinion, inspired the assassin, but we mean—the devil! Guiteau was in league and direct communication with the devil, and it was he who whispered in his ear and urged him to that crime in tones of affected friendship, puffing him up with a glowing picture of the notoriety that would result therefrom; it was the devil who nerved him with enthusiasm sufficient to attempt that dastardly crime; who palmed himself off as the Divine Butler, and spoke in such clamorous tones as to

stifle the voice of reason and conscience; who stayed and sustained him through the different scenes and experiences of the trial and at his last moments upon the gallows when he met his doom with seeming boldness and resignation; and who, in fiendish glee and infernal delight, received his follower and disciple after his execution into the regions of eternal condemnation. The devil did not show himself in his true light, but presented himself in an assumed form like unto the days of Adam, when Eve was tempted to eat of the forbidden fruit by the evil one in the shape of a serpent. But in this instance he played the part of the omnipotent and holy God, and so well did he personate him and so completely did he fill Guiteau with fanaticism and wild excitement that the poor wretch never discovered or realized the true state of affairs until—alas! it was too late!

Kind reader, take a lesson from the ignominious career and untimely end of this man, and do not let the devil lead you blindfolded to hell; do not let any little momentary excitement or love of notoriety captivate your mind and soul. Look before you leap. L. E. W.

Pickled Grapes. Boil ripe grapes till they are soft, then mash them through a colander, leaving the seeds only in it. To one pound of grapes use three-quarters of a pound of sugar and half a teaspoonful of vinegar. Boil until almost like jelly. Then, just before taking from the fire, add cinnamon and cloves to suit your taste. No. 2. Take ripe grapes; remove imperfect and broken ones. Line an earthen jar with grape leaves, then fill with grapes. To two quarts of vinegar allow one pint of white sugar, half an ounce of ground cinnamon and a quarter of an ounce of cloves. Let the vinegar and spices boil for five minutes, then add the sugar. Let it come to a boil, and then, when cold, pour over the grapes. If poured on while hot, it shrivels them even if it does not break the skin and spoil the appearance of the pickles. Grapes pickled in this way are nice put with mixed pickles in a castor or pickle-bottle.

The glove powder, so generally used to prevent injury from perspiration, is of value, but common cornstarch, rubbed thoroughly over the hands before putting on the gloves, will also answer this purpose.

From Major Downs, Military Instructor: Mt. Pleasant Academy, Sing Sing, N. Y. During the very cold weather I was suffering with Catarrh. My head and throat ached so severely that I was obliged to give up everything and keep quiet. Ely's Cream Balm was suggested. Within an hour from the first application I felt relieved, the pain began to subside. In two days was entirely cured. W. A. DOWNS.

Feb. 15, 1881. A gentleman from Orwell, Pa., called my attention to Ely's Cream Balm as a remedy for Catarrh, Hay Fever, &c. He was so earnest in asserting it to be a positive cure (himself having been cured by it) that I purchased a stock. The Balm has already affected a number of cures. P. F. HYATT, M. D., Bordentown, N. J.

Apply into nostrils with little finger. The project for an all rail line to some New-found point and a line of swift steamers thence to Europe is revived, with excellent prospects of fulfillment.

The great talk about bayonets at the polls has nothing to do with the enormous sale of Adamson's Botanic Balm, the great remedy for curing Coughs, Colds and all Lung troubles. New size, 10 cts. Larger size, 35 and 75 cts.

Charity is one of the noblest virtues that links earth with perfection.

Physical Suffering. No one can realize, except by personal experience, the anguish of mind and body endured by sufferers from dyspepsia, indigestion, and other diseases of the stomach. BERRY BROTHERS' BLOOD BITTERS are a positive cure for this distress of all diseases. Price \$1. Sold by J. H. WIGGIN.

One Augusta man is reported to have won \$100 by judicious betting on the Maine election.

Catarrh—Relief in five minutes in every case; gratifying, wholesome relief beyond a money value. Cure begins from first application, and is rapid, radical and permanent. Ask for Sanford's Radical Cure. Complete for \$1. 1m37

No better heritage can one possess than cheerfulness.

The Natural Skin Remedy. Is Pearl's White Glycerine. You have only to use one bottle to convince you that its curative qualities upon the skin are wonderful. For infants and children it is indispensable. Druggists keep it.

Young and middle aged men suffering from nervous debility, premature old age, loss of memory, and kindred symptoms, should send their names to Part VII of pamphlet issued by WOOD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

The sister of temperance is not she who stands idle, but she who goes straight forward to work.

A Much Married Woman. Mrs. Fowler of this city, was married last January to her sixth husband, and strange as it may seem, five of them died exactly two years from their marriage day. Her present husband has been sick for the last four months with chronic jaundice, and was given up by four of our best physicians; as a last resort he began using Sulfur Bitters, and yesterday told our reporter that they saved his life, smilingly saying that he guessed Mrs. Fowler would be unable to take the seventh better half for some time to come.—Exchange. 2w37

\$1500 per acre can be easily made at home working for E. G. Rideout & Co., 10 Barclay St., New York. Send for their catalogue and full particulars. Bly47

Rolling stones instead of campers are to be employed by careful housekeepers hereafter. "Rolling stones gather no moths."

Peruvian Syrup cures Dyspepsia, General Debility, Liver Complaint, Boils, Humors, Chronic Diarrhea, Nervous Affections, Female Complaints, and all diseases originating in a bad state of the blood. 1y3

We should seek more the practical realities of every day life and less of the ethereal. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry cures Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Croup, Influenza, Consumption, and all diseases of the Throat, Lungs and Chest. 50 cents and \$1 a bottle. 1y3

Industry is the companion of honor and honesty.

On Thirty Day's Trial. We will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voluntary Belts and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to young men and older persons who are afflicted with Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality, etc., guaranteeing speedy relief and complete restoration of vigor and manhood. Also rheumatism, Neuralgia, Paralysis, Pleurisy, and Kidney diseases, Ruptures, and many other diseases. Illustrated pamphlet sent free. Address Voltaire Belt Co., Marshall, Mich. Bly36

Wiggin's Pellets cure constipation.

IT SHOULD be BORNE IN MIND

That I have now one of the Biggest Stocks that I ever purchased, and am well prepared for

Fall and Winter Trade.

—MY STOCK OF—

OVERCOATS OVERCOATS

Is unusually fine, and the prices can't be beaten either on a cheap or an expensive coat.

SUITS PARTS OF SUITS!

For Men or Boys I have in every style and price. I can fit the most fastidious both in style, color, material and price.

Gents Underwear HOSIERY, FURNISHINGS, &C.

CALL AND SEE!

BLACKINGTON CLOTHIER

At the Brook, Rockland.

THORNDIKE HOTEL,

Rockland, Maine.

This Hotel has CHANGED HANDS and is now under the management of

H. C. Chapman & Berry Brothers

Who, recognizing the necessity of improved Hotel accommodations and comfort in this section have undertaken to satisfy that demand. With this view they have made substantially a new hotel of the Thorndike. All the upper rooms have been enlarged and the size of the house increased by the addition of THIRTY NEW ONES. The office, stairways, hallways and exits have been greatly improved, new baths and toilets put in convenient places, and all newly and well carpeted throughout. Beds, table ware and linen all new.

It is the design of the new Proprietors to make this Hotel SECOND TO NONE in Eastern Maine. It is most conveniently located for tourists en route to Mt. Desert, being the nearest Hotel (only a few steps) to post office, telegraph office and steamers.

Berry Brothers Livery Stable is connected with this House, Hack, Coaches and Carriages of all kinds on arrival of trains and steamers.

Tourists while at Bar Harbor wishing Teams should not fail to call on Berry Brothers. Teams of every description, with skillful drivers. Boarding Horses a specialty. 4

JAMES PYLE'S PEARLINE

THE BEST THING KNOWN FOR WASHING AND BLEACHING

IN HARD OR SOFT, HOT OR COLD WATER.

SAVES LABOR, TIME AND SOAP AMAZINGLY, and gives universal satisfaction.

No family, rich or poor should be without it. Sold by all Grocers. BEWARE of imitations well designed to mislead. PEARLINE is the ONLY SAFE labor-saving compound, and always bears the above symbol, and name of JAMES PYLE, NEW YORK.

WADSWORTH'S MARTINEZ & LONGMAN PURE PREPARED PAINTS

Buildings painted with Paints mixed by hand have to be repainted every three years. The best Paint cannot be made by hand mixing.

The Paint used is the smallest item in cost of painting, labor the largest.

Any building will be repainted at our expense if not satisfactorily painted with our Paint.

Sole Agents for Manufacturers, J. P. WISE & SON, Rockland, Maine.

JAMES FERNALD,

—(DEALER IN)—

COAL, WOOD, HAY, Cement, Sand, Hair, etc.

OFFICE—378 Main, Foot of Pleasant St. YARD—Snow's Wharf, Water St., Rockland Jan. 1, 82.

E. H. COCHRAN. A. W. SEWALL.

Cochran & Sewall's

FIRE, MARINE, LIFE,

—AND—

Accident Insurance Agency.

CAPITAL REPRESENTED OVER NINETY MILLION DOLLARS.

Loans Adjusted and Paid at this Office. 249 MAIN STREET. ROCKLAND. Rockland, Oct. 14, 1880. 28

C. G. MOFFITT,

Fire and Life Insurance.

Losses adjusted at this office, 227 278 Union Block, : Rockland, Me. 12

H. N. KEENE,

DEALER IN

BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS,

Moccasins, Sole Leather, Wax Leather, French and American Calf Skins, Machine Belting, Linings and Shoe Findings,

Corner Main and Lindsay Streets, { Rockland, Me. Jan. 1, 1882.

E. A. BUTLER,

238 Main St., Rockland, Me.

Ship and Marine Insurance Broker.

Risks on Hulls, Cargoes and Freight effected in reliable Companies at reasonable rates. All orders for vessels or freight will receive prompt attention.

TRUE P. PIERCE,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law

Office in New Court House, ROCKLAND, : MAINE.

Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to his care. Apr25/81

WM. P. Hurley,

BROKER,

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Government Bonds.

Buy and Sell all First-Class Securities. AGENT for the Purchase, Sale and Leasing of Real Estate, and Negotiation of Mortgages in Rockland and vicinity. Houses for sale or to let. ULMER BLOCK, - - ROCKLAND. 3m42c1s

SWEET PHYLLIS.

A PASTORAL.

With cowslips in her flaxen hair,
In straightly hanging gown o' blue,
A crook within her lily hand,
A silver buckle on her shoe—

She sits upon a daisied bank,
Her fleecy flock are feeding near;
Her heart calls ever, like a bird:
"O, Colin, Colin, Colin dear!"

"My love, a blue-eyed shepherd is,
He leads his flock on yonder lea;
I am a simple shepherdess,
But Colin came a wooing me!"

Dear Colin stands among his flock,
And stares across the meadow gate;
He sees sweet Phyllis, gown o' blue,
And leaves his lambs to their fate.

"O Colin, Colin, Colin dear!"
Sweet Phyllis hears her heart repeat,
She stares and blushes, for she sees
Her own dear Colin at her feet.

A patter of little hoofs!
Through meadow grasses crisp with dew—
A bleating at the meadow gate,
And Colin's sheep are coming too.

—Century.

FORT AND FLEET.

The First Gun of the War.

Who Fired It, and Where From.

How Fort Sumter was Bombarded and Surrendered.

M. Quad in Detroit Free Press.

Daylight is breaking over Charleston. It is the morning of the 12th of April, 1861—the most momentous morning in the history of America.

Fifteen thousand citizens of Charleston have crowded down to the esplanade and every man has his face turned towards the sea. To the right, as they look down the harbor, is Morris Island; to the left Sullivan's, and midway between is Fort Sumter, grim and silent and not even showing its flag.

The great crowd trembles with excitement and speaks in whispers. A bloody civil war is about to open. The young men are ready to hurrah over the prospect, but the older ones look grave, as they realize what war means.

New the gray mist creeps up from the waters of the harbor and floats away, and the eastern horizon becomes tinged with red. You can see more plainly now. At the head of Sullivan's Island is the floating iron battery, and it is to fire the first gun. Its echoes will awaken the huge iron monsters asleep in Forts Moultrie and Johnson—at Cummings' Point—at Point Pleasant, and other localities. There is a flag over each Confederate fort and battery, and with a good glass you can see men on the ramparts.

From December to April the Confederates have been busy trying to get possession of the grim and silent fort rising out of the waters of the harbor. All demands for surrender have been refused, and the only other way is now to be tried. Day by day batteries and forts have been erected, almost within rifle-shot of Sumter's walls, and Maj. Anderson has been dowerless. His orders are to hold the fort, and he has no authority to fire a gun until it becomes an act of self-defense. He has seen the forts rise—the great guns landed and mounted—the volunteers march in—the ammunition brought down from Charleston, and yet Federal policy kept his guns silent.

Silence now! In the floating battery is an old, gray-haired man—Edmund Ruffin. He has sought the privilege of firing the first gun of the war. The lanyard he holds in his hands is the rope which will ring the bell of destiny. When that bell strikes a mighty Republic will fall in fragments, and it will take the blood of a hundred battles to cement it.

"Boom!" The bell has struck. At the word the old man has pulled the lanyard, and a solid shot whizzed over the water and strikes the brick wall of Fort Sumter with a heavy thud. For a long minute no one speaks. The echoes of that gun are fraught with mighty issues—the whirl of that shot means death to a quarter of a million soldiers. As the thunder rolls up and down the harbor and dies away twenty thousand people cheer. The war has begun. There can be no backward step now. Old and young cheer and shout and shake hands and feel a glad relief.

The Confederates had been already a week. Every one of the fifty guns and mortars in position had been trained with mathematical precision to reach certain points with their fire. The order was to fire from left to right, beginning with the floating battery, and the gun which Edmund Ruffin fired was soon answered by the next, and the fire swept ear around the circle until it came back to the same gun. The projectiles were solid shot, shell and bombs, and every gun had the fort within easy range. At the time the first gun was fired a reporter of the Charleston Mercury—now on the staff of the News—was standing directly behind Mr. Ruffin, and to him I am indebted for many particulars of that attack never before published. He was one of the first in the fort after the surrender, and he saw and made a note of can be depended on even when it clashes with a tradition of the historian. Taking the firing in the order named, each gun was soon busy at work, and the tremendous cannonade shook Charleston from center to circumference. One landing on the esplanade, three miles away, felt the ground tremble under his feet as if an earthquake was struggling to reach the surface. There was no excitement among the Confederates after the first five minutes. The guns were fired and fired with coolness and regularity, and officers sought positions from which they could note with their glasses the work of every shot.

Maj. Anderson was not only expected the attack, but was ready for it. The echoes of the first gun all the way out, and the morning roll of the cannonading away on the walls, with one jarring the masonry for several days around and sending up a cloud of dust. It was just after roll call that a fired from Sullivan's Island disturbed one of the monsters on barbette the fort. The ball which struck and mounted the gun broke in three pieces, two of which fell inside the fort. Anderson knew that it would be an

all-day fight, and his first move was to send his men to breakfast. There was no particular excitement within the walls, as each one had been looking for the climax. It was during the morning meal, over an hour after the first gun was fired, that the first bomb-shell fell inside the walls. Others had fallen short or passed over, but the exact range had finally been obtained.

After breakfast the handful of men were divided into reliefs, and the first went to the guns and opened fire in reply. As soon as the fort answered, the Confederate guns were ordered to fire one-third faster, and the result was that within an hour not one of the barbette or upper tier of guns in the fort could be used. One was struck in the muzzle and split down for four feet, and three or four were upset and hurled a dozen feet. Those left intact could not be worked on account of the enemy's fire. When a shell struck the wall anywhere within thirty feet of a gun a shower of mortar and piece of brick were hurled clear over the fort, and solid shot were continuously passing over and around the guns. The dismounting of the guns was plainly noted by a hundred men with glasses, and the announcement called fourth cheers all around the circle.

Anderson could not have had the faintest hopes of saving Sumter, and he seems to have fought more to gain time or in the way of duty, than to silence any of the guns opposed. His firing for the first two hours was very wild, and even in the afternoon not one shot hit where four missed. With the ordnance of 1864 he might have damaged Moultrie and the floating battery, but he could not have silenced them nor inflicted any great loss of life. So little were his cannon balls feared that hundreds of Confederates stood outside the works to get a better view of the fight. With so few men in the fort only a few guns could be worked and those but slowly.

Before noon the Confederates began using hot shot, and the third one which entered the fort set a building on fire. This emergency had been provided for, and the flames were quickly extinguished, but to be kindled again and again during the day by the same means. After the men had orders to desert the upper tier of guns and serve the next tier they were well protected, and fired with more regularity. When Fort Sumter was ready for occupancy it was pronounced by engineers and artillerymen to be impregnable. From twenty to thirty feet of brick, stone, sand and earth stood between the balls of an enemy and the defenders within. Within an hour after the first gun was fired the fort was not only being knocked to pieces by old-fashioned ordnance, but was menaced by a danger never dreamed of by its builders—that of the mortar firing. While subsequent events proved that the stronghold could not be battered so badly but that it could be defended, it was a dozen times shown that bombs could be dropped into it from the sea as well as the land.

As night fell, Anderson called his men from the guns, and preparations were made for what was likely to occur during the long night. The last gun fired from Sumter that day was the floating battery. The ball struck the water a hundred feet short, jumped over the battery, and missing a small boat by only two or three feet, sank out of sight. Some believed that because the fort had ceased firing it had surrendered, and there was intense interest to learn the truth. No one could set off in a boat and approach the fort on account of the Confederate fire, which did not slacken in the least as the target was lost sight of in the gloom of night. When a shell struck the walls and exploded a bright flash dispelled the darkness for an instant, and twice before midnight the bombs and hot shot renewed the conflagration inside. From the first gun in the morning until 7 o'clock in the evening, Fort Sumter had been struck over 1,200 times. Every barbette gun was dismounted, almost every foot of the walls scarred and pounded, and there were several spots where the walls were dug out to a distance of ten feet. During the day many a bomb fell into the inclosure, and it seemed a miracle that half the garrison had not been wiped out.

When day broke again 20,000 pairs of eyes were strained to catch sight of the fort. The flags was rippling in the morning breeze. Twenty-four hours of the most terrific pounding had failed to bring down the stars and stripes or weaken the brave hearts of the defenders. The men went to breakfast, as before, were again tolled off into reliefs, and as day broke in all its glory the guns began bellowing defiance. Long before noon hot shot rekindled the fires, and at noon the barracks were burning fiercely. From this hour the guns were fired only at long intervals, every man in the fort being wanted elsewhere. Much of the powder was thrown out of the embrasures into the sea, followed by all the loaded shells which could be got at, but the explosions in the shell-room were plainly heard in Charleston. The flames from the burning barracks could be seen from Moultrie and other elevated points, and the Confederate fire was redoubled to push the garrison to desperation.

Utterly unmindful of the fight without, the garrison battled against the danger within. At one time during the afternoon the shell-room was on fire, the barracks burning, the main gate ablaze, and every wooden building inside the fort walls ready to go. Every four or five minutes a great bomb dropped from the sky and exploded with terrific violence, and it seemed wonderful that the garrison did not give up in despair. The remainder of the powder was wet down or thrown out, and then the men could only stand by and let the flames have full sweep.

"Have they surrendered?" was the query in the Confederate forts and batteries as the clouds of smoke hid the flag but now and then the query was answered as the wind rolled the stifling curtain aside and the old flag was seen streaming out to the breeze.

Anderson would have held Fort Sumter another night at least had it rested with him to raise the white flag. But the flag came from the Confederates, borne by Wigfall. That the Senator

was acting solely on his own account, and that he had not even conferred with Beauregard, was shown by the fact that he regarded to the fort under the fire of his friends, and that several balls fell around him as he waited at an embrasure for admittance. He had come to propose a surrender, and Anderson was ready to come to terms. Federal history finds the Major in full uniform, clanking sword and stern dignity. He was begrimed with smoke, covered with cinders and received Wigfall with courtesy. The terms agreed upon had to be sanctioned by Beauregard, and they were far better terms than were ever subsequently accorded on either side.

Maj. Anderson's position was an embarrassing one in every sense, and his surrender was probably considered the only alternative. Had he maintained the fight he could not have been bombarded out in a fortnight, but at the same time he could have inflicted no injury on the Confederates, and there was not a vessel in the Federal navy at that time which could have run the gauntlet and brought succor.

Philadelphia's Bi-Centennial.

We are pleased to be able to give to our readers in this issue a general outline of the more prominent features of the Bi-Centennial celebration in Philadelphia which occurs Oct. 24 to 27 inclusive. It is promised by those in charge that the observance of the two-hundredth anniversary of the founding of Philadelphia and the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania will be the grandest celebration ever in Philadelphia, not excepting the Centennial.

On the FIRST DAY there will be a parade of civic bodies, including thirty fire companies from the State, the old firemen of Philadelphia, the Paid Fire Department, who will entertain the visitors; the United States Departments, the Post Office, showing the rise and progress of the postal service. The U. S. Mint will display the process of coining, striking off a commemorative medal; the City and State Departments, the secret and benevolent societies, temperance organizations, the butchers in magnificent costume. The Marine Band of Washington will be at the head of the U. S. Department. Grand tableaux of the landing of Penn at Dock street wharf, naval display on the Delaware, ending with magnificent display of fire-works in the Park, with pieces illustrating the early history of Philadelphia. At least 25,000 men will be in the procession.

On the SECOND DAY there will be a parade of the different trades, manufacturing, and foundries of Philadelphia, with wagons, all showing the various modes of manufacture; woodware, hardware, furniture, printing, dyeing, weaving, sewing machines, engine building, tinware, household goods, upholstery. Grand parade of the Pennsylvania Railroad, showing the rise and progress of railroad and car building. 30,000 mechanics and manufacturers in line. In the evening grand historical moving tableaux, showing historical incidents in the history of Pennsylvania, followed by an epic poem, illustrated by tableaux in floats or cars, each car drawn by four horses, and shown by lights arranged and carried by men.

The THIRD DAY occurs a musical entertainment. Allerton's Hall (old Machinery Hall) engaged, lighted and fitted up to accommodate 15,000 persons; 2000 singers on the platform; all the principal Welsh and German singing societies and choirs; \$1250 in prizes; reception to the societies in the evening. Grand regatta on the Schuylkill by the navy. Bicycle race and Caledonian games in the Park. Parade of Knights Templars; all the leading commanderies from the principal cities; five to ten thousand Knights, with their magnificent costumes and Oriental drill on parade; reception at the Academy of Music, Horticultural and Industrial Hall in the evening.

On the FOURTH DAY comes the greatest military display ever seen in Pennsylvania; 25,000 State and visiting troops and Grand Army posts; all the National Guard of Pennsylvania and New Jersey; visiting corps from Boston Providence, New York, Baltimore, and other points; 10,000 men of the Grand Army; arrangements will be made to entertain all visiting delegations of soldiers. In the evening the city will be entirely illuminated and receptions at the Academy of Music Horticultural Hall, and other places.

During the four days the city will be magnificently decorated; the United States will lend the assistance of all departments.

To the Judge of Probate in and for the County of Knox.

THE petition of Benjamin B. Bucklin, Guardian of the Estate of John J. Bucklin, Frederick W. Bucklin, Joseph W. Bucklin, Horace E. Bucklin, Archie G. Bucklin, of Warren, in the County of Knox, minors, represents that said wards are seized and possessed of certain real estate, situated in said Warren and described as follows: Bounded on the North by road leading from upper toll bridge, so called, past Couser's store to Friend's bridge; Easterly by land of Ira Libby; South and West by land of John Greighton, and being same on which a blacksmith shop now stands in South Warren, occupied by Joseph Bucklin in his life time. That it would be for the benefit of said wards that said estate should be sold, and the proceeds placed at interest. Said Guardian therefore prays that he may be empowered, agreeably to law to sell the same at public auction, or such part thereof as the Court may deem expedient.

BENJAMIN B. BUCKLIN.

KNOX COUNTY.—In Probate Court held at Rockland on the third Tuesday of September 1882. On the petition aforesaid, ORDERED, That notice be given by publishing a copy of said petition with this order thereon, three weeks successively, prior to the third Tuesday of October next, in the Courier-Gazette, a newspaper printed at Rockland, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate to be held at Rockland, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Sw't E. M. WOOD, Judge.
A true copy of the petition and order thereon.
ATTEST.—B. K. KALLOCH, Register.

Trusses -- Cheap.

A lot of shop worn Trusses, about as good as new.

For -- One Dollar -- at
**MERRILL'S
Drug Store.**

\$72 A WEEK, \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address TRUE & Co. Augusta, Maine. 198



Operates with Energy upon the Kidneys, Liver, Bowels and Pores. Neutralizing, Absorbing and Expelling Scrofulous, Cancerous, and Canker HUMORS

The cause of most humors, and curing when physicians, hospitals and all other methods and remedies fail, Scrofula or King's Evil, Glandular Swellings, Ulcers, Old Sores, Milk Leg, Mercurial Affections, Erysipelas, Tumors, Abscesses, Carbuncles, Boils, Blood Poisons, Bright's Disease, Wasting of the Kidneys and Liver, Rheumatism, Constipation, Piles, Dyspepsia, and all itching and Scaly

ERUPTIONS Of the Skin and Scalp—such as Salt Rheum, Psoriasis, Tetter, Ringworm, Barber's Itch, Scald Head, Itching Piles, and other Disfiguring and Torturing Humors from a simple to a scrofulous ulcer, when assisted by CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP, the great Skin Cures.

CUTICURA A sweet, unchangeable Medicated Jelly, clears off all external evidence of Blood Humors, cures every kind of skin and scalp itching, and all other Irritations, Softens, soothes and heals. Worth its weight in gold for itching Diseases.

CUTICURA SOAP, An Exquisite Toilet Bath and Nursery Sanative. Fragrant with delicious flower odors and healing balm. Contains a purified form of all the virtues of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and is indispensable in the treatment of skin and scalp Diseases, and for restoring, preserving and beautifying the complexion and skin. The only Medicated Baby Soap.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are the only real cures for diseases of the Skin, Scalp and Blood. Price: CUTICURA RESOLVENT, \$1.00 per bottle; CUTICURA SOAP, 50c. per box; large boxes, \$1.00; CUTICURA MEDICAL SOAP, 25c.; CUTICURA MEDICAL SHAVING SOAP, 15c., all everywhere.

Principal Depot, Weeks & Potter, Boston.



Sanford's Radical Cure. The Great American Balsamic Distillation of Witch Hazel, American Pine, Canadian Fir, Marigold, Clove Blossom, etc.

For the immediate Relief and Permanent Cure of every form of Catarrh from simple Head Cold or Influenza to the Loos of Smell, Taste, and Hearing, Cough, Bronchitis, and Incontinent Consumption. Inhaled throughout the world, as the only complete external and internal treatment.

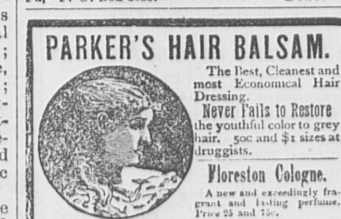
One bottle Radical Cure, one box Catarrhal Solvent and Sanford's Inhaler, all in one package, of all druggists for \$1. Ask for SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE. Weeks & Potter, Boston.



Gentle yet Effective, united with Healing Balm, render COLLINS' VOLTAGE PLASTERS one hundred times superior to all other plasters for every Pain, Weakness and Inflammation. Price 25c. Sold everywhere.

WORTH SENDING FOR.

Dr. J. H. SCHENCK, of Philadelphia, has just published a book on "DISEASE OF THE LUNGS AND HOW THEY CAN BE CURED," which is offered Free, postpaid to all applicants. It contains valuable information for all who suppose themselves afflicted with, or liable to, any disease of the throat and lungs. Address DR. J. H. SCHENCK & SON, 600 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa., P. O. Box 2835. D4W35



PARKER'S GINGERTONIC A Pure Family Medicine that Never intoxicates. If you are a mechanic or farmer, worn out with overwork, or a mother run down by family or household duties try Parker's Ginger-Tonic. If you are a lawyer, minister or business man exhausted by mental strain or anxious cares do not take intoxicating stimulants. Just use PARKER'S GINGER-TONIC.

If you have Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney or Urinary Complaints, or if you are troubled with any disorder of the stomach, bowels, blood or nerves you can cure them by Parker's Ginger-Tonic. If you are wasting away from age, dissipation or any disease of weakness and require a stimulant take Parker's Tonic at once; it will invigorate and build you up from the first dose but will never intoxicate. It has saved hundreds of lives. It may save yours. DRUGGISTS & CO., 145 N. 3rd St., New York. 20c. and one dollar bottles. All dealers sell. GREAT SAVING BUYING DOLLAR SIZE.

GAZETTEER OF MAINE

AGENTS WANTED.—A book for every citizen of Maine, a real work. Every town, village, post office, river, mountain, etc., are represented. Sell at sight. Now is your opportunity to make money, because everybody needs the book. One agent sold 200 in four weeks. Ladies, as well as gentlemen, succeed. There is genuine enthusiasm among the people for it. Secure territory at once. Address B. B. RUSSELL, Publisher, 57 Cornhill, Boston, Mass. D4W35

NOTICE.

THE Joint Standing Committee on Accounts and Finance of the City Council of the City of Rockland, will be in session at the City Treasurer's Office, MASONIC BLOCK on the first Wednesday Evening of each month, from 7 1/2 till 9 o'clock, for the purpose of examining Claims against the City. All bills must be approved by the party contracting thereon.

O. J. CONANT, Committee
S. A. FISH, on
J. G. POTTLE, Acc't & Claims.

FIRST-CLASS PRINTING

UNRIVALLED, AT
Courier-Gazette Printing House.

Achorn & Wiggin

251 Main St.,

Have returned from market and are now offering a great variety of

DRESS GOODS

Combination Suitings, Drap DeAlmas Cashmeres, Henrietta Cloths, Silks, etc., in all the

FALL SHADES.

CLOAKINGS

Plushes, Seal Skin Cloths, Velvets and Satins in all Goods and Colors.

Dress Flannels.

An excellent assortment in all colors, widths, and prices.

SHAWLS.

Himalayan, Velvet, Long and Square Shawls, at bottom prices.

UNDERWEAR.

Underwear for Men, Women and Children. We are selling the BEST VEST for Ladies at 50 cts., ever offered in this city.

Our SCARLET VEST at 1.25 is a Bonanza. Also, all other goods equally cheap.

YARNS! YARNS!

Germanstown, Coventry, Scotch, Andalusia, Welsh Fingering, Shetland, Saxony, and Domestic, in all colors and qualities.

CORSETS.

Coraline, Kid Fitting, Rose, Premier and Madam Purrington's Corset Waists for Ladies and Children.

BLANKETS.

Scarlet, Blue, Gray and White Flannels.

CLOTH for men and boy's wear. Batting and Comforters, Gimpes, Buttons, Trimmings, Tubular Braids, Table Linens, Towels and Napkins, Gosamer Water Proofs, and a great assortment of

Small Wares.

Carpeting.

Tapestry, Ex-Super, Cotton Chain, Oil Cloths, Straw Matting, Oil Rugs, Mats, &c.

CURTAINS

Curtain Fixtures, Feathers, and a Great Assortment in ALL departments which space will not allow us to mention, all of which will be offered at

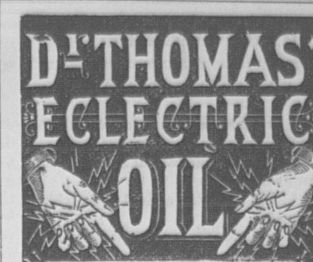
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Goods delivered at any part of the city.

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Cures Rheumatism, Lumbago, Lambe Back, Sprains and Bruises, Asthma, Catarrh, Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Diphtheria, Burns, Frost Bites, Tooth, Ear, and Headache, and all pains and aches. The best internal and external remedy in the world. Every bottle guaranteed. Price, 50 cents and \$1.00.

FOSTER, MILBURN & CO., Prop'rs, BUFFALO, N. Y., U. S. A.

Sold in Rockland, by J. H. Wiggin, W. F. Phillips & Co., Portland, Wholesale Agents, 154 New

SPECIAL NOTICES.

DR. STACY,

WOULD say to the citizens of Rockland and vicinity, that he has returned to his office at 225 MAIN STREET, (over Tibbetts's Market).

Where he may be consulted (free of charge,) upon any and all diseases. Dr. S. has been very successful in the treatment of Chronic Diseases. Office hours from 2 to 7 P. M. Thursday, Friday and Saturdays of each week.

DR. F. E. HITCHCOCK,

Rockland, Maine. Office 241 Main Street.

Residence with John S. Case, on Beech St., where night calls will be answered.

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Physician & Surgeon, CAMDEN - - - MAINE.

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Devotes his attention to the PRACTICE OF MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

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Fire, Life and Accident

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Losses adjusted and paid at this office. Agent for the well-known Travelers' Accident Insurance Company of Hartford.

R. B. MILLER,

(From Boston Dental College.)

WISHES to announce to the citizens of Rockland and vicinity, that he has opened an office for the practice of

DENTISTRY, at 254 MAIN STREET, formerly occupied by Dr. C. H. Evans.

Nitrous Oxide Gas and Ether administered when desired.

A. M. AUSTIN,

Surgeon and Mechanical Dentist,

241 MAIN ST. ROCKLAND, ME.

I offer no such inducements to my patrons as CHEAP WORK, yet my prices are no higher than those of any First-Class Operator.

NITROUS OXIDE GAS always on hand.

T. E. TIBBETTS,

DENTIST.

Teeth extracted without pain by Nitrous Oxide Gas.

Corner Main and Winter Streets.

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COMMISSION MERCHANTS

No. 118 South Market St., Boston.

REFERENCES BY PERMISSION.

SILAS PIERCE & CO., AND ISAAC RICH & CO., BOSTON.

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PROF. NELSON,

THE BARBER,

Can now be found in his Elegant Room in

JONES' NEW BLOCK,

Two handsome new Chairs, new Razors, new everything. Call and get a first-class shave or hair cut.

J. G. POTTLE,

Merchant Tailor,

AND DEALER IN

Gents' Furnishing Goods, 3

256 Main St., : Rockland.

ALBERT BERRY'S

LIVERY AND BOARDING

STABLE,

Limerock - - - Street.

HACKS and COACHES furnished at short notice.

11

Marine Department.

Lime freights have been advanced to 20 cts. per cask.

Sch. Lucella Snow is discharging coal for A. J. Bird & Co.

Sch. Sarah F. Bird arrived at Savannah 6th from Baltimore.

Sch. Addie E. Snow has arrived home with a cargo of coal.

Sch. Silas McLean arrived Thursday morning from Boston.

Several of the lime fleet are at home and begin loading today.

Sch. Addie Ryanson has been discharging a cargo of coal at Tillson's wharf.

Bark Lorinda Borstel sailed from here for St. John, N. B. last Wednesday.

Sch. Helen arrived Saturday light. She will paint and make slight repairs.

Sch. Winnie Lawry is at home and will load stone at Vinalhaven for Washington.

Sch. L. T. Whitmore is chartered to load pavers at Dyers Island for New York.

Sch. Emerson Rokes arrived at Portland Sunday with coal from Philadelphia.

Sch. Joseph Farwell due here, is chartered to load lime for Richmond, for Perry Bros.

Sch. Maggie D. Marston loaded lime for A. F. Crockett for Richmond, Va., last week.

Sch. John S. Case arrived Friday morning with a load of copper ore, bound for Boston.

Capt. J. Frank Gregory arrived home Friday evening. His vessel is discharging coal at Salem.

Sch. Lake is loading a cargo of fish and oil at Carver's Harbor for Lane & Libby, bound to Portland.

Ten schooners were hauled up at South Marine Railway wharves yesterday, and things looked lively.

Sch. Addie M. Bird sailed from here Saturday forenoon, bound to Windsor to load plaster for Newburgh.

Sch. L. T. Whitmore lies at Ames' wharf preparing for voyage. She is to load stone at Carver's Harbor.

Sch. Catawamuck sailed from here last Thursday, bound to Portland to load paving for New York at \$22 per M.

Capt. T. M. Bunker left here Saturday to take command of Sch. Commerce now at New York bound to Richmond.

Sch. J. P. Ames is on the ways at the North Marine Railway, being painted and receiving other repairs. She is bound for Bangor to load lumber.

Sch. Donna Anna which has been at the No. Marine Railway wharf for a number of weeks, repairing, is to be hauled upon the ways to finish.

Bark Addie E. Sleeper arrived at Boston Saturday with a cargo of hemp from Progresso via Delaware Breakwater, where she touched for orders.

Bark Will W. Case is at Brooklyn where repairs will be made to what extent is not yet definitely determined. The job will be let to lowest bidder.

Sch. Sardinian which was recently run into on Nantucket Shoals by schooner Maud Briggs of Bangor, was towed from Edgartown by tug Nellie and arrived 6th for repairs.

New Sch. Fannie Whitmore is loading paving blocks at Hurricane Island for New York at \$19 per M. She will carry about 5,000 the largest cargo ever shipped from this vicinity.

Some of the material for the new schooner, which A. F. Ames is to build, has arrived. Timber is expected daily from upriver. Her frame is to come from the same place. The vessel is to be a three-masted.

In our description of the Fannie Whitmore last week we erroneously stated that the sails were made by Alonzo C. Chase of New York. The error was made from the fact that Chase contracted for them, but the work was done by John L. Martin, 42 South street, New York, and they are regarded as a fine sample of work.

Brig Edith Hall on the recent passage from San Domingo City, for New York, got ashore on the east end of Cuba and was obliged to jettison about 100 tons of sugar and honey, after which she came off and proceeded, until obliged to put into Hampton Roads, leaky and with loss of sails. Capt. R. E. Gregory was sick all the passage and obliged to leave the vessel at Hampton Roads, arriving home one day last week.

New York.—Our correspondent writes under date of Oct. 7:

Freights remain as last quoted, but are more plenty, and with a slight tendency upward.

Coal to Boston, \$1.05 and \$1.10; Portland, 55c. and discharged; Saco, \$1.00 and \$1.05, towages and discharged; Salem, \$1.15; Portsmouth, \$1.15....Arrivals were: Schs. Carrie Bell, G. W. Glover, Veto, Willow, Commerce, Carrie L. Hix, Cons. Elm, Martha West, King Dove, Yankee Maid, S. J. Gilmore, Ella Pressey, Mabel Hall, Thos. Hix, Telegraph, E. Levensall, Mary Hawes, Elbridge Gerry, and bark Signal....Charters were: Schs. S. J. Gilmore, brig Harlan, River to Boston, \$5.50 per M; Sinal, gas coal, hence to Thomaston, \$1.25 and discharged; Richmond, oats, hence to Bangor, 3-1-2 cts. per bushel; Helen Montague, re-sawn lumber, Port Royal, S. C., to New York, \$7.25 per M., and vessel gone hence to Port Royal in ballast; Ella Pressey, cement, Roundout to Portland, 20c; Elbridge Gerry, corn, hence to Belfast, 4c. per bushel; Carrie Belle, re-sawn lumber, hence to Thomaston, \$1.75 per ton; Hare Horse, cement, Roundout to Portland, 22c per lb; Lucy Ames, coal, Port Johnson to Kennebec, \$1.35 per ton; D. B. Everett, coal, Elizabethport to Portsmouth, \$1.15 per ton; Thayer Kimball, cement Roundout to Boston, 24c and 26c per lb; two places; Nautilus, pig iron, Elizabethport to Chelsea, \$1.45 per ton; J. S. Ingraham, re-sawn lumber, Port Royal, S. C., to New York, 7.37 1-2 per M; steam sch. Maynard Sumner, general cargo, hence to St. Domingo and back to N. Y., round sum \$4000, and foreign port charges.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

At a stated communication of Aurora Lodge, No. 50, F. and A. Masons, held October 4, 1882, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Death has been permitted by the Supreme Architect of the universe to enter the circle of our brotherhood and call to the celestial lodge above our brother, Capt. Ekanah E. Hall, therefore,

Resolved, That while we deplore the loss of our brother we bow in humble submission to the decree of the Great Ruler of the universe.

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. Hall, our lodge has lost a worthy member, his family a kind husband and loving father, and the community an industrious and useful citizen.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with the grief stricken family, and while tendering them our heartfelt condolences in their sad hour of bereavement, we earnestly commend the widowed wife and fatherless children to the loving care of Him who has promised to be a husband to the widow and a father to the fatherless.

Resolved, That this preamble and these resolutions be spread upon the Lodge records, a copy be transmitted to the family of our deceased brother, and also, a copy to each of the local papers for their publication.

W. H. RHODES, LEADER WEEKS, ENOCH DAVIES, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Secretary.

THE GAMBLE ASSOCIATION.

Reunion of the Descendants of Thomas Gamble at South Thomaston.

On Wednesday Oct 4 there was a reunion of some of the Gamble descendants at the residence of Hon. Asa Coombs of South Thomaston, the last surviving member of the third generation from the original Gamble stock, of the north of Ireland. Although but a few hours notice had been given of this meeting, yet upwards of fifty members of the family assembled, and after exchanging greetings, sat down to well filled tables and did ample justice to the many good things provided.

After the tables were cleared, the meeting was called to order, and the following officers chosen: Henry C. Levensall, M. D., of Thomaston, President; Commander Greenleaf Cilley, U. S. Navy, Secretary and Historian; Warren Rowell, of South Thomaston, Treasurer.

It was voted that the association be called the "Gamble Association," to consist of and include all the descendants of Thomas and Margaret (Scott) Gamble, of Derry county, north of Ireland. Voted, that an executive committee consisting of the officers of the association ex-officio, and the following persons be chosen, with power to add to the numbers, fill any vacancies that might occur, and to name the time and place of next meeting, viz: Mrs. Israel Snow, Miss Maria Snow, L. F. Starrett, J. P. Cilley, Rockland; Mrs. Jesse Sleeper, Lucy Hayden, Asa Coombs, South Thomaston; Mrs. Sylvester Healey, Mrs. Thomas S. Andrews, Christopher Prince, E. K. O'Brien, Thomaston; Mrs. Wm. Bucklin, Mrs. Judson McCallum, E. Sanford Bucklin, I. Palmer Starrett, Warren.

Remarks were made by several present, but no speeches were uttered. One lady wittily remarked that she "thought the meeting ought to be called the Gamble Association, as there seemed to be more Gamble than Gamble there."

The Gambles were originally of Scotland, and of those Scotch who early settled in the north of Ireland.

Burke gives the coat of arms of Gamble, Ireland, Azure, a fleur-de-lis or, Crest. A Roman soldier in full costume. The ancestors of the Gambles who came to this country were Thomas and Mary (Scott) Gamble. They lived and died in the North of Ireland. About 1728 Archibald, Thomas and William Gamble with their sister Mary, the wife of William Starrett, embarked on a vessel bound for America. On the eve of departure, a press gang visited the vessel, and seized the two older brothers, Archibald and Thomas. William, the younger brother, then but nineteen years of age, escaped by the prompt presence of mind and readiness of action of Mrs. Michael McClintock, a friend and neighbor of the Gambles, and who with her husband was emigrating to America with them. When she observed the seizure of the older brothers, she called out, "Come here Billy, quickly!" and upon his approaching her, she continued, "Smuggle down here Billy," and she hid him under the folds of her capacious dress, where he remained in safety until the gang had got tired of their search for the boy, and had left, in high dudgeon at their ill success.

On his arrival at Boston, in America, William worked there and in its vicinity for some years, when he went to Londonderry, N. H. Here he found his cousin, Archibald Stark, the father of Maj. Gen. John Stark, of Bunker Hill and Bennington fame. He settled in Derryfield, now Manchester, N. H., and married Mrs. Elizabeth Clark. After her death he served in the Old French War of 1755, was at Ticonderoga, Crown Point, and with Gen. Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham and capture of Quebec, after the fall of which, he returned to his farm in Derryfield, and married Ann, the eldest child of Archibald and Eleanor (Nichols) Stark. During the war of the Revolution he was a sturdy patriot. He died Nov. 1785, in the 77th year of his age, leaving two married daughters by his first wife, and two sons by his second wife, the latter of whom was burned to death, when her son Archibald's house was destroyed by fire in January, 1805. The old Gamble homestead is yet owned by his descendants, one of whom resides on it. There are only two of his descendants living, father and son, of Manchester, N. H., to transmit the name of Gamble.

Archibald and Thomas Gamble, after some years of forced servitude in the British Navy, made their escape and came to Virginia. Here Thomas Gamble remained, and is said to have married and had children there, but none of the family have any record of them, or knowledge of any living descendants.

Archibald, after leaving Virginia, went to Londonderry, and from there to Pennsylvania, Me., and in 1736 removed to upper St. Georges, now Warren, where he located on lot No. 40 near his sister Mary (Gamble) Starrett. In 1742 he married Nels Isabella (Asbell) Galloway, one of the survivors of the ship "Desert Island," which was wrecked on Mount Desert of starvation, and his grave was dug by herself and a lady companion. After great peril and sufferings, she came to Lower St. Georges, where she and her infant son, who had survived through all the want and exposure, were hospitably received and cared for.

During the war of the Revolution, Archibald's influence and money were exerted in behalf of Independence, though he was old for active service in the field. He died from the effects of cold, caused by his breaking through the ice while crossing the river with a load of hay in the winter of 1779. His cries for help were heard at his house but when assistance was rendered, and he was taken home, he was so chilled through and far gone, that he could not be revived. His widow survived him some years, and their remains are interred in the old Presbyterian graveyard at Warren. The old homestead is still owned by his descendants, and a slight depression in the ground, marks the place where the old cellar was excavated. Near the place where he broke through the ice, is a rock, bare at half tide, which to this day bears the name of Gamble Rock.

William and Mary (Starrett) Gamble, first settled at Pemaquid, moved from thence to Warren in 1735. On the breaking out of King George's war he removed to Woburn, thence to Dedham, Mass., where he remained until his death, March 8, 1769. His widow returned to Warren and died there April 12, 1789, aged 86 years.

William Starrett was born in the Highlands of Scotland, April 15, 1694. When he was two years of age, his parents escaped from that country, and took refuge in the north of

Ireland, to avoid persecution on account of their religious belief. For three months he with his parents lay concealed in a cave in Scotland. William Starrett served during the French and Indian war from 1755 to 1763.

Of the descendants of William and Mary (Gamble) Starrett about 1450 names are enrolled. Of the descendants of Archibald and Mrs. Isabella (Asbell) Galloway Gamble, upwards of 1200 names are enrolled, and singular to remark, there are no living descendants of them that bear the name of Gamble. Of the descendants of William Gamble and his wives Elizabeth and Ann, there are about 150 names enrolled, the record being yet incomplete. The Gamble descendants spread from Canada to Texas and Florida, from Maine to California and Washington Territory, exclusive of some born in England, Singapore, Asia, Uruguay and the Argentine Republic, South America.

Wadsworth, Martinez & Longman have Agencies for the sale of their Pure Prepared Paints in almost every City and Town in the United States. Any property owner desiring to have these Paints used can obtain sample package to test, free of charge, and can depend upon obtaining a supply, upon application to their Agent, who will not likely be located over a few miles distant.

Entirely Satisfactory.

Ladies wishing a perfume that combines novelty, delicacy and richness, find Floresten Cologne entirely satisfactory.

TO THE G. A. R.

The brave boys in blue, we must honor and bless, For as years roll by their numbers grow less. They've fought and suffered for me and you, Then crown them with honor, the brave boys in blue.

We'd write in that strain, it's really too bad, But our friends must remember that this is an ad; How ridiculous 'twould look to praise up the boys, And in the next line say we kept Dolls and Toys. Or to tell of their hardships, with no pillow but grass, And then say we keep a full line of Glass.

Or to tell of the troubles on field or in camps, And then that we keep a Full Line of Lamps. Or to speak of those who are laid in repose, And then say we keep a full line of Hose. Or that they honor their country at all times and places, And then call attention to our Full Line of Vases. Or to plead with you all to patronize this Fair, And then call attention to our Majolica Ware. Or to tell of their triumphs in victory or disasters, And then tell how Cheap we are selling our Castors. Or how they'd laid by all their sectional hate, And then tell how Cheap we'd sell Bowl, Cup or Plate.

Some may think to advertise this is hardly the place, But remember, my friends, we pay for this space. We're selfish, we know, to write this as we do, But an unselfish being would never be true. Our brave boys were selfish as a whole, or in part, But a God given sentiment kindled the heart. Then all hail to the men who stood in the strife And battled for freedom and a nation's life. In our struggles for wealth or whatever we do, Let us never forget the brave boys in blue, J. L. Breck & Co., Main Street, 322.

BOSTON VARIETY STORE.

The New Hub Range.

WITH PATENT REFLEX GRATE.

Is to-day the most popular range in the country and the manufacturers have spared no labor or expense to make it.

The Typical Range of America

—IT IS MADE IN—

90 DIFFERENT STYLES AND SIZES!

Affording the purchaser an unrivaled assortment to select from. (These Stoves include

Low Warming Closets,

High Warming Closets,

Hot Water Reservoirs,

Elegant Cabinet Bases

And Water Fronts,

For heating water that is carried over the house in pipes.

THE CABINET BASE,

As shown in the above cut is designed as an artistic finish to the plain range, giving it all the boldness and effect of a chest range at less price.

THE HIGH SHELF

Also shown in the cut is a marvel of Beauty and Convenience, and is needed in every family.

For sale in Rockland by

J. P. WISE & SON.,

EXCLUSIVE AGENTS,

N. B. Next week we shall have a cut of the Reflex Grate, illustrating its construction and method of operation. It is something every house-keeper should know about.

Try the FLOUR sold at SPEAR'S GRAIN STORE it is the best trade in the city. 329 Main Street.

Chas. T. Spear keeps Oil, or Linseed Meal, AND ALL KINDS OF

F E E D.

--S-A-G-E--

Two barrels Sage, very nice and good.

Merrill's Drug Store

EBEN B. MAYO'S

Grand Opening

DISPLAY

Fall and Winter 1882!

CLOAKS, DOLMANS

And Fur Lined

SILK GARMENTS!

Received this day direct from the manufacturers in New York an Elegant Assortment of CLOAKS, including a line of Silk and Satin, Fur Lined and Silk Lined Garments, which will be sold at astonishingly Low Prices.

CLOAKINGS.

Nice Seal Skin Cloths. Also a fine line of Cloakings all prices with Plush to match for Trimmings.

SILK PLUSH.

16 Pieces each in Olive, Navy Blue, Bronze, Black, Dark Green, Garnet, Plum, Brown, Myrtle, at \$1.75 and \$2 per yard, worth \$2.25 and \$2.50

VELVETS.

15 Pieces Velvets in Navy Blue, Myrtle Green, Brown, Plum, Garnet, Black, Dark Green, Bronze, at \$1.25, worth \$1.50.

BLACK SILKS.

One Lot Black Bellon Silk selling at the low price of \$1.50 per yard, heretofore sold at \$1.75.

One Lot Black French Silks \$1.50 per yard These Silks are fully 25 per cent. less than market value.

One Lot American Black Silks, best quality, very wide and heavy, splendid goods to wear, at \$1.20 per yard. Cheap at \$1.60.

Special Bargains in Black Silks \$1.27, \$1.07, \$1.40 and \$1.55.

Black and Colored

Satin Rhadamas.

Myrtle Green, Bronze Green, Garnet Satin Rhadamas, 24 inches wide, all pure Silk, heretofore sold at \$1.65, will be sold at \$1.40.

20 pieces Ladies' Flannel Suitings, extra wide, in Navy Blue, Myrtle Green, Terra Cotta, Black, Garnet, Plum, &c., 50c. per yard, worth 65 cts.

Ladies Flannel Suitings 1-1-2 yds. wide—all the nice shades \$1 per yard, worth \$1.15. Special Bargains in Blk. Cashmere at 57 cts, worth 70 cts. All Wool Dress Goods 44 inches wide, 50 cts, worth 65 cts.

BARGAINS IN VELVETEENS—ALL SHADES!

BLANKETS.

One Case Ten Quarter, Eleven Quarter, Twelve Quarter Blankets direct from Manufacturer will be sold from \$1.50 to \$10 a pair. These are nice fresh goods, no imperfections, and will be sold as low as Job Lots and Seconds.

CORSETS.

Received this day direct from Manufacturer, One Case Corsets in Scarlet, Black, White, Drab, Navy Blue, Light Blue &c. Prices 75 cts., \$1.00 and \$2.00 a pair.

Dorcas, Saxony and GERMANTOWN YARNS,

All Colors, in Balls, more convenient and Cheaper than the old style skeins.

LADIES' VESTS.

One case Ladies Vests and Pants, 50 cts., worth 62-1-2.

One case Ladies Vests and Pants, 38 cts. a pair. A Bargain.

One case Children's Vests and Pants, 25 cts. and upward.

One case Ladies All Wool Scarlet Vests and Pants, \$1.25 each.

Job Lot Ladies' and Children's Vests, 25 cts. Cheap.

All Wool Readfield Cassimeres 85c., worth \$1 per yard.

Best Quality Prints only 4 cts.

Job Lot Dress Goods 5 cts.

Table Damasks 17 and 19 cts.

1000 yds is best quality Foulard Dress Cambrics one yard wide, Fall Styles, only 8 cts. a yard.

Black, Cashmere, all wool, 44 inches wide 50 cts., worth 75 cts.

Six Linen towels, 25 cts.

Cents Fine Shirts 75c.

Gents Shirts and Drawers, 25c.

One case Gents Shirts and Drawers 50 cts. each, worth 75 cts.

Intending purchasers of DRY GOODS will find it to their advantage to examine our stock. Bargains in Every Department.

Goods sold for Cash at Wholesale at Boston and New York Prices. Goods delivered free to any part of the city.

EBEN B. MAYO.

Rockland, Me.

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